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Harper's

MAGAZINE

JULY
50 CENTS

1951



The Story of Douglas MacArthur.....

R. H. Rovere & A. M. Schlesinger, Jr.

My Daughter Married a Negro.....

Anonymous

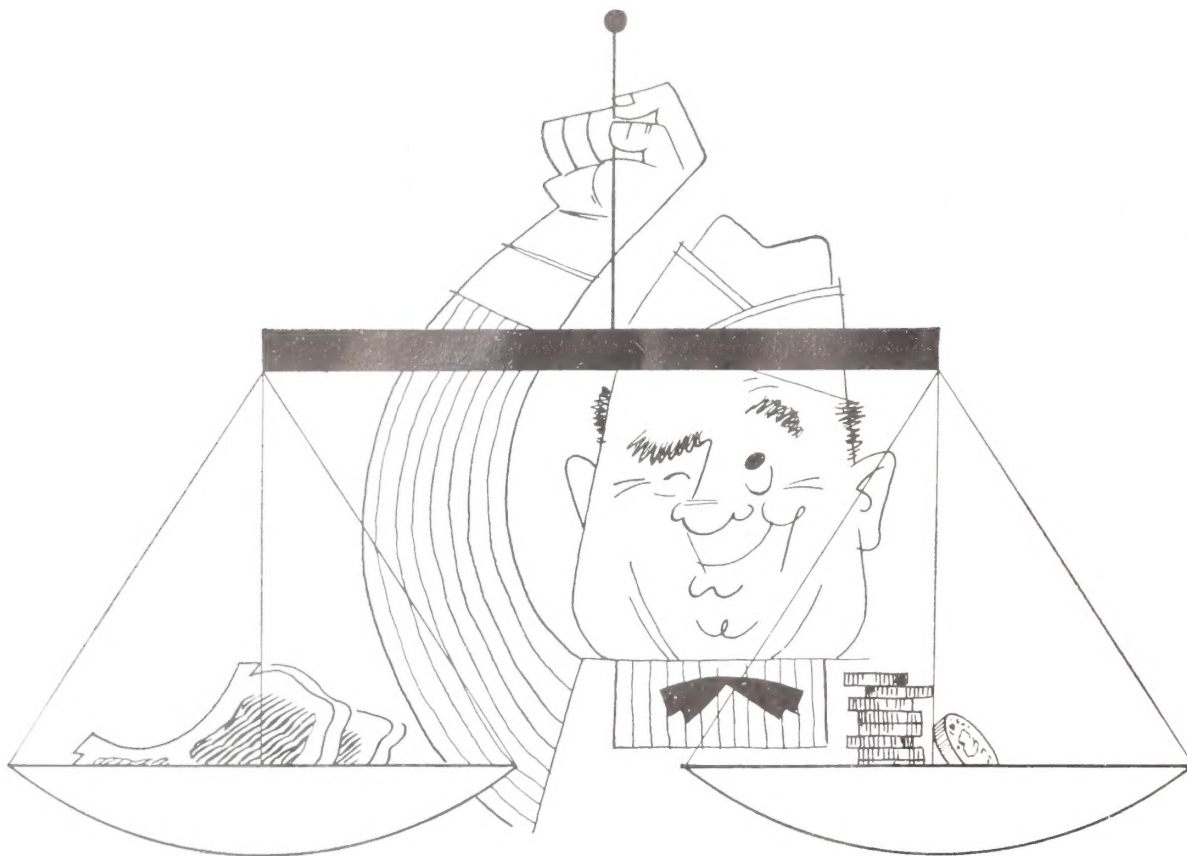
Dowsing Is Nonsense.....

Thomas M. Riddick

What Eisenhower Is Up Against

George Fielding Eliot

Twelve Other Articles, Stories, Reviews, etc.



Stabilized Meat Prices

What's the best way to get them?

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Headquarters, Chicago

• Members throughout the U. S.



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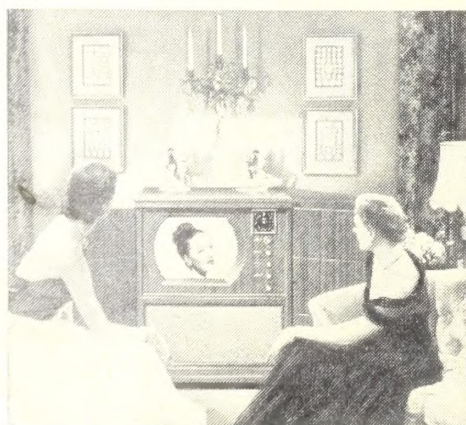


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Vol. 203

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in next month's

Harper's

MAGAZINE

RECENT events have dramatically underlined the conflicts that often arise between military and political aims during the fighting of a war. Many people today blame the present world situation on the fact that, during the last war, we traded away potential postwar advantages for immediate military considerations. A prime example of this, in the opinion of a number of experts, was the D-Day decision: instead of striking rapidly through France to the heart of Germany, should we not have attempted a longer, harder Balkan invasion which would have left us in control of Central Europe? In August, **Gordon Harrison**, a military historian and author of the Army's official report on the Normandy invasion, discusses "Was D-Day a Mistake?", explaining how and why the decision was made, what the much-debated British position on it really was, how it appears in the perspective of seven years later, and its pertinence to the situation facing us today.

OUR colleague **Russell Lynes**, who has already so successfully dissected the heights of brows and the various extant varieties of snobs, turns to his attention to the recurring summer phenomenon of weekend guests and delineates the multifarious species and sub-species of same with all his accustomed wit and perception.

THE spotlight is on the Far East in both a fiction and a non-fiction piece. In "Brothers Under the Skin," **Stephen Becker**, whose first novel, *The Season of the Stranger*, has been gathering impressive reviews, once again paints a vivid picture of contemporary China. And in "Conversation with Shilendra," Pulitzer Prize winner **Martin Flavin** takes an unusual angle on the problems of India by recording the talk during an evening he spent with a young Indian law student preoccupied with the question of the future of his country.

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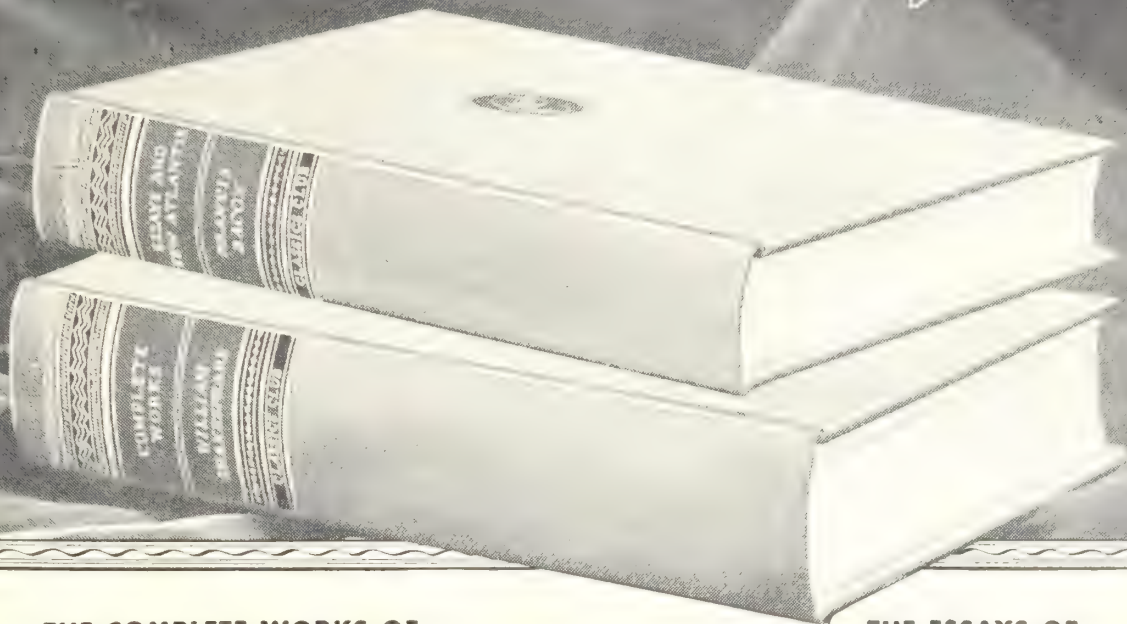
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Their reports on critical skulduggery have overshadowed the Senate crime inquiries on earlier activities, including the doctor's written opinion on comic books.

Their interest in the subject, they said, resulted from the frequently heard charge that juvenile delinquency "has increased considerably during the past few years and that this increase has been stimulated by the publication of the so-called crime comic books."

After listening to sixty-five public officials (including J. Edgar Hoover and the acting director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons), eight child-guidance experts, and ten publishers of comics, the Senators gave no opinions of their own. They merely quoted the testimony of the experts, by far the majority of whom (including Hoover) seemed to doubt that comic books had much, if anything, to do with delinquency.

But all that was before Senators Kefauver, Tobey, O'Connor, Hunt, and Wiley had won their videocars, and the committee's report received little publicity. By and large the anti-comics propagandists, including psychiatrist Fredric Wertham, are still impressing a lot of people. Dr. Wertham's argument, as presented by him in an article which the *Reader's Digest* reprinted from the *Saturday Review of Literature* a couple of years ago, seems to be: if children who torture one another, or steal, or are simply nuisances say they read comic books, that proves that the comic books caused them to torture, steal, and misbehave. Here, for example, is one of Dr. Wertham's clinchers:

I examine in the clinic a boy of eleven, referred to me because he fights in school and is inattentive. He says: "I buy comic books. I read them. They kill animals. Sometimes they kill people. One of the comic books I read is about a boy who kills snakes. I read that comic book so that the snakes would kill

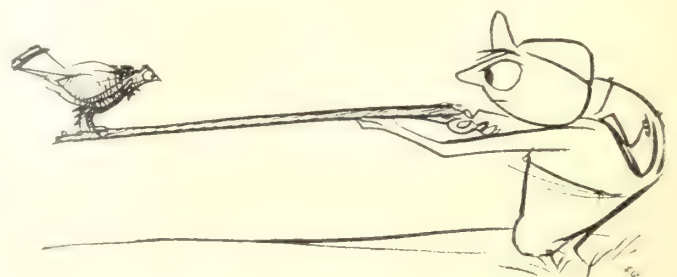
other evidence to go on, to conclude that *because* the child reads comic books, he fights "and is inattentive" in school.

Similarly, the doctor tells of a seventeen-year-old boy who stabbed a thirteen-year-old boy. The boy says he likes crime comics, and mentions one in which a girl was stabbed in the back. One might conclude that the boy liked and remembered the girl-stabbing episode in that particular crime comic because he had stabbed someone himself. But Dr. Wertham wants his readers to infer that "imitation" of the comic book episode was the motive for the boy's crime.

This sort of logic naturally appeals to adults who don't want to be bothered about the knotty problems which delinquent children (their own or other people's) present. It makes everything so simple. If a thirteen-year-old boy in Chicago murders his playmate, and tells his lawyer that he reads all the crime comics he can get ahold of, we can blame it—as Dr. Wertham's *Digest* article does—on "the comic-book publishers who filled his mind with thoughts and methods of murder."

It is not the parents' fault, nor the fault of economic and social conditions, nor even of original sin. Parents, voters, and taxpayers don't have to do a thing—except blame the comic-book publishers.

Let it be clear that P & O—a long-time comic-book investigator—is by no means an admirer of all comic books. A few are downright nasty, some are—by our standards—unappetizing, and some (including several of the most widely circulated) are as unlikely to corrupt youths and as incapable



Boy and Bird in Oshkosh (page 10).

of "poisoning the well of childhood" as Parson Weems' immaculate biography of Washington. But this is beside the point—except insofar as it is always well to remember that there are comic books and comic books, just as there are readers and readers. If you can dle one bad egg in a crate, you don't throw all the rest away without looking.

IN HIS testimony before the Kefauver committee, J. Edgar Hoover said it was doubtful that juvenile delinquency would decrease "if crime comic books of all types were not readily available to children." Similarly, Judge Louis Goldstein testified that in his entire career, first as prosecuting assistant district attorney of Kings County and then as judge of the county court, he "never came across a single case where the delinquent or criminal act would be attributable to the reading of comic books."

Before we reject such testimony and decide that comic books are the chief (or even a major) cause of delinquency, we might do well to remind ourselves of the kind of stuff young people have read in other times.

During the eighteen-thirties and -forties—more than a century ago—the "family" magazines and the reforming press were much agitated about what N. P. Willis' New York *Mirror* called the "gross and obscene" books which publishers were issuing to feed the "bestial appetites of truant schoolboys and idle chambermaids." The New York *Herald* published an editorial in 1848 condemning the booksellers who sang psalms on Sunday and the rest of the week sold "vile and immoral books."

Some of the books were apparently pretty vile at that, if one may judge by an advertisement which ran in large type in the *Herald's* own paper a few months later:

The beautiful adulteress—the libertine statesman—the Black Prince and his harem—the lustful widow and her daughters—the amorous doctor—the naughty woman—the husband poisoner—seduction and murder—with a hundred other articles on crime, prostitution, and mystery, of most startling interest, in *The Scorpion*, for sale everywhere.

But it wasn't *The Scorpion* which the *Herald* editorial had singled out for denunciation as

"vile and immoral." It was the novels of Eugene Sue, Bulwer-Lytton, and Charles Dickens!

Horace Mann, the father of American public school education, was also distressed during the eighteen-forties by the "despicable 'love and murder' books" which young people were buying from itinerant peddlers. One of the most popular of these—one against which the reports of many school superintendents protested unavailingly for twenty years—was *The Pirate's Own Book*, a collection of narrative accounts of the lives of the famous pirates which went through hundreds of editions. There is, incidentally, a story concerned with this book which P & O thinks Dr. Wertham should look into. One of the New York State school superintendents whose reports called for banning *The Pirate's Own Book* was John C. Spencer, who later became Secretary of War in President Tyler's cabinet. Spencer's son Philip, while a midshipman under Commodore Mackenzie on the brig-of-war *Somers*, led a mutiny and was promptly (some said too promptly) hanged at the yard-arm. Sixty years later Andrew D. White, the founder of Cornell University, retold the sad story in his *Autobiography* and noted that the ill-fated young Spencer, in his college days, had presented his undergraduate society's library with a copy of *The Pirate's Own Book*. You may draw your own conclusions.

It should not be supposed that the kind of behind-the-barn reading we've been discussing so far was a special feature of the "fabulous forties." There is plenty of evidence that it has been universally available for at least a hundred years. Take, for example, an article on "What Our Boys Are Reading," which William Graham Sumner, the great sociologist and economist, published in *Scribner's Monthly* in 1878.

Boys everywhere, Sumner said, were reading magazines containing stories whose subjects he tabulated in the following catalogue:

Hunting, Indian warfare, California desperado life, pirates, wild sea adventure, highwaymen, crimes and horrible accidents, horrors (tortures and snake stories), gamblers, practical jokes, the life of vagabond boys, and the wild behavior of dissipated boys in cities.

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The catalogue, Sumner insists, "is exhaustive. There are no other stories." And he goes on at some length to describe typical examples and to summarize the code of conduct which the magazines inculcated. The code went something like this:

A boy should be a good fighter.

Every boy should get and carry a gun.

If he needs more money than his father gives him, a boy should cheat his father or find out his secret vices and blackmail him.

A boy should know women of the lowest kind.

A boy should side with criminals against the police, who are all stupid louts.

IT is instructive to consider, in these days of book-banning, what our boys used to read in comparison with what they are now reading. Stacked against *The Scorpion* of the eighteen-forties and the magazines Sumner studied in the seventies, even the nastiest of our contemporary comic books are pretty innocent. And the vast majority of comic books are issued by publishers who subscribe voluntarily to a code which forbids obscenity, scenes of torture, the sympathetic treatment of crime, and ridicule or attack on any racial or religious group.

This is not to say that we should encourage or support those who ignore the code and publish the "vile and immoral" comic books which still in fact exist. What it does suggest is that it would be a dangerous oversimplification to blame the current wave of juvenile delinquency and crime upon comic books or any other reading matter which is available to youth. Generations of non-delinquents have read books and magazines as bad and probably a good deal worse. Boys stole and were "inattentive" in school long before comic books or other back-alley reading matter came along.

Let's not excuse ourselves or one another for the things our children do by shifting the blame upon an influence which is no less effective than we could like (for our consciences' sake) to imagine. What was it that made him supposed to have read that he went out into the field

with his brother Abel and rose up against him and slew him? Perhaps the Kefauver committee was wise simply to record the testimony of the experts on comic books, and move on to search elsewhere for the roots of criminal behavior.

We Went Down to Camp

Reading *John Perry's* agreeable essay on "Weekend Camping" (p. 41), P & O was reminded of the fact that this issue will reach you in July—at the height of the camping season.

July is also the season of the man-eating flies and the fire-working infants. And this in turn reminded us of the description of "A Girl's Fourth of July" which we found recently in our copy of *The American Girl's Handy Book*, by Tina and Adelia Beard, first published in 1887 and re-issued with some additional chapters in 1898.

The Beard ladies had the notion that the Fourth had been "altogether too exclusively a boy's holiday." In order to awaken in the heart of every American girl a "proprietary interest" in the day, they suggested some "new methods" of celebrating it, including a lawn party which is thus described:

The party opens with the signing of the Declaration of Independence. To each guest is given a brown paper bag, and when all have assembled on the lawn, the hostess steps forward facing the company, and asks all to kindly keep quiet and listen for a few moments while she reads or repeats their Declaration of Independence. She then reads:

"We girls are, and of right should be, free and independent of all boys' sports, having resources and amusements befitting the celebration of the Fourth of July, independent of all those belonging exclusively to boys."

Then follows the signing of the same, by each in turn writing her name beneath the declaration. This accomplished, the hostess gives the signal and each guest fills her bag with air, by holding it close to her mouth, gathering it tightly around, and blowing into it, then grasping it firmly in the right hand, being careful not to let any air escape.

At another signal, all simultaneously bring their hands forcibly

and quickly together, striking the paper bags with the left hand, which bursts the bags and causes a report almost equal to that of pistols.

This introduction is followed by games to be played on the lawn.

Meanwhile, the boys were off somewhere with their own independent "resources and amusements"—a long way off, we'll bet.

IT is hard to believe that there are people still living who knew the time when many outdoor sports were considered to belong so "exclusively" to boys. Actually, the decade between the first and the revised editions of the *American Girl's Handy Book* witnessed the beginning of the modern trend. The preface to the 1898 edition announces that eight new chapters have been added in response to the increasing interest in out-of-door sports, and remarks on the fact that "in this age of wonderful discoveries and rapid development" girls not only go to college but also "take part in many if not all of the athletic sports of boys."

There is a good deal of emphasis—in such chapters as those on bicycling, picnics, and nutting-parties—on the pleasures of “country sights, and sounds, and smells.” But there is no sign of Mr. Perry’s desire to give his daughters the kind of experience which will enable them to feel at home in the woods and “enjoy dark nights and the sound of rain on canvas.”

MR. PERRY and his wife, both of whom are interested in the conservation of natural resources, believe that one reason the American people have permitted so much despoiling of the landscape is that so few people have even a hazy understanding of their natural environment. "We went camping for pleasure, primarily," Mr. Perry says, "but also to see what people do when they visit the parks and forests." What they discovered you will find in his article.

Except on weekends, Mr. Perry is half of the management consulting firm of Straus & Perry in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Perry is an economist whose most recent assignment was with the President's Water Resources Policy Commission, and she

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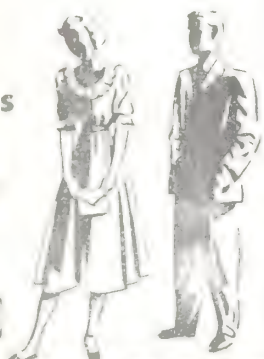
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to remarkably varied subjects. He
has made books of his own on war,
golf, and Navy training, and for
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and boys (Scouts and hellions),
chains, smoke and soot, airplanes,
rainmakers, school principals, traffic
jams, automobiles, skiers, and what
not.

"Weekend Camping" called forth
some remarks by Mr. Osborn about
his boyhood in Oshkosh, Wisconsin
(not so long ago as it sounds),
"where you could camp within the
city limits and have the easy sense
of being in the wilds, on the fron-
tier, close to the complex of twitter-
ing, humming, bunching, pinching,
biting nature, without going more
than three minutes from the main
residential street. . . . And all of
us wore mocassins and could go
camping any time we wanted to—
unsupervised and hence filled with
steady wonderment at the bugs un-
derfoot and the geese overhead."

To see how it was in Oshkosh
when Mr. Osborn lived there in the
golden haze of boyhood, turn to his
drawing on Page 6.

From the General to the Particular

...With "The Story of Douglas
MacArthur" (p. 21), we present the
first published work by the team of
Richard H. Rovere and *Arthur M.
Schlesinger, Jr.* The mechanics of
collaboration must always be diffi-
cult; with these two writers, both of
whom have other assignments and
other deadlines, the mere matter of
getting together must be a problem.
P & O thought we had solved it
for them by hypothesizing a meeting
in the hamlet of Hyde Park, New
York, but on confronting the elusive
pair in the *Harper's* office, when they
came in with the manuscript, we
were informed that their encounter
that very moment was their first
since the idea of the article was
hatched. The two are old friends
who have talked over many things
many times. Partly as a result of

this article, we have learned since,
they are at work now on a book ten-
tatively called *The General and the
President*, to be brought out by
Farrar, Straus & Young.

Mr. Rovere lives in Hyde Park on
a farm, with his wife and three chil-
dren, and does his writing between
trips to Washington for the *New
Yorker*, which publishes his regular
"Washington Letter." He also reads
books in Hyde Park, for he does a
good deal of book reviewing. Oc-
casionaly he turns up in the office
at *Harper's* (on whose staff he is a
contributing editor). He has done
many political profiles for this mag-
azine, and for a year he was our
book critic. He is the author of
Howe & Hummel.

MR. SCHLESINGER, who is associ-
ate professor of history at Har-
vard and lives in Cambridge with
his wife and four children, spends
a good deal of time in Hyde Park
working at the Roosevelt Library.
From time to time, current interests
snatch him away from his book in
progress, *The Age of Roosevelt*
(which his publishers, Houghton
Mifflin, hope to have at the end of
1952). He is the author of three
books, among them *The Age of
Jackson*, which won the Pulitzer
prize for history in 1945. During
the war he served with OWI, the
OSS, and the Army abroad.

Back in 1948, when Richard Ro-
vere was writing a series of profiles
of Presidential candidates for *Har-
per's*, he correctly ruled General
MacArthur out as a possibility. He
is now contemplating a similar series
for '52.

... "Nobody Say a Word" (p. 52)
is the first story *Harper's* has pub-
lished by *Mark Van Doren*, whose
poems have often appeared in this
magazine. He has been writing
stories, "in bunches," he says, dur-
ing the past four years, and he has
had two volumes of them published:
one privately, *The Witch of Ramoth
and Other Tales*, and one by the
Abelard Press, *The Short Stories of
Mark Van Doren* (including a story
which received an O. Henry prize in
1949).

Mr. Van Doren has taught Eng-
lish at Columbia University since
1923, and has been professor for

nine years; during all of this time he has written and published books of criticism and of verse.

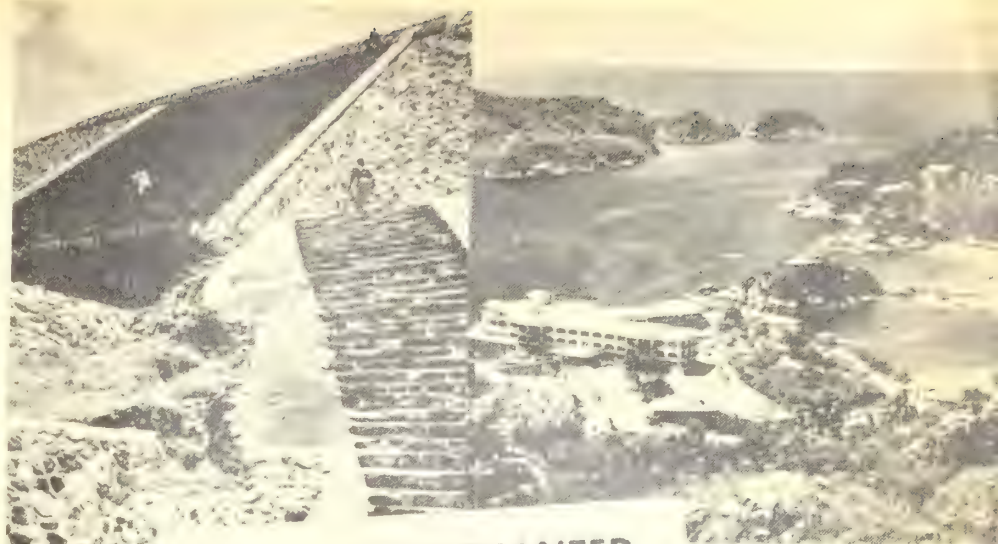
In 1939 he won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry and since 1916, when his study of Henry David Thoreau was published, he has spoken to a much wider audience than that of his students at Columbia. His latest volume of verse was *New Poems*, published by Sloane Associates in 1948, and he has ready for fall publication this year a pamphlet containing sixteen poems about the Middle West, *In That Far Land*, to appear at the Prairie Press in Iowa City. (Mr. Van Doren was born in Hope, Illinois, and grew up in that part of the country.)

•••Around New York during the last war, one got the impression, from listening to street conversations and audience-participation programs on the radio, that the soldiers and sailors and airmen of this country came mostly from the South. Some of them were educated speakers and some were not, but the accents were strikingly sub-Mason-and-Dixon's-Line.

Making due allowance for the fact that the hearer tends to ignore the familiar and listen to the strange, P & O asserts on its own that the Southern tinge really *was* there. And, to judge by *Mary Heaton Vorse's* article in this issue, "The Child Reservoir of the South" (p. 55), the reason is obvious—there are more children born in the South and more of them were moving around the country during the war. If P & O had been visiting the war plants of the Midwest, the impression of the South all over would have been the same.

Now that recruiting for camps and factories is with us again, Mrs. Vorse, who has been reporting in *Harper's* since before the first world war, undertook to make a personal survey of the Southern human reservoir. Many of her earlier articles have taken her into industrial and rural centers, where she has reported living conditions in peace, war, and strikes. Her books, *Men and Steel*, *Footnote to Folly*, *Here Are the People*, and others, have painted the things she has seen.

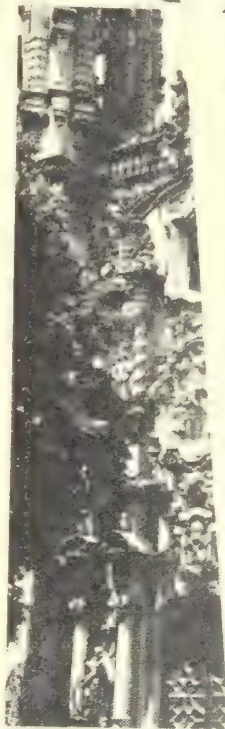
About this article, Mrs. Vorse wrote to us:

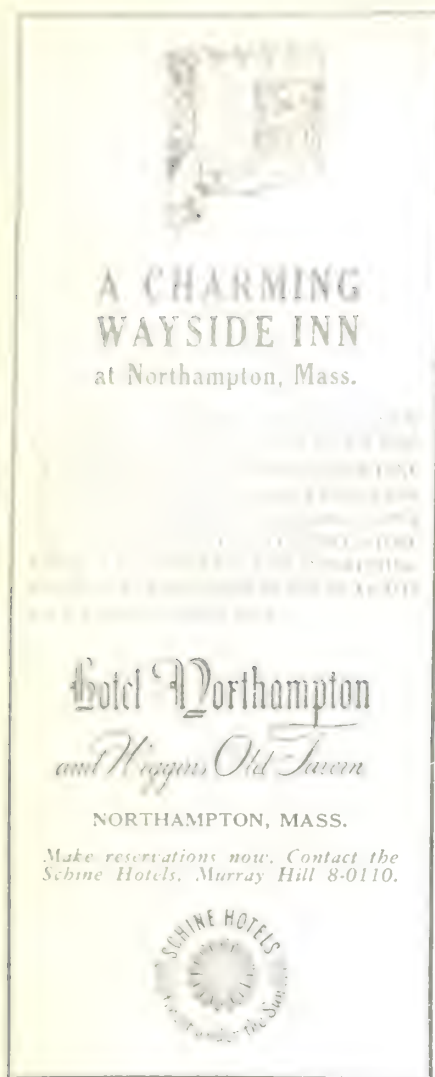


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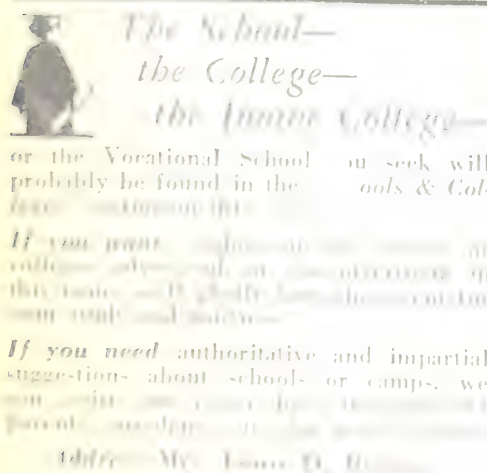
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I never have done a brief story that was so many-sided. It took me through seven states and as many departments of government, private organizations, and labor unions. The most difficult part of the story to get was informal visits to people's homes. Because of the place the Highlander Folk School holds in the community it was easy to visit in the distant Tennessee County. Myles Horton also drove me to Alabama to visit sharecroppers' families and sent me to friends in the Tennessee Valley Authority who ultimately found me a guide to the Kentucky Mountain people.

For pleasure, P & O likes to remember a tiny little Associated Press item dated September 24, 1950. A young Negro with a third-grade education, Army officials reported from Atlanta, Georgia, made the highest score to date on the intelligence test at the Atlanta induction center. (Mercifully P & O will forget that the lowest score was made by a college junior with a three-year football record.)

Lou Block has frequently illustrated Mrs. Vorse's articles on labor and the South. On indefinite leave from the Brooklyn Museum Art School, where he has taught for several years, Mr. Block is now traveling and painting in the South, and living in Louisville, Kentucky.

...Many people are inclined to blame the scientists for the state of helpless credulity in which we live today. We are required to believe, they argue, in a complex of theories, discoveries, and procedures which are the stock-in-trade of the scientist but which the layman cannot understand at all. Since the scientist's ideas seem to work out in practice, we cannot argue with them or even take a skeptical attitude toward them. And so by extension of this will to believe in what we do not understand, we become prey to wonder-workers, both the hypocrites and the self-convinced among them, who can apparently put their theories to the test of practice.

Unfolded in a universe of marvels—from neutrons to the galaxies, these people lament, we see nothing to nature that is ours—we turn, for example, to an old man with a forked stick who can locate water in the ground by a process which

no one understands. There have always been such men, and we add prophetically, there always will be, and perhaps nobody will ever explain why they can do what they do.

IN THIS issue of *Harper's* we produce the douse-of-cold-water treatment for water-witches, psychical researchers, and parapsychologists alike. "Dowsing Is Nonsense" (p. 62) is the common sense of a water-works engineer, embellished with some plain facts of hydrology and geology which, in contrast with pure magic and pure science, are comprehensible by the light of day and ordinary careful reading. If you come up dripping and chilly after this treatment, wrap up and wait a while. Before autumn comes this way, we promise you an article on dowsing by a Reluctant Believer.

Thomas M. Riddick, author of "Dowsing is Nonsense," is a consulting engineer and chemist in the water-works field, who established his own firm in 1936. He is a licensed professional engineer, a member of the American Water Works Association, American Society of Civil Engineers, and others. He designed the Belgrave Plant enlargement for the Sperry Gyroscope Company to take care of sewage for the Lake Success manufacturing plant, and during the war he served in the Near East as a major in the U. S. Public Health Service. He has contributed to most technical publications dealing with water supply and treatment for municipal and industrial use.

... "The Living Rock" (p. 69) by Elizabeth Sewell in some way suggests comparison with an episode in Edmund Gosse's autobiography, *Father and Son*. Gosse spent a somber infancy under the domination of a strictly religious father, finding his main joy in painstaking imitation of his father's zoological miniatures. From somewhere, an imp of rebellion got hold of the boy, and he decided (horrified at himself) to put the second of the Ten Commandments to a simple test. He set up a wooden chair as an idol and bowed down before it, praying, "O, Chair." The great nothing which followed this sin shattered the boy's faith in his father's vengeful

P & O

God, and the world was different thereafter. Miss Sewell's approach to the mysterious incident which brings about a boy's departure from the faith of his father is much more riddling than Gosse's reminiscence, but the relationship, if you want to study it out, is interesting.

Miss Sewell is a young English-woman (India-born), whose first novel, *The Dividing of Time*, published here this spring by Doubleday, was a baffling but fascinating book for many readers. After taking her B. A. degree at Newnham College, Cambridge, Miss Sewell did three years of war service with the Ministry of Education in London, then returned to Cambridge to take up a research fellowship. While working on her Ph.D. dissertation, she had a number of stories published in the *Cambridge Review*, made her first "sale" to an Irish Catholic children's magazine, and worked on *The Dividing of Time*.

Miss Sewell will come to this country to teach at Vassar in the fall. This will be her second experience of life in the United States, for she worked on a fellowship at Ohio State University in 1949-50.

The illustrations for "The Living Rock" were made by *Kurt Werth*, a New York artist who was trained in Leipzig, Italy, and France. In Berlin he worked for magazines like *Simplicissimus* and *Querschnitt*; but, being opposed to the Hitler regime, he came to the United States many years ago.

...In his article, "What Eisenhower Is Up Against" (p. 76), *George Fielding Eliot* isolates one of the central problems of "our side" in the present world struggle. As James Reston's article, "Why We Irritate Our Allies," in the May issue brought home some frank lessons of the politics of international unity, Major Eliot here suggests some basic rules of military coalition. "No entangling alliances" may have been a good rule of thumb in the days of sailing vessels, but it won't do any more.

Major Eliot became well known as a writer on military affairs during the nineteen-thirties, when his first books were published. He has been a military and naval correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*

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ANCHOR'S AWEIGH

since 1939, was military analyst for CBS for eight years, and is now columnist for the New York Post. His book, *The Ramparts We Watch* (which was condensed in an article in *Harper's*) was, for many readers in 1938, the signal for the alert on World War II.

Though he was born in Brooklyn, Major Eliot took his A. B. degree at Melbourne University in Australia and served with the Australian Imperial Force in the first world war. He became a captain and later a major during the nineteen-twenties in the Military Intelligence Reserve of the U. S. Army.

•••Lancelot Law Whyte is a writer who draws his readers graciously from the simple truism to the startling discovery. The steps between are so gentle that one rises almost without effort to concepts quite new. "Where Do Those Bright Ideas Come From?" (p. 85), for example, starts with something easy: "There are few experiences quite so satisfactory as getting a good idea." But by the end, we find ourselves with him in seeking to draw up a "hygiene of the unconscious mind."

In the fall of 1948 (October and November issues) *Harper's* published an extended review of the books of Lancelot Law White and a brief, bold article by Mr. Whyte on "Scientific Thought in the Coming Decades." Several of Mr. Whyte's books have become fairly well known in this country through American editions of *The Next Development in Man*, *Everyman Looks Forward*, and *The Unitary Principle in Physics and Biology*. In his present essay, he merely extends to other realms a range of reference which already included scientific and social techniques and theory.

Mr. Whyte was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, served in the first world war as Field Artillery Officer and Education Officer, then studied at Cambridge, taking a Double First in mathematics and physics and becoming a research fellow. Since then he has studied and traveled in Europe, the United States, and Mexico, but has also worked in industry and finance. During the war he worked in the Ministry of Supply in London, directing statistical inquiries.

At present Mr. Whyte is occupied

with a new book "describing the drama of the development of scientific ideas during this century, past and future." He is an active member of a new group in London which issues the quarterly, *British Journal for the Philosophy of Science*.

•••One of the ways out of the ordinary citizen's blind alley in scientific understanding is the study of science. This seems too easy to be true—but it has proved to be too difficult for the many people who mentioned in connection with the helpless credulity of our times. Yet there are others for whom it has not been too hard—they got a start in school and college and they've made the effort to keep up. A lot of them read and enjoyed Fred Hoyle's articles on "The Nature of the Universe" in *Harper's* last winter and spring; some have kept their heads above water in the Velikovsky controversy; and a good many keep braced on atomic energy.

There are good writers who understand scientific matter without being scientists by profession, and these have performed the essential service of writing for the layman in an enlightening way. One of the best is **Bruce Bliven**, whose "The Case of the Radioactive Snail" (p. 90) explains a new use of atomic science. By profession Mr. Bliven is an editor and writer (Editorial Director of the *New Republic*). On the side he indulges his passion for science and technology and writes about many subjects in these fields. *Men Who Make the Future* (1942) was the result of such studies, and recently he has published a number of articles in the fields of the application of psychiatric knowledge to public affairs, and the special problems relating to abnormally high or low intelligence in children.

•••**Hortense Flexner** ("For On Away," p. 54) has taught modern poetry, fiction, and writing at Bryn Mawr and Sarah Lawrence, and has written several volumes of poetry.

"Homo Sapiens" (p. 93) is the first poem by **Garman Harbottle** to appear in *Harper's*. Mr. Harbottle is research associate in nuclear chemistry at the AEC's Brookhaven National Laboratory, engaged in not secret research on protactinium.

Pro Private School

The headmaster of Lawrenceville, Allan V. Heely, is the author of a new book, "Why the Private School?" (Harper & Bros. 1951) which is an explicit and thoughtful statement of the place of private education. Below is a brief excerpt.

THE boarding school, of course, is its own community, artificial in the sense that its students are non-resident and therefore have no stake in the towns and villages in which most such schools prefer to establish themselves. The disadvantages of this situation are implied in what is to be said of day schools. Yet the American boarding school has a continuous history which reaches back two hundred years at least, and nobody would deny that it is a permanent and characteristic feature of our educational landscape.

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This is the first of a series of excerpts from Allan V. Heely's "What the Private School?" Others will appear in future issues.



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LETTERS

work and to your readers for having misinformed them on this point.

CARL BINGER, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

Columbia at Barnard—

To the Editors:

I'm sure that Anne L. Goodman's article, "Mrs. Mac of Barnard" [May], must have been gratifying to the thousands of Barnard alumnae who are, I hope, *Harper's* readers.

Miss Goodman made one statement, however, which I know to be untrue. She said: "In the years when former Dean Virginia Gildersleeve was building up the college's prestige . . . Columbia attendance at Barnard was unheard of." During the year 1924-25 I took a course which I believe was called Religion 101-102; several instructors . . . came over from Union Theological Seminary to give the course and Columbia undergraduates comprised fully half the class. Needless to say, Religion 101-102 was popular with Barnard girls!

JULIA MONTROSE RUMPH
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Who Irritates Whom?—

To the Editors:

I began the article, "The British Disagree with Us," in the May issue in full acceptance of the title. Hence I do not take issue with that fact but with the weird beliefs which Mr. Ernest Borneman attributes to the English people. . . .

The following seems to me to illustrate best the misinterpretation typical of the article:

Mr. Borneman states that most Britons feel we were drawn into war by a violation of the Charter. His interpretation: they do not thus protest against the illegality of the war out of a natural and, particularly in their case, a very understandable aversion to war itself, but because "Britain does care about a flaw in technical procedure." . . .

MARY C. KEELTY
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

I have read with some enlightenment the article by James Reston on "Why We Irritate Our Allies" and the succeeding one by Ernest Borneman on "The British Disagree with Us."

Aside from the fact that our interests and those of the British can scarcely be called identical and that the British give way to nobody when their interests are concerned, it seems to me both gentlemen might have found some underlying simplification in the cogent remark of Britisher John Maynard Keynes who . . . observed: "A debtor nation does not love its creditor." . . .

It may also be that the British people are not being told what is going on. That is the statement of Mr. Winston Churchill, who, speaking in the House of Commons on Nov. 30, 1950, said:

It is important to get the proportions right. . . . *We have not been told what are the American casualties.* . . .

If Churchill doesn't know and hasn't been told the extent of our casualties, can we expect the British people to understand what we are doing? . . .

It does look as though somebody was holding out on the British people. No wonder they are "irritated."

C. E. PERSONS
Los Altos, Calif.

To the Editors:

After reading Ernest Borneman's article it seems to me that the British may be right, and that we may have only two logical alternatives with regard to the Far East: either yield Korea, Formosa, and very probably Japan and the Philippines later on, or pursue our objectives to the hilt and in so doing invite war with Russia. . . .

As I see it, there are, then, two ultimate choices: Soviet or American hegemony—I prefer the latter.

FRANK PARKS LANDIS
Schenectady, N. Y.

Who's Freudian Now?—

To the Editors:

May I take this opportunity to correct an error in my article, "What Is Maturity?", which you published in your May issue?

On page 73, in the last paragraph, the phrase "maturity and neurosis as identical" should, of course, read *immaturity* and neurosis.

Psychologists know, as Freud himself pointed out, that slips of the tongue and slips of the pen are not accidental. The same, no

question, holds true of the misinterpretation of his valuable

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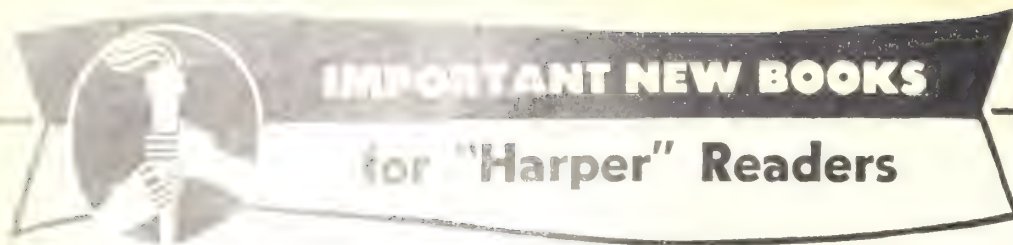
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Harper's MAGAZINE

The Story of Douglas MacArthur

Richard H. Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

“GENERAL MACARTHUR’S place in history,” President Truman told the country and the world when he announced the recall of the General from his several commands in the Far East, “is fully established.” No less controversial statement has been made in the course of the MacArthur controversy. And if what the President said (or had said in his behalf, for he slept soundly in Blair House while the tremendous news was being given out) was true beyond dispute at one o’clock in the morning of April eleventh, its truth has been heightened and broadened in all its meanings in the weeks that have since elapsed. Before his recall, MacArthur was a great personality, a great general, a great orator and writer, and the first American proconsul. He was an American prophet honored at home largely because of the lavish ways in which he was honored—and in some quarters despised—abroad. But when he flew inward from the perimeter of American power, he made a similar journey toward the center of American consciousness.

It would be going too far to say that he as an individual precipitated the conflict over national policy that now rages, for the conflict preceded his return, preceded the Korean campaign, preceded even the last great war, and would no doubt exist even if he did not; but it is perfectly clear that he and his extraordinary personality have brought matters to a head and have now become enormous factors in what someone has called the Greater Debate. It is conceivable that in the resolution of the argument they will be the decisive factors.

In short, Douglas MacArthur is now a force, almost a principle, in American politics. How far he wants to go and how far he is capable of going are matters on which no one seems able to speak with much authority. We have his word for it that he does not seek the Presidency, but we can assume that he would not be too bitter if the office, or the nomination for it, were thrust upon him. In any event, it is imperative that his spectacular career be re-examined, for he is in politics and

In this article, Richard H. Rovere, whose book reviews and political profiles have appeared often in Harper's, and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., author of The Age of Jackson and The Vital Center, have collaborated for the first time in writing.

It is possible, of course, that MacArthur has now reached or passed the zenith of his power. There are certain indications that this may be true. One is that MacArthur is talking a great deal now, and we know from experience that very often when MacArthur talks he cuts the ground from beneath his own feet. There appear to be more indications, however, that what we have seen is nothing compared to what we are going to see. On the whole, it is well to be on guard against writing down MacArthur. The man has a remarkable capacity for capping one triumph with another; he has an even more remarkable capacity for moving from the trough of a wave to its crest, for coming up from catastrophe and near-catastrophe to victory. One thinks of the brilliant Inchon landings last autumn, in what seemed certain to be the darkest days of the Korean fighting, and one thinks, too, of the way he has lived down the tragic retreat of his attenuated forces on the Yalu River front last December. In the frenzy of April and May of 1951 it was not easy to recall the mood of December 1950, but the fact is that there were many Americans then—among them, unquestionably, some participants in the later orgy—who felt that he should be recalled for what almost everyone looked upon as inexcusable mismanagement and miscalcula-

"It is becoming increasingly difficult," the New York *Herald Tribune*, a Republican newspaper, observed in a December editorial, "to put confidence in the military capacity of a headquarters which has so gravely compounded blunder by confusion." General MacArthur, it concluded, "can no longer

be accepted as the final authority on military actualities." The Administration came within an ace of superseding him then, but for reasons of its own failed to do so, and four and a half months later MacArthur, recalled for usurping the diplomatic function rather than for failing to fulfill the military one, came home not in a cart but as a conquering hero, causing strong men to weep at the very sight of him and women to strew his path with flowers. City after city outdid itself in welcoming him: New York put on the biggest, most bedazzling show in its frenetic history. Everywhere he moved in a hysteria of mass approval: he was the man alone who could save America. The President who dared dismiss him was buried under an avalanche of abusive letters and telegrams. Already established in the Japanese and Philippine pantheons, MacArthur impressed some Americans as a figure of supernatural proportions. "We heard God speak here today," Representative Dewey Short, a Missourian who ordinarily carries the indigenous skepticism to extremes, cried, "God in the flesh, the voice of God." Americans are not commonly given to deifying or even canonizing their heroes, but no less an American than ex-President Herbert Hoover spoke solemnly of MacArthur as "a reincarnation of St. Paul." Few people, if any, complained of sacrilege when MacArthur's aide, a Major General on active duty, compared MacArthur with Christ by comparing his critics with Doubting Thomas.

WHEN men are spoken of in these terms, we can be sure that the sources of their power lie somewhere deep within them. It is perfectly true that the point of view which MacArthur now symbolizes has always had millions of adherents in this country. But to millions more MacArthur's personality far overshadows the policy. No other analysis of his power really explains it, for one of the central truths about MacArthur is that he symbolizes many policies. To the Daughters of the American Revolution, he symbolized "the simple but immutable pattern etched by our forefathers." To many who have observed his proconsulship in Japan, he symbolizes a kind of welding together of the best qualities of Alexander of Macedon and of the late Harry Hopkins. He numbers among his warmest

admirers Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, and Roger Baldwin, long the guiding spirit of the American Civil Liberties Union. "I can testify," Baldwin said, after meeting the General and finding him, as so many others have, an irresistible conversationalist, "that in all matters involving democratic principles and methods, I found not a single point of disagreement, and a surprisingly profound conviction—for a military man—of the loftiest values of civilization." Baldwin was not explicit about the loftiest values, but it is not likely that he had in mind the things MacArthur had in mind when he congratulated Colonel McCormick's cousin, the late Captain Joseph M. Patterson, publisher of the New York *Daily News*, for "invincibly standing . . . for those higher ethics designed to ensure propagation of the truth."

MacArthur's power is largely independent of doctrine. Today he is an unflagging enemy of appeasement, a fierce champion of resistance, but he has not always been seen in that light. Those who are transported by his description of the shortsightedness of the Administration's postwar policy in the Far East seem neither to know nor to care that he was the author of the paragraph in the Japanese constitution which has been described as "a self-denying ordinance of perpetual self-disarmament"—an ordinance now to be violated with just about everyone's approval. In February 1942, when the country was in the midst of its first great spasm of MacArthur idolatry, the General concurred in a proposal made by President Manuel Quezon that the Philippines be neutralized, American troops permanently evacuated, and the Philippine armies, so largely MacArthur's personal creation, disbanded. President Quezon thought that a deal could be worked out whereby, in return for a pledge to end organized resistance, the Japanese would leave the islands alone. It was a proposal strikingly similar to some of the fainthearted suggestions for ending the Korean war that have been advanced in the United Nations and in certain capitals of Europe and Asia. MacArthur, who now insists that Formosa is indispensable to American security, said that we would "lose no military advantage" if we were party to such an arrangement and begged Franklin Roosevelt and Henry Stim-

son to consider "whether the plan of President Quezon might offer the best possible solution of what is about to be a disastrous debacle." They did consider it, and they decided, in the words of Roosevelt's reply, that "As the most powerful member of this coalition [of free nations] we cannot display weakness in fact or in spirit anywhere. It is mandatory that there be established once and for all in the minds of all people complete evidence that the American determination and will to win carries on down to the last unit." It has been suggested that MacArthur's defiance of Truman's Korea policy in 1951 could be a last reverberation of Roosevelt's 1947 lecture on appeasement.

IT is interesting and perhaps instructive to observe that the personality which, surmounting all its own contradictions, has so overpowering an appeal to millions of Americans is not cast in any of the typical American molds. It is not just that MacArthur is somewhat larger than life—so were the Roosevelts and Wilson, Bryan and the elder LaFollette. It is not just that he is a remarkable general—so is Omar Bradley; or a fine military governor—so was Lucius Clay; or a compelling orator—so was Franklin Roosevelt. It is that his tremendous personality somehow orders these by no means un-American traits into a strange new constellation. He is larger than life in ways that seem foreign to the American tradition and that set a new style in American personality. All combined, the austere and formal bearing; the commanding manner, at once imperious and imperial; the dramatic flamboyance of pose; the stern remoteness from telephones and newspapers and other distractions and delights of American daily life; the passionate and apparently welcome adoration of his entourage; the resonant cadences of his rhetoric, which is half genuine eloquence in an old military tradition, half hucksterism in a new one; the humorlessness; the self-regard, lofty and impersonal as Fujiyama; above all, the overriding sense of mission and destiny—these things, in their totality, give us a kind of leader we have not known before in this country. They give us a new creation—glittering and resplendent, disinterested and wise, the embodiment of vivid certitude in a time of confusion and anguish. If they re-

late to any American tradition at all, it is to the military tradition of the United States. But theirs was not a centennial tradition. MacArthur had lost his to the Central European military tradition and to the British tradition in statesmanship. In them we find established the punctilio that sets him apart from generals like Omar Bradley, who up to now have had great appeal to a people used to an army as a form of democratic improvisation and retaining ancestral memories of the days when the militia elected its officers; and we find, as well, that innate knowledge of "the trade of being a king" which has served him so well in Japan.

II

TIME affords a valuable perspective for getting at the root of some of MacArthur's traits. He sprang from an intense and dedicated military tradition. The life of his father encompassed the life of the American Army from Fort Sumter almost to the first world war. Arthur MacArthur enlisted in the Union Army at the age of sixteen; stayed in the Army through its decline in the dreary seventies and eighties, serving for nearly twenty years on the Western frontier; and rose again with the Army and became a national hero as the pacifier of the Philippines. He died at sixty-seven while addressing a regimental reunion. He was a man of energy and ability and of a colorful, vehement personality; old General Énoch Crowder once said that "Arthur MacArthur was the most flamboyantly egotistic man I had ever seen—until I met his son." Like his son, Arthur MacArthur had a way of going off the reservation. Once he issued a public statement questioning the patriotism of German-Americans. The first Roosevelt, who didn't like generals meddling in politics, cracked down on him without mercy. An officer who could make such a statement, he said, "is unfit to hold a commission in the National Guard."

MacArthur inherited from his father not only his storminess and his sense of drama but his sense of the Far East as the strategic center of American security; it was probably from his father, too, and from his Manila childhood, that he got his deep emotional at-

tachment to the Philippines. It seems likely that, at the same time, Arthur MacArthur's Philippine experience may have given his son a deep dislike of civilian authority. In 1900, when the elder MacArthur was fighting Aguinaldo and his guerrillas, William Howard Taft arrived in Manila, overflowing with benevolent determination to win over "the little brown brothers" with kindness and schoolteachers. ("Oh, he may be a brother of William Howard Taft, but he ain't no brother of mine," the popular song went.) Taft's policy aroused Arthur MacArthur's sharp opposition. An ugly dispute followed, and when, a year later, Taft was made Governor General, MacArthur was relieved of his command. When Taft became President, he conspicuously passed over MacArthur in selecting his Chief of Staff. Today the son of William Howard Taft seems bent on doing his best to make it up to the son of Arthur MacArthur.

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR was never less than promising. He led his class at West Point, making, it is said, the highest scholastic record anyone has ever made there; served as a military aide to Theodore Roosevelt; helped seize Vera Cruz in 1914; and served with great distinction and heroism in the first world war. A major, he advocated over the head of his superior officers the project of a Rainbow Division—made up of National Guard units from many states—and ended by commanding the division in France. There he distinguished himself not only by his tactical competence but even more by his cool bravery under fire. On his return from Germany, where he served briefly with the occupation forces, he became superintendent of the Academy at West Point.

In the twenties, MacArthur, like Winston Churchill, Charles de Gaulle, and other figures of a heroic cast, was miserably out of place. It was a tough decade for professional soldiers in general; for a soldier of MacArthur's stripe, it was almost impossible. He could not fly the ocean like Lindbergh, or explore the poles like Byrd; he would not turn to business like his friend Hugh Johnson, or to politics like Leonard Wood. The Army, in which he rose with astonishing speed, becoming a brigadier general at forty and a major general at forty-five, was his dedi-

cation; he could conceive no alternative. Nevertheless, the United States was a wasteland, from which, luckily, he managed to escape when General Pershing ordered him to the Philippines shortly after his marriage to Louise Cromwell Brooks, a bright and giddy divorcee who provided MacArthur's one fleeting contact with the jazz age. Mrs. Brooks, who later divorced MacArthur and married the actor Lionel Atwill, had been General Pershing's official hostess, and it was thought by some that the assignment was an exile. Exile or not, it was a happy return to the family fief. He was in Manila from 1922 to 1925 and in 1928 and 1929. The intervening years were notable chiefly for his service on the court-martial of Brigadier General Billy Mitchell and for his chairmanship of the American Committee for the Olympic Games.

The Mitchell affair was one from which MacArthur has not yet quite extricated himself. He and Billy Mitchell had known each other as boys in Milwaukee. His role in Mitchell's trial, however, is still entirely enigmatic. MacArthur's supporters today claim that he voted against Mitchell's conviction. The Luce publications assert this as a fact, and a fact it may be, but MacArthur himself, perhaps respecting the sanctity of court-martial proceedings, has never publicly disclosed his vote. According to one legend, a janitor, sweeping up the office after the vote, found in a wastebasket a mutilated slip of paper marked, "Not guilty, Douglas MacArthur." Once, in a letter to Senator Wiley of Wisconsin, MacArthur said that his part in the trial was "fully known" to Mitchell, who, MacArthur went on, "never ceased to express his gratitude for my attitude." But Mitchell's recollection of the trial ten years later expressed not gratitude but an incredulity that his old friend could have had a hand in the unpleasantness; still, "there he was," Mitchell wrote, "his features as cold as carved stone."

IT WOULD be possible to construct a tenable theory of MacArthur's present character by beginning with the observation that its most salient and extravagant elements are the product of a kind of delayed rebellion against the twenties and some parts of the thirties. They were frustrating, imprisoning years. His most important activities—the

Mitchell affair, the Olympic games, the rout of the Bonus Marchers—were unworthy of him; they offered no real scope to his genius and his imagination. The best he could do was to charge those activities with the heroic emotions he must have felt stirring within him. It was sometimes more than the activities could bear. The Mitchell trial was certainly no occasion for wearing "features as cold as carved stone." The campaign on Anacostia Flats was no occasion for wearing burnished boots and a full complement of decorations. Yet he had to make the most of intractable materials. He had to invent new values. As head of the Olympic committee, he had to construct a bright fantasy in which his role was that of a savior delivering the American people from grossness and degeneracy through athletics. In a communiqué to President Coolidge, we get some insight into the process by which his rhetoric became the inflated thing it is today.

In undertaking this difficult task [he wrote] I recall a passage in Plutarch wherein Themistocles, being asked whether he would rather be Achilles or Homer, replied: "Which would you rather be, a conqueror in the Olympic Games or the crier who proclaims who are conquerors?" And indeed to portray adequately the vividness and brilliance of that great spectacle would be worthy of the pen of Homer himself. No words of mine can adequately portray such great moments as the resistless onrush of that matchless California eight as it swirled and crashed down the placid water of the Sloten; that indomitable will for victory which marked the deathless rush of Barbuti; that sparkling combination of speed and grace by Elizabeth Robinson which might have rivaled even Artemis herself on the heights of Olympus. . . . I can but record the bare blunt facts, trusting that imagination will supply the magic touch to that which can never be forgotten by those who were actually present.

And we come upon the same thing again in 1933, in the on-the-spot communiqué he issued from Anacostia after the repulse of the Bonus Army:

Had the President not acted today, had he permitted this thing to go on for twenty-four hours more, he would have been faced with a grave situation which

would have caused a real battle. Had he let it go another week, I believe that the institutions of our government would have been severely threatened.

MacArthur became Chief of Staff in 1930. By all accounts, he did an admirable job. It satisfied Herbert Hoover, and it impressed Franklin Roosevelt sufficiently to lead him to reappoint MacArthur and keep him on duty in Washington until 1935. In those years, he fought a noble thankless battle against the prevalent pacifism. Though he said some things about the functions of the horse and the limitations of tanks and aircraft that sound rather foolish today, the consensus of qualified opinion is that he saw the future of warfare more clearly than most of his contemporaries. In the end, though, he was lucky, with the aid of Roosevelt, to save the Army from the destruction threatened by the preoccupied and neutralist Congress.

In 1935, fifty-five years old, his tour of duty as Chief of Staff over, the American string apparently played out, MacArthur returned to the ancestral duchy in Manila. As Field Marshal of the Philippine Army, he threw himself into preparations for the defense of the islands against invasion. His estimate of Philippine security was optimistic. Successful landing operations against Luzon, he thought, would require enemy forces of an inconceivable size. "In all history," he wrote, "there is no example of this kind of attack being attempted on a comparable scale." Corregidor, he said, was "the strongest single fortified point in the world." The years of peace had apparently bred in him an extraordinary sanguinity about the prospects of war. In 1939, he was convinced not only that Japan could not successfully attack the Philippines but that it had no intention of trying. "It has been assumed, in my opinion erroneously," he wrote, "that Japan covets these islands. Just why has never been satisfactorily explained." Drawing upon that knowledge of and experience with the Oriental mind which constitutes today, in the view of his supporters, one of our great national resources, he explained that "Proponents of such a theory fail fully to credit the logic of the Japanese mind." Oddly enough, not even Pearl Harbor shook his confidence in his intuitions about Japanese objectives in the Philippines. Or at least that is the most chari-

table explanation of the fact that he took no adequate measures, even after Pearl Harbor, to prepare for Japanese air attack. Nine hours after the shooting began in Hawaii, American bombers were still wing-to-wing at Clark Field near Manila, just so many targets for the Japanese bombers. In a single blow, the enemy was able virtually to wipe out the American capacity to retaliate on Japanese bases on Formosa. This unpreparedness—which was far less excusable than that for which Kimmel and Short were pilloried across the country—sealed the fate of the Islands.

III

IN LARGE measure, the influence MacArthur wields today is based on his way with words. If it should now prove that his view of the Far Eastern crisis has more support in the country than that of President Truman and General Marshall, it would be largely because their words, halting and colorless and frequently opaque, are such meager things alongside his. But it is notable, too, that nearly all MacArthur's misfortunes have also been associated with words. His pen and tongue are forever getting him into trouble. His record would look much finer than it does if he had spoken less often. Picturesque but frequently ill-chosen words serve to conceal the magnificence of his acts; where his acts have fallen short of magnificence, there is almost always evidence that the man has been betrayed by his own resplendent rhetoric. He appears to have talked himself out of preparing in time for the Japanese attack on the bastion he was raising in the Philippines. His record in the weeks that followed the attack would have seemed much better if he had said much less; if, for example, his statements and communiqués had not held out so many false hopes, so many unfulfilled and unfulfillable promises of deliverance. The communiqués described exploits that never took place, small victories that in fact were rather large defeats. He and his communiqué-writers were not prevaricators, they were poets. As a result of his poetic visions, the morale of his troops sagged badly; and the men locked in combat on Bataan spoke mockingly and derisively of "Dugout Doug" writing communiqués on Corregidor.

In 1942, the bravura language, though dam-

aging in its effect on his troops, had a bracing effect on the home front. The country desperately needed a hero then. MacArthur, as the only American general in active field command, would have been an inevitable candidate under any circumstances. But there is no doubt that his communiqués—bold, inspiring, and very casual with the facts—helped give the country the sort of symbol it wanted and needed. And the performance itself was really superb. In a succession of campaigns, imaginatively conceived, executed with skill and daring, he swept back from Australia to the Philippines and eventually to Japan. Though it is assuredly true that the war in the Pacific was one in which the Navy must get a larger share of the credit than he has ever been willing to award it, the fact remains that, in his own theater, he deserves some share of the Navy's share. He seems to have argued for long leaps forward and urged the by-passing of centers of resistance like Rabaul, which would otherwise have been costly to reduce. In the New Guinea campaign, which lasted roughly a year, he advanced eighteen hundred miles to the west and seven hundred miles north, using this strategy. He got out of his generals—Eichelberger, Buckner, Krueger—their best professional efforts, and although the Pacific war was not a coalition war to the extent that the European war was, there was no equivalent in MacArthur's theater to the open feud between Montgomery and Bradley in Europe. He may, as has been charged, have tended to demean his subordinate commanders in order to increase his own prestige, but even if coolly they served him well, and there is no record of the kind of sewing-circle atmosphere that grew up in Europe, with arguments still going on as to who ran the show.

YET MacArthur was never content, like Eisenhower and Bradley, to let his victories speak for themselves. He gave them voice; he kept getting into word trouble; the words fashioned a legend; the legend overshadowed reality, and in the long run swallowed it up. Part of the legend hinged on MacArthur himself. "I will return," he said when he left the Philippines. The Office of War Information wanted to change the message to "We shall return" before dropping it on enemy-held territory;

MacArthur sent back an absolute refusal. The haroosh went on for months, MacArthur eventually winning out. His stubbornness was not petty vanity; his egotism includes vanity but rises far above it. For him, "I" meant the entire Allied forces, even though he must have known that many of his men resisted this amiable identification.

MacArthur's past, re-examined, resounds with many faithful echoes of the present. In the early forties, he not only identified himself with his theater but his theater with the war. He never reconciled himself to the grand strategy of achieving victory in Europe first. Washington's every application of that strategy was taken as a vindictive personal thrust at MacArthur. "There are unmistakable evidences of an acute persecution complex at work," Robert E. Sherwood reported after a visit at MacArthur's headquarters. "To hear some of the staff officers talk, one would think that the War Department, the State Department, the Joint Chiefs of Staff—and possibly even the White House itself—are under the domination of 'Communists and British Imperialists.'" According to Arthur Bliss Lane, MacArthur even resisted British participation in the Pacific war. His own world excluded all others for him, and he was at its center. The tangible impress of this world were the MacArthur communiqués, which continued to be a problem all by themselves in the Pacific. Their lush and elaborate narrations, in devoted but vulgarized mimicry of the General's own style, gave them a special air of South Sea fantasy. Toward the end of the war, the Navy, in self-defense, produced a ballad:

For two long years, since blood and tears
have been so very rife,
Confusion in our war news burdens
more a soldier's life.
But from this chaos, daily, like a
hospice on the way,
Like a shining light to guide us,
rises Doug's communiqué.

His area is quite cosmic and capricious as a breeze,
Ninety times as big as Texas,
bigger than Los Angeles.
It springs from lost Atlantis up to
where the angels play,
And no sparrow falls unheeded—
it's in Doug's communiqué.

In today's perspective, the distressing thing about MacArthur's wartime communiqués is not their literary debauchery, not even their fast and loose way with hard facts; the distressing thing is that the man from whose headquarters they came—and the papers invariably ran the dateline "MacArthur's Headquarters"—refused to correct them even when the truth came out. Thus, Communiqué No. 3 reported the sinking of a 29,000-ton battleship by an Air Force plane north of Luzon. Subsequently, MacArthur identified the pilot as Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr., and gave a graphic account of the sinking of the *Haruna*. Captain Kelly and his crew were genuine heroes, but subsequent investigation showed not only that they never sank the *Haruna* but that the Japanese used no battleships at all in the Luzon landings. The *Haruna* at the time was on the other side of the South China Sea, and despite subsequent claims of its destruction, it was still afloat when MacArthur accepted the Japanese surrender aboard the *Missouri*. There was an even more striking instance when, after the Battle of Bismarck Sea in early 1943, the MacArthur communiqué claimed the destruction of twenty-two ships, fifty-five planes, and fifteen thousand men. Tall stories are common in the heat of battle, and no one should have been astonished when it was later determined beyond any legitimate doubt that the true figures were twelve ships, twenty to thirty planes, and about three thousand men. When the Air Forces Historical Section reported this to MacArthur later in the year, he replied with a cable demanding the court-martial of the officer who wrote the report. When, in September 1945, a detailed intelligence report, which had made full use of Japanese materials, was submitted, MacArthur still refused to retreat an inch from the original communiqué. In a determined effort to extirpate the heresy, his headquarters, on November 19, 1945, actually ordered the report destroyed. To this day, official historians in Tokyo insist on the original story and still fail, challenged by other historians, to document their contentions.

FOR all of that, victory was gained; in good measure through MacArthur's generalship. Brilliant as his wartime role had been, it may, in the final weighing, be

judged as less brilliant than his role in the occupation of Japan. It will not be until the Japanese peace treaty has been in effect for some years that anyone will be able to pass balanced judgment on his stewardship in Tokyo, but there are some things that can be said tentatively, and nearly all of them redound to MacArthur's credit. Somehow, all the contradictory and paradoxical elements in his personality, all the things that set him apart from the American military tradition, seemed to qualify him for his proconsulship. It is, indeed, doubtful if any other American could have managed the assignment at all. Unlike the merely brisk and efficient commanders of the Lucius Clay type, MacArthur felt that he was performing not one more Army assignment but an exalted historical mission. He communicated his sense of high historical significance to the Japanese, swept them up in the great drama and mystery of reconstruction, and gave them a feeling of spiritual purpose in a moment of unsurpassed national disaster. He invested his role, as the *Washington Post* has said, with a grandeur which his subjects, with their racial memories of the Shogunate, found easy to understand.

He, too, must have been swept up in the drama and the mystery, for he revealed in Japan a deeply personal magnanimity and dignity that had not previously been notable in his makeup. The Pacific war had been fought with bitterness and savagery. Vindictiveness on the part of the victorious general would have been altogether understandable. Yet MacArthur, who could propose the court-martial of an officer who contradicted his communiqués and who in 1933 stirred up an Army feud that is still going on by exiling George Catlett Marshall to Illinois as an instructor of National Guardsmen, shucked all his native vindictiveness when he steamed into Tokyo Bay and told the vanquished that the problem of making a decent peace was basically "theological and involves a spiritual recrudescence and improvement of human character. It must be of the spirit if we are to save the flesh."

It is more clearly certain that MacArthur was the right man for the occupation than that the policies with which he sought to bring about "spiritual recrudescence" were the right policies. His basic reform was a

broad redistribution of land-holdings, and the common opinion of disinterested observers is that it may be his most enduring one. It has been observed that there is a kind of double irony in this: first, that large numbers of MacArthur's admirers in this country are people who regard agrarian reform in Asia as a mask of Communism; and second, that the probable consequence of this radical dodge in Japan will be the organization of small landholders into a large conservative bloc. His reforms of industry were even further from the "simple but immutable patterns etched by our forefathers" than his land reforms, and in the judgment of the *Washington Post*, which has published some of the most succinct and penetrating analyses of the occupation, they are far less likely to endure.

He encouraged labor unions [the *Post* has said], giving a head to left-wingers and even Communists, though a recent crack-down has doubtless loosened their hold upon the workers. The management of industry got MacArthur's attention along with the organization of labor. American liberals found a ready convert in General MacArthur in the campaign against the *Zaibatsu*—trusts which, in alliance with the party chieftains, ran Japan in pre-military days. More time and trouble and reams of paper were spent on trust-busting than on any other reform. But fragmentation or atomization of industry was doomed on the day that the stock exchange was reopened; there was bound to be industrial reconcentration along the route of stock transactions. In any event, the banks are the source of industrial control in Japan, and they were hardly touched. Fortunately, perhaps, for the revival of Japan as an industrial and commercial power!

BEFORE 1945, MacArthur had a large political following, but the following in no sense constituted a cult. The cult had its origins in the Dai-Ichi Building, where the high priests conducted daily devotions and made converts of visitors. By 1950, all the independent spirits on his staff had been screened out and only true believers remained. The message they passed along to visiting journalists was that MacArthur was the greatest man alive, the greatest man since Christ, the greatest general in world his-

tory, even the greatest man who ever lived. "He's too enormous," one officer told John Gunther, "too unpredictable. I don't really understand him. No one could." One of those who believed MacArthur to be the world's greatest man once gave an insight into the thinking of the group by describing Francisco Franco as the second greatest man. Another insight came from a naïvely direct remark by Philip LaFollette: "There was something about him that kept reminding me of characteristics of my father." No doubt many men were reminded of many fathers. The protective adoration of the staff, combined with MacArthur's sense of historic mission, made the Supreme Commander's headquarters morbidly sensitive to any criticism of the occupation. MacArthur was in fairly continuous conflict with American newspapermen. He snubbed them, rebuked them, threw them out of the country, denied them accreditation, even complained to their publishers when they stubbornly refused to see things his way. In Tokyo there grew upon him the habit of addressing petulant letters and cables to newspapers and magazines and politicians—the habit which was to develop almost into a mania after the outbreak of the Korean war.

He was a penetrating but eccentric prophet in those years. Sometimes he showed a shrewd awareness of the Soviet threat. "For the first time in our relations with Asia," he observed to Representative Judd in 1947, "we have endangered the paramount interests of the United States by confusing them with an internal purification problem in China." But he registered no protest against the withdrawal of American troops from Korea. He seems to have had no sense of the likelihood of military adventuring in the Far East—with a complacency which resulted, according to some of his critics in the Pentagon, in a deplorable slackening of troop training in Japan. "I don't believe a shooting war is imminent," he said in May 1950. He continued to muse about Japan's future as "the Switzerland of Asia." This lack of prescience was shared, God knows, by many others, and it would scarcely be of any account now if so many things in our present situation did not hinge on estimates of the probability of aggression. MacArthur's record in making such estimates is uniformly bad: the invasion of

South Korea startled him as much as the 1941 attack on the Philippines.

IV

THE decision to send aid to South Korea was made in Washington. MacArthur now says he was impressed with its soundness. Certainly he accepted it loyally; and he proceeded to fight with his usual skill and audacity. From June to November of 1950, MacArthur's handling of his command silenced his military critics. His mission, calling for the piecemeal feeding-in of green and vastly outnumbered troops, was one of almost unprecedented difficulty. No one who watched it maintained that he could have done it any more skillfully than he did. He was the first commander to lead the unified services, and it is said that he was conspicuously successful in achieving and preserving interservice command. The Inchon landings, which the Joint Chiefs approved with fingers crossed and prayers on their lips, were a spectacular example of his strategic sense.

Putting aside the ill-starred offensive of November 24 and his attempts to usurp political and diplomatic functions, there were only two charges that disinterested observers could make against MacArthur's performance in Korea. One was that his exploits north of the 38th parallel were in violation of the orders under which he fought; the other, a familiar complaint, was that any similarity between the facts as they existed in the real world and the facts reported in his communiqués was entirely coincidental. There was justice in both complaints, but far, far less in the first than in the second. As for the communiqués, they were all cast in the luscious style of the report on the 1928 Olympics—the war in gorgeous Technicolor. They raised few false hopes, however, and provoked little bitterness. Recognized as a poet, he had acquired poetic license; at the same time, he had lost readers. The *New York Herald Tribune* published its last communiqué from MacArthur's headquarters on July 24, 1950. It made no explanation of its abandonment of the practice, but it was obvious that it was acting out of a conviction that the job of a newspaper is to disseminate news. In the end, only the *New York Times*, implacably committed to the total record, continued to give

the communiqués valuable space which might otherwise have been used for paid advertising. Perhaps because his official dispatches were being so indifferently received, MacArthur turned with increasing frequency to other forms of communication. He released a bewildering barrage of interviews, cables, letters, messages—it was, indeed, a poor editor who could not come up with an exclusive transpacific interview, a feeble organization which could not elicit a congratulatory message from Tokyo. Washington watched all this with growing uneasiness, killed one big statement on Formosa, and sent the General a succession of orders "to refrain from direct communication on military or foreign policy with newspapers, magazines, or other publicity media in the United States."

The question of the rights and wrongs of the Korean campaign north of the 38th parallel is a confused and thorny one. A number of persons who have attempted to straighten it out have either willfully misconstrued or faultily recalled the sequence of events. For example, even so eminent an authority as the British Foreign Minister, Herbert Morrison, had a hand in spreading the legend that MacArthur's first crossing of the parallel was unauthorized. The easily verifiable fact is that when MacArthur's forces reached the line shortly after the Inchon landings, they stopped there for three or four days awaiting the outcome of deliberations at Lake Success. Only Republic of Korea troops were allowed to make cross-parallel sorties. Finally, MacArthur did receive authorization from Lake Success to unify Korea. Another persistent legend is that both Tokyo and Washington were warned that if the old boundary was crossed the Chinese Communists would enter the war. It is true that there was such a warning, but it did not come from a very persuasive authority. It came via Mr. Nehru in New Delhi, from S. K. M. Panikkar, the Indian ambassador in Peiping. Shortly before the UN authorized the crossing, the Indian delegation announced that it had received advices to the effect that Peiping would consider its national security endangered if MacArthur's advance was not halted at the border.

Not only the American delegation but most others at Lake Success viewed this intelligence with neither fear nor dismay. For one thing, Mr. Panikkar, who, as the Alsop brothers had

observed, seemed an aptly named diplomat, had a long record of crying wolf; several months earlier he had warned of an imminent Communist assault on Formosa which never took place. For another, the Peiping government had already warned the United Nations command in far more comprehensive terms than those of the message relayed by Mr. Nehru. It had said, several weeks back, that "the Chinese would not sit idly by while their Korean brothers were being butchered." No blame whatever attaches to MacArthur for his crossing of the parallel. In proceeding northward, he was carrying out orders, not violating them.

NORTH of the parallel, a heavy mist settles over the whole dispute. There seems to be no question but that MacArthur was well and authoritatively warned of ominous developments if he proceeded far beyond Pyongyang at the narrow and defensible waist of the peninsula. It happens, curiously, that most of those who warned him expressed more apprehension over the possibility of Russian intervention as the UN forces drew close to Vladivostok than over the possibility of Chinese intervention as they came within range of Mukden. As a matter of fact, MacArthur himself had shared these apprehensions to a degree at least. Shortly after the Inchon landings, it was explained in Tokyo that it was hoped at headquarters that the UN armies could drive straight across the peninsula before any North Koreans could escape to the north; the reason given for the hope was not only that it would end the war sooner but that it would keep the Russians from nourishing their neurotic fears of encirclement. But perhaps, in ignoring the warning, MacArthur himself had the Chinese more on his mind than the Russians. Summing up his decades of experience in the Far East in the summer of 1950, he had said that "it is the pattern of Oriental psychology to respect and follow aggressive, resolute, and dynamic leadership and to quickly turn from leadership characterized by timidity and vacillation." Operating on this doctrine, he could reasonably have concluded that the dangers of war would not be reduced but increased if he hesitated. If he hung back, his apparent weakness would invite Chinese aggression; but if he showed firmness and

marched to the frontier, the Chinese threat would be faced down. Thus, he assured President Truman at Wake Island that the Chinese would not intervene, grandly offered to release a division for European service in 1951, and held out to his men the hope of being home by Christmas 1950.

At all events, he pushed rapidly north of Pyongyang in the face of warnings that this might prove an exceedingly dangerous thing to do. Still, he was disregarding warnings and not, as so many people think, violating orders. The counsel he received was divided, to say the least. Dean Acheson and most members of the State Department (George Kennan, not then on active service, being a notable exception) were every bit as certain that the Chinese would not intervene as MacArthur was—though it might be said, in their behalf, that they had acquired some of their certainty from MacArthur's intelligence reports. In the fall of 1950 the Department, while making it clear that it was deeply pained by many of MacArthur's views, stood firmly behind the General in his operations in North Korea. It offered, as a political justification for the drive to the Yalu, the responsibility that the United Nations, and particularly the United States, would face when Korea had been unified. State Department people were then in the habit of pointing out that the reconstruction of Korea would be a hopeless task if Communists, North Korean or Chinese, remained in sole control of the dams and power stations along the Yalu. For those power stations provided electricity for Korean as well as for Manchurian industry. This gave us an additional reason for not bombing them, and explained, so the Department said, why it was necessary for MacArthur to conquer all Korea. If we had cut off a strip of Korea and given it to China, a solution widely recommended, the Communists could have turned out the lights all over Korea any time the fancy took them. Knowing Communists, the Department said that the fancy would take them often.

The real case against MacArthur in North Korea was not that he provoked aggression but that he failed to prepare for it. In his certainty that there would be no intervention, he neglected to make the necessary precautions against surprise attack. He was convinced in October that it would be physically impossible for more than fifty or sixty thou-

sand Chinese to be conveyed across the Yalu. "Now that we have bases for our air force in Korea," he told President Truman, according to the report of the girl behind the door of the conference room on Wake Island, "if the Chinese tried to get down to Pyongyang, there would be the greatest slaughter." Indeed there would be! He launched the great win-the-war offensive on November 24 and led the United Nations straight into the Chinese trap. Homer Bigart, one of the finest American war correspondents, wrote bitterly: "The harsh and unassailable fact of the Korean campaign is that a fine American Army, powerfully supported by the Air Force and Navy, was defeated by an enemy that had no navy, virtually no air force, and scarcely any armor or artillery. . . . MacArthur grossly miscalculated the intentions, strength, and capability of the forces against him. And no nation in the spot we are now in can string along with a leader whose ill-considered decision to launch the offensive on November 24 precipitated and magnified the swift disaster."

V

BUT all that now is history. MacArthur will not return to the field. He is home and in politics—very deeply in politics whether he wishes to be or not. He says emphatically that he does not wish to be in politics; knowing the man, we can believe that and at the same time believe the clear evidence of our senses that he did not act in pure innocence and zeal when, in the months between January and April, he heaped one flagrant insubordination on another. He may have voted to acquit Billy Mitchell, but he knew, after all, what the verdict was. And he knew, as he said in his testimony, that "The authority of the President to assign officers or re-assign them is complete and absolute. He does not have to give any reasons therefor or anything else. That is inherent in our system."

Those who know him best in Washington are persuaded that recall was exactly what he wanted. As we now know, General Ridgway was in almost complete command in Korea for some time before MacArthur's recall. MacArthur knew that before we did, and when he added to his knowledge of the tem-

porary security of his men under Ridgway his deep conviction that we were pursuing a disastrous policy—a policy that, in the long run, as he sees it, will result in a greater loss of life than the one he urges—it was natural and to a degree honorable of him to create circumstances under which the President would be forced to relieve him of his commands. It might have been more honorable if he had resigned and come home to make the appropriate explanations, but he was engaged in a limited war with the Administration, and the course he chose dramatized the conflict in ways advantageous to him.

Americans are not ordinarily shocked by insubordination, except where it borders on treason or is tantamount to dereliction of duty, and it can be said for MacArthur's insubordination that it lifted him out of the class of generals who profess a contempt for the political ideas over which wars are often fought and express pride in their willingness to take up arms for any cause. MacArthur cares enough about ideas to debate them with great passion, to enter politics, reluctantly or not, in behalf of his principles.

WHAT are his principles? It is becoming apparent, as the Greater Debate grinds on, that whether the Communist threat is to be countered principally in Europe or in Asia is rather less important than at first it seemed to be. It is true that MacArthur still takes the Asia side of the argument, still insists, as he did when he wrote Representative Martin, that "in Asia is where the Communist conspirators have elected to make their play for global conquest . . .; that here we fight Europe's war with arms while the diplomats there still fight it with words; that if we lose the war to Communism in Asia, the fall of Europe is inevitable." He defended all these propositions in the Senate hearings. But the principal revelation of those hearings is that two other questions far transcend the Asia-Europe argument. One is whether in the world today, East or West, the United States needs allies; the other is whether the nation is wise in its pursuit of a foreign policy which, though accepting war as more than a possibility and preparing for it, is nevertheless founded on the hope of an eventual settlement by means short of war.

To the first of these two questions, Mac-

Arthur is addressing himself with a clarity that has been rare in the great flood of words he has loosed since his return. "Alone if necessary," has been a recurring motif in his speeches and his testimony. He concedes that allies can be useful on occasion; he is willing to patronize the United Nations as a noble experiment; he has even gone so far as to say that the troops of other nations in Korea, as distinct from the nations themselves, have been useful to him. "The actual commands there," as he put it, "have been splendid in every respect." But fundamentally he thinks that winning and keeping allies is not worth the trouble. The question bores him; he will discuss it only if pressed to. In his public addresses since his return, he has only once mentioned the organization which honored him by making him its first military commander, by giving him the first command of its kind in world history. Of course, regarding allies as a nuisance is one thing; believing in the ability of the United States to go it alone is quite another. By some reasoning whose inner processes he has not chosen to explain, but which are not on that account necessarily unsound, he seems to have convinced himself that it would be not only possible but fairly simple, all things considered, for the United States acting on its own initiative and drawing only on its own resources, to rid the world of the Communist threat he so clearly perceives.

On the second great question—whether there is any longer any sense in seeking to avoid war—MacArthur takes the negative position, but he expresses himself somewhat less clearly than on other matters. Indeed, in his testimony as a whole, it takes a good deal of probing and fishing around before one can be certain one is representing MacArthur correctly. At one point, for instance, he said, "I believe the Soviet has so often repeated the incorrect statement that we are planning to attack him that he has finally begun to believe it himself." Not five minutes later he said, "He [the Soviet] knows just as well as you and I know that we are not going to attack him." But after one has done a decent amount of probing and fishing, one can scarcely avoid concluding that MacArthur is a firm advocate of a species of preventive war. True, he does not want to attack Russia (which he regards as no more important a

center of the Communist conspiracy than Peiping, East Berlin, Warsaw, Prague, or even, perhaps, Belgrade), but whether we attack Russia or not is far less important to him than the speedy abandonment of a policy which attempts too close a calculation of Russia's probable moves. That is to him the inexcusable, almost treasonous heresy. The basic wisdom is "meeting force with maximum counterforce." If counterforce brings Russia or anyone else into the war, so be it, and if the war then spreads to Europe or any other part of the world, again, so be it. Fate, not policy, determines such matters, and it is "appeasement," he has said, "to think that when you use force, you can limit that force." He considers us already at war with world Communism, and he thinks that "in war there is no substitute for victory." To be sure, he sometimes seems to be advocating the limited-force heresy himself, as when he says that he is against the use of ground troops in China, and to be denying his own doctrine of no-substitute-for-victory, as when he says, "Our only objective is to force the Chinese to stop their attacks in Korea on our troops." But the belief that it is folly and near-cowardice to continue working toward an eventual diplomatic settlement of the world's conflicts is a bright thread running through everything he has said since his triumphal return.

ALONE-IF-NECESSARY, maximum-counterforce, and, rather faintly now, Asia-first: these are not only MacArthur's themes but those of that mid-century isolationism with which MacArthur has made so firm and dramatic a political alliance. That alliance has many perplexing as well as many readily understandable elements. It would seem, offhand, as if it would accord better with MacArthur's temperament, with his poetic vision and his sense of manifest personal destiny, to take the largest possible view of events—a global, even a cosmic, view. He is not, or has never seemed to be, a narrow nationalist; he likes broad vistas of time and space; he enjoys playing, as he did in his speech to Congress, with bold and sweeping historical concepts; he prides himself on his understanding of aspirations different from our own; he has spoken often of outlawing war. In view of all this, one would suppose that the command of a planetary army, mak-

ing the first concerted effort in history to outlaw aggression, would have an immense appeal to him. It is hard, somehow, to reconcile the man who fondles fancy geopolitical words like "epicenter" and rolls phrases like "the chancelleries of the world" from his tongue at every opportunity with the man who can write a letter congratulating Representative Joseph Martin for "having lost none of your old-time punch." Douglas MacArthur and Joe Martin, who is caparisoned in gems unseen if caparisoned at all, make as peculiar a team as Winston Churchill and Neville Chamberlain would have made—or, in another realm, Thomas Stearns Eliot and Nick Kenny.

In justice to the General and to the facts, he and Mr. Martin are not precisely arm-in-arm. Early in the controversy, MacArthur said several things that not only reduced the number of points at issue but set his own views somewhat apart from those of Martin and the Senate isolationists. He agreed that our commitment to the defense of Europe served the national interest. He gave no sympathy to the recent, and partially effective, campaign to tie the government's hands on the disposition of American troops; he is opposed, he said, to "strait-jacket or academic formulas" developed by the legislative branch to restrict the executive conduct of foreign policy. To some extent, the recent controversy has been a dispute over the uses of air power, with the hot partisans of air power making common cause with the isolationists. MacArthur took a stand against the air-power extremists. He also refused to join the isolationist attacks on the Joint Chiefs of Staff, saying that he had "complete confidence" in the institution itself and in its present membership. He endorsed in principle the Point 4 program through which this country would undertake to share its technological culture with Asia, a program which customarily draws nothing but dyspeptic groans from Representative Martin and Senator Wherry. Finally, he did say that "to consider the problems of one sector [of the world] oblivious to those of another is but to court disaster for the whole."

Yet the plainly discernible, indeed widely advertised, truth is that MacArthur is in alliance with the isolationist leaders, with Martin and Wherry and Robert A. Taft and

Herbert Hoover and Colonel McCormick and William Randolph Hearst. He is their hero and sometime spokesman; they are his political managers and press agents. In part, the alliance can be explained by past associations and affinities, in part by recent changes in the nature of American isolationism. The origins of the alliance are to be found in MacArthur's Republicanism. His father was accounted a Republican general, and so, from the start, was he. He was Herbert Hoover's Chief of Staff; he stood by Hoover during the Bonus Army affair; and Roosevelt, though he had retained MacArthur in office for two years, later passed over MacArthur's protégés to make George Marshall, known as anything but a MacArthur man, the head of the Army. In the thirties, MacArthur's vigorous martial rhetoric struck a responsive chord in the Hearst and McCormick press, which, despite or because of their isolationism, had always railed against pacifism and demanded military preparedness. For his part, MacArthur welcomed their support and shared at least some of their ideals. Colonel McCormick is the happy owner of a MacArthur portrait inscribed "with the admiration and deep regard of his old comrade-in-arms," and William Randolph Hearst, on his eighty-seventh birthday last year, received a prepaid wire saying, "As you round out another year in the dedication of your firm voice, indomitable will, and great moral courage to the building of an invincible America . . . I send my warm admiration and my gratitude."

AMONG oceans, the Pacific has always been the favorite of American isolationists; this is true partly for the simple reason that the Pacific is not the Atlantic. We are a people made up of several generations of Europe's displaced persons, and on this account, as well as for certain economic and geographical reasons, it is Europe's conflicts that have always attracted our interest and stimulated our sympathies. If one wishes to have nothing to do with Europe and the Atlantic, to avert one's gaze and look the other way, one necessarily looks toward the Pacific. Not only is the Pacific across the continent from the Atlantic, but the political issues there are simpler and of less consequence in our domestic life. Isolationism is opposed to the introduction of "European

ideas" in American politics; it has never had to oppose the introduction of "Asiatic ideas" because scarcely anyone has ever tried to introduce them. Thus, if the isolationists have to fight anywhere, they will prefer, as they did a decade ago, a war in the Pacific to an Atlantic war. They enjoyed supporting MacArthur from 1941 to 1945 because the grand strategy of the global war, in which priority was given to the European theater, placed MacArthur in constant opposition to Roosevelt. The MacArthur war in the Pacific was the America First war *par excellence*.

MacArthur's policy today, though unquestionably not in his view an isolationist policy, has many conveniences for the isolationist mind. Isolationists know that isolation is no longer possible. We are in the world to stay. But MacArthur has pointed out a way in which we can be in the world yet not completely of it. It is necessary to intervene in foreign affairs, according to this reasoning, but it is best to do it alone, unilaterally, without allies making trouble for us and involving us in their inter-allied squabbles. It is necessary to counter the Soviet threat with some kind of foreign policy, but it is desirable to do it quickly and on our own, not to get tangled up in messy networks of alliances, pacts, and world organizations. Unilateralism, to coin one more gobbledygook term, is the new isolationism.

This unilateralism is not the only cement in the alliance. Though MacArthur gives voice to some wildly New Dealish ideas about the Orient and has borrowed heavily from the New Deal in the occupation of Japan, he has always been a steadfast conservative in domestic affairs. He was quite at home with the DAR matrons. When, in 1943, a Nebraska Congressman, a certain Dr. A. L. Miller, gave MacArthur a briefing on developments on the mainland, explaining that "unless this New Deal can be stopped this time our American way of life is forever doomed," MacArthur promptly replied, "I do unreservedly agree with the complete wisdom and statesmanship of your comments," adding dark allusions to "the sinister drama of our present chaos and confusion." In response to another such report from Dr. Miller, MacArthur thanked the doctor for

his "scholarly" correspondence and reaffirmed his sympathy. "Like Abraham Lincoln," MacArthur said, "I am a firm believer in the people."

IT WOULD be hard even to guess what is to become of the new alliance. There has been a good deal of talk, since April, of MacArthur as a Republican candidate for President in 1952. There is no doubt that he could rally more support in 1952 than he did in 1944 or 1948. Of course, many of the people now allied with MacArthur have other ideas about what next year's Republican convention should do. Senator Taft, for example, favors nominating Senator Taft. It can be taken pretty well for granted that the party workhorses would not enjoy nominating MacArthur any more than they enjoyed nominating Wendell Willkie in 1940. MacArthur's age—he was seventy-one on January 26—is a fact to which the Republicans would have to give serious consideration.

President-to-be or not, he is a large factor in American politics right now. It is conceivable that, because of bad luck or bad management, he will not continue for very long to be as imposing a force as he now appears to be; but it is even more conceivable that he is just now coming into his own in American life and that he will, in his remaining years, be, if not a man on horseback, an elder statesman of puissant influence. To say the least he will be a new kind of figure in our politics. It was MacArthur himself, according to Major General Whitney, who suggested the Doubting Thomas analogy for his critics. When asked for an on-the-spot interpretation, General Whitney said, "I can't recall much. . . . I'm not going to interpret. All I can do is follow the statement of the General." Doubting Thomas was the apostle who would not believe in the Resurrection "except that I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side." Jesus appeared, and Thomas reached forth his hand, and he was convinced. Jesus said, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Thus spake General MacArthur—to certain unbelievers—about General MacArthur.

My Daughter Married a Negro

Anonymous

BOTH weddings in our family since the war were at distant points. Announcements and the notices to the papers were in the usual form, without mention of the races to which the principals belonged. In one of them this was a pertinent item. Late in August of 1949 our daughter married a member of her college class who is a Negro.

Friends and relatives were notified. The news got around quickly and in the field of race relations our education has been expanding ever since. People are friendly and understanding, even neighbors who still contrive to avoid the subject of our youngest daughter. I forget when it was that we stopped dividing people into those who knew, and those we were not sure about. It was a time when seating arrangements at dinners, encounters on the street, and even phone calls were adventures with the laws of probability. One friend phoned me at the office with what he called "a weekend sleuthing assignment. A girl out your way has married a 'jig' and is coming home with a sprout." He wanted the family's name and thought I might have some fun getting it. Sometimes it was possible to straighten things out by telling the truth. Often I let them find out for themselves. There are no good short cuts for telling the story of the marriage of one's daughter to a Negro. The easiest to talk to are Anne's

contemporaries. Her schoolmates are loyal. I have business friends who, I hope, will never hear about it. With knights of the white supremacy I keep my mouth shut and calculate the explosive effect, in their company, of a few words dropped from our annals.

Now and then I found a sympathetic audience. After a committee meeting one of the group told of her appointment to a county interracial board. She wanted suggestions and said she hoped to be spared the question about how she would like her daughter marrying a colored man. It was a large committee. She was the only person in the room who did not know about Anne and I told her the story. I am on the board of governors of a country club. Nearly a year ago at one of our meetings, I made my report and left early to keep another engagement. A few days later a copy of the minutes of the meeting arrived. Its last long paragraph read, in part: "The question of admitting members of the Jewish faith and Negro race was discussed at great length. It was decided finally that each applicant be considered, and accepted or rejected upon his or her merits as a person. No rejections shall be made solely on the basis of race or religion." This was a stunning surprise. Nothing like it was mentioned in my presence nor had I ever talked with any of the board about my daughter and her husband. It is quite unlikely that Negroes

What can a girl's parents do when their daughter decides on a mixed marriage? Without blame or prejudice, a father tells how his family tried to deal with a problem which has arisen more widely and more often than most of us realize.

will apply for membership for some time and when they do, the screening by any membership chairman now in view will be close.

WE WERE a long way from the Christmas vacation when Anne first talked to us of her serious interest in a colored classmate. During that holiday, except when the part-time girl worked upstairs, his picture was on her bureau. It was a good face with fine eyes and the cabinet-size photograph spoiled our Christmas just as completely as the German offensive in the Ardennes had done four years earlier. That one we waited out. This time the urgent thing was to keep close to Anne and try to find our way in a new situation. Neither of our parents would have conceded, as we did at once, that a mixed marriage is neither immoral nor biologically wrong. When a girl was granted the final word in the choice of a husband, the color scheme was taken for granted. An alarming list of complications, facing a white girl who marries a Negro, began to grow rankly in my head. It was endless and finally I wrote them down to get the wheels stopped. The appalling collection made us miserable and from it Anne would have learned, under many headings and subheadings, that we did not want a Negro in the family; that we were certain a mixed marriage must fail.

Naturally there was little relaxation in the household during the following months. Some calculated effort to find and advance a white suitor or two, for competition, missed fire and left us feeling like conspirators. We became more deeply involved as selected uncles, aunts, and friends were told of the problem and added to our team. It was on the theory that other people's children, in this case one of our own, might inspire their wisdom. Every parent, at times when away from the family, is touched with vision. Results were mixed. Some were less sure than we that the right of parental rule, unlimited, should stop with college years. Certainly it would have taken more than our trace of adolescence for us to attempt to bully our way through the problem.

Others thought psychiatry was needed. They reasoned that a good-looking girl who passed up members of her own race for a colored boy was mentally ill. While not professional it seemed a plausible diagnosis; what

to do about it in our dealings with Anne was the problem. Doubtless my wife and I needed a psychiatrist. We might have picked up some ideas on ways to convince our daughter that she needed professional advice. "When ill, go to a doctor; when mentally ill or emotionally upset, see a psychiatrist." That sounds simple enough and I believe there must be a way to put it on the line, even within a family, without breaking up the game or losing contact with the one needing help. We tried and failed. Months later Anne did go to a psychiatrist but that was after her mind was made up about the marriage. The report was confidential. What we know of it convinced us that, although there were things he did not understand, the doctor was sure she was not a mental case; was capable of making her own decisions.

It is plain now that our daughter knew clearly from the first how her contemplated marriage must affect all of us. I imagine her going over that ground, again and again, until it was familiar and hateful. Perhaps the only advice which had a chance with her was what she finally followed: "Go ahead with it; find out." Yet all along we hoped for the miracle; first for a clean break; later for a long engagement. I wrote to the wisest men and women I knew and to some strangers. Replies came from a philosopher, a writer, headmasters, teachers, and a social worker. All of the letters were wise and kind, but we failed to bring any of the writers face to face with Anne.

Children's problems thrive in most families. Why it is that ours include a mixed marriage is not clear. The records of as much as two decades are not too hard to follow, even with some of our mistakes thrown in. It might be useful, though difficult to arrange, for a father and a daughter to collaborate sometime on the family's annals. From the two versions, they might learn what it was that set up a strange pattern and perhaps made all the difference.

ANNE came home at the end of the college year. We tried to believe that a firm case for a long engagement already was made. Letters to the boy were careful efforts to encourage a postponement of serious plans. They may have been too clear. His replies were not, and perhaps that

should have made us call off the vacation, for in the middle of it was the only weekend John could take off for a visit. We passed up that chance for what might have been a showdown. The vacation was needed, nor were we prepared for the ordeal of having a colored boy ask for our daughter's hand. The weeks passed like a wartime furlough; everything ran against the clock and the calendar. At night, the thought of her asleep in the room across the hall always set in motion a calculation of how many more nights she would be there. There was a month of that.

We did things together, usually avoiding the subject which was closest to all of us and, for our part, most of the ugly signs of a family ganging up to have its way. Anne bought us *Color Blind* by Margaret Halsey. It was read and I suppose each of us found in the excellent book matter to support our several views. On the day she left I drove her to town and it was like seeing her brother off during the war. She sat on the steps in the hall with the dachshund in her lap while I loaded the bags. At the end of the drive when I stopped for traffic, Anne twisted around and looked at the house. I had done that too, at other special times, for luck, and because the house where I have lived over half my life is one of the knots which holds.

THREE weeks later Anne got through to us by phone at our little boarding place and announced their plans for the marriage. That night two friendly boarders drove me the thirty miles to the railroad. Later, in a deserted pine-paneled grill, the three of us drank beer to the success of my mission, on a "family matter." The following morning I was on a plane and that afternoon, just before six, I rode a hot crowded trolley toward my destination. Close to me in the crush near the conductor a girl dropped an immense box of chocolates. She recovered a few and then passengers, pushing for the door, got the rest under foot; soon all of us were standing in a sticky mess. I pulled free from the stuff at my street and was picked up by a forlorn mongrel which licked the blobs of candy where I touched the pavement. I was the last white passenger off the car. The neighborhood seemed wholly colored; at my heels, the dog was a link between our two

races, while I hunted for the number and the sweetness on my shoes lasted.

The woman at the apartment door was John's mother. Anne and he were out for dinner. The rest of his family were in the apartment and we had some friendly talk. At nine I rang the bell again. In the lower hall, after the latch was released, I heard Anne's voice calling me from the landing above. We faced each other in her room. She was beautiful, very white and calm. For that moment, memorable to both of us, there may have been words, free of design and of a father's abiding selfishness, which would have served our turn. They were beyond me. She was in love and I was a suppliant, asking for a postponement. My distress made her unhappy but she was sure it would be just the same a year later, if they waited. Probably she was right.

Afterward, in the living room, I met the boy. He was very attractive, a trifle darker than I expected after seeing his photograph. The Indian strain which Anne had spoken about was present in all of them. He was quite equal to the situation, yet not too much so; his conversation was much better than his letters. When we were seated, with Anne next to me on a davenport, John's mother switched off the lights. She was a good stage manager. Darkness helped all of us in the hour which followed. I faced the boy's chair, talking to him and the dark room, now and then touching Anne's hand at my side. They were good listeners. I continued a suppliant, but emotion nearly got the better of me and probably gave rise to an illusion that I was succeeding. Late that night I phoned my hopes to the waiting family.

In the morning they were to give me their answer. I found them seated together in the lobby of the hotel. The change of scene from the night before was startling, more difficult surely for all three of us, yet in the crowded lobby I alone was the novice. Nobody appeared to notice us. I never have seen John ill at ease, with his race or with ours. Anne, in the most difficult role, was natural and oblivious to her surroundings. It was not quite real. We went out to the street, walking three abreast with Anne in the middle. At a crossing both of us reached for her arm and John gave way to me. After that I guided her through traffic and talked. We walked for

a long time. I was afraid to stop talking. Finally we came to a park bench. I left them there and walked over to a big buttonwood, trying to pray, over and over again, for the miracle. I had done that so many times before. When I returned to them I could see that there was to be no miracle, on my terms. I had failed. They did not want to hurt me but they were going ahead. In a taxi on the way to the station the thought of taking Anne with me by force or even appealing to the police did cross my mind. It was as quickly gone. She was of age and force would have changed nothing. John carried my bag to the gate. We shook hands and I kissed Anne. There were only a few minutes to train time. Through the barrier I watched them cross the station, shoulder to shoulder. They walked faster than when the three of us were together on the street; in a moment they were gone in the crowd.

WE RECEIVED a cheerful letter describing the wedding. A number of the guests were members of her class and she took some pains to be amusing. Racial proportions were not mentioned but evidently whites were well represented. Apparently Anne thought the solemnity of the event was felt deeply enough by us without further emphasis. One sentence seemed to be especially for me. I used the tough little word now and then and she must have heard it. "You do admit, don't you, that I have guts?" During the following months Anne worked and her husband returned to college. A couple which should have had most of the breaks got along with very few, and without any help from us. Mail was scarce and we spent an uncomfortable time getting used to the fact that we were not needed. One of Anne's jobs in the early winter stopped short on the day she fainted and her employers learned that she was pregnant. Afterward she found another, which kept her off her feet, and held that until she began "to get in people's way." A baby girl was born in June.

Two weeks later at the airport, a tall pilot carried the small bundle down the landing steps, followed by Anne. The town started to call, mostly women, from Brownie Scouts to great-grandmothers. All of them were friendly in satisfying natural curiosity: the baby girl was very light, with straight hair.

When not howling she was as charming as new babies can be. Anne and she put on a long run of late summer afternoon circuses, which may become historic in the town's annals as its first showings, to all attenders, of the offspring of a mixed marriage. It was a happy summer, free of tension. In his own home town John was working. He earned enough to pay the doctor bills and Anne's fare back. By that time he had started the long apartment hunt for a mixed couple with a baby. There often is news in that quarter but most of it is discouraging.

They keep their troubles to themselves. Letters are too few but none of them are bitter. "Finding an apartment for a mixed couple," Anne wrote recently, "is tough as the devil. Sometimes I blush for my own race." We think of her, with John away at college, moving from room to apartment to room of college friends, around and across boundaries which run along a city's streets and through men's minds. With the baby and clothes goes her small library: dictionary, anthologies of verse and plays, and among others perhaps the *Pickwick* I sent winter before last. With her cramped quarters in mind I have to resist the impulse to send more. In my own life they have been weapons against insecurity and despair. It is difficult not to believe that in her adventure, books will serve Anne's turn as well.

DIFFERENCES in backgrounds mean more to us than to their generation. A colored boy, with the help of an outstanding mother, learned a lot about people, of his race and ours, by the time he entered college. The Navy in wartime helped. The hard effective ways in which John came by this experience are not often duplicated outside his race. An intelligent Negro must find introductory courses in sociology dull going. It cannot mean much to him yet that Anne, her mother, and I grew up among books: a less exacting way to improve one's knowledge of the human race. Each of us made different discoveries, and Anne's daughter, our grandchild, with her mixed racial background, before very long will be exploring on her own. Against that day and the time when John gets his degree and a job, and they set up a home, we will help them build a library. The list grows. If, in the years

just ahead, television continues to be the popular dish, we expect to expose this pioneer family to richer fare. If John and his daughter discover *Alice in Wonderland* together, so much the better. He and his race, the best of them, are on the make. After the fallow years they are catching up, with intense and moving energy. We are lifted in spirit with their successes and cast down by their failures. A Brooklyn second baseman, a Yale football captain, and a Nobel prize-winner join the family's gallery of greats and near greats.

We were told a while ago by a mother, whose daughter and son married their own kind and color, that we must find it exciting to be pioneers. Of course we are not the pioneers; we did our best to break things up. However, as the parents of one of the principals, we do have our share of excitement, some of it anxious. The lives of friends whose children did the regular thing sometimes look ecstatically peaceful. I overhear reports to my wife from these quiet fronts—about some snug little house built in an orchard, or a lucky stroke with an apartment lease. A woman takes this sensibly and is enthusiastic. I tighten up and find myself thinking of Anne's situation, which is stupid, because she knew what she was getting into. Somewhere we have a letter describing her sensations when she walked on the street with John at the beginning of their friendship. It was detailed and vivid. She wants no sympathy.

A few continue to greet us as though we had a death in the family. Time will help them. Once we felt the same way, nor are we yet as adaptable as Anne's generation. "Color Blindness" in the Margaret Halsey sense takes time and cultivation and there is not likely to be any at hand to give us an assist: to "switch off the lights" as John's mother did. During his last term at college Anne and the baby live in the apartment where I first saw him. It must be lonely. Yet she writes: "The baby is delightful company, keeps trying to talk in a most touching way. The other day we counted seven teeth. One weekend John and I went to a party, and with no baby sitter available, we took her along. She slept like a lamb in a bureau drawer upstairs while we played games and square-danced. She is standing up, is syllable-conscious."

We crowd the mails. Now and then I mark a *New Yorker* where hilarity gets a good play. It is a help at this end to think of these reaching her, between the cooking and washing, brightening up a dull day. Two years ago all which we were wise enough to offer Anne was our sometime benevolent opposition. We thought we knew best, perhaps we did. Now, it is not so clear. What is very clear is her tough cheerful courage which grows with use and meets all demands upon it. The miracle, for which we prayed so many times, Anne seems to find within herself.

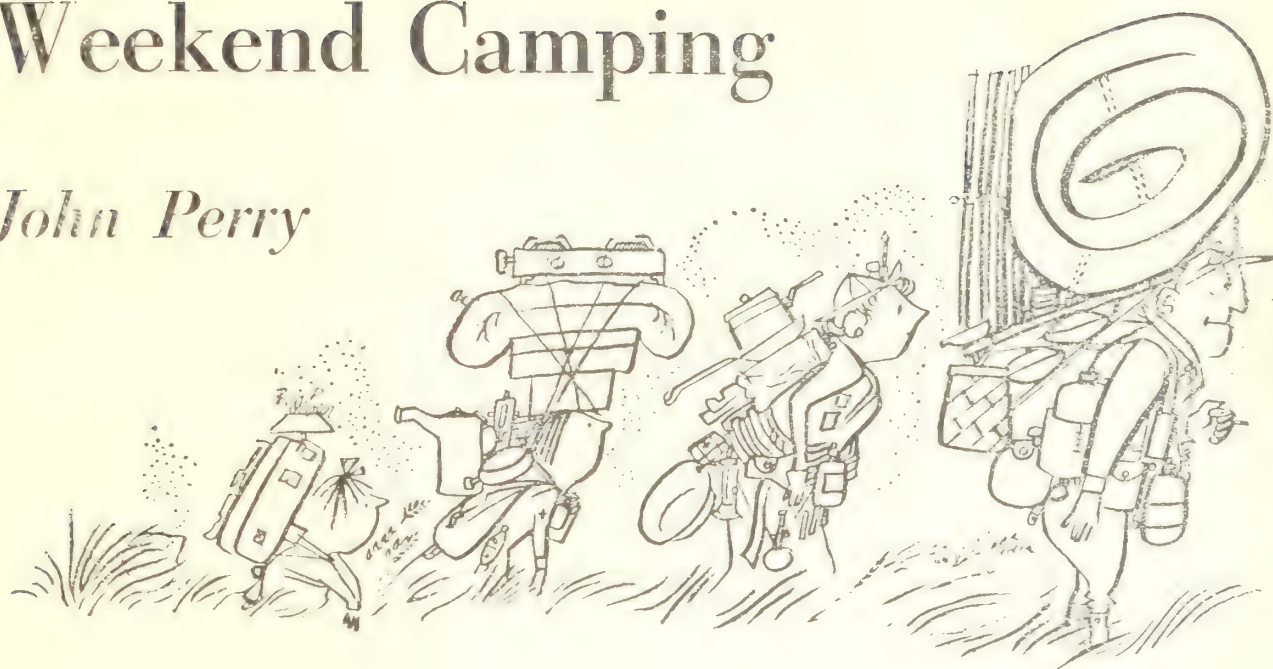
And the Argument Still Goes On

IT is the fashion to believe that art cannot thrive in our trading democracy. Our cultured society speak of art with solemnity and awe, as men speak of one that has fought the good fight and who rests from his labors. Indeed, we have lately been told by a professor of great distinction that there is no hope here for real literature or art, so hopelessly vulgar and sordid is American life. Surely those burghers of medieval Paris knew nothing of culture, and doubtless they were vulgar, but they thoroughly believed in their religion, and their vulgarity did not prevent their originating the Gothic cathedrals. Doubtless those Florentine traders were mercenary, but they loved their city with fervor, and gladly gave their wealth to build its public monuments. Neither Frenchman nor Florentine had art critics to tell him his motives, but they applied to their everyday work vigor, courage, and energy, and without their knowing it their work immortalized them.

—From "Architecture and Democracy,"
by Robert S. Peabody, *Harper's*, July 1890.

Weekend Camping

John Perry



Drawings by Robert Osborn

ON A night late in September, my wife and I sit beside the Atlantic Ocean, waiting for the moon. A hundred yards down the still-dark beach, a fisherman crouches in the glow of his lantern, baiting a hook. Five miles away, we can see the aurora of the town of Rehoboth. The breeze is gentle, neither warm nor cool, damp only with salt spray.

Behind us, at the foot of the dune, is the tent where our two daughters are sleeping. A gasoline lantern, rigged atop a pole, splashes bright light over the table and canvas chairs. There are books to read and cold beer in the ice chest, but we wait for the moon, and when it is bright we whistle for our cocker and walk for an hour, watching the moonlit foam slide down the dark sand, talking with a fisherman, listening to the bell buoy off the inlet.

This ocean we have known for many years, at Old Orchard, Chilmark, Fire Island, Mantoloking, Bethany, and Kitty Hawk. But always before there was a time to leave: for lunch, for dinner, when the beach party ended. Always before there were nights in

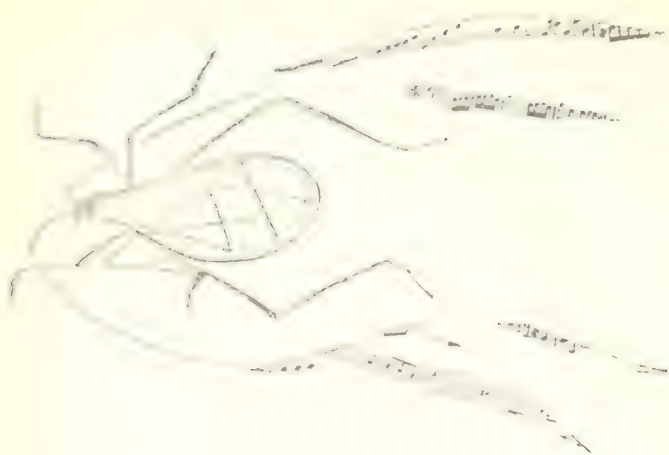
hotel or cottage bedrooms, where ocean noises came through the open windows only with an east wind.

Camping like this is new for us, sleeping under gently flapping canvas, waking with the sun and the seabirds. On crowded days it is much the same as before. We swim and sunbathe together, but the others envy us our greater comforts: the shade of a tarpaulin, cool water in the desert bag, the aroma of pan-broiling chops.

But as the afternoon ends, they furl their beach umbrellas, shake and fold their robes, carry residue to the waste can—or kick it under a layer of sand. Children, parents, aunts and uncles crowd into their cars, sleepy and sunburned, dreading the slow trip home. One by one the cars leave.

And suddenly we are alone. All day our camp has had invisible boundaries, marking the space that was our decent share. But as the noise of the last car dies away, miles of open beach are ours again. Our voices seem loud, but there's no one to overhear. Our three-year-old races to the top of a dune and shouts.

The Perry family went camping for pleasure—and for time off from the job of management consulting in Washington. This article grew out of their belief that visitors to public parks should learn something about resources conservation.



"They ignored an alleged repellent."

WE MADE our first weekend camp four months before, in a Pennsylvania forest. There we tore the wrappings from a new ten and fumbled with ropes and set-screws. That was my wife's first night under canvas, my first since leaving high school.

Now, as summer ends, we are veterans. Almost every weekend we have made our camp, here by the ocean, or in George Washington National Forest, or wherever else our maps showed a promising site. We have pitched our tent at midnight, and in a thunder shower. We have camped through three days of rain in reasonable comfort. We have had a bout with mildew, and learned to look overhead for dead timber before choosing a site.

One night a windstorm tore at the tent, threatening to tumble us end over end. Canvas belled, then cracked like a whip. We used every foot of rope guying the tent to trees, the car, anything solid. But the children slept on peacefully, and at last we slept, too.

Sand flies attacked one weekend, gathering by thousands wherever the tent offered shade, biting viciously at every inch of exposed skin. They ignored an alleged repellent and we suffered—the dog most of all—until sundown. Ever since we've used a mixture recommended by the Forest Service:*

dimethyl phthalate	3 parts
Indalone	1 part
Rutgers 612	1 part

* Don't use it near eyes or other body openings. Note also, it's a solvent for plastics and rayon.

There was a clear, cold night just off the Blue Ridge when we heard the distant bugle of a hound. For an hour the weird calls came nearer and nearer. The cocker whimpered and shook, pressed close to us, and at last crawled between us into the sleeping bag. The hound passed within a hundred feet—chasing a deer, the ranger said next day.

The neighbors kept us awake another night, six men, in their thirties, oddly dressed in city pants and shirts, suspenders, bow ties, and straw hats. They rigged a sloppy tent, unloaded cases of beer and cakes of ice, burned their fingers charring hot dogs over a roaring fire. Then they sang.

They sang, gathered around a wooden table, one standing on the table to lead, a beer bottle serving as baton. They sang well, not because their voices were good, but because they had sung together many times before. The tenor sang French folk songs as if they were his own, and while the others' French was poor, they knew the words. In four hours they never repeated: folk songs, spirituals, love songs, songs of the Quartermaster Corps. Our older daughter was enchanted when a half hour of their repertoire came from her nursery-school song book.

WE HAD learned in April that our work would permit no long vacation. Unhappily we crossed off Martha's Vineyard and the Adirondacks. It was easy to resolve that we'd make the most of our weekends, but how?

Thinking of the Adirondacks recalled past summers, when we had wandered through this largest of state parks, sleeping in small hotels, stopping to swim in any attractive lake. There we had seen hundreds of the expert campers New York State seems to breed. They came in tents and trailers of every shape and size. Their camps were trim, comfortable, inviting.

We had talked with some of them, meeting on the beach or at the water fountain. To use these campsites, they told us, one need only sign a book at the gate. Each site had a cleared spot for tent or trailer, a table and benches, a stone fireplace. Wood, water, latrines, and garbage cans were near by. Food and ice vendors came through each day.

They could stay all summer, unless the camps were crowded; in that case, for two

weeks. Lifeguards patrolled the swimming areas. Some campers brought their own boats. A vacation budget was the cost of gasoline.

We were living in Washington. Could we camp near there? We wrote to nearby state tourist bureaus and telephoned to the Departments of Agriculture and the Interior. In a few days, fat envelopes began to arrive.

Within a two-hour radius we could find campsites, but these had small appeal. They were close to highways, or used mostly for picnics, and none offered swimming or unspoiled forest land.

Beyond the two-hour but within the four-hour radius, we could find many sites in state and national forests. Here the only lack was swimming. Most of the public landholdings of the region are in mountainous terrain; there are few lakes; and although rivers flow through the valleys, all of them, like the Potomac and the Shenandoah, are used to dispose of waste and sewage.

Five hours, we found, was our optimum radius. If we avoided the most crowded times, five hours would take us to the seashore or to any of several lakes.

Studying the maps sent us off to our Statistical Abstract for some facts we hadn't known before. More than a third of the land area of the United States is federally owned. But in the heavily-populated industrial states of the East, federal ownership is small, often less than one per cent. We looked longingly at the green splashes on the maps of states west of the Mississippi. But we knew that we'd find at least some places to camp within weekend distance of home.

II

CHOOSING a camping kit combines the pleasures of house-planning and travel-planning. Between the forty-foot trailer with picture windows and the shelter half there are infinite possibilities. Climate, length of trip, family roll-call, and family budget all make a difference. But there's plenty of latitude for taste and preference, the choice being the more challenging because of the work and weight each item adds.

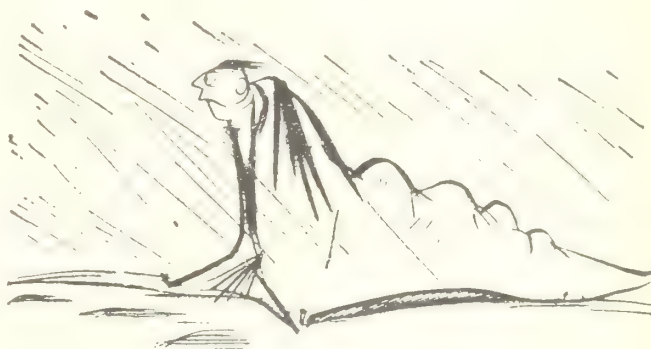
We ruled out house trailers: too expensive, too big, no place to park one in town; and reduced driving speed would shrink our weekend radius.

A tent trailer is an engaging apparatus. Closed, it's a box six or seven feet long, four or five feet wide, standing four feet high on its two wheels. The lid opens to each side, forming shelves for bunks, and a canvas-covered frame snaps into place. Lockers hold ice, food, water, a stove, and other gear. They're high, dry, insect-proof. We saw several and were amused at one model, so designed that if you should stop in town to load ice or food, you'd have to put up the tent to reach the lockers!

A "doghouse" trailer is a miniature, just wide and long enough to hold a mattress, high enough so that one can sit up in bed. Raising the rear deck discloses a compact kitchenette.

Tent and doghouse trailers had a gimmicky charm, but we wanted more covered space, more flexibility, and a lighter load.

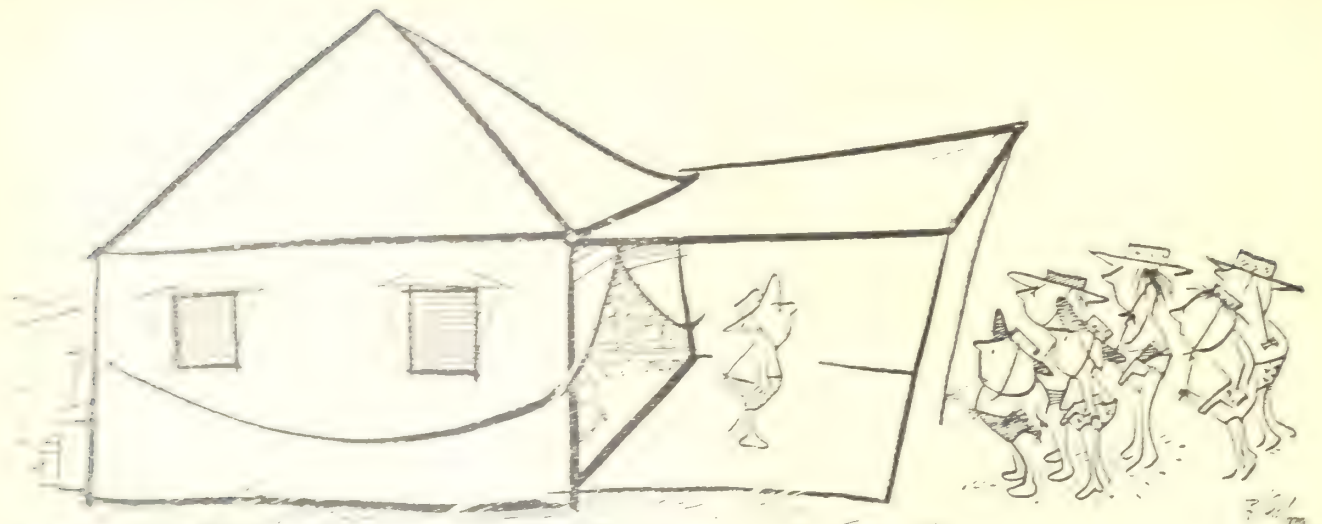
But having decided on a tent, there was a choice still. We selected an umbrella model with a shed extension, giving a nine-by-twelve-foot floor area and plenty of head room. Telescoping steel corner rods obviate the need for a center pole. It has a screened door, three screened windows with storm blinds, a sewed-in floor, a front awning.



"Three days of rain in reasonable comfort."

No sensible person will copy another's kit, but the one we ordered from a mail-order house is a point of departure:

tent	canvas chairs
extra pegs	light axe, trench shovel
100 ft. rope	pocket knife
air mattresses	plastic plates, bowls, cups
wool blankets	knives, forks, spoons
ice chest	cooking utensils
gasoline stove	DDT bomb
gasoline lantern	wash basin (doubles as dishpan)
5 gal. water can	shaving mirror
1 gal. gasoline can	flashlight
desert bag	steel box for first-aid kit
folding table	



"The aroma of pan-broiling chops."

We bought the best the catalogue offered. Even so, our kit, pieced out with kitchen and attic surplus, cost less than \$200.

Orange crates proved an ideal module for car-trunk storage; turned on their sides, they become a cupboard inside the tent. Sugar, salt, matches, pancake flour, dehydrated potato, soap chips, rice, and other foods go in screwtop glass jars. All this, plus clothes, cameras, binoculars, and miscellany, stows neatly in our Ford sedan, leaving room for us.

We add an item now and then. First was a ten-by-fourteen-foot tarpaulin and extra poles. It shades us from the sun, and provides an open-air rain shelter for cooking and living. Sleeping bags are warmer and lighter than blankets. A scrap of rug outside the doorway helps keep the tent floor clean.

In September we added a screened crib, sterilizer and bottle brushes, a diaper can. Now a car-top carrier takes the crib and tent, leaving room inside for all of us, including the new baby.

She adds a few chores, but one task is pleasantly easier than at home. At five in the morning, when she wakes, one of us touches a match to the Sterno stove, warms the bottle, reaches for the baby, feeds her, burps her, and stows her back in the crib—all without stirring out of our sleeping bag!

IN FOUR months we found good camps and bad. One was quiet on Saturday, but hordes of picnickers drove us away by Sunday noon. Another site, obviously planned

by some ranger who disliked campers, was beside the only mosquito bog within fifty miles.

If there must be organization and planning, the model development of the Forest Service at Lake Sherando, south of Waynesboro, Virginia, is an attractive demonstration. All functions are separated. Tent campers, distributed around a loop road, can neither see nor hear the cars in the parking lot or the ball players on the sports field. The beach and lawn are for swimming and sunbathing; picnicking is confined to other areas, equipped with tables and waste cans. Only one road leads into Sherando; beyond it there are only trails.

But crowds plus administration add up to rules and supervision, and, especially at low wages, it isn't easy to find men who can combine authority and reasonableness. We were disappointed when our before-breakfast dip was forbidden, plain angry when we learned that even on crowded Sundays all swimming was forbidden until a lifeguard came on duty at noon. ("Noon" at Sherando is one o'clock by Daylight Time, the time most Sunday visitors live by.) On Sunday morning, children were kept out of the shallow wading pool, where no guard was needed or assigned.

Elsewhere in the national forests, we could find as much solitude as we wanted, and we could not complain about the Forest Service rule that campers who pitch their tents outside the established camping areas must seek out a ranger and get a fire permit.

But it was on the Delaware seashore that we found our best weekends. Here several miles of beach have been set aside for recreation: swimming, surf fishing, picnicking, camping. The state has built access roads and placed garbage cans. You bring your own water, camp where you please. If there are any rules, we've never seen them.

Until the crowds grow larger, nothing could be finer. If an occasional drunken beach party keeps us awake, we can either snarl at them with our heads under the covers—or envy them their easy pleasure. When we see the littered beach in the morning, we'll call down curses on their heads, but a hundred beer cans on a mile of beach fall short of the danger line.

But the crowds *are* growing larger as the population increases, and as they grow they throw an intolerable burden on the responsible but underfinanced authorities. If you can't afford to educate the visitors or to clean up after them, the only cheap solution is a cop to break up the parties. If you can't afford latrines, the cop will have to prohibit camping.

Even then it gets out of hand. In Maryland, we were ready to swim in an attractive lake until a passing ranger warned us of the broken beer bottles underfoot. In various places where we camped, we saw far too often piles of rotting garbage, broken and fouled latrines, shattered fireplaces, littered picnic grounds.

At first we suspected people of vandalism and pigsty manners, and there is a shocking amount of both. But presently we realized that much of the garbage had been rotting for weeks, not days. (And where *does* one put garbage when the can is overflowing, or if

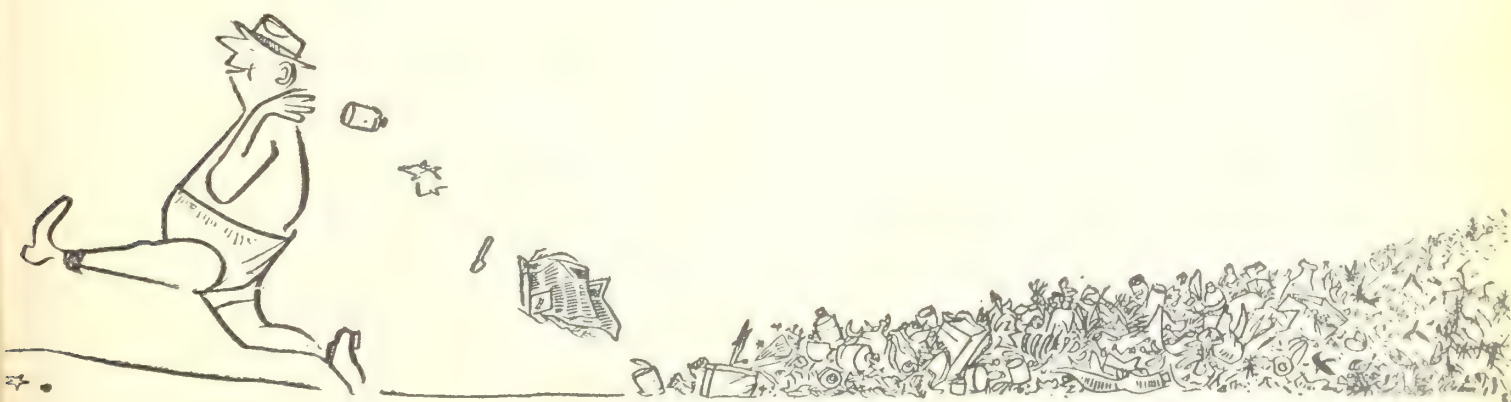
the can has no bottom, or if there is no can? We carry a trench shovel; picnickers don't.)

We looked again. The seat of the latrine had been broken last year, not last week. The latrine door had fallen off because of dry rot and termites, not because someone broke it off. We looked further, and saw the untreated mosquito bogs, the rutted, washed-out roads, the broken bridge, the shuttered windows of the recreation hall.

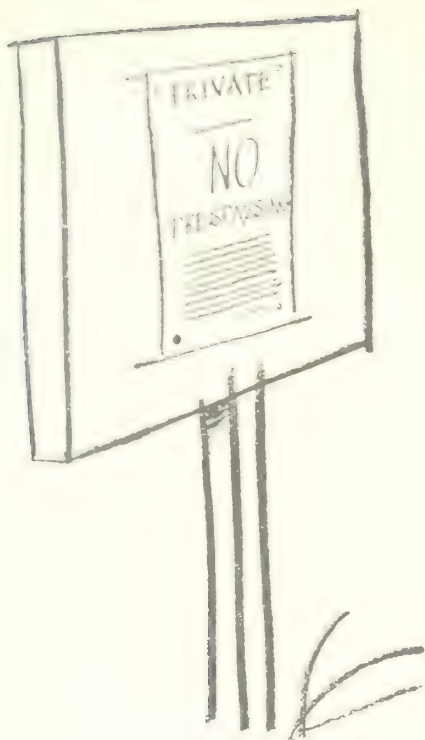
THEN it hit us. Suddenly we realized that what man had built here was built more than a decade ago. The recreation hall, the bulletin board, the bridge, the latrine, the lakeside trail, the picnic bench, the forest road, the sandy beach—there was almost nothing more recent than 1940. We hiked back through the woods, studying the deadfalls and windfalls, the retaining banks built to check stream erosion, the trail markers. They dated back to the Golden Age in our parks and forests, which began when the Civilian Conservation Corps went into the woods, was ending when the boys were sent home, and ended when they went to war.

It was the CCC—set up, ironically enough, as a means of providing jobs in a time of acute unemployment—which enabled the federal government and the states to provide decent camping places for hundreds of thousands of weekenders and vacationists. Those years were a time of planning and building. In the library we could see the books, plans for park and recreational development written by the federally-financed planning commissions of many states. The dates cluster around 1940. They were too late.

For the war came, and budgets were



"A great flood of city people will inundate this beach."



"The owner tired of trash collecting."

slashed. Although for a time gas rationing kept people away from out-of-town parks, they came back after the war in greater numbers than ever; but budgets didn't come back. We rode with a park superintendent on his rounds. He cares for 3,200 acres, and a good Sunday may bring 30,000 people. The legislature gave him less than \$10,000 this year, for salaries, fire protection, road maintenance, clean-up, maintenance of water supply, and sanitation.

He switched on his two-way radio, the only new thing since the war. But it was a mixed blessing, he commented dryly, since it called him and his men to fires in other parks.

III

WE BEGAN to think about our chronic national inability to foresee the consequences of a growing population, and to provide—before it is too late—the things that a greater population will need.

Next year, we thought as we sat on the Delaware shore at the end of summer, next year we will come back and sit on this dune again and see only a fisherman's light nearby. But next year will be the last. Two years from now a new bridge will cross the Chesapeake and a great flood of city people will inundate this quiet beach.

On what dune will our daughters sit when they are grown? When we were children, the open country was nearer. Then there were 40 million fewer people in this country, and 25 million fewer automobiles. Even in our high-school days, the quiet places and clean waters were less than an hour away. My father could do a day's work, swim before supper, sleep on the open porch of our lake-side cottage.

Because we knew the woods as children, we enter them now without fear, live in comfort with the few possessions our car will hold. If we are careful to burn our trash and bury our garbage, it is only because we feel at home; we respect the place where we eat and sleep.

But now there is another generation, and the city-bred reach the open country after hours on choked and angry highways. Like us, they hunger for the outdoors, or they would not struggle so to reach it. But, reaching it, they find it strange, and because they fear the woods they huddle around the symbols of their daily life: the hot-dog stand, the water hydrant.

I was a Boy Scout. The members of my troop went camping, and from the end of the trolley line we walked, carrying our camp on our backs. R. E. Cochran reported in the February *Harper's** what has happened to Scouting: an obsession with equipment, uniforms, and other gear. We've seen Scouts in the course of our weekend camping trips. Their huge pyramidal tents and cooking shelters arrive in trucks, along with the folding cots and group kitchens. Their camps are crowded and noisy; softball is the day-long diversion. Seldom have we seen two or three boys off on their own, enjoying the quiet self-sufficiency of the outdoorsman. Scouting taught me this, but Scouting is different now.

It's part of a vast change. When I was a Scout, open country was at the end of the trolley line. Suburban busses go far beyond that point today. Where we once camped in isolation there is now a crowded picnic ground. The streams we swam in have been polluted.

Population growth and automobiles have brought about the change. Combined, they have set in motion forces that are gathering

* "Confessions of a Scoutmaster."

speed and changing the face of the country.

For instance, privately-owned lands are little by little being withdrawn from public use. East of the Mississippi, the public has for generations depended on private land for much of its recreation. Hunters, fishermen, swimmers, hikers, and campers seldom knew whose land they stood upon.

Part of the indifference of many well-to-do people to the need for public parks, public beaches, public recreation places, is probably due to the fact that when they themselves were younger, they could just go off into the open country to tramp or fish or swim, and they wonder why people can't do this now. They should think about what has happened to that open country.

Gradually, at first, pieces of it were converted to other use. Suburbs spread. Lakes were commercialized. Woodlands were logged off. A cornfield was trampled, so the farmer posted his land. A beach was closed when the owner tired of Monday trash-collecting. Each new fence diverted people to nearby land, where the load increased, nuisances mounted, and more owners put up barriers.

For the first time, some states are realizing how little they have left. Of Florida's 1,200 miles of coastline, only fifty are open free to the public. All along the Atlantic, the water is becoming harder to reach; even municipal beaches are being closed to all but local residents.

WHERE will our daughters go, twenty years from now? We want them to feel at home in the woods, to enjoy dark nights and the sound of rain on canvas. We hope they'll be aware of the migrations of the warblers and understand the meaning of a watershed.

An annual vacation isn't enough. What we urban dwellers need is not a once-a-year escape but weekly participation in the natural complex which is the foundation of all life. We need what the outdoors gives us; not merely recreation, but the understanding of our natural environment—which, incidentally, is politically essential to carry forward programs of resources conservation.

Ten years ago, the planners thought we could have it. The National Park Service offered a program to provide for every city-dweller, within twenty-five miles of his home, at least one area where he could enjoy "a sense of freedom and separation from crowds," where he could hike, swim, or sit in the sun.

Since then we have lived in war or the shadow of war. Taxes are high. Recreation has no priority. Lands once marked for public purchase have been lost permanently to other uses. Clearly, our daughters will not have some of the things we enjoy today, things which are slipping away from us year by year. Our fear is that they may not know what it is they are missing.



"An annual vacation isn't enough."

The Easy Chair

Foul Birds Come Abroad

Bernard DeVoto

AS THIS is written the Secretary of Defense has not finished testifying about military policy before the two Senate committees. Some Senators and other public figures appear to have been thinking of General Marshall not as a member of the Cabinet but as a kind of chore boy who could be directed to pull their chestnuts from the fire. That impression abruptly ended when he began to testify but the joint body continues to resemble one of the most dangerous experiments Congress ever made, the Committee on the Conduct of the War. Its function was to increase the power of a political faction by attacking and if possible nullifying the military policy of Lincoln's administration. Dip into its records and you will see that Congressional geniuses in the field of strategy are not a modern invention—nor the political use of disgruntled generals, nor generals using Congress to drum up popular support for themselves.

The weeks since the removal of General MacArthur from his command have brought to a climax—one hopes that nothing worse is to come—a year of passion and confusion beyond anything else the United States has known in our time. The nation has been more divided, more angry, and more afraid than it ever was during the oncoming or the duration of two world wars. Six years ago it felt to the full the confidence of a victory that has established it as the leading nation of the world, the most powerful, and the least vulnerable. Now it is terrified by exterior threats and even more afraid of itself. Unquestionably the second fear is the more justified.

A book I am writing has forced me to re-
100 other periods of external threat and internal division. Some months ago I sum-

marized one of them here, the crisis during Washington's second term when domestic discord and the pressures of a global war threatened to shatter the United States. There was another one just before and just after the election of Jefferson, when the nation seemed likely to perish of political partisanship and when the President was attacked with as much bitterness, vileness, and unreason as ever Lincoln was, or Franklin Roosevelt, or now Mr. Truman. (Many men believed, and far more found it useful to assert, that he was either the voluntary or the unconscious tool of a foreign, revolutionary, imperial power.) That took me to the attack on Madison's military policy, the refusal of an entire section to support a war during which we were invaded in force three times but which we ultimately won, to an attempt to destroy the Union by secession, and to the Hartford Convention which was planned to initiate secession but ended as a safety valve for the release of turbulent emotions. And that brought up on the one hand the passage of the Ordinance of Nullification, when Jackson ended a crisis by resolute Executive action, and on the other the Nashville Convention, when political compromise and the unfolding of events joined to relieve a tension so great that it seemed likely to become uncontrollable.

All these crises were marked by the extremity of passion that is called insensate. And all of them were intensified not only by the passion of men honestly at odds about the best course for the United States but also by the treacherous and appalling opportunism of men in high places using the national danger as a leverage for partisan advantage. We have seen just this in the demand promptly raised by many public figures, when General Mac-

Arthur was relieved, that the President be impeached. Every Congressman and every editor who set up that inflammatory cry knew, first, that to initiate impeachment proceedings was a political impossibility and, second, that even if it hadn't been there were no grounds on which they could be based. But the cry would intensify passion and confusion and it was used to that sole end—regardless. So was the curious dogma offered to support it: that the President is not sanctioned by the Constitution to exercise the powers of the Executive, that the civilian head of the government cannot control the military departments, and that the official whom the Constitution makes Commander in Chief cannot act as such.

One remembered that impeachment was not agitated against Lincoln for removing a dozen generals from combat or administrative commands on his own initiative and many more at the suggestion of his military advisers. (He forced the resignation of the commander of the Army of the Potomac, who had sometimes tried to dictate military policy to the War Department and the President, while that Army was actually marching toward the battle that might decide the war.) Some editorial writers tried to draw a parallel between General MacArthur and McClellan, who tried to coerce the administration and tirelessly engaged in political activity to incite opposition to its policies, putting the prestige of his position at the service of factions. Others may have thought of Fremont, who was removed from both combat and administrative posts, who tried to dictate many policies to the administration, and who gave his prestige to more sinister movements than those McClellan supported.

There is no parallel with either. McClellan and Fremont had proved themselves incompetent before they were relieved, and there were doubts of Hooker's fitness for high command when he was replaced on the way to Gettysburg. McClellan was a weak man who had visions of saving the nation by becoming dictator, and Fremont had similar if milder delusions and besides had abetted corruption. Not the slightest particle of any of these things has been alleged against General MacArthur by even his most determined opponents. But he proved useful to dangerously disruptive forces within the nation at a time

when the external danger is greater than any we have faced before. Some of them are intentionally disruptive—and so one comes to a remark of Lincoln's at a similar time.

IT is in a letter addressed to "Hon. Charles D. Drake and Others, Committee," October 5, 1863. Its context is not only the Civil War, not only the violent disagreements in the North over slavery, and not only the cleavages in Congress and Lincoln's Cabinet. There are also the border war in Missouri, murder and massacre and wholesale treason, and a furious struggle of many factions to dominate the Union government there. Out of this turmoil a large committee headed by a lawyer named Drake and backed by a crazy structure of other committees, waited on Lincoln with a series of formal demands. "They were exasperated men," Carl Sandburg says, "whose voices rose out of mixed motives of war and politics, public service and private revenge, the hangover of greed and corruption. . . ." He lists other motives, some patriotic and some evil, of this crowd of mistaken men and still does not mention all the cross-currents they stood for. One of their demands, that elections in Missouri be given additional safeguards, Lincoln willingly complied with; the other two he rejected. They were asking him to relieve the commander of the Military Department of Missouri—General John Schofield, whose military and administrative policies they abhorred equally—and to replace him with Ben Butler. (This was like demanding that General Vaughan supersede General Eisenhower. Yet one of their component committees had called on Lincoln to give commands to the incompetent and megalomaniac Butler, to the insubordinate and defeated Fremont, and to Franz Sigel who had much political power but simply could not command large bodies of men—and had called on him further to dismiss the Chief of Staff, the Postmaster General, and the Secretary of State.) Finally they were asking him to remodel the whole military setup in Missouri and to divert to the indecisive border war troops from the armies that were currently fighting the vital campaign for Chattanooga.

Lincoln's letter, written some days after he had talked with them, annihilates the arguments they had made in support of their de-

ments. Its point here is in a paragraph which follows a passage where he differentiates six different honest attitudes of loyal men toward the main question of the war, a question which he calls "a perplexing compound, Union and slavery." The paragraph reads:

It is easy to conceive that all these shades of opinion, and even more, may be sincerely entertained by honest and truthful men. Yet, all being for the Union, by reason of these differences each will prefer a different way of sustaining the Union. At once, sincerity is questioned and motives are assailed. Actual war coming, blood grows hot and blood is spilled. Thought is forced from old channels into confusion. Deception breeds and thrives. Confidence dies and universal suspicion reigns. Each man feels an impulse to kill his neighbor, lest he be killed by him. Revenge and retaliation follow. And all this, as before said, may be found among honest men only. But this is not all. Every foul bird comes abroad and every dirty reptile rises up. . . .

SURELY the most terrible thing about a time of national stress is that it enables the foul birds that come abroad and the dirty reptiles that rise up to use the differences of honest men to bewilder and inflame the nation. In each of the crises I have named above historians can now see how cynically clear-minded men employed that terrible power to arouse suspicion and to feed panic for their own ends. It is a power that gives to partisanship an additional madness for which there is no adequate word, "demagoguery" falling far short of it. An inescapable obligation of every decent man is to understand precisely how this has been happening recently in the United States, and to recognize where and how far it enters into the public confusion, a confusion for which, more than any other single cause, it is responsible. And even the historian who sees the part played in earlier crises by the incitation of passion from motives of power only may well believe that it is more effective now than ever before.

For this is pay day and harvest time. A large part of our panic now is the price paid for our complacency while abominable techniques were tried out and perfected. At a moment of greater danger we see employed for deadlier ends a skill at arousing passion

developed by the Dies and Thomas committees, which we permitted to ignore safeguards we had always before held inviolate. As Mr. Elmer Davis has pointed out in *Harper's* the Big Lie had never succeeded in the United States till it was directed at Secretary Acheson, and we watched without effective protest the forging and tempering of the tools that made it succeed. The McCarran Committee remains snarled in legal technicalities but the campaign to establish it showed that it was intended to make more effective use of those tools than any of its predecessors. Even its establishment led the Un-American Activities Committee, lest it lose headlines and therefore funds, to abandon some of the safeguards for accused persons that public opinion had forced it to adopt. Meanwhile the lurid activities of Senator McCarthy have continued unabated, in spite of the fact that he has not found a single Communist sympathizer in the State Department, made good on a single public promise, or backed a single accusation with substantial evidence. If there is more confusion, division, and fear in the United States than at any other time anyone can remember, the success of those methods accounts for most of it.

THE MacArthur episode, as such, may be confidently said to be over already. The General made his speech to Congress, he testified before the committees, and he has made other speeches. That nothing conclusive would come from the committee hearings was obvious before they began, inconclusiveness being implicit in them. The General himself is traveling a dead-end street. He makes more speeches, the thing goes on for a time, and then he is just another man making speeches with fewer people listening to them and the news stories about them shrinking in length and retreating farther toward the back page. In three or four months his influence will have fallen off enormously and in another year even his symbolism will be obsolescent, for that is what happens to the kind of popular heroics which such a role as he played evokes. Probably he never thought himself a Presidential candidate and certainly the Republican leaders who rushed to make use of him never thought of him as one—Senator Taft does not create obstacles to his own candidacy. And his usefulness to them,

though enormous and they hoped decisive, had to be confined to a few weeks, for ticker tape does not gather up delegates—or Channel swimmers would be Presidents—and fan mail does not win elections.

As for the military and diplomatic policies he stood for, they proved to be a strange and awesome mixture. Some parts were vague, some contradictory. Sometimes he was singularly close to the policy he had undertaken to overturn and some of his language was almost exactly that of his white whale, Secretary Acheson. Always he was limited in view, frequently he was no more than hypothetical, and everything he said was circumscribed by an amazing irresponsibility. He merely made it clearer that neither he nor Congress could control policy, which ultimately would be shaped by the unfolding course of events—he and his supporters could only darken counsel and increase confusion.

The *effects* of the episode, however, will be with us for a long time. The General did seek to force political decisions by either coercion or insubordination, and the Taft wing of the Republican party did seize the opportunity he created. The opportunity was twofold: he might provide the weight needed to wrest control from the Republicans who stood for a conceivable foreign policy, and the confusion and fear he immeasurably increased might mean victory in 1952 for a victory-starved and therefore desperate party. Yet in order to seize the hour, this faction had to accept a straitjacket. Mr. Taft had previously had no foreign policy, and no policy for defense, that endured longer than the period between interviews or between speeches. Now he has one and it is neither his nor the General's. To take advantage of the opportunity, he had to consolidate the various disparate sentiments of isolationism, which remain anti-Europe but are no longer anti-war, being pro-war in Asia. For European allies it substitutes imperial expansion.

This riveting round himself iron constraints which he will never be able to escape is a necessary consequence of Senator Taft's effort to make the most advantageous use of the MacArthur episode. If that effort has suc-

ceeded, then one or the other of two things is sure: either he has cost the United States a war or, and by the grace of God this seems probable, he has cost the Republican party one more election. An election which, till this happened, it seemed sure to win. Indeed, if he has thus achieved leadership of the party then he has cost it infinitely more than the election of '52. To the sole end of winning that, he had already allied himself with the foul birds and dirty reptiles, and so stripped from himself the garmenture of integrity and shown that as a leader of the Republican party he was entirely irresponsible. But he is bare naked now, for his adoption of the anti-Europe, pro-Asiatic-war policy shows that, as a party leader, he is also fearfully deficient in intelligence.

IN ALL the crises I have mentioned, among possible courses there was always one catastrophic one. There is a catastrophic course for the United States now and it is the one to which Senator Taft, in the brightest light and with loudest possible accompaniment, has now committed himself. And if he has thus maneuvered himself into control of the Republican party and committed it to that policy, then he has brought it close to nonentity and perhaps to the verge of destruction. The United States has not always taken the course which in the light of history seems to have been the best one possible, but it has never yet taken the clearly catastrophic course. In spite of Senator Taft's efforts it seems certain not to take it this time. If it doesn't, then the Senator's effort will take its place, a unique and conspicuous one, in the museum of irrevocable things. It will go down as one of the greatest stupidities in political history.

But no matter what happens, the Senator and the Committee on the Conduct of the War have made more difficult the re-establishment of confidence, the attainment of effective unity in the face of a fearful threat, and the conduct of public affairs with integrity. They have immensely debased the standards of public life and made the nation a more favorable environment for the foul birds and dirty reptiles who were already on the loose.

Nobody Say a Word

A Story by Mark Van Doren

AFTER the children stopped asking she told them. "I don't know where your father is," she said quietly during supper on the sixth day. They were all at the table—neither of the girls had gone to the kitchen for anything, and their small brother hadn't bolted yet to resume his playing in the yard. They sat, paralyzed, and listened.

"I simply don't know." The strain of saying this was nothing to what it had been when Madie, the first evening he wasn't there, kept running to the door and reporting that he hadn't come in sight yet up the walk; or when Arthur, always a hard one to satisfy, had insisted every night when he went to bed: "Papa's on a business trip. He'll be back tomorrow." He would say it the next night as if he had never said it before, and Margaret learned soon enough to nod and say nothing, as if of course the child knew.

But the worst thing had been the anticipation of what Madie asked now. She was the directest of the three, though she wasn't the oldest. "What did he say, Mother, the last time he—what did he *say*?"

The worst thing was to have to answer, "Nothing," for in a way it wasn't true. George hadn't ever said: "I'm going, and I'm not coming back," but she had always known he would leave her, and so he didn't need to say so. He knew she knew.

But here was Madie looking at her, accusing her of holding something back. And a deep, sudden blush was her way of admitting that she had; only, what was there to tell, and how could it be told to these three? To Sarah most of all, who never had really asked.

Sarah was the serious one who didn't like things to go wrong or change. No child does, said Margaret to herself; but the others had talked and Sarah hadn't—except, of course, with her strange large eyes. They had got larger every day, under the fine hair she insisted on combing straight back from her forehead. Young as she was, she knew the effect of that—knew it gave her authority, as if she weren't young after all; and in a sense she never had been.

"He didn't say anything," said Margaret, "about not—I mean, about not ever—"

"Not ever!" Madie was scowling in the odd way that made everybody love her. She looked near-sighted, though the doctor said she wasn't. She looked fierce; whereas she was the fondest of them all.

THE words had given too much away. "Not ever" sounded—well, as fatal as the fact. And Margaret felt that she must have grown all at once very pale, for the children stared at her with a new intentness, and Arthur barely mumbled, "Papa's on a business trip—we know that," as if he had lost his confidence that this was so.

But Sarah's face had altered less, and her eyes not at all. Did Sarah understand that some men did what George had done? Some women, too? But the men. That father of five children, years ago when *she* was a child, that meek neighbor man, she forgot his name, who did so poorly and was so apologetic—"No force," her own father said—who disappeared one day and didn't come home for years. But he came home, and the

town never knew how he made it up with his family: what he said to them, or they to him, or whether there was bitterness and quarreling. Not a sound or a sign from the house into which he walked one night and—well, what then? The next day he was in his leather shop as usual, and nobody had the nerve to ask him where he had been. He had so little nerve himself, it would have been torture on both sides.

Sarah had never heard of him, but she looked now as if she might have. Margaret was startled by the suspicion, yet there it was: Sarah's mind was on the same track as her own. She was even thinking—

Then she said it.

"When he does come"—Sarah closed her eyes a moment, imagining—"I know what we should do. Act just the same as if he never went anywhere. No talk, no questions. Not a word. I know."

Madie shook her brown hair out of her eyes. "I couldn't. I'd have to tell him I was glad."

Arthur merely stared down at his napkin.

They were all trying to help, they were all trying to seem undeserted, unafraid.

"You wouldn't have to tell him," Sarah said. "Wouldn't he know? *He'd* be glad. He'd like it best if none of us said a word."

At least, thought Margaret, motionless in her chair, it's confessed now. They realize he *did* desert me—and them. But me first of all. They are sorry for me. They are trying to be good children. And they are, they are.

Madie and Arthur, flying from their places across the table, reached her at the same moment. Neither one of them had ever seen her weep like this.

But Sarah didn't come.

What was she saying? She had been right—she really had, except of course that George would never—

What was she saying? The two others were so close about, it was almost impossible to hear.

"Listen! Mother, Madie, Arthur—listen! Nobody say a word."

For there was George.

SARAH must have seen him out of the back of her head; the hall door was behind her. Margaret, facing him with Madie and Arthur, started to her feet, but the two

children clutched her closer and she sat down again, trembling. They hadn't looked up yet. When they did—

"Madie!" she managed to whisper. "You and Arthur—don't say anything. Don't go to him—not yet. Your father's come. He's here."

Now she had to clutch at them, they were so wild in her two arms. They all had to wait till Sarah spoke. Sarah hadn't been wrong about *one* thing. George couldn't stay away. And her heart struggled with itself, not knowing how the whole of her should feel. It was bad, it was good. She was still hurt, yet she was happy—in a strange way, as if she were asleep; in a bitter way, as if this new sweet taste—it might be so, it might—were the taste of poison.

The two children were quieter than she would have believed possible. They were minding her, they were waiting for Sarah. Or was it because George looked so terribly tired? Standing in the door, his shoulders drooping, he must have shocked them too. His eyes were the biggest thing about him. They seemed to want to look away; to close and stay closed; but they couldn't. They were for Margaret entirely, they saw no children there, no chairs, no table, no dishes, no clock.

"Hello," said Sarah, turning halfway round. "You're late. Was it a hard day at the shop?" It was scarcely her voice they heard. "Was Mr. Meeker mean, and kept you? Did somebody have an accident? You know, I was the one that set the table and I counted wrong. You go wash up, I'll fix a place." It was as if she were reciting from memory. "All of us helped get supper, even Arthur. He mashed the potatoes—partly."

But her father, if he listened to a single word, gave not a sign that he did. His dark eyes traveled for a moment, impartially, over the three young faces that separated him from Margaret, then returned to her where she sat, half guilty because of her silence, in her walnut armchair that matched his across the room. His stood against the wall, in shadow, as it had stood all week.

"Arthur," she said, "get Papa's chair for him." She spoke slowly, as if it were a deep wrong to mention only this. "Go on."

For the boy was staring at the man. A business trip, a business trip—he must be fighting the temptation to say those words

and prove he had been right. A business trip. But he looked sidewise at Sarah and said nothing; then, embarrassed, ran to drag the armchair into place.

Madie's face burned with excitement, and her body shook all the way down; Margaret's arm felt the straight, strong back trembling as if in terror. But it wasn't terror. It was doubt that she ought to be where she was. It wasn't like Madie to keep this distance from someone she adored.

She only said: "Hello, Dad. We had a test in history today. I think I did all right. I'll tell you about it later. Miss Martingale—"

She stopped because he didn't seem to hear. He hadn't shifted a foot, he hadn't twitched a finger, since he came.

Margaret thought: He's a ghost, he isn't really there. It's like a game—all of us pretending to see him. It's like children who play family, and make up uncles and cousins. They're making up a father. That isn't him, that isn't George

AND suddenly she screamed—not loud, not long, but she knew she screamed. The sound was worse because it was so weak—she was ashamed, and reached for Arthur who had jumped away.

But he was already at his father's knees, and Madie, her face streaming tears, had hold of one of George's arms, which she em-

braced as if it had once been wounded in a war. It was veritable flesh. She hung upon it with all her weight.

Sarah came around the table, defeated, and stood while Margaret kissed her pale forehead. "All right, dear," said her mother. "It was a good thing to try, even if I broke down. You go over there with them. Quick, now."

For still George had not said a word. His hands strayed over two young heads, then three; but even while they did this they seemed to be thinking of the wife they had not touched. Never had touched, maybe, or else might never touch again. As if *she* were the ghost.

Margaret settled it. "All three of you," she said, standing straight up at last, "go somewhere else now. Outdoors, or anywhere. Don't stay long, I mean, but—oh, I don't need any help with Papa's supper. Madie—really—I don't need help."

"Are you sure?" asked Sarah. She was so responsible.

"Yes, dear. You take Arthur."

Sarah led them both out, never looking back, while Margaret waited for him to come close, to touch her flesh with his, to make one sound she could hear.

He didn't, soon enough. He was still all eyes, mournful and ashamed. He was still a man come out of a new grave.

So she went close to him.

For One Away

For A. F.

HORTENSE FLEXNER

PRESS as a flower, preserve with the summer fruit
In air-tight jars, the days when the merry child
Flies in the swing, tugs at the heavy boot
And the little dog comes barking, leaping wild.
Seal in a careful thought with space around,
Loud singing through a door, gloves dropped on the stair;
Yes, even anger, strong in tint and sound,
And save the sweater, pen, the lock of hair.

These trifling matters sharp as the prickly burr,
Keep that which makes no record worth the telling,
Light fluff of memory, threads to hold the stir
Of years that move uncounted through a dwelling,
Until the event most common, worn, and small
Seems rare, and breath the rarest thing of all.

The Child Reservoir of the South



Mary Heaton Vorse

Drawings by Lou Block

ON A blizzardy night in Detroit when I was reporting the Chrysler strike, a member of the strikers' flying squadron came to take me to a social evening at Local 7 of the Auto Workers, known as the Hillbilly Local. Though he had come from the Missouri hills when he was six he still had an unmistakable Southern accent.

"It's funny about Southern folks; they don't seem to feel they belong anywhere else but the South," he said. "Right now when the strike came there was days the Greyhound couldn't put on busses enough. The folks from the South went home. You couldn't find a furnished room in this district near the Kersheval or Jefferson plants. Now all round there's signs 'vacancy.' The Southern boys is gone home."

He leaned out the window. "Hey, Alabam'," he called. "What you say? Get in and come along with us to the local; goin' to be a good show."

"I wisht I could," said Alabam', "but I'm meetin' a buddy o' mine in a tavern. He's a full-blooded Finn and I wouldn't keer to let him down. Eff I wasn't meetin' that buddy, I'd gladly come with you."

"Poor Alabam'," my friend commented. "His wife run out on him. Went home South. There's quite a few like that clears out. You get lost, like, in Detroit and the women folks get to broodin' and go home. Right now I'm glad he's got that Finn buddy."

Alabam' and Jim from the flying squadron were two of the hundreds of thousands of Southern workers who are taking over our Midwestern cities. No one in Detroit can tell exactly how many Southerners have come to the city; the guess of those best informed is 200,000. Some one has said that Kentucky has made a bloodless conquest of Ohio; Cincinnati and Toledo are full of Southerners. And it isn't only Ohio that they are occupying; they go to Peoria and Gary and Chicago

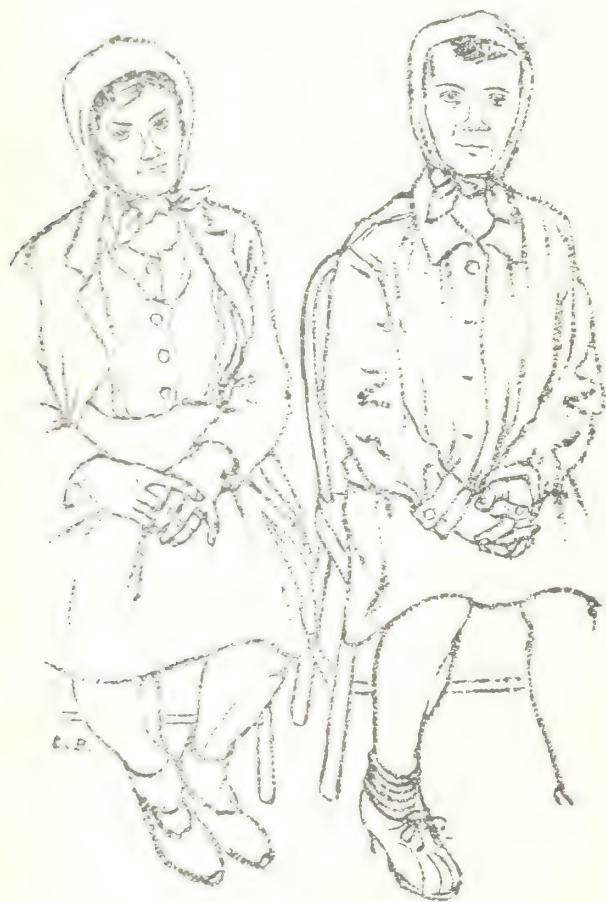
To get the material for this article, veteran reporter Mary Heaton Vorse traveled through seven states and visited numerous government departments, private organizations, and labor union offices, as well as many poor Southern homes in remote areas.

and they penetrate to the Pacific Coast. It is as if the South were a huge, overflowing reservoir of young humanity.

The Southern states pour out beautiful blond children in an endless stream. The smaller their income, the more inaccessible the place, the larger the family. This is no figure of speech. It is a fact.

Here are a few figures taken from the latest available census:

The child population under eighteen years of age for the whole United States is 546 per 1,000. South Carolina has 881, Mississippi 817, Alabama 807; Kentucky comes next with 782, North Carolina has 776, Georgia and



"The women folks get to broodin'."

Arkansas are nearly even with 759 and 753. And so it goes to Texas 659 and Missouri 625. Contrast those figures with Nevada 177.3, New York 170.8, or Connecticut 169.7. Negro children are included in these statistics; but at present the Northern migration is preponderantly white—and it is about the whites that I am writing here.

Since there is not enough work for them at home, they come to the cities.

DURING a year's trip all over this country during the war, writing on industrial problems, I came across Southern workers everywhere. I remember the manager of the bus station in Mobile, Alabama, who complained about the damage to the plumbing:

"We couldn't figure how the flush tanks over the toilets got broken off all the time. It was from those up-country boys taking the toilet bowls for a place to wash their hot feet and sitting on the tank. You know how there's always a pail of water outside the cabin door and Ma hollers to the men, 'Wash your feet.' So they thought that was what the toilets were for."

I remember, too, the old man in the Kaiser shipyard in California who said he'd got to be leaving to support his old woman who'd been supporting him all the time he'd been working for Uncle Sam at the shipyard. "Now her feet give out waiting on table," he said, "and I got to support her."

"Pop," they asked, "what did you do with those blue slips we gave you every two weeks?"

"Took good keer of 'em just like you told me. Got 'em all saved up in my wallet here."

Many of the Southern workers, like this old man, had never heard of a check. Many had never had "folding money" before. Few of them knew how to buy; they only knew how to spend.

"You see that fellow there? He paid a taxi twelve dollars to bring him up here," said the proprietor of a trailer camp. "Couldn't wait for the bus that runs every hour. Yet I'll have to watch to see he don't take away the blankets when he leaves. He's one of those who've never stayed above two years on a piece of land, and it's his nature to move on."

These workers who are making our great industrial cities are unique among Americans in their isolation. They come from remote mining camps, from coves and "hollers" in the hills, from the Ozarks, from river bottoms. They come from families of tenant farmers and sharecroppers in the deep South, ever more of whom are being tractored off the land. They come from lonely communities, where there are cut-over forests, played-out mines, and poor land. These people—most important to the nation because they

are destined to make our industrial cities—need help, both in health and education, beyond that which their states can give them.

II

TO KNOW how these people live at home, one must leave the highways for dirt roads which look like the classic one that turned into a squirrel track and ran up a tree. Often when the car can travel no further, one must go on foot up the trails leading to isolated cabins.

Last summer we walked up such a steep and stony road which led to a Kentucky mining camp. At Cameron's, our first stop, teen-agers swarmed. A flower garden—which would have been unlikely twenty years ago when I had last visited these parts—climbed the steep hillside.

Cameron, a craggy giant of a man, held forth about his prowess "in the old days when we had the troubles" and he "told 'em from the co'tehouse steps."

"Didn't no one tell me to stop," said he.

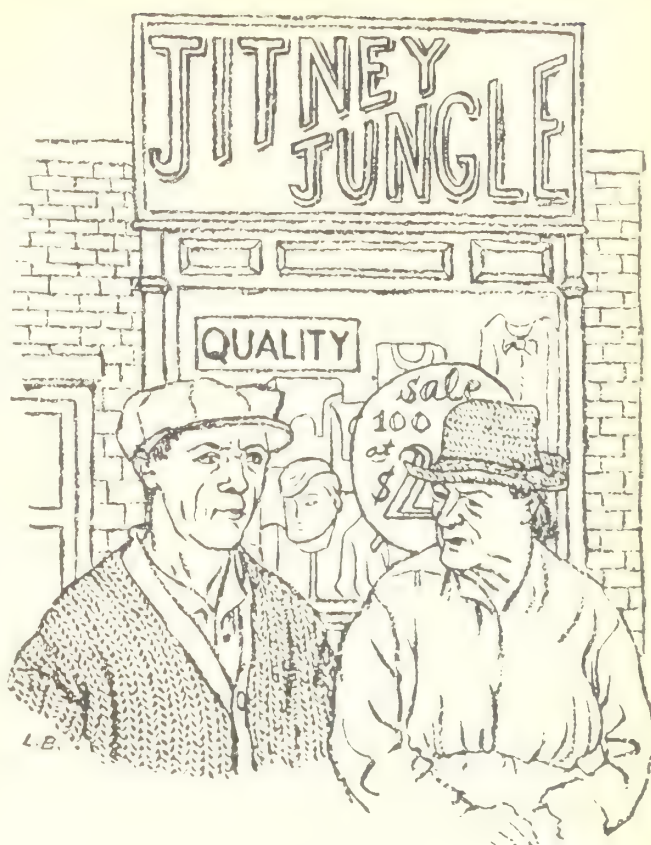
"Don't tech him," says Shurf to the deputies. "They's three hundred miners right yere tear you in pieces ef innny one lif's a finger to him."

Here in Bell County people were killed in strikes, as they were in Harlan County before the United Mine Workers was established there. This is the part of the country where the name of John L. Lewis is the most revered. But for him they all would be in poverty, they believe firmly.

"John L. Lewis," proclaims Cameron in the voice he used on the co'tehouse steps twenty years ago, "is the greatest man this country's ever produced! I don't say but Franklin D. Roosevelt ain't a great man," he adds magnanimously, "but whar'd I be, whar'd innny one on this mountain be but fer John L. Lewis. I git my \$100 a month pension."

"You didn't git it whilst the strike was on," interposes Mrs. Cameron, drawing a lovely strawberry blond grandchild to her.

"Look down the hill at thet cabin," he goes on, ignoring her. "That's a miner's widder. See them children a-suckin' ice cubes on the gallery? Whar'd that 'lectric icebox come from an' the washin' machine to my back porch? But fer John L. Lewis nothin'



"They only knew how to spend."

but graveyards 'ud prosper in this county!"

John L. Lewis notwithstanding, the medical situation isn't bright. "Usta be a doctor in every mining camp by law before there was roads—now one doctor looks after ez many camps as he kin. We got a doctor to 5,000 miners right yere."

"And he's on the road all hours of the night," adds Mrs. Cameron.

"He gits three dollars a year per every miner, sick or well," Cameron counters.

And then, as we prepare to leave, "Don't go," says Mrs. Cameron. "Stay the night." These gracious words, or at least "stay and eat," are routine in the mountains.

DOWN at Gorman's, on the way to the branch, the gallery is crowded with children. Gorman, a personage in his own right, is the local lay preacher and a good union man. He might have been a labor leader but held off "because of his children; he couldn't afford to get in wrong," my guide tells me.

Gorman sits with his two-year-old on his knees and fondles him. This baby and the four-year-old are so beautiful you can hardly believe it. His wife, Ara Ellen, holds the

littlest baby. Seeing him, one feels that the hand of time has turned back, that there is nothing strange in a man sitting a long afternoon among his children on his porch, a baby on his knee. He doesn't have to be off somewhere in a car or to listen to the radio or peer at television. He doesn't even need to read a paper. His life centers in his home, and the life of his children pulses around him.

Everywhere on this trip the young children appear more serene and happier than do those of one's well-to-do friends. Everyone who has seen them talks about the calm integration of these children with their families. There is little evidence of the domestic tantrums and antagonisms which make parenthood the strenuous thing it often is among middle-class people.

Of Gorman's ten children, seven are at home, the rest are already in the cities. Ten people live in the ramshackle and unpainted cabin. There is no running water but they have electricity now, for the camp has rural electrification.

"We live 'bout 'leven miles from inny town in this mining camp," Gorman says. "School bus takes my four children to school. Come back word from teacher they all need teeth fixin'. Got three little kids not yet school age. Who's agoin' to take them children to the dentist and back? Who's agoin' to pay for 'em? I ain't got through payin' yit fer my las' baby."

Over across the street a group of adolescent

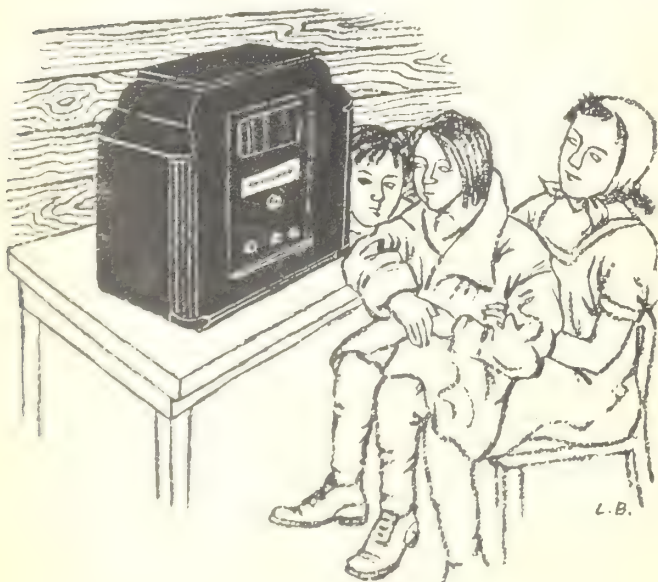
boys are playing, heads bent together. "What are they doing," we ask, "playing cards?" Gorman's eldest daughter answers briefly. "Gambling!" she says. "Quarreling, readying for a burial!" For this has been violent hill country, and by the time children reach their teens, they often begin to revolt against the strict code of their parents, many of whom belong to churches of the old-time fire-and-brimstone variety and frown on dancing and even motion pictures. The rigid religion of the elders often cleaves a chasm between the generations. Boys get "mean" and girls "run off."

OUR next visit took us over a precarious plank bridge, down a path near a spur railroad leading to a mine. There was no path to the battered cabin; an entanglement of wires kept out trespassers. The owner of the house, Jessie, came to meet us: life had dealt hardly with her. An odor of poverty came from the disordered house. But Maie Jo of high school age was pretty and neat and, like most of the younger generation, had a home permanent—which made one recall a teacher's heartfelt plaint, "Oh, if the dentists would only do as good a job advertising as the beauticians."

"Jessie has sort of given up; she's let herself go," my friend tells me later. "Why shouldn't she, with that neurotic husband of hers?"

Three of Jessie's children are married and living in Detroit. We saw a picture of her three handsome grandchildren. Ed, her oldest boy, a veteran, had come back to the mines. Ed's home was another story, neat and clean as Ed himself, with something good cooking on the stove, and three beautiful children. One of them was a child I will never forget, a little girl of thoughtful beauty and perfection of body, and with a proud way of walking, and, like so many of these mountain children, neither shy nor bold: reserved, friendly, with her place in her own world secure as the earth she stood on.

Ed makes violins. "A fellow busted my fiddle so I tuk an' mended it. Soon I was a-makin' fiddles. I usta like the git-tar, now I don't keer fer nothing but fiddles." He and his wife sang some hillbilly ballads. "He learned to sing hillbilly in the Army," his wife said.



"They have electricity now."

Wherever we went the picture was the same: floods of beautiful blond children who grow up into restless youngsters and go off to fill the cities of the North.

III

THAT great gains have been made in recent years in the regions from which these children come was manifest. We were reminded of these gains when we spent the night in Hendersonville Settlement School, which opens its hospitable doors to all visitors interested in its work. This school today has four hundred day students who come from mining camps and nearby towns by bus over the newly opened road, and some twenty boy and girl boarders who stay the year round. (These are orphans, or children from broken homes.)

Twenty-five years ago moonshining was practically the only way of making a living among the two thousand people of the Locust Hill area. Literally everyone moonshined, including the preacher. I was in this part of the country twenty years ago and people in the towns of Middleboro and the county seat of Pinesville told lurid tales of the goings-on in this tough, feuding community, which was nicknamed "South America."

But Parson Hiram M. Frake decided that something should be done. So he went up into the mountains on a mule to talk about a school. "A posse with guns met me," Parson Frake recounts. But finally the outstanding moonshiner and outlaw, Henderson, came to his aid.

"My children need a school," he decided. "'Light and stay!' Henderson gave the land for the first school; the school building was a cowshed which the parson spent the summer cleaning. The school got its money through the Kentucky Mountain Missions of the Methodist Church.

How the Hendersonville Settlement School grew, how it added building after building, and how it transformed this lawless moonshining community is part of the American epic. The first Sunday in October 1925 a handful of sunbonneted women and mountain men with guns came to hear the parson's first sermon. This was a time when men stacked their guns outside the church and when a mountaineer would "sooner leave his

pants home than his gun." There was no sanitation in the mountains, there were no doctors. But Parson Frake had a dream of what education and enlightenment could do for this community. It included scientific agriculture, and in this he preceded the county agent and the extension agent. His fine home economics course helped to revolutionize the countryside. Blood feuds cleared. Moonshiners one after another smashed their stills. On his recent twenty-fifth anniversary, the notables of the state were among the five thousand visitors.

THE improvement in basic conditions was once more manifest in the Summerfield community in upland Tennessee, which during the depression had had 70 per cent of its people on relief at one time or another. It was then that the sage of Summerfield said, "It takes a sharp axe, a strong back, and a soft head to cut bugwood at 75 cents a day"—the WPA wage. One who had known Summerfield in depression days would hardly recognize it now.

Formerly, rickety unpainted cabins were the rule. Now, even in this hard-pressed county, houses had been enlarged and many cabins were covered with an imitation brick facing, unlovely but a mark of prosperity.

Here too, in the Highlander Folk Nursery School, the children were as calm and harmonious as the miners' children a state away. As I was going around with the nursery school teacher to pick up the children, one of the mothers said to us: "I kain't spare Maudie Mae or Jimmie today. They gotta he'p whilst I put in my garden."

"I gotta tend the baby," said the five-year-old with immense self-importance.

"Jimmie, he helps me plant. I plant and he tamps after me. Jimmie loves to tamp."

Jimmie was no bigger than a minute. These children of three and five already had their important place in their world where they felt needed.

Yet even here in Summerfield, the health conditions—though incredibly better than during the depression—are still none too good.

You get an inkling of the sanitary situation when you visit the nursery school, where, in a fine modern building with plumbing, the children ask, "May I go outdoors?" Some of

these children have so many sores and scratches that it would take a teacher her day to tend all of them. You find there is no county health nurse now to teach hygiene in those hills.

Down at the county seat, you learn that the health services have not improved during recent years. Formerly there were three doctors in the county. Today there is one, who is also the public health doctor and serves still another county as well. There used to be a county nurse, but there has been none since the war. (I met Miss Bessie, the first county nurse, who even now, at seventy-five, helps out in emergencies.)

This county has no prenatal care. The school children are tested for TB and receive the Schick test and inoculations against diphtheria; but the nearest hospital to the community of Summerfield is far away, and the Highlander Folk School station wagon often is called on to act as an emergency ambulance.

As in many other poor Southern communities, biscuits and gravy and kraut are still the backbone of the diet. Pellagra lurks among a few old people.

There are plenty of communities tucked away in the hills of the Appalachian plateau where for two thousand people there is neither doctor nor telephone, much less a county nurse.

ACCORDING to a recently published study made by the American Academy of Pediatrics what was true in this isolated Tennessee county is true throughout the rural Southeast, where nearly a third of our American children live. Of these the vast majority are in isolated and semi-rural counties. Here, where families are largest, the infant mortality rate—always a reliable yardstick—is much higher than in the greater metropolitan counties; here too children receive one-third less medical care than those who live in or near cities.

There is no Southern state which up to now has been able to finance state-wide maternal and child health services, though the 1950 amendment to the Social Security Act will be a great help. This amendment was the only legislation for health or educational services which was passed during the last Congress.

In some Southern communities—many of whose residents have no toilets at all—hook worm is prevalent. In some, the old killers, smallpox, typhoid, and diphtheria, are still active. Laws exist for immunization, but are disregarded. In a bayou parish in Louisiana, a single public health doctor serves 100,000 people. Over 40 per cent of rural women don't have their babies in hospitals; in Kentucky, 44 per cent do not.

The need for better schools follows the pattern of the need for better health facilities, as one can see by the midcentury report of the National Education Association. At a time when there has been a steady drop in the percentage of the national income spent on education—in 1930, 3.09 per cent went to education; in 1940, 2.88 per cent; today, only 1.84 per cent goes—it has been, by and large, the schools in isolated districts, and especially in farm areas, which have suffered most, and are in bitterest need of assistance.

In the Southern rural districts the fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds are often still in grammar school, frustrated and bored at an age when they are already thinking about marriage. Or else they have left school entirely. The survey made last year by the Alliance for Child Guidance in Horry County, South Carolina, found that most of the thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds were not in school; of 238 pupils in the eighth grade, one-third did not enroll the next year. Nor is Horry County an exception. (What the Alliance is doing to alter this picture is another and inspiring story.)

WHEN the Southern worker moves to the North, his casual attitude toward school attendance goes with him. In one of the primary schools in Detroit, the majority of whose children are from the South, the teacher reports a 62 per cent turnover of pupils in a semester! "Please excuse Emma May for not coming. She was up late at a singspiration," the note to the teacher reads. "We sing all night," Emma May explains. "It gets louder and louder! It's beautiful! I was up till two!"

Parents are annoyed when truant officers tell them their children have to go to school, or that the children's heads need washing.

"What's this I hear about Mary Jo's head?" a father asks a school teacher with the im-

patient indulgence reserved for the pernickety. "You got lice, I got lice, everybody's got lice!"

"We never know when our children will suddenly move out," the principal of Jefferson School told me. "About a third of our children are from the South and their parents get up and go without warning." Jefferson School is a center of light in a crowded downtown district of Detroit where Southern workers abound.

The health conditions in this district are dismaying. According to the 1947 figures, the infant mortality rate was 43.4 as against 31.7 for the city of Detroit, and 20.5 for a good residential district. Still more striking was the TB rate: 46.1 for the crowded area, 35.6 for the city as a whole, and 7.7 for the residential district.

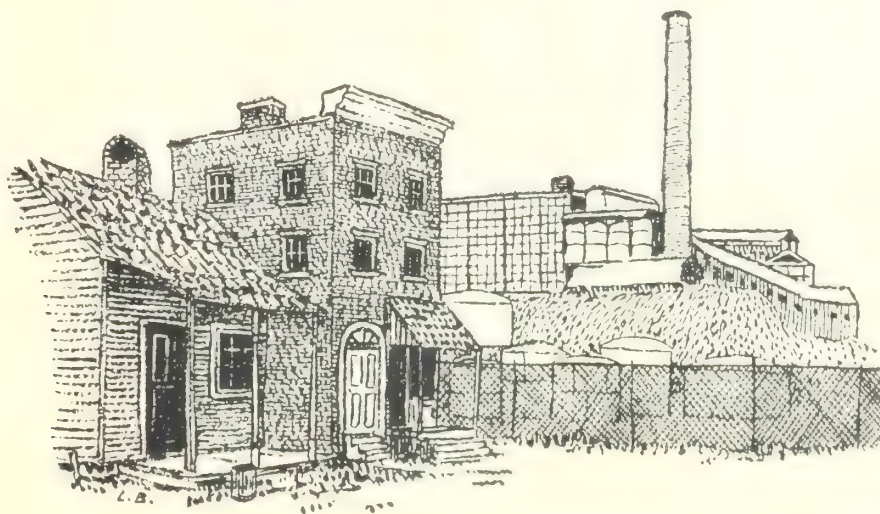
No wonder the Southerner who moves here feels that he is in alien country. Too often he has exchanged a piece of land for an automobile, the warmth of a community for the chance acquaintances of the taverns. Forced out of his homeland, he finds himself unable to put down roots in the flinty soil of the industrial city.

THE Southern hill-country picture is far from all black, however; it sparkles with points of light. I have already spoken of the general rise in the standard of living. But one thing above all that stands out in most brilliant relief is the value of individual effort. Some one person, here or there, has decided to take matters into his own hands, and a countryside has been

changed. I have mentioned Parson Hiram Frake; there have been many others. Mrs. Sally Adams with her beautiful one-room Park Settlement School in Happy Hollow, Tennessee, is one. Dr. Lillian Johnson, who gave the school and grounds to Myles Horton for the Highlander Folk School eighteen years ago, is another whose life has had a far-reaching influence. The Highlander Folk School is the only labor college in the South and works with the grass-roots leaders of farm, labor, religious, and co-operative organizations. The Frontier Nursing Service, whose nurses on horse- and mule-back have saved countless lives in Leslie County, Kentucky, and beyond, was founded and is supported through the efforts of Mrs. Mary Breckenridge. Schools and sanitariums—each founded by the devotion of a single person of vision—dot the countryside.

There is an intricate pattern of aid to these Southern communities—of efforts and contributions which mesh together—aid from individuals, from distant communities, from local groups, from state and federal government agencies. I don't believe that the like of this interweaving has ever been more fruitful.

But more, much more needs to be done. In its last session Congress teetered on the brink of passing bills which would safeguard children's health and give much-needed aid to schools, but it failed to act. Public interest may help greatly in getting these bills passed. This is not simply a matter of aiding a backward region; it is a matter of protecting a great reservoir of our future national population.



"The Southerner feels that he is in alien country."

Dowsing Is Nonsense

Thomas M. Riddick

SEVERAL years ago Doubleday & Company published a very entertaining book of short stories entitled *The Kenneth Roberts Reader*. The last section of this delightful potpourri was a sort of credo on water-dowsing—the alleged art of locating underground water (in order to know where to install a well) by obeying the whims of a forked stick. After the publication of Mr. Roberts' historical novels, and his general acceptance as a writer of both integrity and merit, it was difficult to decide whether he was writing from conviction or with his tongue in his cheek.

Within the past year, however, Mr. Roberts has produced a book, *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod* (also published by Doubleday), which dispels this uncertainty, and classifies him as a devout believer in the occult and extrasensory as regards the ability of a dowsing rod not only to locate underground water but to do all manner of other things.

Over some of these other things we need not linger long. If Mr. Roberts is bemused with the idea that the antics of a forked stick in the hands of his friend Henry Gross will locate concealed persons, locate an outboard motor lost in deep water, locate underground water-pipelines, and, when suitably prepared, tell which of a row of bottles contains gin and which contains Scotch whiskey, and if he has

even toyed with the further idea that dowsing might be able to determine the sex of unborn children, we need not be unduly exercised. We may read him with amusement, not unmixed with bewilderment, and let it go at that. But when he writes about the use of the dowsing rod to locate underground supplies of water, and in the process demonstrates an apparent lack of even the most elementary knowledge of the principles of water-works engineering, then a practicing water-works engineer and chemist is constrained to speak up.

Mr. Roberts claims that Henry Gross can infallibly locate "veins" of underground water if they exist; that within extremely close tolerances he can determine the depth to, and through, the vein, as well as the rate of flow; and furthermore, that he can successfully locate the veins without approaching them—merely by holding his rod over a map of the locality, even if he is miles or hundreds of miles away.

What Mr. Roberts does not realize (or will not concede) is that many of Henry's "feats" are not extraordinary, but are quite normal for anyone with appreciable experience in the location and construction of simple dug wells. Mr. Roberts also disregards the fact that many of Henry's seemingly astounding claims (which are offered without real proof) can be

Thomas M. Riddick, who here casts a coldly scientific eye on dowsing claims, is a consulting engineer and chemist in the water-works field, a member of the American Water Works Association, and a frequent contributor to technical publications.

readily verified in well fields where casings were left in test holes near the developed well for determining "drawdown," "the cone of influence," and a number of other criteria which seem to be pure Greek to Mr. Roberts, but are commonplace in water-works engineering.

Judging from many of Mr. Roberts' statements on water supply, I can only conclude that he is seriously in error on many fundamentals which he vehemently sets forth as fact, and that this accounts for many of the seemingly mysterious and extrasensory powers attributed to Henry Gross.

WHAT are Mr. Roberts' fallacies in reasoning? A major one (and Mr. Roberts must have heard this many times before) is that he does not realize that water, in the very small quantities on which he bases his judgment, is seldom difficult to obtain. Ground water of two to five gallons per minute is available in almost any section of the country. For example, the trap rock at Nyack, New York, is a very poor aquifer, but will still yield this amount. From 5 to 25 gallons per minute is available over most of Westchester County, New York; from 50 to 150 gallons per minute is generally obtainable from the sandstones around Ridgewood, New Jersey; and 500 to 1,000 gallons per minute is pretty much of a certainty from wells with screens set in the sand and gravel of two distinct strata situated over a large area of Long Island.

There are certain sections of Westchester County, north of Ossining, New York, where what Henry Gross calls "bad water" can be anticipated in about one-half of the rock holes drilled, and this is caused by iron (ferrous bicarbonate) in solution. In some localities, also, only one out of three or four wells will be water-producing, since the rock encountered is not sufficiently shattered and seamy to be water-bearing. In a few areas and specific locations water is virtually unobtainable owing to the highly impervious nature of the overburden or underlying rock. These conditions, Mr. Roberts, are perfectly normal—not abnormal.

Thus "every man can be king" or anyone can be a water prophet, with even less knowledge than Henry has acquired during his long experience with many wells.

By this same token, I can "dowse" for water on Long Island if I'm a thousand or eight thousand miles distant—and so can anyone with a reasonable amount of information, either "book larnin'" or that acquired by practice.

And so the assumption that the location and development of wells (particularly those of low yield) is unusual, rather than commonplace, is without doubt a false assumption. And if our primary assumptions are fallacious, then our subsequent deductions cannot be well founded.

It may come as a surprise to both Mr. Roberts and Henry that in many sections of the country there are no "veins" of water. It is situated everywhere underground, and often close to the surface too. A well in one particular spot is not better (nor worse either) than a thousand other locations situated within a half-mile radius. There is often great difficulty in extracting such water from the ground, for the sand in which the water is situated may be so fine that it is impossible to pump water without the sand also passing the well screen.

Here is a problem that has not yet been solved even by the best gravel packing of wells, and if Henry Gross can solve it he should be able to earn many hundred thousand dollars in fees and royalties. But he would not have to locate water. All he would have to do would be to find a particular spot (if it exists) where the underground sand is fairly coarse, so that it will pass an 8-mesh screen and be principally retained on a 20- or 35-mesh.

When water-works engineers go to work to develop a municipal supply of appreciable size, they do not look for "water" *per se*. A site is selected in a river valley with the required drainage area upstream, and a line of test holes is drilled to bedrock transverse to the course of the natural drainage flow. These drill holes tell the engineers about the strata or types of soils overlying bedrock, and the contour of the pre-glacial valley (if in a glacial area).

If a 10- to 20-foot layer of coarse sand can be found at a reasonable depth (say 40 or more feet) and if this sand is reasonably continuous upstream and downstream from the test hole, and is reasonably coarse, then a flow of several hundred gallons per minute

per square mile of drainage area is practically a certainty. Generally, water is found in all such test holes, but yield is appreciable only from those which cut through a low lying deposit of sand and/or gravel.

Therefore, for a dowser (with or without a forked stick) to pick out a well location and say "there's water below" is both pointless and meaningless. But any dowser who could state with reasonable certainty for any location that the underlying strata consist of "normal till 0 to 5 feet, light gray clay 5 to 17 feet, fine and medium sand 17 to 19 feet, brownish clay 19 to 38 feet, grayish brown clay with boulders 38 to 55 feet, medium to coarse sand 55 to 70 feet, bedrock 70 feet" would make headlines in many engineering fields. His income from the water-works profession would even be surpassed by his return from the foundation field, where test drilling is an absolute prerequisite to heavy building construction, and in either field his income should far surpass that of even the most successful engineers. But to date I know of no dowsers engaged in this simple and logical line of endeavor. Perhaps Henry should query his rod on soil formation and depth to bedrock. If the correct answers are forthcoming there's "gold in them thar hills"—and Henry can verify his "practice shots" too, for we have innumerable records of test holes to show soil formations and rock line.

II

MR. ROBERTS, venturing into a field unfamiliar to him, has failed to disclose even the slightest concept of the hydrologic cycle, on which depends all movement of water.

There are several distinct types of water supplies, and all depend upon the hydrologic cycle, which is essentially as follows: The sun evaporates water (in the form of moisture vapor) from all water and land surfaces, and precipitates this in the form of rain, snow, etc. A portion of this precipitation runs off immediately as stream flow, and the rest sinks into the ground or overburden, then into the porous or shattered rock structure below the soil level. This downward percolation of water is eventually halted by dense, unshattered bedrock. (It is sometimes spewed out again as volcanic steam.) A portion of the

water in the soil is used by vegetation. This gives back moisture to the air in the process known as transpiration.

Since evaporation, rainfall, run-off, transpiration, and underground seepage (percolation) go on continuously and repetitively, the process is known as a cycle—the hydrologic cycle. That was easy, and the rest is no more difficult.

Now for some elementary geology. In spite of Mr. Roberts' bitter antipathy to geologists, he still believes in some aspects of this science, since on page 47 of his book he speaks of "... an ancient layer of shells, doubtless deposited there millions of years ago when our meadows were ocean inlets or tidal rivers."

The outer crust (or skin) of the earth is composed of finely ground particles of various types of rock. Mixed with this soil is a small percentage of humus, or decaying vegetation. This earth layer is known as the "overburden" and varies in thickness from outcropping ledge rock (no earth cover) to depths of many hundred feet, depending upon the location. Apparently the overburden in Mr. Roberts' Kennebunkport section is only 10 to 20 feet deep, judging from the well locations described.

Below the overburden may be a zone of fractured rock, a zone of porous or water-bearing rock, or a zone of bed or basic rock. Bedrock is uniform in character for any given locality, and extends to depths about which even geologists are not too dogmatic.

The overburden of the northern section of this continent was markedly affected by glacial action, which deposited great masses of sand, boulders, and clay in the pre-glacial rock valleys. The coast line has also risen or fallen in many areas so that dry land several hundred miles from the present seacoast may at one time have been sea bottom, or vice versa.

Therefore combining very elementary hydrology with very elementary geology—and adding soil mechanics and hydraulics (in essence merely Sir Isaac Newton's law of gravity, which explains the forces that make water always run downhill), we have a foundation which even the layman can grasp, and which also explains satisfactorily all that is now known about ground water by the best informed engineers.

The layman can see for himself the shattered rock and overburden at almost any

deep cut where highways pass through hills. And the glacial stratifications of sand, gravel, clay, and silt are generally evident at any commercial sand and gravel pit located in glacial areas.

THE rain (about forty-seven inches per year in the New York City area) falls on the ground surface, or top of the overburden. Part runs off as surface wash to streams, and from there eventually to the ocean. The rest sinks into the ground or overburden. And except for what is withdrawn by man, used by growing plants, or lost through evaporation, this also eventually seeps back to the ocean. The amount which the overburden will receive will naturally depend on the type of soils of which it is composed. If the overburden is sandy and the grade is flat, it will receive a relatively large proportion of rainfall. If it is clayey and steeply sloped, then it will receive a very small proportion.

Water percolating through the overburden to the rock below may carry with it the carbon dioxide formed by decaying vegetation (which renders the water corrosive); intestinal group bacteria, which may render it unfit for domestic use without sterilization; and the soluble chemical elements of the soil, including limestone, gypsum, silica, etc.

If the rock below the overburden is porous or is shattered, then a portion sinks down into the porous structure or into the rock fissures, and another portion flows through the soil on top of the rock, downward and eventually to the sea.

Below the porous or fissured rock (at varying depths) lies impervious and unshattered bedrock, and below this no water penetrates. The ultimate flow from porous or fissured rock is therefore also downward, and eventually to the sea.

These are the essential conditions which satisfactorily explain every type of water supply known. They include the dug-well supplies, which are the simplest of all, but on which Mr. Roberts has based practically all his dogma, somewhat like a man observing a horse and cart and then writing a thesis on transportation.

The principal types of water supply are as follows:

(a) **Springs**—water which flows downhill

through the overburden, shattered rock, or porous rock, but comes to the surface because of an impervious stratum (such as clay or dense rock) below.

(b) **Dug wells**—in sandy areas, water with little perceptible flow—just a hole in the earth to below the minimum level of ground water in any particular section. In clayey and impervious soils, a hole opens to a vein of water flowing on top of the rock, or through shell or other pervious formations, as Mr. Roberts describes.

(c) **Rock wells**—those drilled to below the overburden and into either pervious strata such as sandstone, or fissured strata such as limestone, granite, etc., etc.

(d) **Sand and gravel wells**—those in which we drive a well point (or set a well screen) into a sand and/or gravel stratum situated below the normal ground-water level—and yielding from a few to many million gallons of water daily, depending upon the size of the valley upstream from the well, the size and thickness of the sand stratum, the depth of this stratum below the surface of the ground, etc.

(e) **Water drawn direct** from rivers, ponds, lakes, or other free water surfaces.

There it is, Mr. Roberts, in a single package. The wells you describe in Bermuda are rock wells and practically all the others you describe in the Kennebunkport area are shallow wells drawing from the overburden—either by means of a dug well or a well point. But your writings give no indication of your familiarity with these simple, though basic, principles. You would not attempt to write a historical novel without first becoming familiar with historical facts, but you do write dogmatically about water supply, about the principles of which you do not evidence even a cursory knowledge.

III

DOES Henry know the fundamental principles? Judged by your writings he does, *so far as simple dug wells and well points are concerned*, though a few of his tenets are very widely at variance with facts. For instance, in spite of Henry's theory of water being pushed uphill in "domes" he instinctively feels that it runs downhill in the spots where he comes across it. It is highly

logical for him to (page 45*) "see if there's another (vein) that runs into it anywhere near here, *but a little lower down.*"

Henry did not require too strenuous dowsing when (46) "He rounded the pond, picked up the vein on the other side, and traced it to a spot that had always, during normal seasons, hampered our farm equipment *because of its sogginess.*" Or when he opined (46) that "the place for you to dig is the *low spot* where those three veins come together." Or when he located a well in (47) "a foot of loam, two feet of blue clay, *five feet of a crushed shell deposit*, and then a heavy bed of blue clay." Henry knows that his blue clays are not appreciably water bearing, but that his five feet of crushed shells are—if located deep enough. If you will advise Henry that he can with reasonable certainty predict that water from shell formations will be "hard," you can add another minor accomplishment to his repertory.

Henry's installation of a well point in a sand vein (117) also makes good sense. But it is not new, and most farmers along the coastal plains of the Carolinas do just that. It's good water-works practice and also about the cheapest type of supply known. Henry didn't have to strain himself particularly when he said (269) that he'd "go right up there and show him the water—which was going to be easy, because his rod had already told him that *the soil was a light sand.*" Nor was too much intuition needed to say (276) that "The best spot of all, though, was on the lower edge of the Ixnay property, where the vein was so close to the surface that *the surrounding sod and brush, in spite of the extreme drought, were moist and green.*"

No, Mr. Roberts, Henry's methods and judgments, with regard to locating simple dug wells or driven wells, whether or not he carries a forked stick when applying them, seem perfectly logical, and are in accord with all theories of percolation of ground water in the overburden.

HENRY definitely goes off the beam of any known facts, however, and conjures up a theory of which he has no

proof whatsoever, and which is fantastic and contrary to all known science, when as Mr. Roberts says (98),

he had found that a water vein wasn't, as we'd always supposed, an underground trickle of water *that had its origin in a far-off river, lake, or pond.* In tracing veins, Henry found that all of them originated in a single spout of water, *rising from deep underground.* Henry called this central spout a dome or a pipe of water. *These domes, always, are on high land—on mountain slopes, even, rather than in lowlands.*

Henry's "dome" theory was undoubtedly conjectured by associating water wells with oil wells, where "domes" definitely exist. There is no relationship whatsoever between the two.

The source of oil was (and is) the decomposition of organic matter (plant and animal life). The organic matter (now oil) in the Appalachian range was laid down some two hundred million years ago, whereas water is by nature a yearly cyclic occurrence. Mr. Roberts should know this.

Henry's dome theory soon led to predictions as to depth. His first prediction was (103) that "the column of water that constituted that dome, according to the rod, rose from 3,500 feet underground." The Clay-house Well in Bermuda was of like depth (173): "According to Henry's rod, the water forming this dome rose from a depth of 3,500 feet."

Henry sensed that temperatures increased with depth underground but he or Mr. Roberts should have checked into this matter more thoroughly. His dowsing of Mount Washington indicated that (292) "This dome rises from a depth of 57,500 feet and feeds forty-six veins. The water is very good to drink, halfway between medium and hard, 141° temperature at the 57,500-foot level and 33° at the top."

If Mr. Roberts will make the most casual investigation of recorded underground temperatures, he will find that they increase an average of about 1° for each 64 feet of depth, with minimum values of about 30 feet, and maximum values of about 250 feet per F°. Since average ground temperatures below frost line in the Kennebunkport section are about 45° F., it is reasonable to suppose that

* Hereafter, numerals will indicate page references to Mr. Roberts' book, and the italics in quoted passages will be mine.—*The Author.*

water at the bottom of Henry's 3,500 foot dome should be at a temperature of about 45° plus 55°, or 100° F.; which is about the temperature of a warm bath. At a depth of 57,500 feet the temperature in Henry's Mount Washington dome should be about 950° F. (against Henry's dowsed estimate of 141°). This would be superheated steam at tremendous pressure. If Henry is right about depth, for God's sake, Mr. Roberts, don't let him tap that dome unless you want to scald the whole countryside and create a geyser that might make "Old Faithful" seem tame.

If Henry's water at the surface of Mount Washington is at a temperature a few degrees above the freezing point, it can only be derived from shattered or porous rock, or earth overburden, a few hundred, not 57,500 feet in depth.

IV

BOTH Henry Gross and Kenneth Roberts get away from those "water-bearing, green-grass areas" and go over into the truly extrasensory when Mr. Roberts states (100):

Probably the most important discovery Henry had recently made was that he had the ability to dowse a locality or a piece of property for veins of water without any information except the name of the locality, or the name of the person who owned the property.

As in the case of the information in the letter he had sent to Bermuda, my mind seemed incapable of absorbing the tremendous significance of this discovery. Nothing in my experience had prepared me to accept unquestionably such amazing results from so simple an operation. My various experiences with Henry on dowsing jobs had long since proved to me that his reports never deviated in any way from the truth.

The Rubicon was then crossed and it seemed, for both, a point of no return. For although Mr. Roberts' peace of mind was briefly jarred, he soon reconciled himself to himself, and to

Henry's mysterious powers, a few pages later (104), as follows:

I understood at last that if dowsing could take place at a distance, the dowser's mind must be searching, by a wholly mysterious process, the exact region it wishes to examine. . . . I could only think that if a water dome, its rate of flow, its qualities of drinkableness, could affect a dowser at a distance of a mile, why couldn't it do the same at a distance of twenty miles, or two hundred miles, or two thousand miles—or halfway around the earth, for that matter?

It seems as though unwittingly Mr. Roberts had finally slipped into the role of an imaginatively driven Svengali, and Henry into that of a not too reluctant, though dazed, Trilby. Indeed, one might argue that Henry owes his water-depth finding abilities largely to Mr. Roberts, who played Svengali neatly as follows (48):

It was while we were fussing over those crushed veins that I took up with Henry the matter of finding the depth of a vein. *I argued* that no dowser was truly valuable unless he was able to tell accurately a vein's depth, and that in addition he should be able to tell the amount of water running through it. Henry agreed that this was so, but he said he didn't know how it could be done.

Mr. Roberts then proceeded to school Henry in methods of depth-finding employed by one of his amateur dowser friends. Henry was an apt pupil, and it didn't take long for him to catch on. Thereafter, the estimation of yield of wells to the nearest quarter-gallon per minute was a short step, though his exactitude is like measuring the length of a limp bath towel and reporting such measurement to the hundredth of an inch.

Let us look at some of Henry's "infallible" predictions on water. Take the Bermuda wells for example. Mr. Roberts' reported results show the following for the Clayhouse Well in Devonshire Parish:

	<i>First Prediction</i>	<i>Second Prediction</i>	<i>Final Results</i>
Depth of well to water—in feet.....	15	30	73-74½
Yield—gallons per minute.....	42¼	80	44

Is that exact, Mr. Roberts? It is about as exact as Henry can be, and is in line with what any other reasonably qualified well-driller could have predicted. But doesn't his prediction of yield to the quarter-gallon per minute strike you as highly inconsistent? There is no water-works engineer in America who would certify the yield of any well to the quarter-gallon per minute even after a forty-eight hour pumping test with the most precise measurements.

Incidentally, Mr. Roberts speaks of "bacillus-free water" (227), apparently being unaware that practically all natural waters contain some type of bacilli, and that there are a great many bacilli other than those of the Coliform Group. He refers to "chemical analysis" showing *bacillus coli* (253) to have been "less than 2 in 100 million." Not only are *bacteriological* results not obtained by *chemical* analysis, but his terminology is both incorrect and meaningless.

IN CLOSING this treatise on Mr. Roberts and his dowsing aberrations, I wish to set forth the reasons which impelled me to devote a considerable amount of time to the preparation of this article. I am not a writer of popular fiction; I do however present papers before technical societies in the engineering field, and I am a member of most of those concerned with water works.

In *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod* Mr. Roberts is definitely proselytizing. There have been innumerable dowsers, from time immemorial, and there still will be—but they have little weight, either individually or collectively, and hence have done little harm. Mr. Roberts, however, is a man of stature in the writing field, and his opinions and convictions carry weight. His illogical and unscientific conjectures may do real harm.

For example, Mr. Roberts' book suggests that shallow dug wells are an ideal source of potable water supply. They may be all right for many sections of the country with sparse population, or for individual houses in open

country, but any State Health Department can advise him that they are generally dangerous in populous areas, where the risk of contamination is multiplied.

Even if extrasensory perception could be developed in the future to enable people to spot "veins" of water accurately, this would still be of little use in helping to solve our over-all water problems. For although some towns can be supplied with water by means of rock wells or sand and gravel wells (of much greater depth than those with which Mr. Roberts chiefly concerns himself), the fact remains that really large concentrations of population can be supplied only by the damming of streams to form reservoirs; by the withdrawal of water from large natural lakes or rivers; or by the extraction of water from very large masses of sand and gravel (such as those on Long Island) in which there are *no* veins, and which, in effect, serve as natural catchment areas as well as underground water-storage reservoirs.

If this book on dowsing indicated that Henry Gross possessed unusual powers, explainable or not, which enabled him to locate extractable underground waters, I would be a most ardent supporter of his cause. But this indication, much less this proof, is lacking. And to accept Mr. Roberts' beliefs necessitates a complete disregard of the basic principles of hydraulics, hydrology, meteorology, physics, thermodynamics, and geology, and even the fundamental laws of gravitation. "Icy-cold water" cannot be drawn from "domes or pipes" rising from the relatively hot rock located 3,500 to 57,500 feet below grade; water seeps *downward* from the overburden into shattered or porous rock below, not upward; and water runs downward from the overburden into the streams, ponds, rivers, and oceans, instead of flowing uphill.

At worst, Mr. Roberts can be sadly in error on dowsing and still be one of our best novelists. And Henry Gross can be badly confused but still remain a first-class locator of dug wells and one of our best fly-casters to boot.

The Living Rock

A Story by Elizabeth Sewell

Drawings by Kurt Werth

His mother passed him in the passage, carrying a bowl of salad. The way from the kitchen to the living-room was little more than a collection of dark corners; but this evening all the light there was fell upon what she held in her hands, the big bowl piled high with lettuce leaves, uncut, the youngest on the top, still wet from the tap and shining as if they had been lacquered, with here and there a ruby tomato glowing in its glassy setting. Paul noticed the thing, so much more brightly colored than his mother who seemed thinner and browner than ever behind it; but he turned away and became very busy taking off his satchel and hanging his coat up, thus avoiding his mother's eye. "Hurry up, Paul," she said as she went past, and he walked through the kitchen to the scullery sink where young Godfrey, who had supposedly washed, was now leaving dirty finger-stripes on the roller towel behind the door.

"You'll catch it," Paul said, pulling up the sleeves of his gray pullover and scrubbing face and arms up to the elbow with the hard yellow soap.

Godfrey ignored the implications of this remark and at once burst into conversation, to show that he had other and more important things to think about.

"I say, Paul, they've started digging up that bit of the street where the gas main went wrong, and they've got a big drill there. I asked the man on the way back from school to let me help work it, but he said no."

Paul made friendly noises from inside the



roller towel, where he had found a spot that was clear of Godfrey's traces. He was not wanting to talk himself but he knew that his brother liked to report on the happenings of the day, or, more properly, of the afternoon, for by the evening the events of the morning had receded into dimness for that uncaredful head.

Paul picked up the family hairbrush to a running commentary upon somebody's prowess with a new football, did his own

hair and gave a nominal scuff or two to Godfrey's thick mat, calling forth an occasional "Ow!", equally nominal, from the head beneath it but in no way interrupting the flow of words. They began to move in the direction of tea, Paul pulling his sleeves down as he went, Godfrey rummaging in his pockets.

"I've got something for you," he said, trying to get his fingers right to the bottom of the pocket and of the collection of oddments there. "It's rather small," he added, glancing up hopefully at his brother. "Dennis gave it me as a swop for my cigarette cards, the motor-car ones."

"Is it something for the drawer upstairs?"

The small face beamed with huge approval at Paul's acumen and at having produced something so welcome. Indeed at this point, just before they left the kitchen for the dark bit under the stairs, the thing *was* produced, from the left pocket of Godfrey's shorts, and was dropped like a small shell or a sweet into Paul's open palm.

"It's something that belonged to his mother, but he found it in an old green case inside their blanket chest and she let him have it. She said it had fallen out of an old ring and nobody wanted it."

Paul looked at it. "It's a tiny intaglio," he said with pride, his former heaviness forgotten for a moment. "It's lovely."

"What's a what-you-said?"

"Can't you see?" He held the tiny object up to the light that came through the glass

panels of the back door. The thing glowed orange-red suddenly, and, incised on it, lighter than the surrounding stone, could be seen the figure of a man, with arms and legs pointing, dancing perhaps or flying.

"It's a stone with a man in it," Godfrey said triumphantly, his feet planted wide apart. Then he jumped, for his brother had dropped the stone so suddenly that it might have burned him. It was Godfrey who found it, against the doormat.

"Keep it for me," Paul said, making no move to take it as it lay in the small hand. "I'll look at it properly when I come upstairs."

"Will you be early tonight?" Godfrey asked, a slight note of entreaty in his voice, "or will you have to go to Dad's meeting?"

"I don't know." Paul was halfway down the corridor by this time. His back discouraged further remarks. Godfrey trotted after him. In the living-room they found their father seated already at the tea table, reading something like a newspaper only smaller. It was headed *Gospel Tidings* and was in very black print on shiny paper. It always arrived on alternate Thursdays, and Dad read it over his tea before the "meeting." It was as sure a sign of fortnights slipping by as was the rearrangement of the furniture in the front room on those same alternate Thursday evenings and, later, the arrival of the seven or eight men, mostly about Dad's own age, who came to the prayer meeting, arriving regularly at eight o'clock.



Mother by that time would have cleared away and washed up and be hidden in the kitchen with her basket of mending; she would have felt it in some way improper in herself to be present. Godfrey would be in bed in the big room upstairs, above the parlor, which the two boys shared. Paul might be doing homework on the kitchen table, or gardening; but on the last three occasions he had been asked by his father to join the meeting. He had taken it as a sign that his father recognized he was growing up and he had gone unconcernedly, if without great enthusiasm. He had been made welcome, according to prayer-meeting conventions. Everyone had shaken hands with him while they were standing about waiting for things to begin. Mr. Torton, the undertaker, who had been conducting the meeting, had held his hand a little longer than the others and had said how they rejoiced in the Lord to see a new face, and a young one too, "and perhaps our young friend will give us our Bible reading." Paul had found his father's Bible, its stiff black cover greasy with use, put into his hands.

The outside of the book was as familiar to him as the inside was. His eyes wandered round the circle of heavy faces to see if they could give him an idea of what to read, but all he noticed was the rather weedy youth from the tobacconist's near the Corn Exchange, who was sitting looking so solemn and stuffed that Paul suddenly wanted to laugh. For lack of inspiration his mind reverted to its own abiding passion. Shall it be Genesis 2, he thought, turning over the leaves and picking out the verses he had in mind: "The whole land of Havilah . . . there is bdellium and the onyx stone." No, he could not fit that into a tidy reading. (What was bdellium anyway? Not that it mattered—a lovely name.) Instead, he switched to the other end of the book, announced Revelations 21:19, and read to the end of the chapter. His hearers sat with large hands resting on decent dark trousers, seeing themselves miraculously transported out of the ordinariness of their daily lives in that little town into the shining streets of the New Jerusalem. But the reader was lost in what almost amounted to a catalogue of the objects of his passion. They could have the glory within the gates; he could not go beyond the particulars of this

loveliness: "All manner of precious stones . . . jasper . . . sapphire . . . chalcedony . . . emerald . . . sardonyx . . . sardius . . . chrysolite . . . beryl . . . topaz . . . chrysoprasus . . . jacinth . . . amethyst." After that came pearls and gold and glass, and then there were a few verses in which to recover from all that beauty, and that was all. When he finished, Mr. Torton congratulated him upon his reading and his father too, though Paul, looking at his father's face, saw plainly there that mistrust he always had for what he considered his son's inexplicable fancy for learning and reading and thinking about precious stones, or stones in general. He could not, however, say anything now.

TONIGHT there would be more Bible reading, more prayers, maybe a hymn or two. Paul's heart moved unevenly. He saw what was coming. His father was laying down the Gospel sheet and getting to his feet. He looked at his wife fitting the crocheted tea-cosy on to the teapot till only the brown spout and handle stuck out of the orange wool, making it look ridiculously like a small very fat brown dog done up in a coat against the cold. He looked at his two sons, Godfrey surveying the plate of bread and butter, and the long thin Paul leaning forward with his hands on the back of his chair.

"Say grace for us all, Paul."

"All Paul All Paul," Godfrey muttered and giggled, to be reproved by a look from his mother. Silence fell. Heads were bowed. Then Paul spoke.

"I can't, Dad."

A car went past the house. The dish of tinned pears waited. One of Godfrey's shoes squeaked. Three faces looked at the family dissenter.

The father broke the silence.

"What is the matter, son? Can't you ask God to bless our meal for us?"

"I don't believe in God any more."

Mrs. Crundall's hand moved to her mouth. The company round the table suddenly fell apart, the women and children, alarmed, effacing themselves and leaving the floor to the two men of the family who faced one another across the teacups and the tablecloth.

"Are you having a joke with me, Paul?"

"No, Dad."

"And when, may I ask, does this unbelief date from?"

"From this afternoon. To be exact, about half past four."

Paul had merely wanted to state the facts without concealment, but his answer seemed to be unfortunate. Mr. Crundall went very red, and Godfrey began to struggle with tears.

"Say grace, Godfrey," his father said.

Godfrey gave a great swallow, said with a rush, "Bless o Lord these gifts to our use and us to thy service for Christ's sake Amen," and then they all sat down.

The four of them ate quietly and dutifully, their eyes on their plates as is the way with families when there is an unresolved crisis amongst them. Afterwards they cleared the table, still in silence; then Godfrey was sent upstairs to begin getting ready for bed, Mrs. Crundall moved out to wash up with Paul following her, and Mr. Crundall went unhappily into the parlor to set the chairs in a semicircle and fetch the Bible out from the little green-curtained bookcase.

IN THE kitchen Mrs. Crundall said to her son, though without looking at him, "Paul, don't trouble your father." It was an entreaty, not a command. Paul said, "Mother," as if to begin a sentence, then let out a long breath and said nothing. When the crockery was done, they looked up to see Mr. Crundall standing in the doorway. The woman at the sink glanced from father to son with misgiving, the one perplexed and probably about to bluster, the other—but what was the matter with Paul? The older man was jealous for his God, and his pride was hurt and nettled; but the boy had been touched in some way in something far deeper than his vanity. He looks, she thought, as if he were somewhere else, and his father and I and this room here and the noise Godfrey is making splashing upstairs are only distracting him. She was suddenly a little afraid.

"I'm going to give you another chance, Paul," the voice said from the kitchen door. Paul looked as if an image had spoken. It went on, "I'm going to ask you to come to the meeting tonight, as I've asked you the last three times, when you said yes and came. Will you come tonight, Paul?"

"No, I can't. You must see that I can't, Dad. I've said why."

"Paul," his father said, sitting down in the carpet chair at the head of the kitchen table, "we all go through times like this, when our faith is tested. Couldn't you trust me, as your father and somebody who knows about these things better than you do, and come?"

"You can't know about what you don't know about. Something happened this afternoon. I can't explain, but I don't think you can help. Perhaps we're all making a fuss about nothing. I don't know."

"He's not being rude really," Mrs. Crundall put in anxiously. "He's trying to explain something to us, John." Then turning to her son, "Why can't you tell us, Paul? We'd do our best to understand."

"I don't want to talk about it." But there was no escape. "I saw something in the hill. I went up into the cave there after school, looking for stones, and saw something, and nothing seems quite the same now."

"What was it?"

"I don't know. A sort of stone."

"These everlasting stones!" His father, suddenly infuriated again, was getting to his feet. "Very well, Paul. I don't want to hear any more from you until you either come back to your duty or explain sensibly to me why not. Get your homework done and then go to bed. That's the best place for you tonight."

His mother, looking at her son, agreed silently, though for other reasons.

AN HOUR or so later, the meeting began to assemble. Paul, his work done, dodged the arrivals and ran upstairs. The landing was already safe ground. He walked slowly along it and opened the door at the far end. Godfrey was asleep. He could account himself alone.

Sitting down on his low bed, he made no move to get undressed. The sun must have gone down behind the hill that backed the little town, for there was a slight grayness in the air and the corners of the room were shadowy, though the long mirror opposite the window still caught the light in its beveled edges, with diamond gleams of orange and sapphire blue. The child in the farther bed breathed regularly, but he was no quieter than the other who sat on and on for minutes on end. Bumpings of chairs and voices from the room below told him the meeting was

beginning. Someone else would read this week; they would probably pray for him. He felt nothing. All he wanted was to be left quite quiet, his mind as still as a stone till it should have recovered from what had happened that afternoon. He felt this might take a long time, which would be difficult in the family. With a sigh more of resignation than anxiety he bent forward to unlace his shoes. At that moment he saw what looked like a spot of blood in the middle of his pillow.

He was alarmed for a second, then realized what it was. Godfrey before going to sleep must have laid there, for his brother to see, the little worked stone he had brought home, childlike not wanting his offering to be forgotten. Paul leaned over and picked the tiny thing up. It lay dark and untranslucent in his hand as he curled his fingers over it. It seemed to him as if it were a world that lay there so quiet and diminutive. On any other night he would have taken out his magnifying glass and examined the little jewel minutely, lingering over it, looking up references in his shelf of books on gems and precious stones which stood by his bed and on which he spent, steadily, nearly all his pocket money. That was a world he knew and loved. But today he had been admitted, so he thought, to another, of which none of his books told and which at present he could not manage in his mind at all.

He curled two fingers over to hold the little stone firm in the palm of his hand as he stood up and, in his stockinged feet, walked past his brother's bed to the big ugly yellow dressing table which the two boys shared. On either side of the looking-glass were two little drawers, and it was here that Paul kept his latest collection of stones. He had appropriated them for this purpose at the age of seven, when he had first begun to pick up colored stones, in the garden, along the roads, or up on the rocks and in the caves of those honeycombed hills, and to bring them back for his collection. His mother had protested at first, but later had merely relined the drawers with an extra sheet of paper and left him to it.

He had begun by bringing home almost any stone that had been split so as to show its inner surface, the inky semi-opacity of flints, the red and white cheesy-looking round

pebbles, the polished cornery ones with their bright browns and yellows. Later he had grown more particular in his choice; and this evening the drawer when opened, gently so as not to disturb the stones lying there, displayed only small stones, most of them labeled, little lumps of rock crystal or uncut amethyst and garnet. Lying among them was an old ring. It was his mother's engagement ring, kept here now because Paul had bothered her so often by asking if he might look at the ruby in its solid old-fashioned gold setting.

He took it out now as he nearly always did when he came to the drawer, then walked over to the window and looked at the different quality of the red in the two stones he now held. Soon, however, he put the ruby down. The sharp bluish-crimson gleams which it showed when held up to the light said nothing to him this evening. It was the other stone that he turned to, with its milkier red having something of yellow and of white in it. That was what the thing in the cave had looked like. And he knew that he had got to think about it some time, and probably now.

SOUNDS of chairs scraping and of heavy feet moving about came from below. The meeting was really getting under way now. Standing looking out of the window, the small red stone held delicately between finger and thumb, the boy might have been dreaming; but he was picturing to himself the scene below, the curious spectacle of eight men kneeling on the floor and praying into the backs of their chairs. Mr. Torton would lead first. Paul imagined he could hear his voice, could almost catch the words. "O Lord . . . bless us tonight as once more . . . two or three gathered together in Thy Name. . . ."

He stood between the small red stone in his left hand and these words floating up from down below, assailed by each. He was angry suddenly. Why should all the words be on one side, and on the other only the translucence of red stones and a wordless enigma? He felt a great need to justify himself. He ran a hand in behind his books and found what he wanted, a pad of writing paper, and there was a pencil in his pocket. The meeting below prayed in another voice.



"We confess, dear Lord . . . we are all great sinners. . . ." But he sat down on the floor under the window to catch what light remained and began to write his confession.

"I, Paul Crundall, hereby bear witness of what happened to me today," it began, followed by the date. Then there was a long pause. He was afraid of putting this thing into words. Perhaps the little figure in the carved red stone was right, poised so beautifully and saying nothing. He must try to think of it as a report. "May we be drawn nearer to Thee," said the prayer meeting. He went on with his writing.

"I went up the hill after school, to have another look at the cave above Banks field. I have often been there before. I took my big electric torch to look at the rocks with. It was about 4:15 P.M. I followed my usual way inside the cave, because then I can be certain of finding my way out again. After the third turning, where it widens out, I stopped to look at the veining on the right-hand wall. The veins are white on red or purple and run down from the roof like hair. In one place near the floor it is particularly beautiful. I thought I would do a quick drawing of it. I got a pencil and an old exercise book out of my satchel, propped up the torch on the

floor so that its light fell on the wall, and began to draw.

"I had only just started when I began to feel queer and slightly sick, rather as if I were having to squint the whole time. The veins on the wall were quite clear, but I felt as if I were trying to concentrate on the patterned glass of a windowpane when there was something else behind it, but out of focus. So now instead of looking at the veins I brought the torch close to the wall to see if there was anything behind. I touched the wall, which was solid and smooth. The light made it look transparent, as if it had been made of very thick glass. I could look through it in places. Through one of these clear bits I found I could see another cave, lower than the one I was in and feeling as if it were much deeper inside the hill. The torch which I was holding now beside my face against the glassy wall just lighted it. There did not seem to be any way in."

PAUL stopped. So far so good, but these had been merely preliminaries. He leaned his head against the window ledge for a moment and closed his eyes. A breath of coolness came in now, and with it the steady run of one voice reading in the room below. So they had got that far. He listened to see if he could make out the words and imagined he heard "an alabaster box of ointment" but could not be sure. His fingers were a little unsteady. "It's getting cold," he thought; "I must get this over and go to bed." The little scratch of pencil on paper went on.

"Through the rock I could see in the other cave something that was half a man and half a rock. The man was growing into the rock. Each was both at the same time. The man was white and red and stony, like the rock. He lay in a kind of niche. His left side and arm and leg were grafted into the rock already, but his head was still free and lay comfortably against the right shoulder. It had long red hair. The stone and the body were waxen or ruddy, but hard and polished too and the light seemed to run through them so that you could see the milky veins in the rock and the faint blue marble ones under the skin. It was so beautiful that I was frightened. I turned the torch out, kept absolutely still, and counted to two hundred. Then I turned it on again. The cave and the man were there

just the same. I counted six hundred looking at it. The eyes were open. It did not make me think it was dead. It seemed to be so quiet because it had to grow perfectly, like a sculpture, into the hard and beautiful red rock, as if that were the only thing that mattered. When I got to six hundred my torch began to give out, and I found my way out of the cave and came out onto the hill. I do not know what it is that I have seen but it is something holy. So now I know I must not believe in God any more until I can understand this better. To this I pledge myself.

"Signed: Paul John Crundall."

HE WAS convinced it ought to be signed in blood, and got his penknife out of his pocket, but could only draw enough from one finger to make a smeary cross at one corner of the paper, against which he put, "My Mark. P.J.C." It was nearly dark and he had some difficulty in reading through his script. They were singing downstairs. The voices felt round for the opening notes of their respective parts, then began, firmly and in good harmony, upon the hymn. The boy shut his mind to it, rereading what he had written. It seemed to him thin and wretched, conveying nothing of what he had seen; but when he tried to think of better words, they came only in ones and twos, like "calcified" or "lactescent," or "filmed with shellac" for the eyes, or in odd pairs like "chalcedony and malachite," which was immediately partnered in his mind by another

pair, "Chaldean or Amalekite." But what had that to do with it? In the end he was left with a phrase that he thought he must have remembered from somewhere,

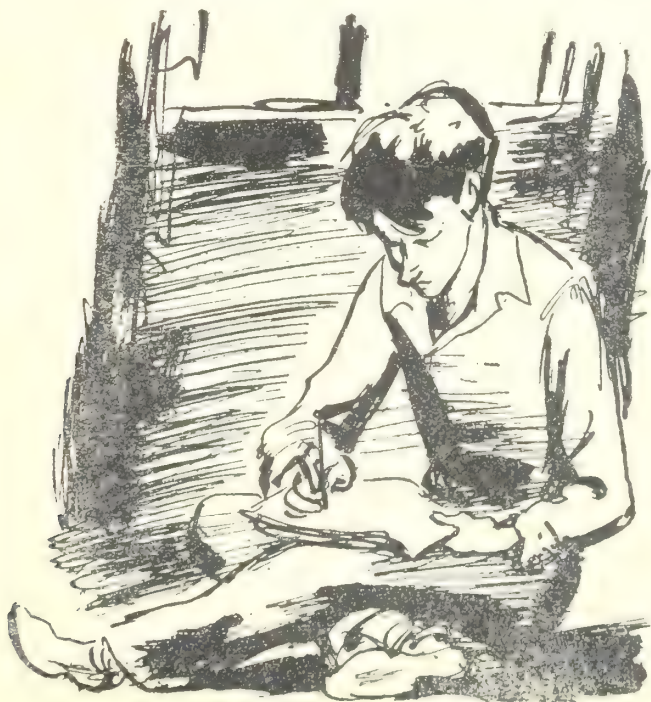
The tawny lacquer of the hair
Among the sleepy stalactites.

He wrote it down in the space at the bottom of his last page, only very faintly. His mind was distracted by the determined hymn from down below. What was it they were singing? "Nothing in my hand I bring. . . . When mine eyelids close in death". . . . Oh yes, of course.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

That would be all for tonight.

Paul stood up. He folded his paper and put it into the drawer with the stones. He was undressed and was just getting into bed when he saw on the wall above his bedhead the Scripture calendar that had hung there since Christmas. They had each had one, Godfrey's being a picture of the Nativity, while his had been a rather red and blue representation of the Good Shepherd. True to his pledge he took this down, wondered for a moment what to do with it, then hung it with the other above his brother's bed. The child snuffled contentedly in his sleep. It was as if he were pleased at this return present for his own gift of the small red stone, still shut away, the jewel warm against the flesh, in his brother's closed hand.



What Eisenhower Is Up Against

George Fielding Eliot

MANY books have been written about collective security—in the abstract. They boil down to the theme of the old parson's sermon about sin: he was agin it. Probably he added that something ought to be done about it.

We of the free world are agin aggression. We feel pretty strongly that something ought to be done about it. We propose to join together to protect ourselves from it. But just how do we do this protecting? It isn't enough to draw up a United Nations Charter, or even to agree after much wrangling on the terms of a North Atlantic Alliance. These are just pieces of paper, unless the words on them are given meaning by practical measures: military measures, adequate to command the respect of our enemies in the Kremlin.

Unfortunately, almost nothing has been written about these practical military problems of collective security—that is to say, about how to organize, unify, and direct the combined forces of a group of independent nations to the best advantage in the service of a common purpose; as General of the Armies Dwight D. Eisenhower, in his present command, must now do in Europe.

There is a wealth of experience, but only a scattering of recorded theory drawn from that experience. Wars of coalition have yet to find their Clausewitz or their Mahan to digest and clarify the principles which govern their conduct. The great writers on the art

of war devote themselves almost entirely to the one-nation viewpoint. Jomini dismisses the subject of allied warfare in nine lines, reaching the valuable conclusion that an ally is a good thing to have, other matters being equal. Napoleon says rather off-handedly that an alliance is easier to beat than a single enemy, because of possible divergence of object among its members. Mahan says much the same thing. Hamley and Henderson, the brilliant British military oracles, have almost nothing to say about allied warfare; this is curious considering that Britain was the organizer and leader of a number of highly successful alliances and that during the nineteenth century the legally stated purpose of the British army was "the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe," which presupposes the formation of suitable alliances from time to time. Clausewitz himself takes rather more interest in coalition warfare, but even he finds no chapter in the eight books of *On War* to devote to the subject, only a pungent paragraph here and there. During a recent visit to SHAPE—General Eisenhower's headquarters in Paris—I found that the best reference material there available on the subject was a series of studies worked up during the past few months at the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth. A good beginning, but only a beginning.

There are plenty of modern writers on collective security, all of whom can propound

With the United States now an active member of three international alliances, what are the chances of success in the solution of problems of defensive coalition planning? Major Eliot is a leading writer and speaker on military affairs.

principles and elaborate political formulas in the most finespun detail, but when they get you right down to the point where their beautiful organisms might have to fight they give you no light at all as to how the collective forces are to be organized, commanded, supplied, and maintained, or indeed as to how the alliance is to be held together as a fighting unit through the vicissitudes of world-wide conflict.

This dearth of guidance is the more unfortunate, since there is no subject on which the American citizen of today, and much more the American statesman or officer, is in greater need of thoughtful enlightenment.

THE United States finds itself today the leading member and principal force in no less than three great military alliances, or coalitions:

(1) the United Nations, or more accurately that majority membership of the United Nations which is still in good faith trying to carry out the principles of the Charter;

(2) the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO);

(3) the Organization of American States.

The principal military object of each of these groups is the same, for the time being—collective security against the aggressive forces of world Communism.

No one of these coalitions could hope for a moment to find such security without the support of the military resources of the United States. Yet the United States could not stand alone against the Communist tide without the support of the resources, military and nonmilitary, of its allies.

As these words are written, Americans are fighting in Korea against active Communist aggression as a member of the first of the three alliances (UN); an American general is in Western Europe endeavoring to organize and augment the collective fighting power of the nations of that area under the provisions of the second (NATO); and American officers and weapons are being employed freely to build up the collective fighting power of our American neighbors.

Yet all of this far-flung military effort, plus our own colossal rearmament efforts here at home on which these structures of Allied power rest as a house rests on its foundations, remain at the mercy of our individual and

collective ignorance of coalition warfare, our inbred prejudices, and our political squabbles.

Probably no people in history was ever more in need of prayerful reflection on the lessons of history. Of these lessons there are an abundance which bear directly on the subject of how to make a military alliance work—and of how to wreck one. It is to be hoped that some far more profound and inspired student than this reporter is somewhere at work at this very moment producing the reflective masterpiece which shall in days to come establish him as the prophet of coalition warfare, as was Mahan of sea power. Meanwhile, however, time presses and perhaps a few notes gleaned in some haste from the fields of experience will be of temporary value.

II

THERE are a few major principles upon which the successful coalitions of the past have operated. (1) There must be a definite common objective upon which all the participating governments are agreed.

(2) All the partners must likewise agree as to the means by which this objective is to be attained, and as to their respective contributions to these means.

(3) Centralized political and military agencies for carrying out these plans must be established, and loyally supported by all the partners.

Writing down this list of principles is easy enough. It is like writing down a list of the principles of war, of which it has been said that they can be memorized by a reasonably intelligent schoolboy in the course of an afternoon, but require the experience of a lifetime illumined by the lamp of genius for their correct application to the ever-varying conditions of actual warfare.

Take the first principle: the common objective. In an aggressive coalition, this is generally the conquest of territory and its subsequent division among the allies. We have helped to defeat two such aggressive coalitions in two world wars, in both cases as part of a defensive coalition whose original object—as with all defensive coalitions—was simply self-preservation: hanging together that the members might not hang

separately. I say the original object, for it is when a defensive coalition is in sight of success, when the overthrow of the aggressor appears certain, that divergences of object begin to appear. The Grand Alliance against Louis XIV, after years of all but unbroken military success, dissolved in a welter of wrangling and mutual recrimination after it became clear that exhausted France could no longer menace the liberties of her neighbors. The final alliance against Napoleon almost came to blows over the reconstruction of rescued Europe, and a wiseacre of the time has remarked that only Napoleon himself, by the shock of his sudden return from exile, prevented the outbreak of war between his conquerors. The alliance against William of Hohenzollern, in which we were not an ally but an "associated" power, could neither agree on effective disarmament of Germany nor form an effective league for the restraint of future aggression, and found all its sacrifices vain in twenty years' time.

As for the defensive alliance against the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis, the absence of any common objective other than self-defense is by now sadly apparent, as the victorious former allies divide into two blocs and the free states begin anew the formation of defensive alliances against the Soviet threat.

Of course in the past most defensive alliances have been formed piecemeal, under pressure of immediate danger and with little thought to any more of the future than beating off the immediate threat. Few indeed are the instances in history in which a defensive alliance has been deliberately established and its objects defined while its members still had some leisure for reflection and for organization of common forces and agencies. In that respect we are fortunate today; the lessons taught by Hitler have at least been learned—the free nations will not again be picked off one by one.

But it is clear that in the definition of our common objective we must go well beyond mere self-defense if we are this time to avoid the dissensions and futilities of the past. This demands political discussion at a high level, with results submitted to the full and candid examination of public opinion. If our immediate object is to prevent war by creation of unchallengeable power, or to be strong enough collectively to win a war if it is forced

upon us, we must still ask ourselves, "What then? What kind of peace do we want? What kind of world do we want to live in when peace has been assured—or restored?" It may well be that in the formulation and publication of such allied objectives, an antidote for the poison of Communist promises might be found: in itself a weapon of no mean value.

Meanwhile, however, there is the military problem of preventing our throats from being cut before we ever see the dawn of our brave new world. Assuming, therefore, that for the moment our agreed military objective is as stated—the prevention of war by the creation of unchallengeable collective power, plus resistance to actual aggression (as in Korea) when and if it appears in the meantime—we proceed to the consideration of our second principle: agreement upon the means by which this objective is to be attained.

BY THE terms of the first of our three alliances—the Charter of the United Nations—the means of resisting aggression depends first on unanimous decision of the principal members to take the necessary action, *after* the need for it has appeared, and second upon the contribution by the members of the necessary military forces for that purpose. It is obvious that these means are suited only to the restraint of a comparatively minor act of aggression, such as the attack on South Korea, and only the accident of Soviet absence from the Security Council permitted the necessary unanimous decision to resist that.

But—as with all defensive alliances—the unanimity of the partners began to dissolve as soon as the success of MacArthur's brilliant amphibious operation at Inchon made it clear that the original objective of the common action—the defeat of the North Korean aggressors—had been accomplished. We've licked them, but shall we pursue and destroy them north of the 38th parallel? Dragging of feet began. Then the intervention of Communist China brought almost total paralysis of initiative, except on the part of the unfortunate troops actually engaged in doing the fighting. At this writing no decision has yet been reached as to what to do about the Red Chinese. It was a clear case of not thinking the thing through, the great fault of defensive coalition planning.

The terms of the second of our alliances (NATO) present quite a different situation. Here the object is more clearly defined—the defense of the North Atlantic area against Soviet attack. Preparations to establish that defense are to be made in advance. The means for the attainment of the objective are the establishment of a unified force under unified command. The supreme commander, General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, has been agreed upon and appointed. The contribution of each member to the unified force has also been agreed upon, or is being negotiated, as far as actual land, sea, and air units are concerned. The geographical limits of the area to be defended are carefully set down. No defensive alliance in history has ever gone so far toward actual advance preparation as NATO already has.

It is also probably fair to remark that no defensive alliance in history has had the rare good fortune to start its military preparations under the command of the most successful commander of allied forces in all military history. Visiting this spring the military establishments of half-a-dozen NATO countries, I found many divergences of viewpoint as to details, but universal agreement on one thing: confidence in Eisenhower's leadership. The unified defense of Western Europe which is now taking definite form is almost entirely the result of the Eisenhower magic, at home and abroad. But even that magic has its limitations, for agreement as to the means of attaining the desired object—military security for Western Europe—is far from complete.

For example, it is plain enough that no defense of Western Europe can be considered secure as long as Western Germany remains a no man's land into which Soviet armies can penetrate at will; it is likewise plain that Western Germany cannot be defended without the participation of Germans in that defense. Yet the Allies have been quite unable to agree on the character and scale of this German participation, or indeed to allow it to take any tangible form at all.

Or take the problem of providing arms for the new divisions and air groups. American weapons can be only a stopgap, can do no more than arm a covering force behind which the armaments of the European states—shattered by the war or decayed by years of post-

war inertia—can be rebuilt. To rebuild them within any conceivable time limit of safety will demand the sternest of sacrifices on the part of the peoples concerned. Political, economic, and financial problems of the utmost complexity are involved, and moreover there are notable differences in the conditions of each European member of the alliance. To pretend that these problems have been solved, or are even on the way to any general and agreed solution, would be far from the truth. Partisan bickering, selfish if shortsighted interests of various kinds, and in some cases sheer inertia—with the Communists seizing every opportunity to obstruct, delay, and confuse—have made the task of producing a unified military front no easier. There is an inevitable tendency to adopt half-measures, such as producing small but uneconomical batches of semi-obsolete tanks in France in order to satisfy French pride while keeping the current budget as low as possible.

Moreover all of these differences and uncertainties tend to sap the mutual confidence upon which any alliance must be founded if it is to endure the shock of battle. Such confidence as now exists among the allies is based partly on the visible commitment of American forces to the European theater, partly on the remarkable gifts of General Eisenhower, but very little as yet upon confidence of the European partners in each other.

Ike may—and does—sternly repress any nationalized wisecracks around his headquarters, but that doesn't prevent French colonels from telling shopworn jokes about the Italian army, nor does it shake the deepset German suspicions that the French army which they overthrew so swiftly in 1940 will be easy pickings for the Russians. The growth of inter-European confidence must be a matter of the gradual throttling of ancient suspicions and dislikes by the living example of present accomplishments—and that, like the organizing and training of armored divisions, requires time as well as effort.

In the long run, much will depend on the character of the political leadership of the alliance: not neglecting the vital field of public relations.

Which brings us to our third major principle: the establishment of centralized political and military agencies.

NO MILITARY alliance in history—save one, and that by chance—has ever succeeded in establishing over-all political leadership by agreement. Weaker allies have sometimes been wholly or partly dominated by a greater (as in the case of the Central Powers in World War I, where Germany simply took over the direction of affairs) but the thing has been accomplished by agreement only once—between the United States and Great Britain in World War II, when the fortunate accident of the confident co-operation of Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill provided an informal but workable top-level authority.

Yet such top-level direction is today absolutely essential to successful coalition efforts, involving the total use of the total resources of great nations against a common enemy in total war. It was easy enough for governments in days gone by to agree to commit so-and-so many troops to fight in an allied army, even sometimes to agree on a single commander-in-chief in such-and-such a theater of war. The risk to each participant was limited to the original commitment. Thus France in 1781 committed Rochambeau's army of 7,000 men, and the fleet of De Grasse, to a limited effort in America under Washington's command. The effort succeeded; had it failed, France might have lost 7,000 troops and some or even all of De Grasse's ships. But France would not have been destroyed. There was no attempt at top-level political direction of the common effort, which as far as France was concerned was directed toward the weakening of her enemy Great Britain by the taking of a calculated risk in North America. The French government simply agreed—on Lafayette's insistence—that Washington should command the combined American-French forces, and then sat back and hoped for the best.

The pattern of military alliances up to Waterloo was much the same, except when the chance existence of a dominating personality gave a color of personal leadership to the enterprise—as with Gustavus Adolphus in the 'Thirty Years' War, or William III of England at the beginning of the struggle against Louis XIV.

But when the industrial revolution made possible the armament and supply of armies representing the total manpower of nations,

this situation changed. The first great defensive coalition which came into being after total war became possible—the Allied and Associated Powers in World War I—found itself hopelessly confused and at cross purposes until finally, under the pressure of imminent disaster (the collapse of Russia plus the Italian debacle at Caporetto) the Allied powers created an agency for the over-all political direction of the war, the Supreme War Council, which consisted of the Prime Minister and another Minister of each of the European participants, plus an American observer (Colonel House) representing the President.

The new difficulty was not just that the armies were bigger, but that the prosecution of the war required the effective use of the total resources (in manpower, industrial production, raw materials, transportation, and scientific research) of each of the participants. Co-operative effort on such a scale could not possibly be adequately directed save by a centralized authority having the complete confidence and obedience of each participating nation. As a practical matter, this meant a council of the responsible heads of states, and that is what the Supreme War Council was.

Everything else was tried before the Powers came around to the only practicable solution. There were, for example, many notable conferences of Allied statesmen to deal with specific problems as they arose. "But," points out Sir Frederick Maurice, "when they returned to their own countries they at once became absorbed in their own problems, and the results of these conferences had but a limited effect. . . . The commanders in chief were left without continuous political guidance, and as there was no permanent international organization to supervise the execution of the decisions of the conferences and adapt them to changing conditions, many of these decisions were little more than pious aspirations."

Before the creation of the Supreme War Council, unified command of the armies of the Western front was tried twice—under Marshal Joffre and General Nivelle. In neither case was it successful. In both cases the basic cause was lack of unified political direction.

But the creation of the Supreme War

Council made all the difference. The various economic boards began to function as subsidiary agencies of the council with unity and effectiveness. The unified command of Foch, now that the unified military power could be made responsible to a unified civilian authority, brought the war to a victorious end.

THE conclusion to be drawn from this experience is inescapable—a military coalition engaged in total war (or preparing for it) must be controlled by a political authority representing or embodying the supreme executive authority of each participating state, and this agency must be so organized as to give continuous and not merely sporadic direction to the operations of the coalition.

This conclusion was further borne out by the Allied experience in World War II. The astonishing stroke of good fortune by which Roosevelt and Churchill established and maintained their close joint supervision of the Anglo-American war effort provided the supreme political authority without the need for creating a Supreme War Council *pro forma*. Under their direction, the Combined Chiefs of Staff was created for the exercise of military control of the vast global effort, and in each theater of war an Allied Supreme Commander, reporting and responsible to the Combined Chiefs of Staff, was appointed: Eisenhower in Europe, Wilson in the Mediterranean, Nimitz in the Pacific, MacArthur in the Southwest Pacific, and Mountbatten in Southeast Asia. This system “just grew,” but it was sound and workable, linking the essential elements of military and political control and served by a myriad of allied boards and agencies for various tasks. The result, as far as the conduct of the war was concerned, was the most successful coalition war in all history.

There is a converse lesson about the conduct of coalitions to be learned from past experience, which is that in the absence of political direction, or when the political direction is weak, divided, uncertain, or sporadic, the military authority will tend to expand into the vacuum which the civilian authority has failed to fill. This is especially true when a war is actually in progress. War has its own dynamics. It rarely stands still. A commander who fails to take essential de-

cisions will find that they have been taken for him by the enemy. If his civilian superiors do not tell him what is expected of him, or if a clear-cut relationship based on mutual understanding and confidence is not established between the source of civilian authority and the military headquarters responsible for the conduct of operations, the tendency will be for the military commander to take the bit in his teeth.

We have just had a prime example of this tendency in the case of General MacArthur. The very principle that demands the subordination of the military to the civilian power lays on the civilian power the responsibility for seeing to it that the military commander has adequate directives, that he understands what is required of him and the motives of policy which underlie restrictions placed upon him. Marlborough in the Low Countries, Scott in Mexico, McClellan in the Peninsular Campaign, Nivelle in the disastrous offensive of 1917—all provide us examples of what happens when the civilian-military relationship is not properly adjusted. Unhappily, it is precisely this relationship which is particularly difficult to adjust in an alliance—far more so than in the case of a single state. Yet in an alliance as in a lone nation, the responsibility for the higher conduct of the war, for providing the military with proper guidance and control, lies ultimately with the civilian authorities, and if they do not exercise it, the military power will be compelled by the very nature of war itself to act without such authority.

We shall find that this will be true with General Eisenhower in Europe, as it has been with every general before him, if this problem of providing a centralized and continuous political direction of the operations of NATO is not met. The pressures will perhaps be less urgent as long as there is no actual war in Europe; but there is an actual and active enemy, who will be quick in future, as he has been in the past, to take advantage of every weakness, every uncertainty.

The tangle of committees and subcommittees which clutters the upper half of NATO's organization chart cannot meet the need for clear-cut, authoritative, and continuous direction of the operations of the great coalition. One has only to observe the current frustration of officials dealing with the Ameri-

can military aid program—buried in papers, compelled to submit every original project in no less than sixty copies so that this committee in London and that committee in Paris, as well as endless agencies and departments in Washington, may have a finger in every separate pie. No wonder it takes a year, sometimes, to get action on simple requests which should be dealt with in a week or so.

III

THIS difficulty has long been perceived, and now something is being done about it—an accomplishment in which quiet but firm insistence on the part of General Eisenhower has not been without influence. Originally the topmost authority was the Atlantic Council, composed of the foreign ministers of the twelve member states. Under this was a defense committee, composed of the twelve defense ministers, and a financial and economic committee, composed of the twelve finance ministers. The latter two committees are now to be absorbed into the Atlantic Council, which will hereafter be the supreme authority in the political, military, and economic fields. But the Council will no longer be composed merely of the twelve foreign ministers; it may consist of heads of states, or of such ministers as may be appropriate to the subjects to be discussed at any given session. It will be truly representative of the executive authority of each member government. It will meet annually or at such other times as may be appropriate. To give its work and its authority due continuity, there will be a permanent working body, the Council of Deputies (already in existence, but now to have enlarged authority) with a permanent secretariat and staff.

This is a considerable step forward, as far as NATO is concerned. But the geographical area of NATO is limited, and already there is talk of a new Mediterranean pact, to include Greece, Turkey, and other Mediterranean areas outside the scope of NATO, but to be closely linked with NATO through a common "board of strategy." Certainly the defense of Western Europe cannot be considered complete unless the security of the Mediterranean area is also maintained. Geography is indivisible: a fact which was impressed on me by meeting American fighter pilots in Rome

on their way back to Germany from gunnery practice at the American air base in Tripoli—the only available gunnery range for U. S. jet fighters stationed in crowded Europe. Yet Tripoli is outside the geographical limits of NATO.

And beyond the Mediterranean lies Asia, with all its complications, its influence for good and ill on the resources and the strategy of the Western powers. There is no escape from the urgency of a wider, indeed a world-wide strategy.

The proposal of the French statesman René Pleven during his visit to President Truman early this year seems to have considerable force and point—that there should be created a "supreme strategic directorate" for the three major Western powers (the United States, Great Britain, and France) to co-ordinate their efforts in the world-wide fight against Communist aggression. In substance this body would be not unlike the Combined Chiefs of Staff set up by the United States and Great Britain in World War II. It would receive political guidance by means of periodic meetings of the three heads of states—the President of the United States and the British and French Prime Ministers. These would be permanently represented by deputies in order to give the political direction its necessary continuity. Naturally deputies at so exalted a level would themselves have to be individuals of the highest standing in their own countries, commanding in their own right a satisfactory degree of public confidence.

It seems likely that in the end, such a super-council and super-staff would absorb many of the functions now performed by NATO's various committees, just as NATO has absorbed most of the functions of the older and smaller Western Union. Lesser powers might be given due representation on the committees and staffs which would be formed as subsidiary bodies to the topmost echelon of authority.

This scheme is still the subject of discussion among the three powers, whose governments and peoples are coming slowly but inevitably to the realization that the struggle against world Communism is indeed world-wide in its scope and demands a directing power which is not artificially limited by geographical lines.

BUT above and beyond these matters of organization, vital as they are, is the far more crucial need for a sense of community, of interdependence, among the free peoples which now reluctantly are taking up arms to meet the Communist menace.

For we must remember that the authority which even the chief executives of free nations can exercise within an allied council is no greater than the support which is willingly and confidently accorded them by the peoples which they represent. Their acts must remain subject to the checks and balances of constitutional processes, differing in detail in various nations but in all affected by party rivalries and dependent in the last analysis upon the weight of public opinion. If the peoples of the member states are not convinced of the necessity for the existence of the coalition, or of the good faith of their allies, or if they lack confidence in the appointed leadership whether military or civilian, the coalition cannot remain a united and effective force.

Many of the most serious difficulties which have confronted former alliances have arisen from a lack of this common confidence, or a lack of understanding of the need for subordination of national ideas or prejudices to the common purpose. Often these difficulties have their roots far in the past history of the peoples concerned, and arise because of mere instinctive resistance to change. Thus Americans—even well-educated and thoughtful Americans—sometimes argue instinctively that alliances are a bad thing because Washington and Jefferson warned us against them, even though Washington in his hour of need was happy indeed to make an alliance with the most reactionary monarchy in Europe. There is an analogy between this throwback tendency and the stubbornness of the Dutch field deputies on the heaths of Peer in 1702 when the French army, compelled by Marlborough's strategy to attempt a perilous flank march across the Allied front, was at the mercy of a vigorous assault. Yet the Dutch deputies refused their assent, despite Marlborough's pleas, because their instructions from their government were "that no battle should be fought which could possibly be avoided."

This caution, of course, stemmed back to the days when the security of Holland

depended on the defense of walled towns and avoiding actions in the open field against the highly trained regular troops of Philip of Spain. The Dutch deputies found it as hard to rid themselves of the dead hand of the past as do the American isolationists of today.

PARTISAN politics are another matter. No greater danger besets a coalition of free countries than the chance that in one of the member states a particular strategy or a particular attitude toward another may be seized upon by the leaders of a great party and made a matter of party faith. This has often occurred in the past—usually the result of an attempt by the "outs" to discredit the "ins" with reckless or ignorant disregard of the effect of such action on the structure of the alliance to which the nation is committed and upon whose continued unity the national safety may well be dependent.

The dangers of partisan strategy are well illustrated by the experience of Britain during the War of the Spanish Succession, 250 years ago. This is what Winston Churchill says of party strategy in those days, in his biography of his great ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough:

The Tories obstinately championed the policy that if we were drawn into a war we should go as little to the Continent, send as few troops, fight as close to the coast as possible, and endeavor to secure territory and traffic across the oceans. The Whigs, on the contrary, dwelt upon the theory of the decisive theater, and sought, with the largest army that could be maintained, to bring the war to an end by a thrust at the heart of France, the supreme military antagonist, arguing that thereafter all the rest would be added unto them. The Tories favored the popular idea that the Navy should be the stronger and the Army stunted. . . .

As the reign of Anne continued, these opinions hardened themselves, to a degree almost unbelievable, in hard-and-fast party principles about the kind of strategy and operations which should be adopted. The Tories were prone to judge every action not so much by whether it was successful as by whether it was in accordance with their party doctrine. Thus taking a town near the coast was more to be applauded than taking one farther inland. Thus an action at sea was preferable to one ashore

. . . Marlborough's march to Blenheim was therefore the greatest violation of Tory principles which could be conceived. Even dazzling success could hardly redeem such a departure from the orthodox and conventional party method of waging war.

Marlborough throughout his campaigns was bound, apart from military facts and the enemy, to consider the character of any operation by the effect it would have on Tory opinion in the House of Commons. Both parties could use powerful and capacious arguments in support of their dogmas, and neither hesitated to turn the fortunes and accidents of the war to its special account. From this again it followed that not only were victories in the field or afloat classified as Whig or Tory victories, but the officers concerned in specific operations became colored with the party hue. Generals and admirals were encouraged to have strong party affiliations, and each faction had its favorites whom it praised and defended through thick and thin.

This same danger besets Americans today. There is serious reason to fear that Republicans may begin to be "Asia-firsters" and Democrats "Europe-firsters"—the latter label has already been applied by the anti-Administration press to some critics of General MacArthur. Once the political fortunes of parties,

or of prominent leaders of parties, become committed to a particular strategy, there is little if any prospect that the United States can remain the leader of a great alliance.

The only hope, in the last analysis, lies in the slow growth among all the peoples of the free world of a true spirit of coalition, based on recognition of the stern necessity for united action for the common defense. This too is a matter of time, as well as of inspired leadership coupled with the pressure of events and the errors of a sometimes overconfident enemy. Only such a spirit will enable the free nations at last to adopt as their very own, with inner conviction as well as outward conformity, the standard of the Three Musketeers: "One for all and all for one, that is our device."

"The spirit of coalition," writes General Jean Edouard Requin of the French Army, "has its origin and its reason for existence in a solidarity which admits of no hierarchy amongst the nations of the coalition, and sets the common end to be attained above all special interests. This spirit is not a prerogative of the military. Each one of us should be imbued with it; only thus shall we assure ourselves of true preparation, that moral preparation indispensable to the formation of a coalition as it is indispensable to the successful conduct of war. This is the price of victory."

Caveat to the General

MANY point exultingly to what others again regard despondingly, in proof that the tendency of things is decidedly and rapidly towards monarchy [in the United States]—the proneness which Americans exhibit to invest the successful warrior with power. . . . But both those who exult and those who despond at this hero-worship overrate its strength and misconceive its tendencies. The mistake is in believing that the hero, when elevated to power, might retain it. Sometimes, as was General Jackson's case, the idol is worshipped to excess; but the American people never lose sight of the fact that the idol is one of their own fashioning. Try to force one upon them, or let him be self-imposed, and see how long he would have a votary in the country.

—Alexander Mackay, *The Western World; or Travels in the United States in 1846-47*, London, 1848.

Where Do Those Bright Ideas Come From?

Lancelot Law Whyte

. . . as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown. . . .
A Midsummer Night's Dream

THERE are few experiences quite so satisfactory as getting a good idea. You've had a problem, you've thought about it till you were tired, forgotten it and perhaps slept on it, and then flash! when you weren't thinking about it suddenly the answer has come to you, as a gift from the gods. You're pleased with it, and feel good. It may not be right, but at least you can try it out.

Of course all ideas don't come like that, but the interesting thing is that so many do, particularly the most important ones. They burst into the mind, glowing with the heat of creation. How they do it is a mystery. Psychology does not yet understand even the ordinary processes of conscious thought, but the emergence of new ideas by a "leap in thought," as Dewey put it, is particularly intriguing, because they must have come from somewhere. For the moment let us assume that they come from the "unconscious." This is reasonable, for the psychologists use this term to describe mental processes which are unknown to the subject, and creative thought consists precisely in what was unknown becoming known.

We have all experienced this sudden arrival of a happy idea, but it is easiest to examine it in the great creative figures, many of whom experienced it in an intensified form and have put it on record in their memoirs and letters. One can draw examples from genius in any realm, from religious mysticism, philosophy, and literature to art and music, and even in mathematics, science, and technical invention, though these are often thought to rest solely on logic and experiment. It seems that all truly creative activity depends in some degree on these signals from the unconscious, and the more highly intuitive the person, the sharper and more dramatic the signals become.

Here, for example, is Richard Wagner conceiving the prelude to "Rhinegold," as told by Wagner himself and recounted by Newman in his biography. Wagner had been occupied with the general idea of the "Ring" for several years, and for many weary months had been struggling to make a start with the actual composition. On September 4, 1863, he reached Spezia sick with dysentery, crawled to a hotel, could not sleep for noise without and fever within, took a long walk the next day, and in the afternoon flung himself on a couch intending

Mr. Whyte is an efficient generator of new ideas in several fields—from theoretical physics to the development of power jets. His books, Everyman Looks Forward and The Next Development in Man, aim at the unification of science.

to sleep. And then at last the miracle happened for which his subconscious mind had been crying out for so many months. Falling into a trance-like state, he suddenly felt, he says, as though he were sinking in a mighty flood of water:

The rush and roar soon took musical shape within my brain as the chord of E-flat major, surging incessantly in broken chords. . . . Yet the pure triad of E-flat major never changed, but seemed by its steady persistence to impart infinite significance to the element in which I was sinking. I awoke from my half-sleep in terror, feeling as though the waves were rushing high above my head. I at once recognized that the orchestral prelude to the "Rhinegold," which for a long time I must have carried about within me, yet had never been able to fix definitely, had at last come to being within me; and I quickly understood the very essence of my own nature: the stream of life was not to flow to me from without, but from within.

In this example, which is exceptional only in the violence of the emotions, the conscious mind at the moment of creation knew nothing of the actual processes by which the solution was found. As a contrast we may take a famous story: the discovery by Henri Poincaré, the great French mathematician, of a new mathematical method called the Fuchsian functions. For here we see the conscious mind, in a person of the highest ability, actually watching the unconscious at work, if that paradox may be allowed. Poincaré describes how he came to write his first treatise on these functions.

For a fortnight I had been attempting to prove that there could not be any function analogous to what I have since called the Fuchsian functions. I was at that time very ignorant. Every day I sat down at my table and spent an hour or two trying a great number of combinations, and I arrived at no result. One night I took some black coffee, contrary to my custom, and was unable to sleep. A host of ideas kept surging in my head; I could almost feel them jostling one another, until two of them coalesced, so to speak, to form a stable combination. When morning came, I had established the existence of one class

of Fuchsian functions. . . . I had only to verify the results, which took only a few hours.

While the Wagner story illustrates the sudden explosion of a new conception into consciousness, in this one we see the conscious mind observing the new combinations being formed in that part of the mind whose operations are normally beyond the range of conscious attention. A third type of creative experience is exemplified by the dreams which came to Descartes at the age of twenty-three and determined the path he was to follow for the rest of his life. Descartes tells how he had vainly searched for certainty, first in the world of books, and then in the world of men, and how in a triple dream on November 10, 1619, he made the crucial discovery that he could only find certainty in his own thoughts, *cogito ergo sum*. This dream filled him with intense religious enthusiasm, because it had brought to him the "simple and fertile idea, all sparkling with angelic luster" (Maritain), which provided the foundation of the "admirable science" which it was his mission to create. Freud classified this dream as one of those whose content is very close to conscious thought.

Wagner's, Poincaré's, and Descartes' experiences are representative of countless others in every realm of culture. The unconscious is certainly the source of instinctive activity and therefore sometimes of conflict with the demands of reason, as Freud emphasized. But in creative thought the unconscious is responsible, not for conflict, but for the production of new organized forms from relatively disorganized elements.

II

THE processes of creative activity display several striking features. One of the most frequent is the occurrence of flashes of insight outside the hours of regular work, during periods of physical activity or at odd moments of reverie or relaxation when the mind is day-dreaming. Poincaré tells how the further steps of his discovery of the Fuchsian functions came to him, with a sense of absolute certainty, "just as I put my foot on the step" (of a wagonette), and again, "as I was crossing the street." Similar examples

are endless, and give comforting glimpses of the ordinary daily life of genius. Mozart got the idea for the melody of the "Magic Flute" quintet while playing billiards, Berlioz found himself humming a musical phrase he had long sought in vain as he rose from a dive while bathing in the Tiber, Sir Wilhelm Hamilton, a great mathematical physicist, thought of quaternions (a new mathematical method) while strolling with his wife in the streets of Dublin, and the chemist Kekulé saw the atoms dancing in midair and so conceived his theory of atomic groupings while riding on the top of a London bus.

So familiar is this phenomenon that many have taken advantage of it and have developed techniques to woo their shy genius. The prolific Haydn, with 125 symphonies and hundreds of other compositions to his credit, says, "When my work does not advance I retire into the oratory with my rosary, and say an Ave; immediately ideas come to me." Many, like Hamilton, have found that walking encourages the appearance of ideas. Thus Mozart tells how "taking a drive or walking after a good meal, or in the night when I cannot sleep, thoughts crowd into my mind as easily as you could wish"; James Watt saw how the waste of heat in a steam engine could be avoided by condensing steam, in a flash of inspiration on a walk to the golf house; Helmholtz, the German scientist and philosopher, records how "happy ideas . . . come particularly readily during the slow ascent of hills on a sunny day"; and many persons devoted to creative work have carried scraps of paper with them everywhere so that nothing of the precious flashes of revelation shall be lost.

"Sleeping on it" also produces good results. Sir Walter Scott used to say to himself, "Never mind, I shall have it at seven o'clock tomorrow morning." Gauss, one of the greatest mathematicians, put as heading to his paper on the "Law of Induction" the note: "Found 23rd January 1835—7.0 A. M. before rising." And Helmholtz says, "Often they come as soon as one wakes up in the morning."

The suddenness with which ideas come is often stressed. "You feel a little electric shock striking you in the head . . . that is the moment of genius"; so Buffon, the French biologist. In the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" Shelley writes:

Sudden, thy shadow fell on me:

I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy.

In Chopin, according to George Sand who knew him intimately, "creation was spontaneous, miraculous . . . it would come sudden, sublime."

THINKERS, artists, and scientists have all described the sense of precision and inevitability, the loss of freedom of choice, or feeling of possession by an impersonal force which accompanies the creative moment. Blake declares, "I have written the poem . . . without premeditation, and even against my will," and Jacob Boehme, the German mystic of the early seventeenth century, says: "Before God I do not know how the thing arises in me, without the participation of my will. I do not even know that which I must write." Van Gogh describes how he had "a terrible lucidity at moments, when nature is so glorious. In those days, I am hardly conscious of myself and the picture comes to me like a dream." Walt Whitman says that the "fruition of beauty is no chance of hit or miss—it is as inevitable as life—it is as exact and plumb as gravitation." Russel Wallace, who published the theory of natural selection simultaneously with Darwin, expresses the view of many thinkers in saying, "Ideas and beliefs are not voluntary acts."

Moreover the new ideas come before they can be justified or applied. Thus Bernard Shaw's Joan of Arc says, "The voices come first, and I find the reasons after." This feature is most remarkable in the realm of science and of mathematics. Sir Isaac Newton wrote of a geometrical theorem: "It is plain to me by the fountain I draw it from, though I will not undertake to prove it to others." Like most intuitive mathematicians, he usually got the result before he could prove it; indeed one discovery of his (on the roots of equations) was only proved two hundred years later. Gauss says of one of his mathematical discoveries:

At last I succeeded, not by painful effort, but so to speak by the grace of God. As a sudden flash of truth the enigma was solved. For my part I am not in a position to point to the thread which joins what I knew previously to what I have succeeded in doing.

In the field of applied mathematics intuitive guessing sometimes proves superior to ordinary calculation. Edison says:

In all the work connected with the building of the first Central Station, the greatest bugbears I had to contend with were the mathematicians. I found after a while that I could guess a good deal closer than they could figure, so I went on guessing.

A similar example is to be found in the design of complex electric valves, where practical, intuitive knowledge has played a major role, and one of the best living valve engineers is said to use only the multiplication table! The genius of many great experimenters, such as Faraday and Rutherford, lay in an exceptionally powerful intuition resulting from a passionate and sustained interest in a definite field of inquiry.

III

OWING to the heightened interest in psychology many studies of creative thought have been made recently, and the majority of these trace the creative element to the unconscious in the individual mind. This interpretation is supported by the recorded views of many creative personalities. Schiller held that "poetry sets out from the unconscious," and since the middle of the nineteenth century countless others have ascribed their inspiration to the workings of the unconscious. But this must not be interpreted in a one-sided manner, for all thought depends on the co-operation of conscious and unconscious. The supreme type of creative thought, in certain realms at least, appears to depend on an intimate blending of unconscious and conscious processes, when both work in harmony.

A few writers, disliking the conception of the unconscious, have held that all true mental work is conscious, that new ideas arise by the chance association of previously formed ideas, and that "inspiration" is a romantic fiction. But this view is scarcely tenable, for an important part of all mental activity takes place behind the scenes. The working of memory and association normally lies outside the field of conscious attention, and it is only their results which flash into our awareness.

Graham Wallas, an English sociologist, divided the process of creative thought into four stages: conscious *Preparation*, unconscious *Incubation*, the flash of *Illumination*, and the conscious *Verification* (or application). There is as yet no accepted psychological or physiological theory of the operations of the unconscious which lead to the creation of new patterns during the period of incubation, perhaps because the sharp separation of "physical" and "mental" processes in our dualistic language has delayed the advance of a science of thought. But it seems clear that no mere rearrangement of unchanged elements can account for what happens in the unconscious creative processes. The conscious mind performs such mechanical rearrangements all the time. But the creative imagination does more: it actually changes the character of the separate elements given to it, in course of molding them into a new unity.

Hadamard, a French mathematician now in the United States, suggests that mathematical invention is choice guided by the aesthetic sense. That is not wide enough to cover all creation, which sometimes involves not merely choice, but in addition the molding of the elements so that they can combine to form a new whole. The coalescence, or growing together, of elements into a new unit may *change* them. This creative reshaping is evident in all branches of culture. The new unity grows out of the old and is as different from the elements that were used to make it, as the living organism is from the foodstuffs which it absorbs and assimilates. Indeed the creative processes of the mind share many features with the synthetic processes which occur throughout all living organisms.

IT is therefore natural that the analogy of growth has often been used for creative thought. Keats liked the symbol of plant growth: "Let us open our leaves like a flower and be passive and receptive—budding patiently under the eye of Apollo." Tchaikovsky speaks of the

germ of a future composition [coming] suddenly. . . . If the soil is ready . . . it takes root with extraordinary force and rapidity, shoots up through the earth, puts forth branches, leaves, and finally blossoms.

I cannot describe the creative process in any other way than by this simile.

But growth requires a seed, and the heart of the creative process lies in the production of the original fertile nucleus from which growth can proceed. This initial step in all creation consists in the establishment of a new unity from disparate elements, of order out of disorder, of shape from what was formless. The mind achieves this by the plastic reshaping, so as to form a new unit, of a selection of the separate elements derived from experience and stored in memory. Intuitions arise from richly unified experience. Henry James spoke of the "deep well of unconscious cerebration," and Coleridge of the "inward creatrix" which "establishes a center, as it were, a sort of nucleus in this reservoir of the soul."

Professor Lowes, in *The Road to Xanadu*, a superb study of the ways of the poetic imagination, speaks of the "incredible facility with which in the wonder-working depths of the unconscious the fragments which sink incessantly below the surface fuse and assimilate and coalesce."

This process of the establishment of new forms must occur in patterns of nervous activity in the brain, lying below the threshold of consciousness, which interact and combine to form more comprehensive patterns. Experimental physiology has not yet identified this process, for its methods are as yet insufficiently refined, but it may be significant that a quarter of the total bodily consumption of energy during sleep goes to the brain, even when the sense organs are at rest, to maintain

the activity of ten thousand million brain cells. These cells, acting together as a single organ, achieve the miracle of the production of new patterns of thought. No calculating machine can do that, for such machines can "only do what we know how to design them to do," and these formative brain processes obey laws which are still unknown.

IV

CAN any practical conclusions be drawn from the experience of genius? Is there an art of thought for the ordinary person? Certainly there is no single road to success; in the world of the imagination each has to find his own way to use his own gifts. Yet a study of those who have been successful suggests some elementary hints towards a hygiene of the unconscious mind.

A wide range of interests is an advantage, since valuable clues may be drawn from unexpected fields. High specialism may lead to sterility.

When a particular task makes no progress, one can go on with something else and return to the first later on. It may pay to keep several jobs running in parallel.

Periods of relaxation are important, such as an hour or two alone, when no definite task is undertaken and the time is kept free for pondering over anything that comes into one's mind.

Finally, the less haste the better. New ideas come less easily when the mind is strained by anxiety or tense with impatience to achieve a definite result. The new grows at its own pace—"as inevitable as life."

Russia at the Crystal Palace—1851

IN ALL the beauty and magnificence and costliness and display of the Russian division, one saw nothing of the people. It was an exhibition of the enterprise of the executive—of the power of the sovereign—of the resources of the exchequer. It is not intended to be said that no individual contributions were received from Russia . . . but in even these the hand of an absolute power was everywhere apparent, encouraging or restraining—tempting forward by the hope of reward, or holding back by the fear of punishment.

—Edward Riddle, *Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1851*, House Document No. 102, Washington, 1852.

The Case of the Radioactive Snail

Bruce Bliven

NOT long ago, a group of American archaeologists were excavating some ancient ruins in the desert in north-eastern Iraq, at a place called Jarmo. As they went below the surface, they discovered very ancient ruins indeed; but it was impossible from any geologic evidence to make more than a wild guess as to the age of the artifacts that were unearthed—bits of pottery, the remains of walls, charred debris left from household fires.

Then a quite new branch of science was called into play. Fragments of snail shells from these ruins were sent to the Institute for Nuclear Studies, at the University of Chicago, snail shells which had been found lying in a position indicating they were contemporaneous with the debris left by human beings. Shortly the answer came back: this village was the oldest inhabited place that had thus far been discovered anywhere in the world, dating back 6,700 years, plus or minus 300 years or so.

The technique that was used was a remarkable new development which has come as an offshoot of the splitting of the atom and the increase in atomic knowledge which has accompanied it. The story begins with something that is still a good deal of a mystery: the cosmic rays.

Every square yard of the earth's surface is bombarded every second with these minute particles of radioactivity, of tremendous energy—billions of electron-volts. There is a sharp dispute among scientists as to whether they come from the sun, from outer space, or both; but there is no dispute as to their importance. It is possible that these cosmic rays, striking the genes in living organisms, may cause mutations and thus become a primary source of the process of evolution. They are also under suspicion as a possible cause of some forms of cancer, and tests are now in progress seeking to prove or disprove this theory.

When these rays reach the earth's atmosphere, they smash vast quantities of the atoms of several substances in the air, breaking them down into atomic debris—neutrons, protons, mesons, and other particles. The neutrons that are formed then react with nitrogen. (At sea level, nitrogen makes up a very large part of the air, but it thins out rapidly as you go higher, until at about eighty-five miles above the earth it is only approximately one-tenth of one per cent.) When a neutron strikes an atom of nitrogen, the nucleus disintegrates, casting out a proton, and what is left is an atom of radioactive carbon 14. This atom loses its radioactivity at an exact and uniform

"The Case of the Radioactive Snail" reflects Bruce Bliven's long interest in scientific subjects, on which he has published many articles. Editorial director of the New Republic, he wrote in Harper's last year on "How to Save Lives in Traffic."

rate; one half of it is gone in about 5,600 years, and the scientists therefore say that it has a "half-life" of that length of time. It continues, however, to show a perceptible, always diminishing, degree of radioactivity for a much longer period, up to 25,000 or 30,000 years.

Radioactive carbon constitutes only about a trillionth of the total amount of carbon in the atmosphere; but it has mixed itself with great thoroughness with the air, with sea water, and with sediment, all over the world. (The amount probably has not varied in any important degree for at least the past 20,000 years.) Since it is a part of all carbon, it enters the carbon dioxide that feeds plants and also animals, all of which feed on plants or on other animals which have done so. When any organism dies, however, no more fresh carbon 14 is taken in, and the process of radioactive decay, mentioned above, is left in control. If, therefore, you can determine *how far this process of decay has gone* in the dead tissues of plant or animal, you can tell how long ago that plant or animal died.

II

THIS is what has been done, with about two hundred organic substances from all parts of the world, in the last year or two. The snail shells from Jarmo were analyzed, to determine the antiquity of the ruins there. This work has been done up to now chiefly by Dr. W. F. Libby, Dr. J. R. Arnold, and their associates at the Institute for Nuclear Studies at the University of Chicago. (It is now to go forward in many other places, including Yale, Columbia, Michigan, and the British Museum.)

Materials unearthed by archaeologists are tested by the Libby group, with elaborate precautions to prevent "contamination" by new radioactive cosmic rays. The world of science is enormously excited by this new technique, and samples of ancient substances have been sent to Dr. Libby from all parts of the world except Russia and China, and from assorted climatic situations as to altitude, degree of aridity, and geologic strata. As a result we now know with some accuracy the dates of many prehistoric situations. Some cherished theories have been somewhat shaken by the remorseless evidence furnished by carbon 14

in its unconscionably lengthy death struggles.

One of the most important was the dating of the most recent ice age. At least four times in the last million years, as is well known, the climate of part of the temperate zone has grown colder, with enormous accumulations of snow and ice. These have formed glaciers which came south, in the United States, about as far as Kentucky. There are various theories to explain these ice ages, but there is general agreement that we are presumably between two of them at the present time. No one is quite sure just how many of them have taken place, how long each lasted, or how great was the interval between them. The authorities were pretty certain, however, that the most recent one took place about 20,000 years ago.

This has now been disproved by the radioactive-dating technique. When the glaciers came down across the United States one of them overran and crushed a forest in Wisconsin. Wood from these trees has been recovered, tested at Chicago, and found to have been living only about 11,000 to 12,000 years ago. The retreat of the ice was of course even more recent than that; charcoal which had been burned, not necessarily by man—perhaps in fires set by lightning—shortly after the retreat of the ice, has been found in Nebraska and has been found to be only about 10,500 years old.

ANOTHER point on which new light has been thrown is the antiquity of man in the Western Hemisphere. It has always been assumed that the ancestors of the Indians came from Asia to North America in comparatively recent times: possibly Alaska and the northeastern tip of Siberia may have been connected with a land bridge, or if not, these earliest immigrants may have used canoes to traverse the few miles between the two shores and Big and Little Diomed Islands. The general guess has been that this took place only about 5,000 or 6,000 years ago.

But the new carbon-dating technique has changed this materially. Burned bones of horses and of the giant sloth have been found, associated with human bones and artifacts, far to the south, almost at the Straits of Magellan, which date back about 8,000 years. Even older artifacts have been discovered in a cave in eastern Oregon, among them several

pairs of skillfully woven rope sandals. This cave had been covered up about 6,000 years ago with ash from a big volcanic outburst, which made possible the preservation of these perishable sandals. The sandals, when tested, proved to be about 9,000 years old, plus or minus 500 years.

About a quarter of a century ago, near Folsom, New Mexico, artifacts were found from a previously unknown civilization, including a specially shaped spearhead. In the past twenty-five years, similar spearheads have been found in many other places in the Southwest. A sharp dispute has raged as to the antiquity of Folsom man, some archaeologists arguing that he was much more recent than the 10,000 years ago that is commonly assigned. Now, however, the radioactive-dating technique has been used on organic debris found near Lubbock, Texas, associated with artifacts of the Folsom type, revealing that the earlier estimates were correct, and that Folsom man does indeed date back to about 10,000 years.

THE bits of debris associated with man, from all parts of the world, studied at Chicago, are too numerous even to be listed here. I shall mention only a few more:

Charcoal has been taken from the Lascaux Cave near Montignac, in the Dordogne, in France, which contains some of the famous paintings attributed to Stone-Age Man. The charcoal is approximately 15,000 years old.

In Denmark, a summer dwelling of a prehistoric family has been unearthed, and hazelnuts were found among the ruins. They were collected about 9,900 years ago.

Charred wood has been found among human artifacts in Cumberland, England, which is about 4,900 years old.

A number of specimens taken from early Egyptian history have been checked, and the dates agree closely with those already recorded in other ways. The tomb of Sneferu at Mejdum was checked at 4,800 years, plus or minus about 200. The tomb of Zoser at Sakkara was 3,979 years old, plus or minus about 350 years.

Everyone knows that the giant redwoods of California (*Sequoia gigantea*) live to a great age. One of these, the "Centennial Stump," was cut down in 1874, and a count of its tree rings showed that it had been growing for a

length of time that was somewhere between 2,802 and 2,905 years. Samples of wood from this tree, tested with radioactivity, agreed quite closely with the tree-ring count.

There were Indians in New York State 5,000 years ago—a much greater length of time than anyone had previously supposed. Human beings lived in the region of Kentucky at about the same time. A fish weir found not long ago in Boylston Street, Boston, was about 5,000 years old. On the other hand, the Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan, Mexico, which some enthusiasts had described as 15,000 years old, is now believed to be only about 2,900, assuming that wood from the pyramid is the same age as the stone construction.

III

A TECHNIQUE based on the decay of radioactive substances is being used to check the age of the earth itself. The earth's crust contains radioactive substances and the by-products of their decay began to accumulate when molten matter solidified into crystalline rock. Professor P. M. Hurley of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a leader in this research, points out that only a few tens of millions of years are needed to set up a basis for measurement. For example, uranium 238, which has a half-life of 4.5 billion years, eventually decays into lead. So does thorium 232 with a half-life of 13.9 billion years. Comparing the ratios of uranium and thorium to their end-product, lead, as they are found together, gives illuminating results.

The ocean floor, throughout the world, contains sediment which includes radioactive thorium 230 (ionium) with a half-life of 83,000 years. (This particular form of thorium is an intermediate product between uranium and lead.) As you go farther down in the sediment, the ratio of ionium to uranium decreases, which gives a basis for a timetable. Ships sent out on scientific expeditions lower a tube to the floor of the ocean. It cuts a long, vertical, cylindrical core from the bottom of the ocean; such a core, 20 or 30 feet long, may cover the entire Pleistocene era of about one million years.

Both heat and cold move through the mass of the earth slowly. Some authorities believe

that a few hundred feet down, in some localities, it is still possible to detect the cold from the last Ice Age, 10,000 or 12,000 years ago. Nobody knows whether the earth was intensely hot when it was created; Dr. Harold Urey and others believe the temperature may have been moderate. We also do not know whether the center of the earth is a mass of molten rock, as was formerly believed, or what degree of radioactivity it possesses, if any. A. E. Benfield, an authority on this subject, reports the speculation that there may not have been time since the earth was formed for radioactive heat from its center to come out to the surface.

It is a safe prediction that this new radioactive timing technique will have many applications that are not now foreseen. A closely allied principle has already been used by Dr. Urey, who won a Nobel Prize for his development of heavy water, to determine—what must seem to the layman at first glance to be completely impossible—the exact temperature of the sea water at the time when certain prehistoric marine animals died, tens of millions of years ago.

Oxygen, which occurs in the systems of all

living things, has three standard (non-radioactive) forms, readily distinguishable from each other. The proportion of each of these forms taken in by a living organism varies according to the temperature during the organism's lifetime and remains a permanent aspect of its shell. Dr. Urey, using a mass spectrometer, analyzed the quantity of oxygen 18 in the fossils of certain prehistoric animals and compared it with the quantity of oxygen 16 (the most common) and oxygen 17. Thereby he was able, without too much trouble to report the temperature when the animal lived. As a result we know that there has been no significant change in the temperature over a period of 200 million years. (Even the ice ages, contrary to the common impression, were probably caused by a drop in temperature of only about seven degrees Fahrenheit.)

The studies of Professor Hurley and others have confirmed previous estimates that the age of the earth is not less than two billion years. It is also probably not more than about 3.35 billion years. Astrophysicists believe that the universe itself is probably not much older, in its present form.

Homo Sapiens

GARMAN HARBOTTLE

DRINK well deep to bone-dry;
You won't find another . .

And when

The searing sand drags at your feet
And you writhe, drop, die
At the foot of black marble mountains,
Glimpse earth for the last time . .

and the first.

Think that some other thinking beast
(Whatever that race calls itself)
Will spy white bones at the arroyo-end—
Skull, rib and thigh
Bleached by the drought of a hundred thousand years,
Will wire you together,
Hang you in a glass case,
And try to surmise your ends.

After Hours

Ahoy!

THE yacht business isn't what it was in the old days when John Pierpont Morgan plied the oceans in his three-hundred-and-two-foot *Corsair III*, but it is still a business. In fact, it is a booming business that would probably please Mr. Morgan by its size even though it might dismay him by its decreased elegance. There is nothing privately owned now that compares with the *Corsair*; during the last war any yacht of nearly comparable size was taken over by the Navy, and almost none of them have been refitted for private use. Too expensive. There are people these days who pay as much as \$250,000 for a hundred-foot power boat, but their number is obviously not legion.

The number of privately-owned boats, however, is legion, as is the number of yachting caps, and weekend skippers, and men, women, and boys who wouldn't think of calling a rope anything but a sheet or a line.

I found out about this on dry land, in the Life Extension Building on Manhattan where Sparkman & Stevens, yacht brokers and designers, have their offices. Salt air seems to blow through there, and stenographers beat their typewriters in the shadow of models of racing hulls surrounded by the photographs of sloops with their balloon jibs bellying. I talked with Mr. Drake Sparkman, a stocky bespectacled gentleman in his fifties who has had one hand on a tiller, at least figuratively, ever since he was a small boy. His father was a yachtsman, and so was his grandfather, who owned a proud black schooner called the *Mystic* that flew the flag of the Atlantic Yacht Club.

Mr. Sparkman lives boats, and when he says that the yacht business isn't what it once was it is not in a tone of voice that betrays anything but nostalgia. The boat business and Mr. Sparkman are as one and they both look in good health.

Yachting in Mr. Morgan's day was largely an Eastern seaboard diversion of the wealthy. Now it is not only a major sporting activity from the coast of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico and up the West coast (where there is a scarcity of good harbors), but it has gone inland as well. There used to be a superstition, at least Mr. Sparkman thinks it was *largely* a superstition, that sailing on inland lakes was a dangerous business. Sudden squalls were supposed to make lake sailing treacherous, but now there would seem to be hardly a lake of any size at all on which there is not only sailing but racing as well. "Some of the finest yachts in the country," Mr. Sparkman said, "are on the Great Lakes, and there is sailing even on man-made lakes." When I asked him if he meant lakes made by dam projects he said, "Especially in the Tennessee Valley. I saw a photograph of a sizeable boat on an inland lake and thought it must be a faked picture and so I wrote to the owner. It wasn't a fake. It was in one of the TVA lakes. The owner stopped in here to see me one day." There is also a good deal of cruising that goes on far from the ocean. Some enthusiasts cruise through lakes and rivers and canals from Chicago all the way down to the Gulf.

THE majority of the nation's yachtsmen take to the water in boats that can scarcely be called yachts. These are the

outboard-motor fans and the sailors of small one-design sailboats, the most popular of which are the Snipes, Lightnings, Comets, and Stars. There are about fifteen thousand of these afloat and they vary in length from fifteen feet to twenty-four and cost from \$350 second-hand to about \$2,000. If you do your own painting and repairs and don't have to buy a new suit of sails you can keep a small boat in the water for less than \$100 a year. If you join a yacht club your dues can vary from \$25 a season to \$250, but you don't have to join a club. You can tie up at a public mooring or sometimes at a boat yard. Yachting in these terms is by no means a rich man's game. It can be seductive though. Mr. Sparkman told me of one fellow who started off with a \$700 boat which he turned in after a couple of years for a \$7,000 one. After a few more seasons he turned that in and got a \$15,000 yacht and about seven years later he plunked down \$85,000 to have one built.

Few people are having boats built these days because of high prices, high taxes, and shortages of materials, and because most boat yards are working on government orders. This, however, doesn't seem to distress Mr. Sparkman as it makes the yacht market lively. "There's an excellent demand," he explained, "and a scarcity of good boats." Mr. Sparkman's own design department now has, as he put it, "x number of draftsmen working on a mine sweeper for the Navy." In those same drafting rooms during the last war the Duck, an amphibious two-and-a-half-ton truck, was developed. "It was in collaboration with General Motors," Mr. Sparkman added modestly, but there wasn't any question in my mind about who knew how to make a truck act like a boat.

"The future of yachting is in the youngsters," Mr. Sparkman said. "Yacht clubs are fostering junior sailing and many of them have instructors. We have eighty kids out at the Larchmont Yacht Club taking lessons." The cost of the class boats (one design) is down. Out at Newport Beach in California there must be seven or eight thousand boats in a harbor only about three miles long by a mile wide. It's a fantastic number.

"Back in 1937, in Newport Harbor at the time of the last America Cup Races," he said, "I was on Mr. Gerard B. Lambert's big sea-

going schooner *Atlantic* . . . there's a model of it right there . . ." he pointed to a hull on the wall behind me, "and a little fifteen-foot Snipe with about twelve people on her sailed by our stern. Mr. Lambert looked down at them and said, 'They're having more fun than I am.'"

Mr. Sparkman seemed to want to stop reminiscing and get back to business, so I weighed my anchor and turned my bow into the wind.

Balsam Pillows and Cheddar Cheese

RECENT information from the Southwest, a corner of the country in which natural wonders are a major asset, has confirmed my impression that the value of scenery as tourist-bait is on the decline. No longer is the gap-mouthed wanderer principally drawn by rocks, rills, and caverns. No longer does he head for the spectacles and curiosities that were once considered irresistibly magnetic to the casual purchaser of hooked rugs, Shenandoah apple candy, pottery, pecan pralines, and satin pillows stamped "Souvenir of Okefenokee Swamp." Today he guns different game.

This trend was identified by the *New York Times*, in a dispatch from Los Angeles, concerning the good fortune of the citizens of Las Vegas. This past January, when the Atomic Energy Commission announced a new series of nuclear explosions in the Nevada desert, numerous Las Vegans were discommoded by the thought that these might drive away the tourists, upsetting the economic equilibrium of the community. Little did they wit. "A scant twelve hours after the initial explosion . . .," reported the *Times*, "visitors began trickling into town from Los Angeles, four hundred miles away, to see what was going on. By the time of the final blast in the initial series, ten days later, motels throughout Las Vegas were filled up nightly with tourists curious enough to spend half the chill night huddled in blankets outside their lodgings. . . ."

Apparently the objectives that are set to justify the happy motorist in his urge have been reoriented. Perhaps he would travel anyhow, for it seems hardly credible that Old Faithful or the Great Stone Face could alone have been enough to set in motion the many

thousands who have trooped dutifully to and from them, and purchased balsam pillows. Out of childhood one remembers a lucky stop for lunch, the break of sun around a dismal thunderhead, or a candy wrapper blown across the road as well as or better than the nominal terminus of voyaging—Estes Park, the Alamo, Ausable Chasm, or the Vieux Carré. We *will* travel, but it helps to have an excuse; the phenomenon of postwar years is that the excuses have changed in character. The simple gawker and head-turner is changing into something that looks suspiciously like a historian on wheels. "People don't go just to get someplace," the *Times* quoted a "veteran travel agent" as saying, "or just to look at monuments the way they used to. They want to see what the country is really like—and what's going on."

WHEN he characterized the "tourist in America" in *Harper's* several months ago, Denis Brogan seems little to have realized that his outsider's view was very like our own. He said that he, and his fellow-foreigners, preferred TVA to "colonial" Williamsburg, River Rouge to the misplaced monument of Bennington. So do we, Mr. Brogan. The greatest tourist attraction of the Southwest, again according to the *Times*, is not the Grand Canyon of the Colorado or the battle sites of Indian wars. It is Hoover Dam, at Boulder City, which draws 400,000 visitors a year.

Tourism has gone both educational and contemporary. Travel organizations have had to revise their agendas, taking account of a novel scale of interest in which a new oil field rates higher than the desolate marker near Beaumont, Texas, where gushers began, and a refinery rates higher still. Practitioners of public relations have had to recognize the contrast between TVA—which welcomes all comers with graded walks, parking lots, rest rooms, and a barrage of visual education—and the Wisconsin Valley Improvement Company, which performs many comparable functions but with no flair for the dramatic and accessible. A curious populace has been on the move, and whoever thought to put up a sign outside the Copper Basin of Tennessee—a hundred square miles of dessicated erosion—explaining how it came to be, knew well that the sight spoke eloquently for conservation.

THIS impact has been especially strong on factories, theoretically the most malodorous flower of industrialism but now apparently its most attractive. One estimate is that forty million Americans visited industrial installations in 1950. Competitive research could surely dig up an earlier date, were it to become a point of advertising honor, but on the authority of a pair of Katherines named Best and Hillyer, writing in *This Week* magazine, it can be said that the practice of admitting the public began in 1895—when Swift and Company, Plymouth Cordage, and National Biscuit decided to show how clean and comfortable were their satanic mills. A half-century later the practice has become so widespread that I remember wistfully the sensation two years ago of stopping at a furniture factory in Michigan that had no machinery to handle the wandering scholar, and feeling cheated. I hasten to add that they said they were too busy, which seemed to be true and was fair enough.

Companies with especially theatrical processes have tended to acquire special staffs or train a quantity of their own personnel (in addition to other duties) for the job of shepherding people through the plant, spieeling as they go. Ford at River Rouge, for example, like most of the mighty, is elaborately organized to take on the crowds and run them through on schedule. General Electric has long set out an exhibit of gadgets, where popcorn is popped between blocks of ice and sound converted to light and back to sound, in a continuous world's fair of trick technics. Food factories offer appropriate samples, though I have always admired the acumen which caused Nabisco to take school children through pilot crackers and saltines before coming to conveyor belts thick with chocolate marshmallows. Corning Glass, where the hand-blown manufacture of Steuben ware had attracted a bigger audience than could be accommodated, has even constructed an entirely new factory, with built-in bleachers and a museum attached, bringing us almost to the danger that the performance might begin to outweigh the product. Can you fire a craftsman for playing to the gallery?

ACTUALLY, I should think the companies would save in the long run by avoiding the tendency to professionalize

their sight-seeing. It is far more engaging, and a good deal more instructive too, to be taken through a factory by a man who works there than by a resident huckster. It is also the best way conceivable to familiarize the member of one department with the work of another, or to allow him to ask simple questions himself in the name of the layman ignoramus. It was a chemist, and not a mining engineer, who took my wife and me around the Alcoa mine at Bauxite, Arkansas, and lovingly lifted up chunks of the ore in the bottom of deep pits to show us bauxite's identifying obloid shapes. We stood at sunset on the edge of Alexander's Hill, a mile-wide depression in the ground that once *was* Alexander's hill, a wooded rise, and he matter-of-factly remarked: "Out of there came the bombers of World War II." He has made it very difficult for me to think of his company as abstract or inhuman.

Or I remember a cheese warehouse, where the manager took us through the cold-storage vaults, plunging a testing bore into tubs of varying ages, drawing out tubes of yellow-orange cheddar, replacing a plug of cheese, smoothing over the top, and passing the tasty pieces round with an eager flourish. Or a time at a paper mill, surrounded for miles with the sick-sweet odor of synthetic vanilla made from its lignin and acid wastes, when we arrived at one of the high-speed cardboard machines the moment the sheet broke—and watched spellbound as a crew appeared from nowhere to man battle stations and, at incredible risk to their fingers, re-threaded the wide strip of pulp through banks of enormous hot steel rollers, without turning off the power that ran them. Afterward an official of the company glanced at his watch, observed quietly the number of thousands of dollars these few minutes had cost, how much more it would have cost to stop the machine, and added that this job ranked close to the top in the hierarchy of the paper-making craft. Perhaps that is public relations as cynical as any other, but it goes down easy and—to mix a metaphor—sticks in the mind.

Though I cannot suppose that Gary Indiana, will shortly become the mecca of the tourist trek within the national borders, it seems reasonable to anticipate that manufacturing corporations will increasingly have to cultivate direct visitors as assiduously as

they now woo the anonymous multitudes with cagey parables and sermons in their ads. Widespread factory-visiting will be an improvement over advertising, and probably cheaper, but it will have to be kept out of the hands of midway barkers and young men in gabardine suits or lose its point. The public—with some prodding—thought this up for themselves. It would seem that they took industry seriously, and industrialists could profitably do the same.

Postscript

IF A parting admonition may be added, I should like to commend the practice of factory-visiting to sociologists, business men, economists, labor leaders, distinguished foreign visitors, and ministers of related gospels—or all who are called upon to have professional opinions about the facts of life in an industrial civilization. If you have occasion to hear this occult topic discussed by a group in which these categories are appropriately represented, you may be impressed, as I was recently, by an underlying difference of emphasis which cuts across all other distinctions of bias or employment.

This is the conflict, in gross oversimplification, between those who have recently been inside American factories and those who haven't but whose image of industrial work was fixed by Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times." These latter, concerned with the likelihood that a man who spends his days in putting a nut on a fender will miss profound human values, are easily bemused by the question of how "we" can give "them" a sense of greater self-importance—"we" being spectators of this mechanized world and "they" its inhabitants. But, as one apologist of modern business puts it, "Of those who work in large plants, not all work on assembly lines. Of those who work on assembly lines, not all put nuts on fenders. And of those who put nuts on fenders, it may just possibly be erroneous to assume that they are all unhappy while and because they are doing it." Nature, in this instance, has not been imitating art, and there are numbers of nominally observant people who seem not to have noticed it.

—*Mr. Harper*

NEW BOOKS

Words, War, and Literature

Charles Poore

MIDSUMMER catches most of us with a hatful of books that bloomed in the springtime still waiting to be read and already looking forward to the autumn's unblossomed volumes—whereupon some antique bookman rises to tell us, in one of those imperishable annual fusillades of lethal cheerfulness, that now is the time to catch up on *The Rise of Silas Lapham* and *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Which is all very well. The brawling past always has its serene enchantments. Indeed, we carry larger and larger chunks of it on our backs as more and more authors dig up Striking and Uncanny Parallels between yesterday and today. But why—not to mention how—overlook the perils and pleasures of the present moment? This summer, for a change, it might be interesting to read only new books and thus take a longer lead on posterity. After all, if people around here a hundred years ago had stuck to 1851's new books they would not have done so badly, say, with *The House of the Seven Gables*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and *Moby Dick*, to mention only three that turn up regularly on required reading lists and other mementos hallowed and mori.

What's more, the new books passing in review this month stand up pretty well. Look. Here they are:

A Soldier's Story, by Omar N. Bradley. Holt, \$5.

Independent Member, by A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, \$5.

The General Who Marched to Hell, by Earl Schenck Miers. Knopf, \$4.50.

The Troubled Air, by Irwin Shaw. Random House, \$3.75.

Umberto's Circus, by Eduard Bass. Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.

Exile's Return, by Malcolm Cowley. Viking, \$3.50.

Literary Frontiers, by J. Donald Adams. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.75.

The Literature of the American People, edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn. Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$9.

A Dictionary of Americanisms, by Mitford M. Mathews. Chicago, \$50.

Now I wouldn't advise anyone, offhand, to try to get all those books on a normal baggage allowance in a plane bound for a summer holiday in Timbuctoo. As a matter of fact, the two volumes of the dictionary alone would probably give the Queen Elizabeth a dangerous list if not properly distributed between port and starboard. But there is a lot of good reading and many a bone to pick in that bouillabaise.

Lee in Sherman's Boots

General Bradley's *A Soldier's Story* is the frankest, clearest, simplest of all the great captains' memoirs of the war. The Mauldin cartoons that illustrated the installments *Life* published are not in the book—but Mauldin's Willie and Joe march everywhere with General Bradley—from Africa, to Sicily, to England, to France, Luxembourg, Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

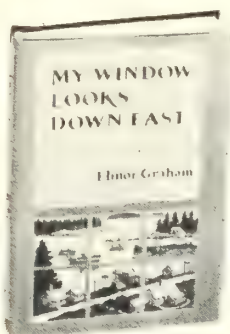
He is Lee in Sherman's boots, our greatest field commander. On May 7, 1940, he was a lieutenant colonel in civilian clothes riding a bus down Connecticut Avenue to his desk in the ramshackle old Munitions Building. On May 7, 1945, he was in charge of three

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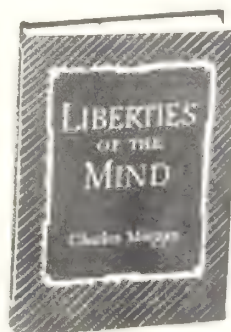
Another richly humorous and beautiful evocation of Maine life by the author of *Our Way Down East* and *Maine Charm String*. Full of the tang of Maine weather, the salty character of Maine people, tales of Maine houses, gardens, animals and hobbies, it is a book of great insight and charm. \$3.00



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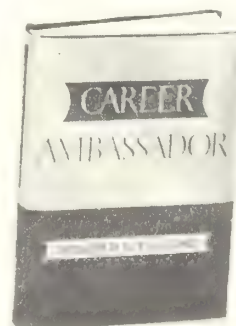
A master historian analyzes the structure of Elizabethan society in a book that is "majestic in scope . . . so crammed with interesting information and so well written that it is surely destined for a long life and a vast reputation." — ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *New York Times* \$6.50



Alcuin, Friend of Charlemagne

By ELEANOR SHIPLEY DUCKETT

This biography of Alcuin of York (735-804) describes the life, time and work of a man who left the imprint of his powerful personality on almost every institution, religious and secular, of his era. Here the author does for Alcuin what she did for the fascinating figures in *Anglo-Saxon Saints and Scholars*. \$5.00



The Secret Army

By T. BOR-KOMOROWSKI

The story of the Warsaw Uprising of 1943, by the General who led it—an unforgettable story of men, women, and children fighting the Nazis amid the ruins and in the sewers of Warsaw—hoping for aid from Russia which never came. "Told with agonizing vividness."—*The Observer* \$4.00

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great victorious American armies. He hadn't changed much. The world had.

A battalion or two of future novelists served, first and last, with General Bradley. It would be interesting to know how differently some of their books might have been written if they'd read *A Soldier's Story* first. It is dedicated "To those soldiers who must often have wondered *Why* they were going where they did. Perhaps this will help to answer their questions." And it answers them, patiently, pungently, and precisely, from the Kasserine to the Falaise Gap, from Troina to the Bulge to the Elbe. Why, even Hemingway's Colonel Cantwell, that modern incarnation of Rembrandt's Man in the Golden Helmet, and the beautiful Countess Renata will learn here things they did not know before.

Indeed, again and again as you read *A Soldier's Story* you ask the authors of other books on the shelves around you for their versions of crucial decisions. One example will have to suffice here. The question is: "Why wasn't the Falaise Gap closed?" The answers:

General Patton, in War As I Knew It: "The XV Corps . . . could easily have entered Falaise and completely closed the gap, but we were ordered not to do this, allegedly because the British had sown the area with a large number of time bombs."

General Eisenhower, in Crusade in Europe: "I completely supported Bradley in his decision that it was necessary to obey the orders, prescribing the boundary between the Army groups, exactly as written; otherwise a calamitous battle between friends could have resulted."

Ralph Ingersoll, in Top Secret: "Montgomery, who was still nominally in charge of all ground forces, now chose to exercise his authority and ordered Patton back to his side of the international boundary line."

General Bradley: "The decision to stop Patton was mine alone; it never went beyond my CP."

Bradley was critical of Montgomery for not getting going at Falaise, as he was critical earlier of Montgomery in Sicily and later, on the way to Germany. All I can say is, considering General Bradley's provocation, I am astonished at his moderation. Particularly after Monty told how he had tidied up the Bulge.

Bradley was often under the necessity of restraining Patton, though he sometimes had to smile at Patton's guile and victorious en-

ergy. ("Let me go to Falaise," Patton had urged him, "and we'll drive the British back into the sea for another Dunkirk.") He tells us enough about Colonel Monk Dickson, the great G-2 of II Corps in the Mediterranean and First Army in Northwest Europe, to make us wish someone would write a whole book about him. It was Dickson who said: "Security wouldn't be much of a problem if only there were fewer generals in the Army."

He considers Field Marshal Alexander "the outstanding general's general of the European war": "in contrast to the rigid self-assurance of General Montgomery, Alexander brought to his command the reasonableness, patience, and modesty of a great soldier." As near as I can make out, General Bradley's view of SHAEF corresponds (rudely) to First Army's view of General Bradley's 12th Army Group—or the First Division's view of First Army. All, as it should be, genially this side of idolatry.

Herbert, Hell, and Circuses

In A. P. Herbert's *Independent Member* you get a peculiarly unusual view of Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein. But then, you are apt to get all sorts of unusual views from A. P. H., though his wit has mellowed alarmingly since the days when he took sharp swords to poses, in *Punch* and Parliament. Now, he sometimes gives you uneasy inklings of what a Cheshire cheese might be like if it were aged in rich, nutritious chocolate marshmallow syrup, as he spins his tales of war and peace.

He was a guest at Monty's camp in Normandy when the Germans were streaming out of Falaise, and Monty gave Herbert to understand that the pocket would be closed: "'There,' he said, 'I drop my air-borne troops.' And one saw the picture, the last gate shut." But perhaps one merely over-prepared the event. For, back in England, where Herbert was both a member of Parliament and a gallant seaborne defender of Britain, he "waited eagerly for the big event. . . . Perhaps the ground was not considered suitable for the 'air-borne' effort, or the battle was too confused for such an operation, or the troops were wanted for other work. I do not know, and have never inquired." Wise man!

All in all, Herbert contributes most expertly to the gaiety of nations in this book when he is spoofing or scourging Parliament,

and much more enduringly to the Parliament of man when he is recalling the everyday valor of Londoners during the war. He also has sage things to say on writing letters to the *Times*, and entertaining reminiscences of Winston Churchill as patron of poets and parliamentarians. After A.P.H.'s first effort as Oxford's MP, Mr. Churchill said: "Call that a maiden speech? It was a brazen hussy of a speech."

The General Who Marched to Hell, by Earl Schenck Miers, is a good portrait of William Tecumseh Sherman and a lively panorama of a celebrated, execrated march to the sea. If I were asked whether, in view of Lloyd Lewis' magnificent biography, *Sherman, Fighting Prophet*, another book about Sherman was really necessary, I would be hard put to it for an answer, but Mr. Miers' book will interest all who are interested in the Civil War, and that seems to include half creation, ear- and later wars notwithstanding. There are still unpublished manuscripts to be made use of, and Mr. Miers has studied them diligently, as well as the mountains of printed material. Fire flames again, blood flows.

Throughout the war in Europe whenever frequently escaped AEF to tramp into the field and "with his men," Omar Bradley marks in *A Soldier's Story*. "There, the others of us, he could see war for what it was, a wretched enmeshment of all the thin pretences of civilization. In the rear of the war may sometimes assume the look of an adventure. On the front seldom lapses far from what General Sherman declared it to be." In this book, in that respect, is chronistically timely.

The Civil War touches the people of duard Bass's *Umberto's Circus*, a contrived, beguiling tale of nineteenth-century circus people wandering tumultuously through a still untriered and unblasted Central Europe, when the question of a new pantomime comes up.

Is there any one thing that people are always talking about?" Berthe director, asks Kerholec, one of the roustabouts. "My wife's always talking about her tigers, my mother about her ballet, Frans about numbers, and Hammer-

schmidt about stockings—you won't make any pantomime out of that."

"No, but there's the war."

"My God, what war? Where is there a war? I hope to the Lord they don't take the horses."

"The war's in America, it seems."

"Oh, in America. Well, they can fight there, as far as I'm concerned. We're not going to America. So there's a war in America! That's none of my business. I haven't time for newspaper foolishness. Who's fighting, anyway? I always thought that was a paradise."

"The war is in the Union. The Northern States against the Southern. To stop slavery."

"Iyiyiyi. Are there still such things in the world?"

And in no time at all these blissful Europeans are talking about making a pantomime out of the War Between the States. "We'll have to ask whether they have elephants in America. We'll have the Negroes wear those Moroccan costumes, and for the Indians we might do over those Persian falconers." They all have ups and downs as regularly as the horses on a merry-go-round.

It's a book that may remind you at times of Bemelmans and at times of "Liliom." It is shrewd and sentimental, true to life and therefore preposterous, set to Viennese waltzes and rich in the ham of Westphalia, a carrousel creaking around to the music of hurdy-gurdies.

Soaperatic Tragedy

The Troubled Air, by Irwin Shaw, is a very different kettle of fish indeed. It is one of those desperately earnest novels that raise the eternal question: is a book on a Weighty Subject bound to be a weighty book? And the eternal answer, of course, is Not Necessarily.

Mr. Shaw, who wrote one of the outstanding war novels, *The Young Lions*, is now grappling all over the place with the war to keep airborne speech free in America. His hero, a Jack the Giant Killer called Clement Archer, has taken it upon himself to defend some friends. He bumps at once into the fact that people who want free speech do not want it for all. Indeed, if anyone had told him at the outset how much proof of Communist activity

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MacArthur book

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Author of
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If you have read the Gunther story—here is its opposite—a first hand report on Douglas MacArthur by the four star general who was his Air Commander in World War II. General Kenney writes of MacArthur as friend, military leader, administrator in Japan, and as the brilliant strategist of the Pacific—adding many new, true stories to the legend.

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duell, sloan and pearce

there was against several of the radio actors on the show he directs, University Town he probably would not have proceeded at all and Mr. Shaw would have had no novel.

Yet that is not the main trouble with *The Troubled Air*. The main trouble is that it is itself told in terms of soap opera, ribboned out into these forlorn and tarnished episodes that involve the unhappy wife about to have a baby, the teenage daughter who is becoming infatuated with a Notorious Roué, the widowed mother with the shambling and worthless son, the hard, bright friend who turns out to be No Friend at All, the dancing-with-tears-in-her-eyes lady who knows her husband is a Perfect Scoundrel, the attractive kids celebrating a measles festival, the golden girl with the heart of a prostitute.

What's the matter with Irwin Shaw, anyway? He can write much better books than this one; he doesn't have to stack and then shuffle the deck and then stack it again to tell us that people should always have a fair trial even if all people who get fair trials don't really deserve them, does he? All he's done is to add the ultimate treason to the treasons, stratagems, and spoils Frederic Wakeman dealt out with such relish in *The Hucksters*.

Words, People, Literature

A number of scholarly literary historians have clubbed together to produce a massive work called *The Literature of the American People*, under the editorship of Arthur Hobson Quinn. The torch is taken first by Kenneth B. Murdock of Harvard who writes with authority on our Colonial and Revolutionary times, passed to Mr. Quinn for "The Establishment of National Literature," followed by Clarence Gohdes of Duke on "The Later Nineteenth Century," and then George F. Whicher of Amherst on the writers of this century. It is a book to supplement, rather than supplant, the excellent and more orderly *Literary History of the United States* published three years ago by Macmillan.

And even as a supplement it should be used with care. I'm not certain, for example, that any very

useful purpose is served by saying that, in writing *Main Street*, Sinclair Lewis "simply turned on the faucet of an inexhaustible mimicry, leaving it to his publisher to check the flow when enough had run to make a profitable book." Would anyone think it was fair to use those very words about this volume?

In *Literary Frontiers* J. Donald Adams, the most independent mind in contemporary criticism, has inexorable things to say about Lewis and others as he skeptically surveys the darkling plains. He discusses at length a favorite subject of mine, the alarming scarcity of convincing heroines in modern fiction, and comes to alarming conclusions of his own; he recognizes the great place of poetry in any civilization worth saving from the knackers, and writes eloquently about his old friend J. Boswell, as Scot calls to Scot across the vasty deep. When he says that Ellen Glasgow "knew as much, and, in some respects, I think, a little more," than Jane Austen, though, he's going to call all Janeites to battle stations. Of course if it's Richmond in the nineteen-twenties he had in mind, he may be right at that.

One of the leading literary cartographers of the twenties, Malcolm Cowley, has given a fresh coat of paint to his definitive *Exile's Return*, a nostalgic odyssey of the epoch; he has added a foreword and a postscript, and, with these new bumpers fore and aft, has sent his ghostly Stutz Bearcat full of gesture-fied Expatriates out to parade in the Fitzgerald Festival—which has become, by now, a sort of Pioneers' Day of modernity. Sometimes these revelations may assuage the troubled midnight and the noon's repose.

THE *entente cordiale* defined by Winston Churchill when he said Britain and America were "divided by a common language" is always on the agenda. In the summer of 1943, when British and American officers were serving together in Sicily, you could stir either group to fury with this sentence: "A clerk in a derby put on his skis and told his secretary that he was going to the laboratory for some aluminum on schedule."

Any number of dictionaries could

be thrown into the breach without producing any really final settlements on pronunciation. But not a lineal descendant of the Oxford group, *A Dictionary of Americanisms on Historical Principles*, not only gives the pedigrees of words that have been coined or domesticated in America, but also presents a wonderfully detailed profile of our national growth and development. For history has been defined in many ways. But isn't history, first of all, words?

A Dictionary of Americanisms is the most important work on our speech that has appeared since Noah Webster launched his paper and The editor, Milford M. Mathews was assistant to Sir William Craig when that great lexicographer was trying to cabin, if not confine, the American language under Oxford's banner. He's not content with the dewiest or the most mildewed slang. He begins with "A," which is "an abbreviation first used by the Plymouth colonists for adultery," and goes on through nearly 2,000 pages to "zweibach," one of the words we have made our own, along with *buffalo*, *refrigerator*, *amendment*, *ragger*, and *baseball*.

Slang, we are told, is given room when it has become solid. Thus we have *jazz*, *hoosegow*, *loney*, *hobo*, *whoopee*, *lolapalooza*, *bozo*, and *pep*—all of which, you agree, could be enthusiastically spared. Terms cautiously cited "first appearing in America" made by combining older terms include *pay dirt*, *Arbor Day*, *mighty dollar*, and *plugged nickel*. There's the true, devoted historian, the bibliographer austere, dedicated beyond the call of usage or duty. For who bothers to plug a nickel today?

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Pray Love, Remember, by Stephen Wendt.

This is the first English novel by a man who has several plays and novels in German to his credit. Stephen Wendt was born an Austro-German.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

arian but became an English citizen before the war and served for its duration in the British Foreign Office. His story of marriage in wartime is dramatic, exciting, and compassionate. It is also a most perceptive study in human relationships at any time and it is written with a distinction that belies the fact that English is not the author's first language. What it says about the desperate tensions of war marriage is revealing but what it says about the loneliness of the human spirit, even when most deeply loved or most deeply loving, is penetrating to a degree. As a contrapuntal theme, intense in itself and emphasizing the complications of the marriage thesis, Mr. Wendt weaves in a moving story of the relationships of a group of men thrown together by the war, playing up their loneliness and deep affection, usually drowned in liquor or absurd and happy persiflage. It is a mature and thoughtful book and its reading is a joyful experience in spite of the insoluble problems it raises.

Macmillan, \$3

The Autumn Garden, by Lillian Hellman.

Lillian Hellman's latest play opens in the living room of a large house in Louisiana on the Gulf of Mexico. The place is run now as a boarding house by the daughter of the family and a group of people who once knew each other in varying degrees of intimacy come back to renew their youth for a few summer days. Most of them are now past the summer of their lives—hence the title—it that doesn't prevent them from sinking suddenly, in the old surroundings, that they can start all over. They try, and the results are both comic and tragic under Miss Hellman's sure touch and on the stage Fredric March and Florence Dridge made it often hilarious. But the author's story, not political this one, is a very basic commentary on man's fate: We are the sum of our past actions and no sudden Indian summer can give us the secret of escaping from ourselves. A good play to see or to read. Little, Brown, \$2.50

The Enchanted, by Elizabeth Coatsworth.

who buys a deserted Maine farm on the edge of the wilderness called (on the map) "The Enchanted." From the minute he takes over and has a talk with his nearest neighbor he realizes that the place is as mysterious and magic as its name. But he settles down, marries the daughter of a friendly, gregarious neighboring family without inquiring into their background—and then we start finding out how magic you can get. The story of his finding out and of the farm chores and pleasures as seasons change, is charming. A fairy tale well worth the brief time the reading takes. Pantheon, \$2.50

A Rough Shoot, by Geoffrey Household.

It is Mr. Household's fate—and not a bad one—to be known first and foremost as author of that near-classic thriller, *Rogue Male*. This one is not *Rogue Male*, but it's in the same light-hearted, wholesome, murderous vein, and the enemy, refreshingly enough, is not the Communists but Europe's and England's neo-Nazis. It starts with a ridiculously funny murder on the downs near Dorset and moves from intrigue to intrigue and chase to chase, involving high international circles, right up to its improbable but satisfying conclusion. Little, Brown \$2.50

NON-FICTION

Imuk, by Roger Buliard. Introduction by Fulton J. Sheen.

This is a journalistic account of twelve years of a French Catholic missionary's life at Coppermine, one hundred miles within the Arctic Circle. The problems of the Eskimos among whom he worked from 1934 to 1946 as well as the problems of those who are trying to help them are graphically described, often with a wry or robust humor, even when the situations are anything but funny. How, for instance, does one persuade a people who think nothing of infanticide, wife-borrowing, and desertion of the aged, that there is anything for them in the Ten Commandments? As the author says dryly, "The Decalogue makes weary progress against the established Eskimo morality." It is a very interesting and ingratifying book.

Clifton Fadiman says: "This is a brilliant book,

at times daring to the point of rashness, but no other Shakespearean commentary I happen to know

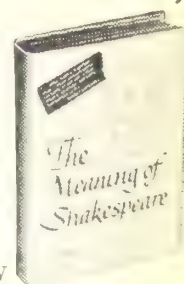
seems to drive to the heart of the poet as does this one. Reading it has been an exciting experience for me."

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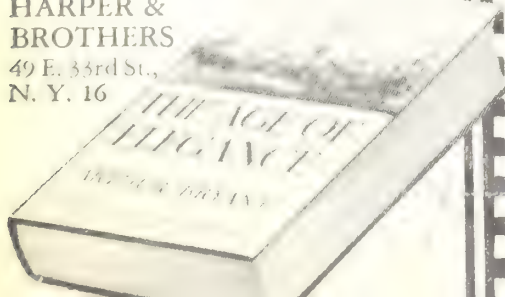
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*ORVILLE PRESCOTT, N. Y. Times.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

World Within World, by Stephen
Spender.

Self-examination in public is always embarrassing unless the examiner is a great artist, and even when he is, as in this case, the onlookers often find themselves shifting uncomfortably in their chairs. For Mr. Spender in this remarkable autobiography is merciless in what he reveals about himself and about his friends and one feels that the only thing that matters to him is to discover the absolute truth about what has motivated him in his behavior through all his forty years. He spares himself and the reader almost nothing of an "unconventional," intense life, deeply involved in the emotional, literary, and political currents of a turbulent era. There are, of course, certain things which he does not explain and in a way these omissions are as revealing as what he explains. Many will read his story for the sheer pleasure of reading the lovely prose, freighted as it often is with poetic insights into life at all levels. Many will be interested in the somewhat unorthodox portraits of his distinguished literary circle—Auden, Isherwood, T. S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf, among them. Others will be absorbed in the politics (though much of the substance of this was in his essay in *The God That Failed*, published last year). Not a few will be put off by Mr. Spender's tireless—and oddly humorless—absorption in his own reactions to things, but it is after all the poet's business constantly to examine and distill the nature of experience and no one should complain too much—especially when he does it so well—if he chooses to do his homework in public.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50

BOOK FORECAST

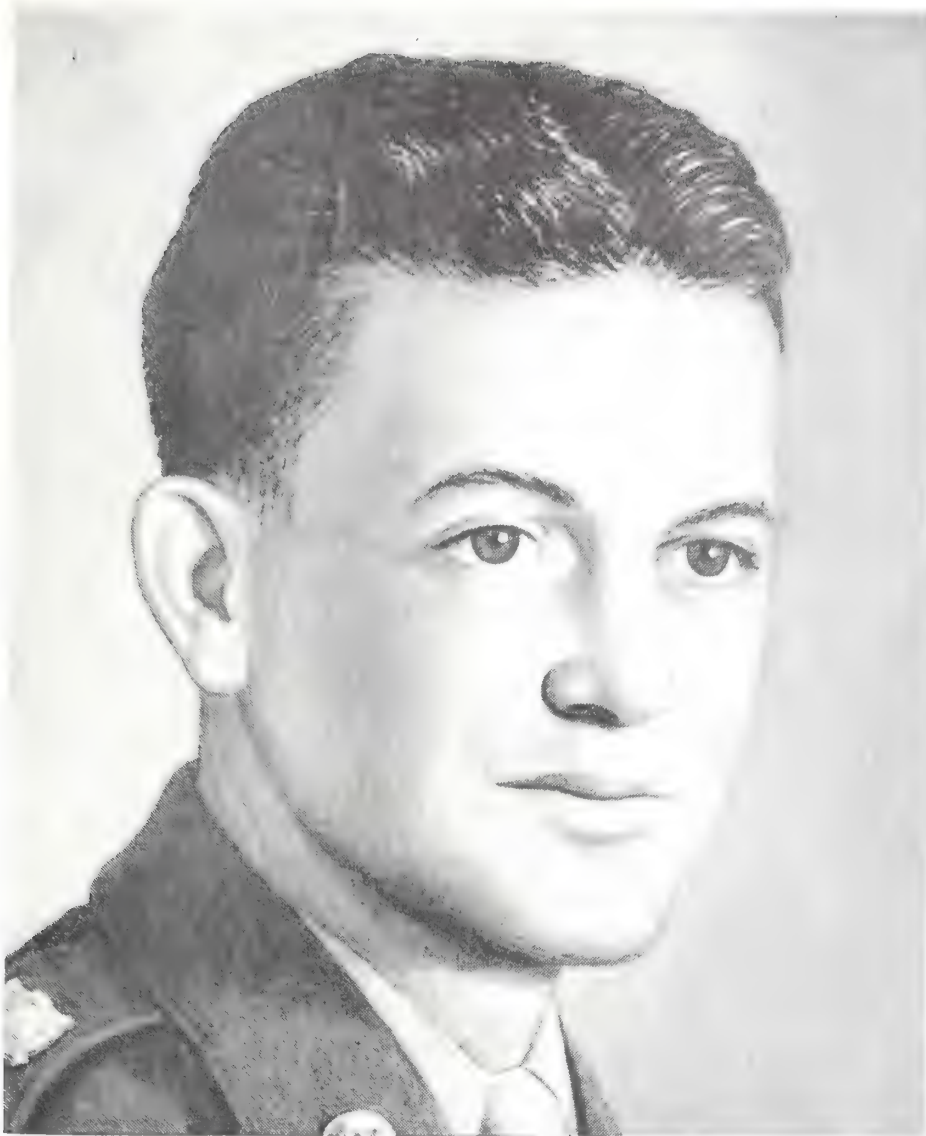
Giant Projects

You will find no lack of entertainment and information in the fall publications, no matter what your field of interest. And you could do much worse than to start right off with Bantam Books' (25¢) *A Selective Guide to Forthcoming Entertainment* by Gilbert Seldes. The author of *The Seven Lively Arts*, *The Great American Novel*, and *The*

takes in this volume to do nothing less than list the worthwhile books, concerts, plays, movies, not to mention radio and television programs, scheduled between next fall and June 1952. I say "list" but he will also briefly describe the coming events. And this crystal-gazing colossus, called Bantam, will be published in September or October. . . . Another stupendous undertaking is Regnery's six-volume series on *20th Century Literature in America* which will cover "fiction, drama, poetry, non-fiction, short fiction, and criticism, from 1900 to the present. Three of the volumes will appear this fall: *The Modern Novel in America*, by Frederick J. Hoffman of the University of Wisconsin; *Fifty Years of American Drama*, by Alan D. Downer of Princeton; and *Achievement in American Poetry*, by Louis Bogan, poet and critic. . . . Not so impressive in size, but comprehensive in the treatment of its subject matter, is Oxford's *Horses* by Dr. George Gaylord Simpson of the American Museum of Natural History. It is scheduled for fall publication as the first book "to treat horses as they have evolved from prehistoric times and as they fall today into various family groups, including wild horses, asses, and zebras." One mysterious chapter is entitled, "An interlude on Gaits and the Invention of Motion Pictures."

Men and Women

If none of the above tempts your appetite, Lippincott has scheduled for September Charles W. Mortenson's *How to Protect Yourself Against Women and Other Vicissitudes*. . . . And there is still one more gem on the menu. *Light From May Lamps*, "A Treasury of Inspirational Literature" edited in eleven sections by Lillian Eichler Watson, will be coming from Simon and Schuster before Christmas. The selections will be listed under such headings as "Love and Family Life," "Happiness and the Enjoyment of Living," and "Contentment in Later Years." The publishers say that the book "is designed to provide, through its selection of inspirational prose and poetry, material of interest at each stage of life from adolescence through the twilight years." What do you read?



Medal of Honor



Master Sergeant Travis Watkins, of Gladewater, Texas—Medal of Honor. On September 3, 1950, near Yongsan, Korea. Sergeant Watkins was wounded and paralyzed from the waist down. Ordering his squad to pull out and leave him, he stayed behind and died covering their withdrawal.

Sergeant Watkins gave his life for freedom. What can you do?

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every United States Series E Bond you own automatically goes on earning interest for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 years as before. This means, for example, that a Bond you bought for \$18.75 can return you not just \$25 but as much as \$33.33! For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

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Living High on a Low Income

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Vol. 203

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in next month's

Harper's

MAGAZINE

THERE'S been a certain amount of successful effort in recent years to promote Spain as a tourists' paradise and a good many reports on postwar vacation trips through that country. In September we'll present the findings of another kind of visitor—an Italian journalist living in France who, this past spring, took a three-week tour through Spain; a tour arranged not by a commercial travel agency but by the Paris headquarters of the anti-Franco Spanish underground. This is a condensed translation of a series of articles written for a leading Paris newspaper. In addition to the inherent interest of the subject matter we feel there's another significance for Americans in seeing how a European handled this material for European consumption.

READERS who were dashed by Thomas M. Riddick's stringent arguments that "Dowsing Is Nonsense" in last month's issue may take comfort in *Brooks Shepard's* "Firsthand Report on Dowsing" in September. Mr. Shepard isn't quite a true believer, but he knows both Kenneth Roberts and Henry Gross fairly well, and he's actually seen the latter at work—with startling results.

BEARDSLEY Ruml emphasizes the immense importance, in times like these, of voluntary personal saving; *Leonard Engel* reports the latest developments in "The Long Slow Battle with Cancer"; *Ernest Borneman* etches a detailed picture of the reconstructed "World of Sherlock Holmes" at 221b Baker Street in festival London; *Oliver Jensen* tells the story of "The Persuasive Roger Baldwin," who for thirty years guided the destinies of the American Civil Liberties Union; and *James Rorty*, in "Tortillas, Beans, and Bananas," investigates the eating habits of our neighbors south of the border and, however much you may have heard to the contrary, the facts about nutrition that we can learn from them.

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Personal & Otherwise

WHATEVER happened to prefabricated houses? Have they really been the failure that they appear to have been? The record, on the face of it, is certainly disappointing. Three times in the past twenty years public interest has been aroused by the possibilities of assembly-line production in house building. The first boom came in the early thirties, when the depression focused attention upon the need for low-cost housing, and a number of promoters (with the *Luce* magazines as cheer leaders) came up with a variety of grandiose schemes to "Fordize" house building, using idle factory space to mass-produce standardized units. Automobile manufacturers, the makers of Pullman cars, the big steel companies, wall-board manufacturers, and others wanted to get in on what *Fortune*, in an early issue, had called "the greatest commercial opportunity of the age." Even a few of the architects—who normally cultivate a distaste for "industrialized" housing—got on the band wagon. But mass production requires mass markets, and these did not materialize. The assembly lines didn't get rolling; only experimental work was done.

No sooner had the excitement subsided than the second world war came along, creating an enormous need for housing in the neighborhood of the new defense plants and (later) war plants, and starting a second boom in prefabrication. Because of a new plant, for example, the population of Charlestown, Indiana, jumped in a few weeks from 800 to 18,000, and the expansion of the Glenn Martin bomber plant at Middle River, Maryland, suddenly boosted the town's population from 2,500 to 50,000. To meet urgent situations like this, government agencies began placing large orders for various types of prefabricated units, and a number of different designs moved out of the experimental

stage into that of actual mass production.

But in spite of the success of a few wartime prefabricators, and of some postwar ventures which were heavily buttressed by RFC loans and government-guaranteed market contracts, the mass-produced, "industrialized" houses have had heavy going as soon as the government stopped buying or subsidizing them. Even such modified forms of prefabrication as the factory-production of component parts, rather than complete houses, which architect Walter Gropius advocates, have depended for survival upon government aid. One of the most successful prefabricators using this system was the General Panel Corporation (of which Gropius was vice president), and they had not only an RFC loan and a guaranteed market contract but also a surplus war plant in which to set up their assembly lines.

It is no wonder, then, that when Princeton University published a symposium called *Building for Modern Man* in 1949, which was described by its editor, Thomas H. Creighton, as being "as complete a statement of the position of architecture in the middle of the twentieth century as the practicing and criticizing profession can make for itself," prefabrication was still talked about only as a promising possibility—when it was mentioned at all. Even Mr. Gropius admitted that "very little is available on the prefabrication market which can supersede the conventionally built house from the point of view of price and quality," though he thought we were ready for rapid progress if government "encouragement" continued.

For a while it looked as if not much more "encouragement" would be forthcoming, but as the nation moved into its re-mobilization program after the Korean war began, new life was pumped into the prefabricators. We may well be in for another large-scale, government-endowed boom.

ON THE face of it, then, prefabrication has in fact been pretty much of a flop—so far, at least. But all the while that the architects, designers, and promoters have been experimenting, largely at government expense, with various types of “industrialized” housing which the house-buying public generally ignores, an industry has grown up which has provided, under their very eyes, a completely pre-fabricated dwelling which has become genuinely popular.

P & O was reminded of this fact when reading *Richardson Wood's* article on “The Shambles Around the War Plant” (p. 48). Mr. Wood has some very sensible things to say about providing house-trailers as homes for the thousands of workers who suddenly descend upon a community where new industrial plants are being built. Well, why not? For the house-trailer is not only mass-produced and therefore relatively inexpensive (from \$2,000 to \$6,000, depending on size and the number of luxuries), but also mobile, so that the owner can move it to another location when the war boom is over.

The case history of the trailer as a prefabricated house is a curious one. The books about prefabrication, and the articles in architectural magazines, make quite a to-do about the necessity for a real re-engineering of houses if prefabrication is to be successful, but they seldom even mention the trailers, which are a completely re-engineered kind of house. Quite a lot of excitement was stirred up a few years ago when the Harman Corporation “adapted” for its prefabricated houses an all-steel monocoque shell which had been developed for truck bodies, but neither this nor the TVA’s earlier experimental “mobile” house, worked out with the assistance of a trailer manufacturer, has called attention to the importance of the house-trailer as a commercially successful and highly significant form of vernacular architecture.

The trailer, which is said to have been invented in 1929, was first regarded as simply an ingenious device for vacation use. By 1940, however, as George Leighton pointed out in these pages nine years ago, six hundred trailer manufacturers were selling mobile homes to people who lived in them all year round. By October 1941, a government official estimated that as many as 50,000 migrant war workers owned their own trailers, and

the government was also buying thousands to handle emergency situations.

A few designers had, of course, become interested in the possibilities suggested by trailers—notably Buckminster Fuller and Corwin Willson—but they were roundly denounced by people like Lewis Mumford. In *The Culture of Cities*, which is still something of a bible in the architectural schools, Mumford bitterly attacks the trailer as a false solution to our housing problems because it is either temporarily parasitic upon the nearest permanent community (for social services, schools, etc.) or else it must lack “those necessary social and cultural attachments without which one sinks to the level of a bargeman.”

The problem Mumford is worried about has not, however, deterred the trailerites. Ten years ago there were trailer towns, like the one near Alexandria, Louisiana, with two thousand or more trailers grouped around trailer grocery stores, trailer churches, and a trailer post office. And by 1950 it was estimated that five million Americans lived in these movable, prefabricated houses, fully equipped with bottled gas, electricity, modern kitchens, and bathrooms (and even bathtubs, in some models, instead of showers). The most popular models are thirty to thirty-three feet long and sleep four, though some floor plans sleep six. They are certainly not spacious, in the Victorian sense of the word, but they are as roomy as many a house and apartment which costs more and can’t be moved around. And finally—the prefabricator’s wildest dream come true—they can be traded in for a new model when a better one appears.

BUT what of Mumford’s “bargeman”? Have the five million trailer dwellers lost “every vestige of associative and corporative life” as he feared they would?

There is not space here this month to open up the whole question of “roots,” which is suggested by Mumford’s insistence that the sense of community can be achieved only through close association and “permanent settlement.” If he is right, of course, the American people have been condemned by their whole history to sink to the cultural level of bargemen.

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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

ered wagon to the streamliner and plane—have been symbols of mobility. For the American, as P&O has said elsewhere, time past has rarely extended downward into a wealth of accumulated experience on the ground where he stood; it has stretched laterally backward across the land, or across the sea, to the place he came from.

All sorts of prepossessions inherited from an earlier and less mobile culture teach us to lament the "absence of roots" which characterizes a trailer town, for example. What we tend to forget is that this rootlessness has been equally characteristic of American communities from the time of the trans-Allegheny settlements of the eighteen-twenties, the California gold-mining towns of the eighteen-fifties, and the construction towns at the advancing ends of the railroads in the eighteen-seventies, down to our own contemporary suburbs where the houses are "permanent" enough, God knows, but the occupants come and go as jobs and family fortunes dictate.

Perhaps we should begin to ask ourselves whether the need for "roots," as it is commonly expressed, doesn't reflect a rather vegetable conception of man's role on earth. Granted that man is a social animal, he is still an animal, not a plant. And if we rid ourselves of our prepossessions about what he *should* do, and examine honestly what he *is* doing to create patterns of community in this mobile age, we may discover that he is doing better than we think.

Just as a starter, P & O suggests that Mr. Sert or Mr. Mumford or Mr. Gropius look into a new type of folder which has turned up lately in those racks of timetables, hotel fliers, road maps, and so on in small town hotel lobbies. One of them, which P & O picked up at the Baron Steuben in Corning, New York, this spring is labeled: "Midland Trail—U. S. 24—"The Main Street of America." The folder is published by the U. S. 24 Highway Association, Raymond M. Sawhill, secretary, Farmer's Bank Building, Glasco, Kansas. U. S. 24 ("and connecting highways") runs from Quebec to Detroit, thence to Kansas City, Colorado Springs, and Grand Junction, and from there to Los Angeles—a

total of three thousand three hundred and forty-three miles. P. & O. doesn't know how "close" the association is between, say, Maumee, Ohio, and Hoxie, Kansas—one thousand and fifty-two miles apart on U. S. 24. But maybe those who think modern civilization can be saved only if we learn "to re-integrate the organs of association by forming new civic wholes" ought to go out there and find out. There are probably plenty of good trailer camps along the way.

RICHARDSON WOOD, whose article sent us off on this tangent, has had long experience with community problems in America. After working in an advertising agency which did pioneer work in market surveys, Mr. Wood went into partnership with Elmo Roper and Paul Cherington to conduct surveys for a number of large industrial organizations, and he was largely responsible for setting up the Fortune Survey of Public Opinion.

From 1937 to 1945 he was an editor of *Fortune*, specializing in writing and editing regional articles. Since then he has headed Richardson Wood and Company, a service organization devoted exclusively to the economic development of cities and regions.

Glory, What Prices!

P & O read the manuscript of "Living High on a Low Income," by **Katharine Crosby MacInnis** (p. 54) at the height of the price war which spread from New York to other communities early this summer. There is no real connection, to be sure. Not even the frantic price competition between Macy's, Gimbel's, and Abraham & Straus reduced the cost of living to a point where a low income family could relax. As a matter of fact, what happened in most cases was that people were tempted by the reduced prices to buy things they didn't need at a

Mrs. MacInnis grew up in New England and is willing to admit the fact that she is a Yankee and her husband a Scot may have something to do with the way they have been able to work things out, though she doesn't think either of them is naturally thrifty.

She learned a lot about frugal management when she started a monthly magazine, in the late twenties, called *The Bostonian*. It began on only a thousand dollars and managed to keep going for several years on that and a little extra until the depression. It was in the magazine's editorial office, in an ex-sail loft down on T wharf on the Boston waterfront, that Mrs. MacInnis met her husband. They drove west in 1932 on their honeymoon, and it was in 1933 that they "settled down" as described in the present article.

Mrs. MacInnis has had a variety of jobs at different times, including publicity work and writing a daily newspaper feature during the war. Her book, *Blue-Water Men and Other Cape Codders*, was published by Macmillan in 1946.

Harvey H. Greer, who made the illustrations for "Living High on a Low Income," came to study in Brooklyn at Pratt Institute and is working in New York.

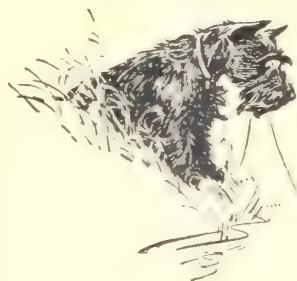
Let the Tubes Do It

The kind of revolution in production and distribution which is forecast by **E. W. Leaver** and **J. J. Brown** in their article on "Electronics and Human Beings" (p. 88) may be nearer than we suppose. Certainly new developments in the field of electronic controls and electronic "gains" are coming along with astonishing rapidity, and wartime research on guided missiles and other military projects will doubtless increase the pace.

In the period since the article by Messrs. Leaver and Brown came into our shop we have noted a number of items in the press which suggest that, in a few areas of business at least, we are on the way to the kind of "regimentation of machines" which they advocate. The *Wall Street Journal*, for example, quoted the president of a transcontinental pipeline corporation as saying that, with the new microwave transmitting systems developed by E. T. and others, they may soon have "a really push-button operation" for natural gas pipelines. "We will be able to start and stop engines, open and close valves, read gauges, control pressures, and in fact do just about anything human be-



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ings can do"—all by electronic controls.

MR. LEAVER and Mr. Brown first met during the war, when they were both working on radar, and their common interest in studying the effects of science on social organization has kept them collaborating ever since. They have just finished five years of work on a new book to be called *Automatism and Society*.

Both men are in their mid-thirties, both are married and have children, and both are in business—though not together. Mr. Leaver—a self-taught physicist—lives in Toronto, where he has his own company, manufacturing "scintillation counters" for atomic research and carrying on development work on patents in electronics. Mr. Brown, who describes himself as a conventional product of the schools with a Ph. D. from Yale, lives in Mount Royal and works at the head office of the Aluminum Company of Canada in Montreal.

All Present—

...When the *Combat Forces Journal* published the articles which we republish, with some revisions, as "Our Army in Korea—The Best Yet" (p. 21), they described the author as "the nation's most influential military critic," whose tenacity at dredging up the facts of combat from the mud of the battlefield has made him "a soldier's critic."

The surprising part of all this, as the *Journal* went on to say, is that *Colonel Samuel Lyman Atwood Marshall* is by vocation a newspaper editorial writer, having been employed in that capacity (and as columnist, war correspondent, and radio commentator) by the *Detroit News* since 1927.

Colonel Marshall knows his way around many a battlefield. In the first world war he served as a grenadier with the Engineers in the campaigns of Soissons, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and Ypres-Lys, and in 1919 he was commissioned—our youngest World War I officer. After the war he worked as a mine surveyor, but went into newspaper work in 1923 as a sports editor on a Texas paper.

In 1936-37 he was in Spain, observing and reporting the civil war.

In 1942, after his first two books, *Blitzkrieg* (1940) and *Armies on Wheels* (1941), had established his reputation as a first-class military expert, he was called to Washington as a civilian consultant to the Secretary of War. A few months later he was commissioned a major and became Chief of Orientation of Special Services. In 1943 he went to the Pacific as historian in the invasions of Makin and the Marshall Islands.

In 1944 Colonel Marshall went to the European Theater as chief historian, and in the course of the entire war he spent some hours in battle with more than 500 different companies. Out of these wartime experiences came several books, including *Island Victory*, *Bastogne*, *Men Against Fire*, and *The Soldier's Load and the Mobility of a Nation*—the last of which he wrote after returning to Detroit.

Soon after the Korean conflict began he joined the Johns Hopkins Operations Research project and went to Korea, where he gathered the detailed information upon which his present article is based.

...In his article, "On Weekend Guests" (p. 28), *Russell Lynes* has gone and put himself on the hook again. As the author of *Snobs: A Guidebook to Your Friends, Your Enemies, Your Colleagues, and Yourself*, Mr. Lynes has already challenged the resentment of all persons who object to being called snobs. In that small book, which had been an article in this magazine ("The New Snobbism") first, and then an article in *Life*, he sorted out the most common practitioners of the snob and discovered ingratiatingly that "There is no greater snob than snob who thinks he can define snob."

This act of self-skewering occurred last November but it was not Mr. Lynes's first. Back in February 1937 he attacked society from another point of view, in an article in this magazine called "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow." To be sure, this piece of impudence seems not to have troubled the lowbrows, or at any rate no representative of the class came forward to protest; but cries of anguish and delight welled up from many middle and high quarters, and *Life* magazine, which

made and published a chart of humanity on the basis of Mr. Lynes's analysis, trapped Mr. Lynes and his colleagues by its characterization of him as an "editor of the middle-brow *Harper's*."

Oddly enough, for all they are so impaled, Mr. Lynes's readers come up regularly asking for more—masochists to a man, we suppose. This new piece of social analysis, "On Weekend Guests," has already created a demand of its own, and Mr. Lynes has obligingly produced more, which will appear in November as a book called *Guests, or How to Survive Hospitality*, to be published by Harper & Brothers (with drawings by R.L. himself).

Bernarda Bryson, who made the rawings for "On Weekend Guests," Mrs. Ben Shahn and the mother of three children. Besides having illustrated many stories and articles for *Harper's* (and having taught etching and lithography and having worked for the government), she has been both guest and host to the Lyneses and knows whereof she speaks.

••"I'll Call You Eager" (p. 36) is the first published story by **Glen Haley**, a young writer and ex-school teacher, whose manuscript turned up unheralded some months ago. He served three and a half years in the army, mostly working as an operations clerk on an air field in Southern France, but so far as we have seen it, his writing draws on his previous experience. He grew up in Colorado, and when his father was killed in an automobile accident, Mrs. Haley had to bring up her two boys, aged nine and eleven, and Glen Haley shined shoes in what had been his father's barber shop and did other odd jobs around town. Evidently this experience helped to make "I'll Call You Eager"—together with the local color of Los Angeles, where Mr. Haley now lives.

While attending Western State College in Colorado, Mr. Haley became interested in writing and got started through the encouragement of his teacher, Lois Borland. Back home after the war, he earned a master's degree at Stanford and did some more teaching, in California. Last fall, while buying a house on

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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

the GI bill—which has a room in which he can write—Mr. Haley took a job as a timekeeper at Lockheed.

...In "The Emerging Hyphen" (p. 63) *Johan J. Smertenko* discusses the present state of the nation in terms of the problem of "assimilation." To assimilate meant in Latin to "make like"—and this is what happens to immigrants and their children, who become like Americans in the process of becoming Americans. It is a process which is sometimes artificially interrupted or delayed, but it never really stops, and it makes America unique.

Mr. Smertenko is an American from Europe himself, but his transplanting occurred in boyhood, and he attended New York public schools and the state university in Wisconsin. He fought in the first world war, and has participated as a teacher, writer, editor, lecturer, and publicist in many educational, journalistic, and political enterprises. He is the author of *Alexander Hamilton: Man of Action* and of articles in this magazine and others. He is now at work on *Triumph of Jacob*, a biography of the Jewish people, to be published by Scribner's next spring.

Some of the reflections which led to the writing of "The Emerging Hyphen" may have come to Mr. Smertenko last summer when he was serving as a delegate to the Democratic State Convention in Connecticut. To complete the study, however, required a good deal of post-election searching of records—as well as a lifetime interest in the subject.

... "To Know the Country" (p. 72) is the first story *Harper's* has published by *Stephen Becker*, whose first novel, *The Season of the Stranger*, aroused uncommon interest and respect when it appeared last spring. Mr. Becker's evident love for Chinese people and ways goes back, we suppose, to his studies at Harvard and, principally, to the year he spent (1947-48) studying at Yen-ching University and teaching at Tsing Hua University in Peking.

Mr. Becker was graduated from Harvard in 1947, having spent one year midway in his college course with the Marines and one summer working in Alaska. After their re-

turn from China, the Beckers spent some time in France, where he began his book. They are now living in Cambridge—Mr. Becker writing and his wife continuing her study in the Harvard School of Architecture.

Harry Diamond's illustrations for "To Know the Country" were made from sketches which Mr. Diamond brought home with him from China, where he went during the war as a member of an OWI Psychological Warfare Team.

...One of the leftover debates of World War II which can be exploited by political factions in the United States and abroad is the question of the wisdom of the way in which the Allies brought about victory in the last war. The question is one which only a careful reading of the record can answer correctly.

In the atmosphere of diehardism which often clouds such issues it is a public service to make the record available. The report which *Harper's* presents this month, in "Was D-Day a Mistake?" (p. 77) by *Gordon Harrison*, lays a solid foundation for agreement at the present time—if only by clearing away a certain amount of rumor about the past. Mr. Harrison, who served from 1943 to 1946 as a combat historian enlisted and commissioned, with General Patton's army, is the author of *Cross-Channel Attack*, the volume of the Army's official history dealing with the invasion of Normandy. It is to be published in the fall as the seventh or eighth book to appear in the Army's big ninety-volume series.

Mr. Harrison has A.B. degrees from Columbia University and Oxford and a Ph.D. from Harvard (1950). He has been a newspaper reporter for the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Daily News* and an instructor in English at Harvard. On leave now from the Historical Division of the Department of the Army he is working on a history of conservative politics in the United States.

...One of the most disarming bits of intelligence in *Martin Flavin's* "Conversation with Shilendra" (p. 82) is the simple self-advertisement of the would-be scholar who is scribed on his card: "B.A. Failed

twice." This manifestation of the high esteem which learning enjoys in India may seem a little strange to Americans, but, like Mr. Flavin, we hope we give the Indians credit for an impressive sense of values.

Mr. Flavin's account of what needs to be done in India to answer the whispered question throughout the land: "When do we eat?" is sharpened by its context of gently flowing conversation. To report in this way is characteristic of the author who has previously given *Harper's* readers closeups of African gold miners, of a tribal chief in Belgian Congo, and (in March of this year) of a Korean refugee.

Mr. Flavin is now on the last lap of a trip around the world which has taken him from the Philippines to Paris, by way of Tokyo, Seoul, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Delhi, Geneva, and points between. He was born in San Francisco more than sixty years ago, has traveled in this country and abroad a great deal, and has had successful careers as a businessman, a Broadway playwright, a novelist, and a journalist. Some of his works include *Children of the Moon*, *Journey into the Dark* (which won the Harper and Pulitzer prizes), and *Black and White*.

Brooklyn-born **Oscar Liebman**, who studied on a scholarship at the Art Students League in New York, made the drawings of India for "Conversation with Shilendra." Mr. Liebman has worked at many things: metal spinner, power punch operator, record presser, and "medic" with the 6th Army, all the way up from Australia to Luzon.

"Cause Has No Name" (p. 71) is the last of a series of three poems by **Hortense Flexner** that have appeared in *Harper's* this summer. Mrs. Flexner's first poem in this magazine was published in 1916. She is the author of three volumes of published verse.

Alfred A. Kilrain, whose "On the Difficulty of Recognizing the Loved One" (p. 81) is his first published poem since high school, is a twenty-year-old veteran, married, living in Schenectady, New York. He was born in Cleveland but was transplanted early to New York City, and he graduated from Columbia. He now works at General Electric.

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LETTERS

Still Colliding—

To the Editors:

I have followed the Velikovsky affair with the closest care. From the beginning I have urged men of science to look more closely at it. The glaring paucity and the barren weakness of explicit criticism in the enemy camp have impressed me. There have been vitriolic and abusive utterances filled with fever but amazingly bare of fact.

I believe I was the first of my profession to join the ranks of the iconoclast. . . . It now appears that our strength increaseth in numbers and in kind. The recitation in the June *Harper's* ["Velikovsky and His Critics"] by Velikovsky and Stewart leads me to this inescapable conviction:

(1) The Velikovsky notions are not altogether untenable;

(2) The Velikovsky notions are not yet refuted. . . .

JULIUS SUMNER MILLER
Professor of Physics and
Mathematics
Dillard University
New Orleans, La.

To the Editors:

On page 61 of the June issue John Q. Stewart makes the flippant statement: "Try it with a full dishpan in the back seat of your car." I did, and it appears that I can accelerate two miles per hour in one minute without any spilling whatsoever. Others might do much better. I would guess they might do it in one-third the time. If allowance is made for spilling (see Sir Leonard Woolley on page 66) ten seconds might not be considered out of order. This would mean eight hours to as low as one and one-half hours for complete deceleration of the Earth.

I may be all wet—but the car stayed dry.

I am neither trained enough nor intelligent enough to follow or understand either Velikovsky or Einstein. It would be nice, however, if a discussor of professorial rank

showed us, your readers, the same courtesy of approach which your editors have extended to us for a good many years.

PAUL C. CRAIG, M.D.
Reading, Pa.

To the Editors:

My only complaint against Professor Stewart concerns his view that "there is a latent opposition between persons having a humane education and those with scientific training." He apparently thinks that humanistic scholars have proved unable to judge Velikovsky's book. Of course they cannot personally judge those aspects of it which concern physical and mathematical science. . . . Most of them, I think, are quite willing to assume that the general opinion of their scientific colleagues on this subject is right. . . . The book also tries to use the methods of certain humanistic disciplines, such as philology, history, and anthropology. And scientists in those disciplines, I can assure Mr. Stewart (and *Harper's*), are nearly unanimous in believing that, in the main, as an example of would-be *humanistic* scholarship, the book is a farrago of half-baked, sciolistic nonsense. . . .

Let me give from my own field of competence just one example of the book's many incredibly wild statements, which any specialist can easily prove false. "In the *Vedas* the planet Venus is compared to a bull" (p. 179). In fact, (1) it has never been proved to the satisfaction of Indologists generally that any planets are mentioned at all in the *Vedas*; (2) in the passage partially cited as evidence for the above allegation (with an inexact and misleading reference in the footnote; it should be Atharva Veda ix. 1. 20) it is "Prajapati" who is compared to a bull; Prajapati, in Vedic and later India, is a well-known god whom no one before Dr. Velikovsky has ever thought of identifying with the planet Venus. (Incidentally, almost any Vedic god is apt to be called a "bull"; they were a bunch of vigorous "he-men.") This

is a fair example of the author's supposed "scholarship." . . .

FRANKLIN EDGERTON
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

To the Editors:

Hurrah for Dr. Velikovsky! He is a scholar *and* a gentleman. His rebuttal to Professor John Q. Stewart makes the Professor look like a childish Merlin. . . .

ARDEN WOOTTON
Valley Stream, N. Y.

To the Editors:

. . . After a careful reading of Velikovsky's "Answer to My Critics" and his ill-tempered reply to Dr. Stewart's calmly reasoned critique, the writer, who has been a student of astronomy since 1891, is impelled to withhold his Q.E.D. . . .

LABAN LACY RICHARDS
Ware Neck, Va.

By Plane, Not Car—

To the Editors:

I have just read the June issue of your magazine. . . . In the report "How the Korea Decision Was Made," Mr. Warner used the following sentence to open his article: "On Saturday, June 24, 1950, President Truman tranquilly motored to the new International Airport near Baltimore." This statement is in error. I think that if he checks up he will find that Mr. Truman flew to the airport in his own plane, the *Independence*. Also, Baltimore's mayor, the honorable Thomas D'Alesandro Jr., motored to Washington, D. C. earlier that morning to fly back with Mr. Truman. It was the mayor's first plane trip but he said he enjoyed it immensely. I feel that the error was unintentional. With this exception of the opening sentence, I enjoyed the article very much. It was very helpful in my modern history course, and brought some previously obscure facts into the light.

ALAN G. VALENTI
Baltimore, Md.



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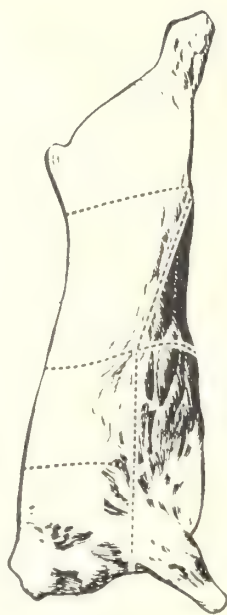
MEAT PRICES . . . from steer to steak

These prices are averages for 1950, the last full year for which figures are available.



1000 lbs. Steer =
at 30¢ per lb.
Packer pays
\$300⁰⁰

Cattle are not all beef . . . Beef is not all steak



600 lbs. Beef =
at 47¢ per lb.
Retailer pays
\$282⁰⁰*

		RETAIL LBS. PRICE	TOTAL
Porterhouse steak		40 \$1.05	\$42.00
Sirloin steak		50 .95	47.50
Round steak		80 .90	72.00
Rib and rump roasts		70 .75	52.50
Chuck roast		100 .65	65.00
Hamburger, stew beef		160 .55	88.00
Fats		40 .05	2.00
		540 .68	369.00

540 lbs. Retail Cuts
(including shop fats)
Consumer pays
\$369⁰⁰

To insure an adequate livestock supply, returns to cattle raisers and feeders must cover maintenance of breeding stock, death losses, feed and labor costs, land use, taxes, interest, supplies, equipment and the other expenses for the three full years it takes to produce and feed a good-grade steer.

*Value of by-products, such as hides, fats, hair, animal feeds, fertilizer, etc., typically offsets packers' dressing, handling and selling expenses, so that the beef from a steer normally sells at wholesale for less than the live animal cost.

Retail markup must cover such costs as rent, labor, depreciation on equipment and fixtures, etc., as well as shrinkage in weight of beef carcass when converted into retail cuts. Prices are averaged. In some stores they were lower. In some charge-and-deliver stores or in high-cost areas, they were higher.

Based on market reports of the USDA for good-grade beef steers and good-grade carcass beef, Chicago style cutting, and on average retail prices for good-grade meat, as reported by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Chicago, during 1950.

Naturally, in these inflationary times, many people are wondering about livestock and meat prices.

The chart above answers a lot of questions about these prices during times when the law of supply and demand is in effect and full-scale competition is hard at work.

It shows that the packer sold beef for less than he paid for the animal on the hoof. This is true most of the time.

The reason, of course, is efficiency in saving by-products as well as meat—by-products such as hides for leather, pituitary glands for insulin, and many, many others.

This is one of the reasons why meat normally moves from farmer to packer to store at a lower service cost than almost any other food.

Harper's

MAGAZINE

Our Army in Korea—The Best Yet

S. L. A. Marshall

This study of our Eighth Army in Korea and the battle conditions it faced has been adapted from a series of articles which first appeared in the Detroit News, then were reprinted in the Combat Forces Journal. Believing that it should interest a less localized and specialized audience, we present it here with some revisions to take account of the difference in media and the passage of time. Colonel S. L. A. Marshall, chief editorial writer of the Detroit News and author of (among a number of books) Men Against Fire, Island Victory, and Bastogne, was Chief Historian of the European Theater and has a high reputation as a student of warfare.

—The Editors.

ON LEAVING the Far East Command, the visitor about to board a plane must first sign a paper pledging that he will not "communicate or transmit to any persons, orally, in writing, or otherwise" any information, data, or rumor relating to "military operations, units, matériel, logistics, allies, civilian components, and reports." Although that seems to proscribe any mention of the universe itself except in vague terms, perhaps there are some things that might be said candidly about Korea and the war there without pulling down the pillars of the temple or drawing a year in the guardhouse.

Not that I have any quarrel with the censorship. During the greater part of the police action in Korea, some correspondents reported the war with such gross carelessness

that they jeopardized—and quite unnecessarily—the lives of fighting men. When that happens, the curb of censorship must be applied. Something is lost by it, but things even more vital gain increased protection.

There remain as topics for fruitful discussion the land and people of Korea, the nature of our enemies, the day-to-day problems of men in battle, and the new-found character of our own fighting forces. Fundamentally these are the important things.

I went to Korea in November and returned in March. My initial task was to measure Chinese tactics and firepower, and then suggest methods and techniques whereby our battle line could develop greater strength against their areas of weakness. My first findings, published to the Eighth Army in Decem-

ber, were made public in January. So there is no longer any secret about the mission.

My work took me down to our infantry line regiments and their supporting artillery battalions, both in the Marines and the Army. In what I did, I was given the unreserved backing of the staff and command. It has never been my privilege to work among a finer, more open-minded group of men than you will find in the operating sections of the force now commanded by Lieutenant General James A. Van Fleet. They were that way even in the dark hours of December, when it seemed that the skies were about to fall. Their warmth compensated for certain lacks in the Korean weather.

II

NEITHER photography, word description, nor any map can ever convey an adequate sense of the Korean countryside and the extraordinary rigor it imposes on our combat forces. I saw some of it afoot, more of it from jeep-back, and the greater part of it from the air. Now that it is half the globe away, I can say honestly that had I seen none of it that would have been enough.

Here is the grimmest hardship of this small war. There is a bleak, unadulterated misery about this land and its people that wears at one's fiber and chills the bloodstream. The soldier bears an added cross in this campaign, and it is a source of much painful brooding. Combat isn't too bad when some measure of relief, some touch of sweetness and light, is to be found between the spells of battle. In Korea there is no relief—save comradeship and mail from home.

Troops rotated out of line for a few days simply trade one form of environmental wretchedness for another. The weather can be endured; the winter cold is not much worse than in Michigan, and there is less snowfall. In the fighting, the prospect of meeting sudden death is no greater—in fact, it is calculably less—than in wars past when our enemies had competent artillery and air power. But Korea is not just one more mountain country, like Spain, like Switzerland or the state of Montana.

All these other places have one thing in common. Their mountain barriers provide a contrast to some more hospitable terrain—a

broad and fertile valley, the sweep of great plains, a plateau, a forest. But not Korea. Beyond the next mountain there is only another mountain. Off the flank of the next ridge there is only another ridge.

From the Strait of Tsushima to the Yalu River, this is the way of it—an endless monotony of something to be climbed and cursed. In this respect the map is peculiarly deceptive. The valleys are narrower than shown; small hills hem the river trenches, turning every passageway into a defile. There are fairly straight and level roads paralleling the Han River as it flows toward Kimpo and Inchon. Otherwise the great basin around Seoul, which looks on the map like a flat meadowland, is also a place of ups and downs.

Nor is any other hill country quite like this. Along the east coast and to the far north between Wonsan and the Yalu, the mountains are a true massif, with peaks towering into thin air, rivers flowing through deep gorges, and one-way roads carved into the mountain-side. But the greater part of Korea is up-ended in a complex of ridges, hogbacks, sugar-loaf peaks, and barren domes too low to be called mountains and too formidable to be classed as hills. It is a land half-made, neither fish nor fowl. "God got tired when He was making the world," runs a GI saying. "Hence Korea."

Of tree cover along the Korean heights, there is some scrub growth, occasional small pines, and a few thickets. But the slopes are for the most part barren, and the ridge-lines usually rise to a thin edge of sheer rock, leaving nothing for a hand-hold. It is along these precipitous heights that the battle surges to and fro, as our men advance single file to blast the Chinese out of an eyrie where they have sought cover against our heavier weapons.

That is the way they have pitched the contest. Eighty per cent of the heavy fighting is done uphill. It has to be done that way, for the enemy uses the high ground to interdict with automatic fire our advance along the low ground. Such flats as exist are covered by paddies or houses, and the terraced paddies run right up into the draws and saddles of the lower ridges. In winter, the paddies freeze over and the guns can be set up on the ice. In summer, they are as forbidding to guns as a swamp, and the artillery must roam along the roads, looking for a wide intersection, a

bean patch, or a cornfield—which are hard to come by.

As usual, the worst part of the burden falls on the infantry. Mountain climbing is strenuous exercise. When it is done for sport, it is considered a sufficient achievement, after reaching the top, for the climber to descend without breaking his neck. In Korea the average infantry company climbs all day to reach the top and fight all night. If that ridge falls, there is always the next one, with another enemy band dug in along its crest.

Such is the harshness of these grades that our men can move upward only two to three thousand yards a day. Then they must stand and fight or be done in. They are not weaklings. You would have to see these hills to know why these things are so. And they have gotten used to it. They are legged-up, canny about the use of shrub and rock cover. They know the enemy's trick of concealing his best positions in the ridge saddles. They are capable of organizing together to best advantage the high ground when they win it.

But Nature never permits a turning-back of the clock, and what you missed in youth you cannot regain in maturity. Middle-aged Koreans who hardened themselves to their hills in early childhood can walk twice as far into them as an American soldier, and carry double the load.

WHAT about the enemy? In combat, the Chinese Communist Forces—known by initials as the CCF—are neither crafty nor bold. They succeeded for a time and in part by dint of numbers, but even while it was happening their success did not cover their lack of fire efficiency and personal resourcefulness in the ranks.

Their battle doctrine is too inflexible to be suited even to the terrain of Korea, which is otherwise favorable to their design. From divisions on down to squads, units committed to battle are given one line on which they must persist—win, lose, or draw. So they continue to bloody their heads against impossible situations until they are broken. They make war as if the judgment or common sense of anyone lower than an army group commander was not to be trusted.

Most of the wild, frenzied charges we read about, in which screaming hordes of Chinese moved like a human tide straight into the

face of fire, and up and over the American line, never happened at all. Like most of the bayonet charges, also feverishly reported, they are figments of the correspondents' imagination—aided and abetted by the helpfulness of the American soldier, who will never let a fellow down for lack of a good story.

There have been some Chinese mass attacks straight into the gun line—one such was pressed against the 23d Infantry Regiment at Chipyeong—but that is extraordinary. In the usual scene, the CCF attack comes on raggedly. They are not a well-disciplined soldiery. In the approach, they usually give themselves away by the noise they make—something our own troops have well learned not to do. When fired upon they hit the dirt, even as you or I. When prodded and kicked forward, they sometimes go, sometimes not. When wounded, they cry for the first-aid man.

The supply system of this horde is about as crude as that of any army since the day of Genghis Khan. It operates without compassion for man or beast. After troops once reach the front, they are lucky if anything at all gets up to them. When such munitions as they have carried forward are spent, they often face the hard choice of retiring or being shot. They pack along small bags of rice or beans or maize. After that ration has vanished down their gullets, they are expected to live on the land, where the pickings are slender indeed.

Starvation has taken a heavy toll of the CCF in Korea, and more of their strength has been lost to cold and freezing than ours by at least twenty to one. With few exceptions, their formations were thrown into Korea in the dead of winter, without overcoats, blankets, or sleeping bags. As best they could, they preserved themselves with animal heat, by herding tight together in huts and foxholes, so that one man would draw warmth from another's body. In the midst of battle, with things coming their way, they draw off to loot a camp, such is their shortage of creature comforts. The medical service is so thin that not one-tenth of their needs are met.

THEIR tactics are about as elementary as the law of gravity or the movement of sand blown across desert waste. Some experts have been heard proclaiming that the

Chinese have taken over the Russian system whole and modified it according to the limits dictated by their arms supply. That is pure drip! What they are doing is as Chinese as bird's-nest soup, with a special Japanese sauce added. (They did learn a few tricks from the late enemy, while serving as his punching bag for ten years.)

I doubt that the CCF tactical system, however, would be even partially effective in any other terrain than Korea, and I don't except the Chinese mainland. (This might suggest that they have been plotting a Korean intervention for some time.) Committed on this unhappy peninsula, the Chinese adapted themselves to the facts of its geography. Less nimble than the Koreans in scaling the mountain peaks, they dug in deeper, camouflaged better, and maneuvered around the heights more intelligently once they got there.

They knew that with our heavy train we would be compelled to go forward over the main roads, and that with our weak numbers there could be no systematic watch and mop-up of their forces in the rough ground off our flanks. Main roads, of their nature, hold to the low ground of river valleys. The Chinese columns could move toward ours along these same lines—for a distance—moving only at night to avoid destruction from the air. But they could never risk head-on engagement, column against column, at a right angle to the line on which we were moving forward. That would make things much too simple for our preponderant artillery and armor, and our unopposed air power.

There was an alternative in grand tactics, never heretofore exploited on a full scale with a whole army conforming to it. By night they brought their divisions forward along the main routes, concealing them carefully by day. They simply vanished. They went off into the feeder valleys flanking the main highways. There they holed up in the Korean villages, hidden by thatched roofs. Such is their disregard for human comfort that a battalion could be stowed away in twenty huts or so.

Slightly forward of these maneuver groups in the feeder valleys was a defensive screen of Chinese in the main valley, dug in along the ridge lines athwart the main road. They were a blocking force, prepared to hold their ground to the last man. When they became

fully engaged, that would be the hour for the maneuver groups to hit us. Geography—the simple fact that the feeder valleys were at an oblique to the central valley—determined that when they did so they would be on the flanks and moving against the rear of our main forces. It was a pat scheme and we might have reckoned on it, but if all such matters could be clearly seen beforehand war would be as simple as weaving a daisy chain.

From the repetition of several arresting facts came the revelation. Why did the Chinese columns always strike obliquely against our axis? Why were these relatively unskilled soldiers invariably finding our main rearward installations, though (for reasons I need not reveal here) it was clear that they blundered into them rather than knew their exact location? The answers lay more in plain geography than in tactics. When this was seen, saying what the Chinese were attempting to do became, in Sherlock Holmes' word, "elementary," and it was easier to get on with the job.

Why haven't more of them surrendered? It is a good question. On their side, moral power is very uneven. One day they will put up a poor show—fire wildly and quit good ground with no more than a token resistance. On the next, they fight like Mad Mullahs and insist on dying to the last man. In contrast, the great redeeming quality of the American GI is that he stays pretty much on an even keel, come hell or high water.

Such battle ardor as the average Chinese fighter possesses seems not to be of Communist making, though it is conceivable that a general desire to see the White Man cast off the Asiatic continent may have been exploited. The majority of the prisoners talk freely and, though many are illiterate in our sense of the word, with great intelligence. They deny any feeling for Communism as such; many say they do not know its meaning. They are listless toward their government's reasons for the Korean intervention. For yet other reasons, you get the feeling that many of these men face fire mainly to end an earthly misery beyond enduring.

But getting a local surrender under the irregular conditions of the Korean war is a complex technical problem. A white flag may be raised; one group wants to quit. But by the time all defensive fires are called off

so that they may safely come in a considerable period has elapsed. Someone has gotten over to the white-flag waver and liquidated his intent. So the war wears on, according to a pattern which initially got us a bath of blood, but in the latter stages has been the undoing of the patternmaker.

III

WHAT about our own soldiers? Possibly, in the search for dramatic values, our newsmen in Korea have slighted the simpler, but no less significant, things in the routine of the combat soldier's life. A number of them need to be described, for they make it clear that these men have become wise far beyond their years, and have a toughened outlook toward the job far beyond anything dreamed of in recent times.

As to shelter, it's pretty much catch-as-catch-can. A battalion commander is given a certain area on the map in which to quarter his troops. He looks the ground over. There may be a few habitable Korean homes—drafty things with walls of rice paper on slat frames, doorways too low for a Singer's machine, puncheon floors, and no heat. Or, by luck, he may draw a schoolhouse, built according to the same architectural principles but with more air and less dirt. These are all very good places, and it is surprising how inviting they soon become when there is nothing outside but weather.

However, since the war has already shaken down the greater part of what was the built-in Korea, the forward parts of the Army are perforce making a gradual return to canvas. For the first time since Grandpa went to Cuba, American elements can sing "Tenting Tonight" with some truth in it.

The food situation is not like life on the farm, but the Army as a whole has never had it better during any war in a distant theater. Unfortunately this doesn't apply to the companies moving forward in the attack or in contact with the enemy. Supply is abundant right up to the frontal zone, but getting it forward over that additional twelve to thirty-five hundred yards from the assembly area in the low ground to the line where fire is striking along the hill crest remains a besetting problem. Lacking animal transport, not yet having systematized a native carrier sys-

tem, and with all our own frontal forces stretched extremely thin, we still can't insure that the men who fight will also be regularly fed.

It is not unusual for a company during engagement to go twenty-four hours without food. In a three- or four-day fight, the men of a battalion may average one meal per day—most likely part of a cold C ration. This is so despite the fact that everyone is well aware that an army marches on its stomach. But for some time being a standard procedure among the troops, they take food with a grain. Sometimes they have about them when they have gone without food with no marked shrinking of the waistline.

To a large extent, it's a matter of personal choice. Faced with the hard option of going forward with enough weapons and other killing materials to be sure of holding the ground or reducing the munitions load to make room for a ration (at the possible risk of not remaining alive to eat it), the typical American infantry company in Korea goes forward on a fresh-air diet. They have come so far along the road of war that they know which way is up even if they don't care which side their bread is buttered on.

The same applies to every other item of comfort and the good life. I have seen companies in the attack fifteen degrees above zero. Night was coming on and it would find them on a mountain peak battling the Chinese. As a calculated risk, they left their overcoats and sleeping bags behind, knowing that they would lose a certain number of men from frostbite, but accepting that this was better than to cut down the fire load and take the risk that the whole company might be overrun.

WITHIN less than artillery range of our front lines, the basic and permanent supply situation stabilizes itself. The A ration—which includes perishable meats, vegetables, dairy products, and fresh fruits—gets farther forward than ever before, and it is not unusual to see steaks, roast turkeys, chicken, or a good side of fresh lamb served at infantry messes when troops are in support. I had never expected to shake hands with a filet mignon while listening to a mortar barrage, but war is a succession of surprises.

These Walcott illnesses are not the regular

fare. They come just often enough between servings of corned beef, tinned vegetables, and jam to whet the taste buds. The routine ration is larger and on the whole more varied than I have ever seen it in war, but a small package of bittersweet chocolate, hard biscuit, or some such thing which a soldier can carry in his pocket would be a boon to operations.

The greatly publicized beer ration rarely gets up to the front-line fighter, which pleases no one except the WCTU, but candy, chewing gum, razor blades, and such are in good supply. And the Eighth Army fairly wallows in fresh clothing. The front-line fighter may have to go three or four weeks without a bath when the pressure is on, but he is never far away from a complete change of dress if he needs it. In fact, the supply is so good that wastage is excessive.

Special Services gets movies as far forward as the support positions, where they are usually shown in a small tent with the GI audience stacked three deep. Invariably they are old movies. Thus in March the newsreels running up front portrayed the "final smashing victory of UN forces in Korea"—the false-alarm campaign of last October. This bit of bombast brought more whoops and cheers from the audience than if they had been listening to Bob Hope.

The uninitiated are likely to think of the war in these Hollywood terms or as an unceasing trial by fire for those engaged in fighting it. But, of course, it isn't like that in Korea any more than it has been in other wars of our past. In fact the nature of the struggle, made so by the irregular character of the warfare, is such that there is less active fighting per unit per day than in past operations. In Korea however, there is also less rest in a rest period than ever before.

There have been great battles—such as that of the 2d Infantry Division along the Chongchon or the 1st Marines around the Chosin Reservoir—when practically every man from the commanding general on down found himself a rifleman. But these are climactic events rather than examples of the day-to-day contest. The enemy builds up around a few strong-points; none can be approached on a very broad front. When a battalion is committed to the attack, it is usually the case that one company, or perhaps two, will be under

heavy pressure, and then for only a day or two until a respite comes. The typical infantry company probably does not average more than one day out of five or six in firing and being fired upon at close quarters.

That is bad enough. It would wear down inferior men to spend some part of every week in a shooting gallery. But some of the hard rock of the Korean country seems to have melted into the heart and spirit of the Americans who are fighting there. The Eighth isn't a wearing-down army. There is little malingering in it. Now and then when the fire flares, a man "bugs out" from the fight and looks for cooler ground. But there are no gangs of runaways in the rear area. There have never been any. "Combat fatigue" has become almost a forgotten term among our troops, though they do have hours when they are so fatigued from combat that they would drop if they didn't keep marching.

Maybe that isn't the way it has always been reported here. I've read some columns, for instance, about wholesale flight and disgraceful panic within the Eighth Army during the November battle. Those who wrote these things lied in their teeth! Nothing of that kind happened, though some units were so terribly broken in the battle that after the first three or four days they no longer had any fighting power. Good fighting men were cut raw by these slanders. They asked what kind of country it was that would permit such things to be said.

IV

I WILL say, without a qualifying word, that the men of the Eighth Army are the hardest-hitting, most workmanlike soldiers I have yet seen in our uniform in the course of three wars. Day by day these formations—Army and Marine—are as capable of high action as any troops alive. They take their losses like men. When ordered into the line again, they grouse like men and not like over-age adolescents. It is amazing to watch them slog along the rutted roads of that bruising countryside. Every second or third man will move with a limp—a souvenir of the preceding day's climb and of the shoepac, which is an insult to any fighter's feet.

But I have heard them singing as they moved along in single file on either side of

the road, carrying their fighting baggage and sometimes their barracks bags, for lack of any other transport. And I have watched them pass the bird, the boo, and the studied affront to some rival regiment as they passed. "Send up a battalion, bums, and we'll let it relieve one of our platoons." Shakes of the past! Who ever expected that this could happen to the American Army again! It sounds like 1918. And I think somebody ought to make the rounds and tell soldiers training here in the interior about it, so that they will know they have something to model themselves upon.

IT WOULD be a pleasure to be able to say that this strong stuff comes of belief in the United Nations' cause, faith that the Ship of State is sailing a straight course under steady hands, and unbounded confidence in leadership all the way from the hilltops back to the Capitol Dome. But it just isn't true! These men don't give a tinker's toot for all the nice literature—including that published by the Armed Forces Information and Education Division—which tells them of the nobility of their effort and what may come of it. They don't like anything in Washington except the Finance Office. They respect Tokyo—as a leave center. They have simply ceased worrying about any part of this small change.

In the six black weeks of December and early January the Eighth Army scraped bottom morally. The black-out in our affairs was felt by the man in the most forward foxhole. That was black Christmas. Spirits sank so low that from then on there was no place to go but up. Near the end of the futile search for something solid to hold onto, the men of the Eighth Army at last found one another.

General Matt Ridgway came to the command at just the right time. He said some very polite words about the United Nations and some very earnest words about why Americans must fight when that's the one way to meet the situation. He added: "The job is to kill Chinese." That struck the right note to an Army which was already concluding that survival was the one unbeatable

argument. There had been some sober thinking along these lines in other quarters. The worst thing about any new opponent in war is the air of mystery around him. Until you case him, a pygmy may throw a shadow as long as a giant. So it had been with the Chinese.

They came like wreaths in the night, blowing their bugles, tooting their shepherds' horns, and shrilling their bronze whistles from all points of the compass as they closed upon a perimeter. Quite deliberately, they were using noise as a weapon to unstring nerves. And it worked, but only for so long as it took to determine exactly what they were doing. Rifle companies told me how, when they first heard this weird cacophony, their hair stood on end and they were dried of speech. And the men swore, "They blew Taps—our own call—after they had beaten us down, and it was scary as hell."

That is how imagination soars in battle. For it was not "Taps" they had heard, but a Chinese reassembly call which ends on the same three mournful notes. So we hunted hard until we found one bugle, one shepherds' horn, and one bronze whistle—taken from the bodies of dead Chinese. A shop was set up to duplicate them, and then they were tooted until the nerves of our men were quite conditioned to the noise. And then they were taken into the line and the Chinese were confused by their own music. That early fear, as the Chinese attack by night, is gone now.

In the attack, our men scream like Comanches, give forth with Rebel yells, and shout much that is unprintable. On defense, it's the same story—grim bedlam and whooping it up for the team. In recording battle experiences in World War II, I had to report that we had put into the field one of the most *silent* armies of our history. There was so little talk between men in combat that at times we had deliberately to encourage it, in order to prevent front-line communications—and the sense of other men being there—from breaking down. Now all that has changed.

This is the real thing. The American Army is finding its vocal chords again.

On Weekend Guests

Russell Lynes

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

IF YOU have a house on an upland meadow, or a cottage by the sea, or a cabin in the woods, you are likely to discover by the middle of June that the precious relaxation which you have waited out the winter to enjoy is a mirage. The weekends during which you intended to commune with nature and your family are booked solid with weekend guests until after Labor Day. You have nothing but your own hospitable nature and your social conscientiousness to blame.

To those who are naturally hospitable, weekend guests in the abstract are nearly always attractive. They call to mind hospitality of a leisurely sort, and that in turn reminds us of pleasant hours we have spent in our own houses and the houses of friends—afternoons active in the sun or dozing in the shade, amiable meals and comfortable beds, breakfasts out of doors with grasshoppers whirring in the nearby meadow, log fires on nights still with snow. It is a picture of enchantment, but when weekend guests become specific, and nostalgia is translated into problems of towels and food and personalities, we grow concerned. Even if our anticipation is happy, we are aware as our guests approach that one of the noblest things that a weekend has to recommend it is that sooner, rather than later, it is over.

If you are a part-time country dweller you have almost certainly managed during the

winter to accumulate obligations that seemed easy to put off until summer when you could repay them with interest. Sometimes the invitations you dispense are your own idea; sometimes you are the victim of those who don't think it is worth their while to find themselves a haven in the country, so long as they have friends who have gone to that trouble for them. These are the people who are quick to inquire about your country place and to whom you mutter with general affability, "You must come out and see us sometime." Before you have clamped your lips shut on this treacherous cliché, they are thumbing through their engagement books, and you are committed for the third weekend in July—"or if that's not convenient, what about the first weekend in August?"

For the most part, however, you have acted of your own free will, and you have carved the image of your summer with your own hands. Not all weekend guests are problems, of course; otherwise they and the custom of inviting them would long ago have fallen into disuse. The odds, indeed, are well on the side of your urging only those you know you are going to enjoy to share your hospitality. What makes a good guest is a subtle complex of personality, manners, and delicacy of feeling, coupled with one's own state of forbearance at the moment when the guest appears. There are friends one can always depend on, but

Following his study of snobs, which first appeared in these pages and later in book form, Russell Lynes began research on everyone's friends as guests. His entire findings will comprise his second book, to be published this fall—Guests, or How to Survive Hospitality.

they are likely to be old friends for whom no amount of trouble is a burden and whose awareness of one's shortcomings is equaled by their readiness to accept them.

But not all guests can be old friends; they are merely the certain islands of calm and delight in a summer filled with potential catastrophe. Let us consider those other guests, most of whom we have invited in over-expansive moments to share our hospitality.

II

THE standard weekend guests are a couple, but there the standard stops and the variations set in. We cannot discuss all of the variations, but let us take a few common ones, and their children, and face up to this problem now that summer is well under way and it is too late to do anything about it.

Age makes less difference in guests than you would think; it is "habit patterns" (as the psychologists call the ruts of behavior) that are important to consider in dealing with guests. If, for example, you have invited what seemed to you on urban acquaintance a lively, active couple, you may as well resign yourself to their **spending** most of the weekend **asleep**. Being lively in the city is an extremely enervating business, and your couple will make up for it over the weekend. There is no use leaving the lawnmower conspicuously displayed; these are not the kind of people who are going to volunteer to push it. The chances are that they will arrive late for dinner on Friday, completely equipped for tennis, golf, and swimming, and it will take the whole family to stow them and their tack in the guest room. By nine o'clock one of them will say: "Oh, this country air. I can hardly keep my eyes open." And by nine-thirty they'll both be asleep, or something, upstairs.

On Saturday morning it becomes obvious that these active urban types are country sluggards. They emerge dressed like manikins from a resort shop—

the man in slacks and loafers and plaid shirt and his wife in shorts and sandals and halter—in the clothes, in other words, that people who spend much time in the country haven't time for—and they wear dark glasses. If you are sensible, you have been up for a good while yourself and got the lawn mowed (your guests love to lie in bed and listen to the reassuring whir of a lawnmower) and had your breakfast. You have made a list of the things you want to do without regard to what your friends want to do. If they feel like it they'll patter along when you go to town to shop; if they don't, they are perfectly happy sitting in reclining chairs, their faces lifted like platters to the sun.

You need not worry about all the sports equipment they brought with them. That was a gesture. They won't begin to bustle until late afternoon when it is cocktail time. Then they will replace their shorts with something longer, and emerge after they have used up all the hot water, ready to use up all the gin.

The chances of what may then happen are about equally divided; they may drink so fast and furiously (they feel so full of health from



"You must come out and see us sometime."

a day in the sun) that they will again be ready for bed by nine-thirty. If this happens, Sunday's performance will echo Saturday's. If, however, they decide to make an evening of it, they won't appear until just before lunch on Sunday, by which time you can have had at least a half a day to yourself. The rest of the day you may as well throw away.

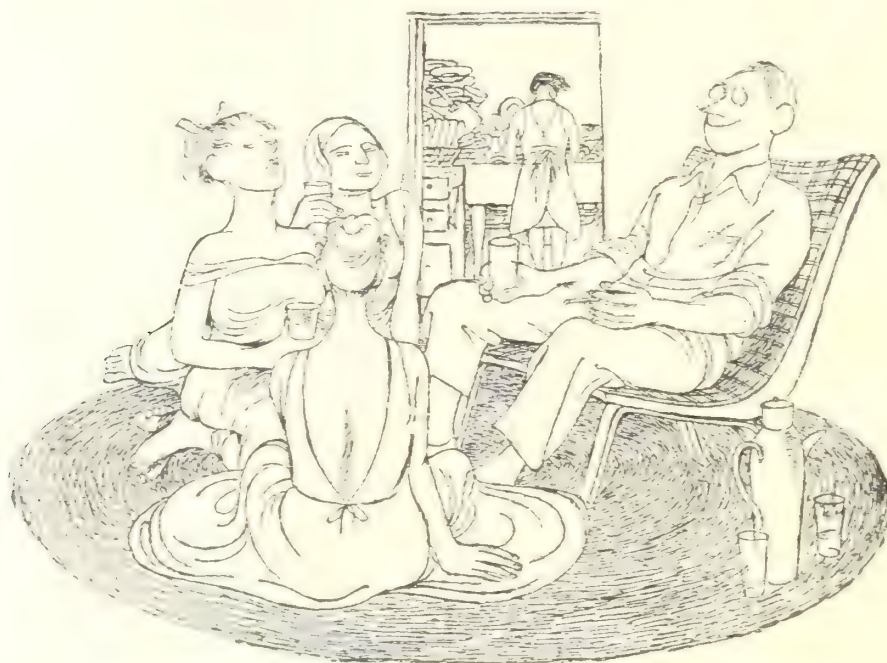
BY CONTRAST, let us look at a quite different sort of couple from the city. It would be risking too much to say that the opposite type, the kind of couple who reflect the cares and the harrying tempo of urban life and have a peaked air about them, are invariably the active ones over a weekend in the country, but there is some truth in it. They are likely to arrive somewhat bedraggled, usually by train, with the hot sooty look of people emerging from a couple of hours on a local in which the air conditioning has broken down. The first breath of clear country air brightens their gray faces; they stand on the platform and look around them as though refreshing their memories of what a tree looks like. They have a small suitcase each and carry no athletic equipment. If everything about the landscape enchants them as you drive them home, you should be warned that you are in for an active two days.

This sort of couple has a good deal in common with puppies. You throw out any kind of suggestion, and they scamper after it and

bring it back and drop it at your feet. Everything is grist for their mill, but they have forgotten to bring the mill. If you suggest tennis, they'd just love tennis, but, of course, they have no rackets and no sneakers, and after you have ransacked the house and tried your own, your wife's, and your children's sneakers on them and have concluded that you are in for a game of pat-ball, they settle down to beat the pants off you with rackets that you have long since given up as warped and worthless.

You can save up the lawn for this type. One will surely cut it for you while the other weeds the flowers, or they may work in shifts. You will have difficulty keeping them out of the kitchen, if you are the sort who thinks of the kitchen as your private sanctum, because they will insist on helping with the dishes. The only real trouble you will encounter arises if you are so misguided as to leave them to their own devices to entertain themselves. Their puppy eyes will look at you as though you ought to be throwing a ball for them. You even have to suggest to them that it is time to go to bed. When you put them on the train on Sunday evening, you will notice that for all the healthful paces through which they have put you and themselves, they will have that same gray and harried look they had when they arrived.

These two kinds of couples are, of course, merely composites of many other species. But



"Old friends for whom no amount of trouble is a burden."

what of the couples who do not seem to make pairs and who go their separate ways? And what of those couples of which you like one member and can't abide the other? For our purposes they have to be considered as individuals. There are those who think that the state of being a guest relieves them of all responsibility and those who consider guest-hood a perpetual challenge. In either case the extremes are difficult to cope with.

III

THE range of individual guests is, of course, endless, and perforce we must confine ourselves to those whose eccentricities have some chance of seeming to be part of larger and more universally recognized patterns. You can make your own synthesis (nobody is anybody these days who doesn't at least try to make a synthesis) and match them as you please.

Some guests want to be left alone, and some say they want to ("Don't bother about me. Just go about your business. I'll find plenty to do.") and are miserable if they are.

The first of these lone wolves can be the pleasantest of all guests if they are resourceful, can take care of themselves happily, and at the same time pervade your household with the warm feeling that they enjoy just being in it. At their best they don't mind being interrupted in their own pursuits if there is some activity in which you want them to join. At their worst they make you feel that all they want out of you is a bed and three meals a day and a chance to ignore you. These are the men and women who come for the weekend to get away from people (including you) and to have a little quiet. They think they have discharged all of their responsibilities if they bring a box of chocolates that they have bought in the railroad station. They are so well able to take care of themselves that they make you feel as though you were in their employ.

A guest of the second type (who really does not want to be left alone but protests that he does) offers an acute problem of tact. He appears at breakfast with a small stack of books, a magazine, and some writing paper, bright-eyed and presumably equipped for the day. He quickly sets the books aside and takes your morning paper. (The sort of person

who has a number of books from which to choose is rarely a reader. He is always looking for a chance to find time to sit down with a good book, but curiously he never seems to find it. He won't find it over the weekend either.) After his third cup of coffee, you may get back the paper, and your friend will wander off to find a place to read one of the books. In half an hour or less he'll be hovering around again. "Too nice a day to sit and read," he'll say, and that is your signal to quit whatever you are doing and invent something to keep him busy. His resources and imagination were exhausted by picking out which books in your library he would fondle.

If this type stretches your tact, then you should be especially warned of the guest who makes an elaborate show of being tactful about you. He acts as though he knows that he is too much trouble and that everything you do for him is a great nuisance. He is constantly leaping out of his chair to perform some little service for you or for your wife, to get out the ice, to find the children's ball in the bushes, or to fetch the wood for the fireplace, all of which would be ingratiating if it weren't done half-apologetically. You soon find yourself wanting to tell him to sit down and relax, but instead you respond with an elaborate display of tact on your own part. He is wearisome because he is so hard to live up to.

Even so he is preferable to the intentionally tactless guest who thinks that to make light of your shortcomings as a host is a demonstration of easy fellowship and poise. He laughs at the way you lay a fire, and insists on taking your effort apart and stacking the kindling in his way. He reminds you that the leaky faucet in the bathroom could be fixed with a five-cent washer and fifteen minutes' work, and that you have put the wrong kind of composition shingles on your house; he could have got a much better brand for you wholesale at half the price you paid. He follows you wherever you go all weekend long; he stands in the kitchen door while you are getting drinks or a meal. If you play golf with him he tells you how to correct your slice, and if he sees you chopping wood he will observe that you are lucky you haven't cut your leg off long since, handling an axe the way you do. When he is not telling you

how you ought to live, his conversation is almost entirely about the remarkable place at which he spent last weekend, with friends who did everything in such style. He is unaware that the walls of most country places are excellent conductors of sound, and you have no respite from him for some time after he has presumably gone to bed. If he is married, you can listen to him telling his wife that you would have a nice little place if you only knew how to take care of it.

Even the careless guest is preferable to the tactless type, though he too offers some minor aggravations. He strews the place with his belongings, he breaks a blade of the lawnmower on a rock anyone ought to be able to see, and he invariably is inspired to take a dip in the lake or river or ocean just as you are about to produce lunch or supper. When he does ultimately appear to be fed he will have deposited his wet bathing suit over the back of a piece of upholstered furniture. There is no malice in his soul though, and it is possible to love him.

It is impossible, on the other hand, to love the belligerently indolent guest who frustrates all attempts to make his visit pleasant or interesting. That is not to say that a host should force entertainment on anyone who

doesn't want it, for a good host knows when to put enticements in his guest's way and when not to. But the belligerently indolent guest has a gift for making it quite obvious to his host that he expects to be entertained, yet displays a distinct distaste for any diversion that may be suggested to him. This is a common characteristic in children, and in adults it is, I believe, an indication of retarded maturity. I have often seen adults behave like a child I know who continually asks, "What'll I do now?" When a suggestion is made to him he has a pat reply. "Would you like to go swimming?" you ask him, and the reply is invariably, "Not particularly." "Well then," you say, trying again, "how would you like to play catch?" "Not particularly," he says, and so it goes. When such guests, children or adults, do finally submit themselves to some plan you have suggested, they give you the uncomfortable sensation that they wish you had been bright enough to invent something really entertaining.

If this kind of guest is tiring because he is a constant challenge to your ingenuity, the opposite type, the ebullient guest, who sets out to give his host and hostess a rousing good time, takes the least planning and is the most exhausting. He arrives full of ideas, of projects for excursions, of resolve to get you out and give you some real exercise, and unless you want to be rude to him (which is necessary in extreme cases) it is best just to put yourself in his hands.

There are a number of common manifestations of the ebullient guest, each requiring a special defensive operation and its own system of logistics. I happen to have a house in the Berkshires. These gentle hills were at one time (especially in the environs of Stockbridge and Lenox) remarkable for the size and extravagance of the summer estates which graced their slopes. There is a legend in the Berkshires that a young man who was at Yale just before the turn of the century sent his mother a telegram in which he said, "BRINGING SOME '97 FRIENDS FOR WEEKEND," and his mother wired back, "TERRIBLY SORRY HAVE ROOM FOR ONLY SEVENTY-SIX." Most of the big estates are now hotels, or schools, or church institutions, and the Berkshires have become a hotbed of summer culture. We have music festivals at Tanglewood that rival Salzburg and Glyndebourne in fame. We



"Too nice a day to sit and read."

have dance festivals at a place called Jacob's Pillow, and we have enough summer theaters to give several platoons of Broadway stars their annual breath of fresh air. We used to frequent these places; in fact months before the music festival our friends could be seen conspicuously angling for invitations. We finally grew tired of running a lodging house for our music- and dance-minded acquaintances, and we ourselves took to angling for invitations elsewhere during that part of the summer. It was the ebullient guests who wanted to be sure that we got our dosage of culture who finally drove us to take umbrage.

Umbrage is one way to cope with the ebullient. Another way is to lend your guest the family car, and if necessary your wife, and let them go on an excursion of their own making. A third method is to buy two tickets to the festival or the dance or the theater and say that they are all you could get (which could easily be true) and insist that the guests use them. This is both a generous gesture and assurance of a few hours' respite.

There is one kind of ebullience, however, which I have frequently encountered and have never been able to discover an answer to. It is found in a single guest or in a couple who seem to know a great many more people in the vicinity to which you have invited them than you do. The minute they get in the house they start calling up their friends. By the end of fifteen minutes they have invited themselves and you to one house for lunch, another for drinks, and have possibly even got you committed to appear at the Saturday night country club dance. You may, on the other hand, find yourself giving a cocktail party for a lot of people you scarcely know and have been successfully avoiding for years. Short of cutting the telephone wires before your guests arrive, I know of no way to keep their socially manic behavior in control.

IV

THERE are, of course, many other types of guests than these few I have mentioned, especially the perfect guests of whom there are as many varieties as there are of imperfect ones, but before we leave those of our contemporaries who strain the muscles of



"Ready to use up all the gin."

our hospitality, and turn our attention to their offspring, I should like to mention a matter of utmost concern to hostesses—food.

There is, for example, the problem of breakfast. What does a hostess do about those guests who insist that she just leave a pot of coffee on the stove and they'll have a cup whenever they get up? They don't mean it of course; what they really want is a full breakfast at the moment when they have drained away the last bit of sleep, whether it is at nine or eleven-thirty, and they would really like it brought to them in bed.

One of the accepted conventions in this age of relaxed hospitality is the privilege of sleeping late on weekends, and while the guests sleep the routine of the household founders. The children have to be kept quiet, the kitchen can be only partly cleaned up, the day's plans must wait. If you could take your guests a tray at any specific hour, then planning would be possible, but no. You are much more likely to be faced with a guest who emerges just before lunch and to wonder whether you should offer him a martini or a soft-boiled egg.

People who go visiting in the country look forward to the casual life, and they assume that this means that meals just happen when-

ever it is convenient for them. They show up when and as they please just as surely for lunch or dinner as for breakfast, and expect that some magic will have produced a cold collation or a hot meal. If they are on elaborate diets, such as the salt-free or bland, then meals become to them the most important occasion of the day and also the most embarrassing.

Diets are not nearly so hard for a hostess to deal with as the apologies with which they are accompanied. Some years ago I arrived at the house of a friend for the weekend with a case of cream soups and puréed vegetables which I produced with an elaborate apology for the unfortunate state of my viscera. "That's quite all right," my hostess reassured me, "but don't let me hear you apologize once more or I'll feed this pap to the cat."

V

THE best measure of any guest is his attitude toward your children. It may be that they are brats, and you know it and momentarily you are not proud of them. You may be ashamed of their manners or



"Just throw it away."

of their dirty faces or their fresh remarks, or of their shyness or cussedness, or of whatever phase they may presently be exhibiting. But the ways in which your guests react to them will tell you more about your friends than any other social litmus paper.

Children (it is hard for adults to remember) have their own kind of dignity, and they find many adults ridiculously childish, or perhaps I should say ridiculously grown-up. It is the guests who make your children feel younger than they are or not worth bothering with who should be avoided. The ones who treat them as people are rare. They are at least as rare as the children who behave themselves when you have guests around.

But what about children as guests? It is axiomatic that children when visiting without their parents behave better than they do either at home or when their parents go visiting with them. When they are on their own, there is nobody to whom they can shift the responsibility for their behavior; when they are visiting with their parents they take a special delight in being outrageous because they know they have the upper hand. From experience they have learned that a parent who will lose his temper at them at home can be counted on to make no such display in somebody else's house. They know too that a child who misbehaves in public is "the parents' fault." Where they get this idea, I do not know; but they get it early and use it for all it is worth.

Children who are usually obedient at home (or at least can be reasoned with) turn out to be little furies when they come visiting with their parents over a weekend. They show off; they sulk; they make a fuss about going to bed. Worst of all they get up at the crack of dawn and bounce a ball against the house just below your bedroom window. They don't like the food. Either they are afraid of your dog and cringe whenever he appears, or they pull his tail and make him growl, so that either way you have no choice but to lock him in the cellar. Normally resourceful children when visiting can never think of anything to do, and like the child whose refrain was "Not particularly" they delight in straining your imagination and patience by finding all of your suggestions a stupendous bore. If you have children of your own, the juvenile sense of rivalry

quickly sets up tensions which often burst into open warfare, and your children always get the blame because they are not being good little hosts and hostesses.

Possibly more difficult than young children are visiting teen-agers, who, unless you have prearranged a schedule of activities for them, hang around and are a constant and constantly bored rebuke. They have arrived at the age when they no longer think that adults are sophisticated and are beginning to wonder how anybody over thirty manages to drag his aging body around. The games of childhood are behind them, and the games that adults enjoy are stuffy. They are always full of animal spirits and animal lethargy; they are always on their guard lest they should allow a telltale crack to appear in their façade of sophistication, mortally afraid that they may say or do something that might appear naïve.

If, however, it is possible to arrange for them to join a group of their contemporaries, you are likely to be rid of them, so entirely rid of them that you may wonder whether you shouldn't be taking your responsibilities more seriously.

VI

IF YOU will refer to Stevenson's *Home Book of Quotations*, as I often do when I am looking for an epigram, you will find that an author named Laboulaye in a book called *Abdullah* said: "The first day a man is a guest, the second a burden, the third a pest."

The weekend is so devised that only a few guests stay around until they are pests. Counting the day as twenty-four hours (though it may seem like more) and assuming that most weekend guests arrive on Friday evening, they usually sit out the "burden" period and leave just before the "pest" period sets in. The occasional extension of the weekend to 6:00 A.M. on Monday, when those who want to avoid the Sunday night traffic tiptoe out of the house like a herd of buffalo, fortifies Laboulaye's aphorism, but there are some guests who leave when they are still only burdens and become pests *in absentia*.

I do not mean merely those who go off with the Sunday paper (at which you have not had a chance) in order to have something to read on the train, or those who have stowed in their suitcases the detective story that you (as well as they) have half-read. I mean those who, snail-like, leave a sticky trail behind them. They are often the ones who say as they get on the train or pull out of the driveway, "If I've left anything behind, just throw it away."

What they have left behind is usually something awkward. It is a tennis racket, putter, scooter, or other ungainly object that it is impossible to throw away and defies being sent by parcel post or even by express without the most elaborate crating. Toothbrushes, razors, compacts, handkerchiefs, socks, lipsticks are easily forgotten by the departed guest, but if the object is really awkward, you will know at once that it will be badly missed, and that Monday night will bring a phone call full of self-accusation and urgency.

It is sometimes with a sense of loss, but more often with a sense of relief that one speeds the parting weekender, no matter how pleasant the visit may have been. If the weekend has been a success from everyone's point of view, it is just as well that enthusiasm cannot be stretched to the point where it diminishes to mere amicability, or amicability to the point where it becomes tolerance. If it was a good weekend, the quiet that the guests leave behind them is filled with pleasant echoes of the always unfinished business of friendship. If it has not been good, then they take away with them the burdensome business which has kept you struggling for the last forty-eight hours.

And this most surely explains the weekend as an institution. Its duration has been set by convention; the end is always in view and never very far away. The most dreary guests can be tolerated and coped with for forty-eight hours, and the most pleasant ones can be relished without fear that the pleasure of their presence will diminish. It was a wise host who invented the weekend, a host with a most sensitively balanced appreciation of the limits of man's social appetite and especially of his social endurance.

I'll Call You Eager

A Story by Glen Haley

IT WAS a late spring morning in downtown Los Angeles. There was a breath of summer heat in the coolness of the morning breeze, and an acid edge to the air which brought a little moisture to the eyes of Luetenner Morrison, as he opened up his stand in front of the Mentone.

The Mentone was one of the two or three gaunt hotels on Main Street which still retain an air of respectability. Several pensioners could always be seen during the day and evening, wandering along its worn carpets under the dim, old-fashioned lights. It was headquarters for groups of truckers who made the Los Angeles-Seattle run, and a small bus line maintained its passenger office in the faded foyer.

Luetenner Morrison, a tall Negro with a sardonic smile, had been popping a shoe-shine rag in front of the Mentone since he was a snot-nose kid. He was a little over twenty now. It was a three-man stand, but one chair wasn't in use except when a Wino drifted in for a few months a year, and the third chair had a broken footrest. A tattered orange awning sheltered it from the rays of the afternoon sun.

A little man with "out-of-towner" written all over him, sidled up to the stand on this particular morning, just as Lue was laying out his rags and brushes. He was short, thin, and his very black face was shaded with a worn felt hat; he wore a collarless white shirt and bib overalls, both of which were much too big for him, but on his feet were a pair of new army shoes. He watched every move Luetenner made.

"Hey you. You want a shine?" Lue asked the little man, just for a joke.

"Oh no. No," the little man stuttered, and moved back to lean against the wall.

By now, the yellow street cars were rambling and racketing down the street as the town awoke; grifters due back at work on construction jobs were out getting coffee; office workers who parked their cars on lots running through to Spring Street were hurrying by on the way to Eastern Columbia or the May Company.

Lue went on about his business, as if no one were watching him. He dialed in a morning music program, climbed up into his chair, and did a few taps. Pretty soon Eckman, the bus company manager with the agency in the Mentone came out, digging at his gold-filled teeth with a toothpick. He was a big well-dressed man. Lue noticed the little man quickly took his hat off as Eckman appeared. Lue climbed down and put on a little show for his spectator.

"How 'bout a coupla fast rounds this morning, Mr. Eckman?" Lue began, shuffling his feet and unlimbering his arms fighter fashion. Eckman pulled his head back and warned, "Look, Jack, some morning I'll take you up on that, and you'll be known as 'Punchy' instead of 'Lue' around here."

He stepped up and sat down in Lue's chair and pulled up his well-creased gabardines while Lue began to dust off his woven-toed oxfords, being careful not to get dirt on the clocked nylon socks.

The little black man had taken it all in with his eyes and mouth wide open, Lue

noticed. Lue turned toward him and muttered, "Stand back, boy, you bother me." The little man backed up.

Lue said, "So you're some fighter, Mr. Eckman, huh? Funny I never read about you in the ring magazines."

Eckman lowered his picture magazine. "Lue," he said, "did you know I was light heavyweight champion of Pittsburg for several years?"

"Whoo," said Lue, touching up the edges of the soles with liquid polish, "some good boys come from around Pittsburgh, Penn. You musta been pretty good, all right."

"Pittsburgh where? I never said anything about Pittsburgh, Penn." Eckman kicked his foot out at Lue. "I was champion of Pittsburg, Kansas."

Lue laughed, grabbed the foot and put it back on the footrest. "You kill me, Mr. Eckman," he snorted.

When Lue had slapped the shoes bright, Eckman handed him a quarter and stepped down. They squared off at each other, and Eckman batted his own nose with his right fist as a fighter does to clear his nostrils; then they both laughed and stepped back. The white man waved and disappeared inside the hotel.

ALL this time the little man had been leaning against the wall at the far side of the hotel entrance, looking down at the sidewalk, but glancing up with his eyes wide every so often. Lue started a stick of gum and climbed up into the chair.

"Ever treat a white man like that in your country?" he asked.

The little man grinned. "Huh-uh. No, sir," he said.

"I figure you's from the South, all right," Lue said.

"I come from good plantation folks in Arkansaw," the little man informed him quickly.

Lue's smile pulled the corners of his mouth down. He began to clean his fingernails. "How come you out here?" he inquired.

The little man altered the position of his feet, took off his hat, and scratched his head.

"Well," he said finally, "I guess you might say the reason we is here is because my wife she got ambition." He rushed on to amend, "I got it, too, but she got it more."

"Huh," Lue grunted, "sound like some kind of a disease ~~to~~ me."

"It's just that old 'keep agoin' feelin'," the little man explained.

"In other words you're 'eager'."

"May—maybe so."

"That's what I'll call you—Eager," Lue stated.

"My name is Wendell Travis," the little man supplied quickly.

"Okay," Lue assented. "Well, Eager, what you goin' to do with that old 'keep agoin' feelin' out here in L.A.?"

"We gonna get ahead and live like people out here do."

"What on?"

"We gets started. My wife got a job in a laundry now."

Lue sucked air between his large front teeth. "She good-looking?"

"My wife? Oh yes. She's a very nice-lookin' woman, my wife is," the little man replied hastily.

Lue grinned. "How come she take on a skinny little runt like you if she so pretty?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm steady. And I got ambition too."

Lue shook his head. "Huh. You better go see can you get a cure from that. No colored man got no business with ambition, anyway." After a silence, Lue stretched, and did a little advertising for his stand: "Get ya shine here. Shine, Mister? Shine 'em up. Shine? Shine? Shine?" Two more customers stopped by, both strangers to Lue. He handled them both at the same time. Then Mr. Cooper sidled out of the hotel.

Mr. Cooper dressed in a black suit so shiny in places that it looked brown. He was old, near-sighted, and slightly stooped. Mr. Cooper owned the Mentone, but he didn't like anyone to know it, because it made for trouble. He always pretended to be representing his sister, who lived in the East and really owned the hotel; but someone a long time ago had learned that his sister was dead. Mr. Cooper sat in the lobby during the mornings, reading papers so continuously that all that could be seen of him was the spread-out papers grasped by his thin, trembling fingers, and his long legs, one draped over the other so that the wrinkled gray sock was exposed as well as a length of thin shank almost transparent it was so white.

Lue helped Mr. Cooper up to the chair. "How's your sister, Mr. Cooper, sir, sure hope she's well?" he asked with his usual politeness.

"Oh yes. My sister is very—very well," Mr. Cooper quavered the usual response, and added the usual postscript. "Watch that bunion on the right foot, Luetenmer."

Lue went over the old black kangaroo leather shoes with his usual care. During the process Mr. Cooper complained about the shoddy appearance of the stand, and Lue, as he had been doing for years, promised to clean it up. After Mr. Cooper was gently helped down, Lue brushed him off with a brush kept for that exclusive purpose. He then refused the dime Mr. Cooper proffered with his usual, "No, sir, Mr. Cooper; your money is no good here."

After he had gone, Lue explained to his visitor: "He own this hotel, that man does. I always shine him free. One time I took his dime, and he look like he gonna choke me with his bare hands."

A MIDMORNING lull had struck the street. The people who went by were not "shiners." Pimps and panhandlers were making the rounds; Mexican women were going home from trading at the big Third Street market, and the kids on the street corners were half-heartedly trying to unload their remaining morning papers.

The little man still leaned against the wall. As Lue looked over at him, he looked quickly down and altered his position.

"Eager, you got anything you need to do?" he inquired.

"Me?" the little man stuttered. "I'm—I'm—I'm—"

"I mean right now—right this minute."

"No," the little man said.

"Well, look here. Suppose you looks after this stand for me for a minute, will you? I mean don' touch a damn thing, but in case a customer shows, you run right down the street to that parking lot and let me know—will you?"

"Oh yes, sir. I surely will," the little man accepted the offer gratefully.

"Maybe I set you up to a-cup-of-coffee when I gets back," he stretched, and added languidly, as part payment on the service about to be rendered, "Me and a boy named

Mack down there at the car lot is double-dating a couple of city government girls."

"Oh, I see, I see," Eager responded, properly impressed.

"Of Mack, he always takes me and Bonnie home first, so about this time of day we gets together to compare notes." He winked, and walked away, while the little man nodded rapidly and smiled.

The little man whom Lue called Eager remained until Lue returned, and in fact was there throughout the entire day, not even leaving, as far as Lue could see, during any part of the lunch hour. He had a sandwich with him wrapped in a cloth, which he extracted from one of his huge back overall pockets. He smiled at Lue every time he got the chance, but once Lue had come back from the parking lot he was done with the little man, and he didn't pay any more attention to him. Traffic gradually picked up through the afternoon, the ball game began and ended, and the returns came in from Santa Anita. The tide of homebound workers set in. Lue pulled the grading across the stand and got into his red gabardine jacket.

"Well, Eager," he addressed the little man, who was now squatting on his haunches by the wall, "we done a day's work. Don't you 'spect we better go home?" The little man pulled himself up, stretched, and smiled.

Lue walked over to Hill Street to catch a red car home. He saw Eager hurrying along behind him, but he soon lost track of him, and in fact had forgotten him entirely, until he was standing in the streetcar waiting zone and happened to see the smaller man standing near him.

"What is this?" Lue asked, irritated. "You don't think you're goin' home with me too, for the Lord's sake?"

Eager smiled apologetically. "Oh no, no. But to tell the truth, I don't exactly—"

"All right," said Lue, with his fists on his hips, "let's have it. You don't know how to get home, do you?"

The small man's smile had turned a little forlorn.

"Godamighty how they ever come to let you out of Arkansaw, I'll never know," Lue muttered. The little man hesitantly held out an envelope with an address scribbled on it.

Lue grunted. "You lives down in there, huh. You got to take a seven car and transfer.

Here come one now." He gave Eager a shove. "Now listen. When you gets on, tell the conductor you's from Arkansaw and you don't know your hind end from a hole in the ground. Maybe he'll fix you up." Eager got on the car after everyone else, and even then the motorman had to say, "All aboard," twice. Lue watched the car leave, shaking his head.

LUE was out late that night and didn't get to work until after eight. As he turned the corner south of the Mentone, he saw the figure in the felt hat, collarless white shirt, and faded overalls waiting for him, in the same attitude as the day before.

"For Christ's sake," Lue said when he came up, "am I goin' to have to work you over to get rid of you?"

"I'm sorry," the little man stuttered. "I didn't go to make trouble. I'll take my leave. I'll take my leave right now."

Lue looked at him a minute and snorted. Then he laughed noiselessly. "Well," he said, "I guess I don't really give a damn if you hangs around. 'Fore God I don't see why you wants to, but stay over there out of me and my customers' way."

People began to notice Eager this second day. Eckman had a wisecrack or so, and Lue then gave a thumbnail description of his visitor which was good for a laugh. This proved fortunate for the little man—he was good to have around for laughs. Eager (as he became to everyone except Mr. Cooper, who called him Wendell) was so ignorant of all aspects of city life that nearly every response or question elicited from him, caused merriment among Lue's customers and friends.

He gradually assumed duties in addition to the one of looking after the stand while Lue went down to talk to his friend Mack. The first of these was brushing off the customers. This came about one morning through Eckman's inquiring, "Why don't you make a porter out of that boy, Lue? Brush me off, Eager."

Eager's desire to please was frantic, and when he had finished, Eckman pulled back his shoulders and exclaimed, "Say, that boy's a master. He knocked more kinks out of my backbone with that whiskbroom than a chiropractor could with both hands and a knee. Here's a dime, Eager, but it's worth a dollar."

Thus, the whiskbroom reserved for Mr. Cooper came into active service, and Eager realized his first monetary returns from his days of waiting.

Eager gradually gained more duties. The main one was looking after Mr. Cooper. Eager helped him up to the chair, fetched his paper from the lobby, and rolled up the cuffs of the shiny black trousers. Moreover, Mr. Cooper was responsible for Eager's actual elevation into the position of a full-time boot-black. One day, the old man came out late for his shine, and Lue returned from the parking lot to find Eager busy among the brushes, tins, and bottles, actually working on Mr. Cooper's shoes.

Lue's first impulse was to knock the little man stem-winding, but he controlled himself with an effort, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Cooper, sir."

Eager turned and blanched. "Mr. Cooper he ask me would I go over his shoes against you comin' back. I tell him I better run and fetch you, but he say 'no'."

From behind his paper, Mr. Cooper remarked, "I just wanted a little clean-up: Wendell can do it all right."

Lue contained his exasperation. "Well, all right, Mr. Cooper. I'll see he carries it out okay this time."

Afterward, Lue said, "Seem to me there's such a thing as gettin' a little *too* eager."

Eager stuttered, "Well, Mr. Cooper he own the hotel and that's the God's truth that he make me go ahead. I figure you don't want him mad."

Lue shook his head. "Sometimes I wonder what in the God's world I would do without you any more—and other times I would sure like to find out."

WITHOUT Lue's doing anything about it one way or the other, Eager soon performed the complete shoeshining operation, not only for Mr. Cooper, but for other customers, on a percentage basis. The usual Main Street price was fifteen cents. Lue took ten cents out of Eager's gross "for expenses." He also had a deal on those who came to the stand as Lue's "bona fide customers." He had put it up to Eager as a proposition: "Look, Eager, time will come if you has any knack at all, when you gonna have customers of your own; now, if you

looks after mine. I'll look after yours when you gets some—okay?"

The little man gained in confidence, but there were setbacks. He was unable to develop a "line" to entertain the trade as Lue had. He would try to joke but it came out a little sour. Once to Mr. Cooper he had said, "Well, Mr. Cooper, sir, you lookin' mighty gay. I suppose you's enjoying life this mornin'?"

Lue could hardly help smiling at the idea of Mr. Cooper looking "gay." Mr. Cooper stared morosely at the little man and didn't dignify the remark with any reply at all.

Later, Lue told Eager, "Listen, you tryin' too hard. People don't like to have you waggin' around like a little old puppy dog. You just shine shoes and smile, and leave the entertainment to me."

There were other changes in Eager. Though he seemed to have an endless supply of the oversized collarless white shirts, he discarded the faded overalls and wore a type of work pants which Lue called "J. C. Penney twills." He polished his army shoes until they glowed; the old felt hat remained, but it was only worn to and from the stand.

And he began an irritating practice of suggesting improvements to Lue—he mentioned the tattered awning, and the broken footrest on the third chair. When Lue was sufficiently annoyed, he would put a period to the remarks by saying, "Look, boy, I didn't realize you was tired of working here."

But for the most part Lue paid his co-worker little attention. At this time his thoughts were becoming more and more occupied with woman trouble. Mack had had a falling out with his government girl, but Lue was still seeing his. This entailed difficulties, since Mack had a car and Lue wasn't in a position at the time to afford one. Besides, he was certain that his girl, Arvada, was also dating some man with an office job on Central Avenue. Much of Lue's spare time in these days was spent sitting sideways in his chair with one leg swinging across the arm rest, while he plucked at his lip.

SEVERAL weeks after Eager had begun shining shoes, Lue met the little man's wife. Lue came back to the stand in mid-afternoon one day to see Eager in close consultation with a small, slender woman,

whom he at once knew must be Mrs. Wendell Travis. She seemed to be talking quite heatedly, and Eager was shaking his head very doubtfully. When Lue came up he was introduced.

"Lue, this is my wife Bessie," Eager said.

Bessie was very plainly but tidily dressed. She said, in a voice that was somewhat high and loud, "How do you do, Mr. Morrison. I'm mighty pleased to know you."

"Same here," Lue responded. "You got you a day off from the laundry?"

"That's right, Mr. Morrison," she said. She was not bad looking, but the veins stood out too plainly in her neck, and her hands and feet were large for her size. Her eyes were pretty, Lue decided, but there was a set to her chin and mouth that he could do without. She wasn't his kind of woman, he knew that: she was a driver, and what she said next proved it: "Mr. Morrison, there is a little matter of business me and Wendell would like to talk over with you."

Eager did not seem to be as interested in talking it over as his wife was. He moved away, plainly upset.

"Yeah?" Lue said, sitting down in his chair. He had a pretty good idea of what was coming.

"Wendell has been here some time, and now that he knows the business, we feel—"

"Eager ain't doin' bad, maybe," Lue interrupted, "but he ain't exactly an old hand, and he took a lot of my time pickin' it up."

"Well, anyways," she continued, unabashed, "we was wondering if maybe you could see your way clear to givin' him maybe a little more money a shine—on his own customers that is."

Her tone implied that she felt this to be a matter of right. Lue's temper began to take hold, but he had a way of acting humorous when he got mad. He replied by turning to the husband, "Eager, I didn't understand that you was dissatisfied with your job here."

The little man scratched above his ear in an unhappy way.

"Oh, he ain't dissatisfied, Mr. Morrison: he ain't at all; but he's a family man, you know, and—"

"I hate to lose you," Lue said, ignoring the wife, "especially after all the trouble I've had breaking you in, but I can see you better look around and try to better yourself. Besides, I

got me another man that usually shows up about this time of year. I won't expect you in tomorrow. We'll check up on the polishes tonight." Meanwhile, Lue reached over and turned up the radio, which began blaring out the ball game.

Mrs. Travis continued talking, but Lue just nodded pleasantly and said, "The same to you, Mrs. Travis. Just drop in any time—even if your husband ain't workin' here any more."

So ended Lue's first meeting with Eager's wife. Nothing more was said by Eager, and this closed the incident. Lue had no intention of changing the arrangement with Eager, and if he had, it would not have been feasible just at this time. His girl was planning a vacation in San Bernardino, and if he was not able to go with her, he was pretty certain she would find other company. Finally she left town without him, but left her address behind. Lue followed the next day and partied there with her, but when they returned to Los Angeles, there was a final disastrous argument. Arvada told him she was marrying an insurance man, and Lue used the rest of the money he had been able to rake together for the excursion for a real two-day drunk. By the time he was off the merry-go-round, he had been away from the stand for over two weeks.

HE WOKE up on a Tuesday about ten o'clock. There was a note from the landlady under his door. It was about overdue rent. Lue pulled out a last cigarette with shaking fingers, lit it, and counted the spare change in his pockets with eyes he had trouble trying to focus properly. He decided he would go down and open up the stand for a couple of hours.

In the stress of the past two weeks, he had forgotten about Eager; or if he thought of him it had not occurred to him that the little man would be carrying on at the stand alone. When he saw the stand was open, he was not sure whether he was pleased about it or not. Even from half a block away, the place looked somewhat different. He puzzled this out: Eager had repaired the rent in the awning, and given the stand a new coat of paint; and as he came nearer he saw that another man was at work in front of the chair that had had the broken footrest. He

suddenly began to be annoyed and worried.

The new man turned out to be the Wino, who must now be ready for a brief turn at regular employment. The broken footrest had been repaired. The Wino wasn't busy, but Eager was at work on the shoes of one of Lue's regular customers. Lue walked up beside the little man.

"I take over, Eager boy," he said.

"Hi," Eager responded, and moved to one side, but not very fast. Luetenner had to nudge him a little. As he batted the shoes with a rag he looked over at the Wino and inquired, "How come you workin' here without my permission?" The Wino, who seldom spoke anyway, merely shrugged. When the customer had gone, Eager said: "You been all right?"

"Oh no, I been sicker'n a dog," Lue answered, and he looked at Eager and smirked.

"Sure sorry to hear that."

"You don't have to be sorry," Lue responded, "it's a damn lie."

Lue climbed up and sat down in his chair. He regarded the patched awning glumly and looked over at the welded footrest on the third chair. "Some little brownie sure been busy around here," he remarked. A quick smile came to Eager's face, but it disappeared as he saw the expression on Lue's. Lue abruptly stepped down and began sorting through his equipment. He turned on Eager, "How come you take my polish?"

"I just use it in case it gets old," Eager began, "I was gonna put more in."

"Damn right you was—and is," Lue said shortly.

"Look," Eager quavered, "ain't no call for you to be so sour with me. I been doin' the right thing. I been lookin' after your customers all the time you been gone. I kept accounts. I owes you sixty-four dollars."

Lue felt a sudden stab of delight. He had forgotten that he would have money coming. But he gave no sign. "Yeah," he said, "I bet you do."

"No," protested Eager, "that's straight; I kept a book."

"You can throw that book in the ashcan," Lue told him. "I keeps it in my head, and you don't put nothing past me." He felt considerably better. "Where you got my cash?" he asked.

Eager extracted the bills from his old-fashioned deep pocketbook, and handed them over. Lue jammed them into his pocket.

Lue noticed throughout this first day that Eager had acquired new customers. He also noticed at noon that Eager now owned a vacuum bottle.

"Hey, some class!" he exclaimed.

Eager carefully poured a cupful of buttermilk, replaced the cork, and said with dignity. "It does make eatin' a little bit more of a real pleasure."

The afternoon was typical for the stand. Lue was glad to be back in the old run of things. The baseball game came on, and afterward the races. Around six he folded up his rags and stored his brushes with a feeling of being pleasantly tired.

Next morning, Eckman saw Lue at the stand and yelled, "Hey chump—I mean champ—where you been?"

"Around," grinned Lue.

"Was it wine, women, song, or all three?"

"Well, I tell you for sure, there was too much women mixed in it."

For the time being, Lue was happy enough to be back and at work, and he might have gone on for some time without discovering the fundamental change that had come about in the affairs of the stand, had he not decided about midmorning of this second day to go down to the parking lot and see Mack.

It was after he had given his buddy the lowdown on the San Bernardino party that Mack asked, "How you and Eager makin' out?"

"We're just about makin' to make out."

"You mean you're leavin'?"

"Me? Leave my own stand? You got rocks between your ears?"

"You better shake your own head. I ain't got no rocks between my ears. You ain't heard yet, I guess, have you?"

"Heard what?" Lue asked.

"You're way behind the times," Mack said, but then there was a rush of cars and Lue couldn't get any more out of him.

He went back to the stand. He knew something was up, but he wasn't sure what. The Wino had a customer. Lue sat in his own chair, doing nothing, while Eager cleaned up a pair of white shoes left on call. Lue pulled at his lower lip and began to

think back over events. Eager had paid him willingly enough, but what had he paid? Why, he had only paid for doing the work on Lue's customers. There was still the dime for each of Eager's own customers. And what about the Wino? He always paid a nickel a shine to Lue.

It all came over him with a rush. Where had all that money gone? What a fool he was. He gritted his teeth, then picked up a rag and snapped it a moment, figuring out how to open the subject. He had to make it natural and easy. Finally he said, "Well, Eager, when we finishin' our financin' over the time I was gone?"

Eager looked up. He drew a deep breath and laid a shoe down slowly and carefully. "I done paid you."

LUE doubled up his fist, and then relaxed it. "Sure. You pay me for my customers. How about my cut on yours?"

Eager picked up the shoe again. "I can't afford no such rate as that any more. There's rent to pay."

"Who in hell cares what you can't afford? What rent you talkin' about—you mean house rent?"

Eager drew in his breath slowly. "I—I mean rent on the stand here."

"Rent?" Lue stared. "Who in hell payin' rent?"

"I am—we is."

"Who to?"

"Why, to Mr. Cooper, the owner of this hotel, that's who."

"Boy," said Lue, throwing down his rag, "it's a good thing you fix that tear in the awning, but it looks like you done it too late. You got a heat stroke or something for sure." But he remembered uneasily that when Mr. Cooper had come around for his shine that morning, he had stared at Lue and had barely nodded and that he had addressed Eager as "Wendell." Of course, the old man had always called Eager "Wendell," but still. . . . Lue scrambled down and went into the lobby to see Mr. Cooper.

One of Mr. Cooper's skinny, glistening white shanks was exposed above a wrinkled gray sock as he sat reared back, behind his paper.

"That's right," he said in his high unpleasant voice in response to Lue's question.

"Wendell is paying rent on the stand now."

"Eager?"

"Wendell. He's leased the equipment out there, and he's paying sixteen dollars a month on it."

"Great gobs of fire," Lue exploded, "how come he leases it? He don't own that stand—I do."

"Well, that's where you're mistaken," Mr. Cooper said, his head bobbling slightly under the stress of his exaggerated calm. "Who did you ever buy it from?"

"I never bought it," Lue spluttered, "I—I just always had it, that's all."

"The stand," Mr. Cooper pointed out the facts with a long finger on the arm of his imitation-leather-covered chair, "belonged to old Horney Johnson and when he died you worked there. Have you got any papers to show you own that stand?"

As Mr. Cooper looked up out of shrewd watery eyes, Lue's confidence in his position ebbed away. That stand had always been his ace in the hole—it had always been the little piece of dry land upon which he had stood, while the flood waters of life rushed hungrily by on both sides. Now the land was washed away.

"I never need any papers before," he said slowly. "How come I need 'em now?"

"Well," Mr. Cooper rustled his paper, and crossed his legs again, "you never did right out there, Lue. That stand was an eyesore and a disgrace to my sister's hotel until Wendell came along. He's taken ahold and made it look right. While you were gone, I talked it over with Wendell and his wife and we drew up a lease. As far as that goes, none of us knew that you would ever come back, did we?"

Lue drew himself up and flexed his arms. "God damn, God damn," he muttered in a choking voice.

"Now, no cursing in here," Mr. Cooper exclaimed, putting out a trembling hand.

Lue turned and rushed toward the lobby door.

"And no cursing outside, and no trouble!" he dimly heard Mr. Cooper warning in his high voice.

OUTSIDE, Eager looked up once, and then kept his eyes lowered. Lue was too mad to know just what to do. Eager

was still working on the pair of white shoes. Lue leaned on his chair, bracing his head on his hand and he kept his eyes on Eager.

"You sure did it to me, didn't you," he murmured, "you sure did. You sure cut a slice off a fat pig."

The little man was trying with awkward fingers to open a tin of polish.

"Here, lemme help," Lue said gently. He took the tin from Eager and threw it down on the sidewalk as hard as he could. The top sang off and whirled into the gutter. A news-boy sidled up and a few people stopped to look. The Wino watched impassively from his chair. Mr. Cooper was standing inside the lobby door of the Mentone, his newspaper lowered to his hips. A cop strolled by. Lue went back to leaning on his chair.

"Everything here is yours, now," he said in a conversational way. "I worked here nine years, but I been moved down and out."

"No you ain't," Eager protested in a tight voice, as he picked up the polish, "you can stay here if you wants to."

"And pay you rent?"

"And pay Mr. Cooper rent."

"Boy, I would see you in the deep bottom of hell first." A customer came in and Eager started to work on his shoes. It didn't matter to Lue. He stood quietly again, and then he spoke again, with a little crooked smile on his face. "Boy, you sure did take me in, Wendell. You told me you was eager, but you was such a seedy lookin' little twerp that I never paid it any mind. I never would have figured you could put it over on me like that. How you did take me. I bet that wife of yours is surely proud of you."

Lue passed his hand back and forth on either side of his chin. There were several things he could do. He could beat Eager within an inch of his life. He could leave. Or he could knuckle under. Beating up the little shrimp might mean trouble, maybe jail. But leaving! It seemed impossible just to walk away from his own stand. What would he do? Where would he go? And still, staying and knuckling under was out of the question. A hot wave passed over him and he felt like picking up the chair and making a shambles of the stand. The fingers of both hands closed on the chair, but his hot eyes looked right into those of Mr. Cooper, who still stood looking out the door of the hotel.

Lue released his hold on the chair. He put a foot up on the end of the stand in a way that looked casual. But he was tense all over. He stood for half an hour like this.

Eager tried desperately to keep busy all this while. A customer came, and his fingers were all thumbs. Afterward he tried whisking the dirt out from under his chair, but his hand was trembling so that he could hardly hold the broom.

Gradually, as Lue watched, a smile appeared on the big man's face. He spoke finally, "You know, Wendell, now that I don't have a single damn thing to do, I figure the best thing I can do would be to just stick around and see you work. Now you been here upwards of two months, and see what you already done. I just undervalued that ambition stuff all to hell. I got a lot to learn, I see that now, and you is exactly the boy to teach it to me."

Eager did some half-hearted advertising, "Shine. Get your shine. Shine." Lue just kept leaning on the stand, smiling his one-sided smile.

The situation remained the same throughout the entire day. Lue stayed around his chair, but he did not do one thing. Several times when customers tried to sit in his chair he told them politely, "I ain't working here any longer, sir, but Wendell here, the Arkansaw wonder, he will gladly look after you. Hé does a fine job, very fine. Only count your change as you leave."

It gave Lue a great deal of wicked enjoyment to see how nervous the little man remained. He dropped things, and occasionally his rag slipped off a shoe. Along toward closing time, Eager said, "I don't understand why you acting this way. I didn't do anything. Mr. Cooper, he—"

"No, you little black bastard," Lue said, his pretended good humor swallowed up in a rush, "you didn't do nothing. You just took away my living, that's all you did."

"No, I never. You can still work at your stand."

"Stop talking about my stand or I'll break that chair on you," Lue warned, in words that tumbled over each other. He shook his head, his fists clenched. He ground his teeth. "God knows I ain't a man to turn down easy money, but I never in my life would pull a dirty little old stinking trick like you

pulled." Then he rubbed his chin again and reassumed his pretended good humor. "But you was so right, Eager boy. So right. That's just exactly how to get ahead in this town of L.A. or in the whole big old world, to boot. You taught me a wonderful lesson. It's a lesson I surely got to dwell on. I'm really grateful to you, little Eager boy."

He went on more slowly. "Only thing is, I ain't exactly sure I knows the ropes good enough to strike out on my own. So I think I'll just hang around you for a while to see do I know all the tricks. I want to find out exactly all I can about how a really get-ahead, eager-beaver boy operates."

"There just ain't any sense to all this," Eager said weakly, but Lue remained. When the stand closed down at six-thirty, the Wino watched Eager walk away, with his old felt on his head, and a coat slung over his shoulder country style, while Lue strode a step behind him, in his red gabardine jacket and pork-pie hat.

LUE followed him to the streetcar, got an identical transfer with that of his companion, and stood beside him in the car. They got off together and Eager walked nervously up the street toward the 1890 vintage mansion in which he and his wife and child occupied a housekeeping room. At the huge, paint-peeled front door, which stood ajar, Eager turned and looked at Lue.

Lue said, "Well, I'll see you tomorrow, little Eager man. Let's see. You gets down to the stand around seven, you used to tell me, so you must leave here at 6:30 and catch the 6:35 trolley—that right?"

Two children on roller skates swayed past them out of the echoing house, and behind them came Mrs. Travis, holding the hand of her little girl.

"Good evening, Wendell," she said crisply, leaning toward him; she saw Lue and withdrew her cheek. Her eyes seemed to cloud over a second, like those of a hawk.

"You remembers Mr. Morrison," Eager mumbled.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Morrison?" she asked.

Lue smiled a refusal and the four of them stood there awkwardly a couple of minutes. Wendell half whispered to his wife, "Let's go in."

Lue tipped his hat. "I'll see you in the morning, Eager." They went into the house. The last Lue saw of them was the shine of Mrs. Travis' large dark eyes, as she shepherded her daughter out of sight.

Lue went across the street and leaned on the grating of a closed neighborhood grocery. He saw the shadow of Wendell's wife against the curtain of a second-story window of the old house, and he tipped his hat to it. The sound of some high-pitched conversation carried to him after the shadow had turned abruptly away. He hung around twenty minutes longer, and went home.

At a quarter after six the next morning, Lue arrived at the stoop of Eager's home. He was gratified to see Eager come out almost immediately, apparently intending to catch an earlier car than usual. The little man was followed by his wife, who was saying in a low, intense voice to her husband, "Just don't let him bother you, honey. When he finds out he can't get your goat, he'll quit, you'll see."

Both were startled as Lue stood up from where he had been sitting on the step below them.

"Well good morning there, ma'am," Lue called; but she looked at her husband and, with her mouth tight, gave Lue a defiant stare, and went quickly back into the house.

Eager walked down the steps with eyes lowered in a troubled, tired face. Lue followed him to the trolley, talking in a companionable way, but Eager did not respond.

All day at the stand, Lue stood around watching the little man work. Occasionally he joined in helping him promote business: "Come in and get a shine from the most eager boy on Main Street. He aims to get ahead and he'll do it, too. He's a big business man from Arkansaw on his way up. Get his autograph while there's still time."

Lue took a little time off around noon of his day to go down to the car lot. He didn't care now if Mack kidded him a little. He was having such a good time needling Eager that he was in high spirits, even if he was letting down to the spare change in his pockets.

Later he went back to the stand and continued to watch every move Eager made, with exaggerated attention. Toward the end of the day the little man was showing definite

signs of strain. The Wino, too, seemed somewhat upset by the situation. Toward the end of the afternoon he rolled up his kit in his apron, mumbled something about an "errand," and disappeared.

Lue went home again with Wendell after work. Wendell plodded along with his head down, never answering any of Lue's companionable sallies. This time, though Mrs. Travis appeared at the door promptly, neither Wendell nor his wife spoke to Lue, but both went directly into the house, Mrs. Travis showing some concern over her husband.

A few moments later, Mrs. Travis came out and shouted across to where Lue was standing by the grocery store. The roller-skating children stopped on the walk to listen, and heads appeared at windows.

"Haven't you got anything better to do than follow my husband around?" she called.

"I surely ain't, ma'am," Lue said cheerfully, "not any more."

"Don't you know this is a childish way for you to act?"

"Well," called Lue, "it's like I told your husband. Eager is a get-ahead boy with ambition, and I need a few pointers. Here I go along nine years in the same place and Eager comes along and yanks my stand out from under me overnight."

"He never yanked it out from under you. It wasn't his fault that—"

"That's right, ma'am," Lue interrupted, "it ain't Eager's fault he's so eager."

"Oh, eager—eager—eager," she screamed. "You better stay away from here. I don't want to see you around here again."

THE next morning, at the door of the time-scarred mansion, Lue awaited the appearance of his small victim. Eager soon came out, looking like a prisoner about to walk a gantlet. Mrs. Travis kissed her husband, and as the two men walked away, she shrilled after them, "There's laws for things like this. I'm gonna put a stop to it. You hear me?"

At the stand, the day was uneventful. The Wino did not come to work. Eckman, the bus station manager, came out, but Lue remained sprawled in his chair. Eckman's brows came down in a frown.

"Well, how about it?" he inquired.

"I don't work here any more, Mr. Eckman," Lue explained languidly. "Eager is your man. Arkansaw's finest."

"All right," said Eckman, and read his magazine without comment.

Mr. Cooper did not come out for a shine, but Lue saw him come to the hotel door occasionally through the morning and regard him suspiciously, his newspaper clutched in one bony hand; the cop walked by and looked Lue over in a way that indicated that he had already been warned to watch out for trouble.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, Eager sat down in his chair and put his head in his hands.

"Look here, Eager," Lue chided him, "you slipping, you know. I begin to think you ain't the hot number I figures you for. Ain't you goin' to show more action than that?"

Eager looked up at him out of red-rimmed eyes, without changing expression, and then looked down again.

Lue glumly listened to the ball game and the race results, and tapped out the rhythm of a jazz tune. The little game he had been playing had begun to pall on him. He took little pleasure, even, in the fact that Eager was now moving around like an automaton, and doing a listless, sloppy job on the shoes he was called upon to shine.

Lue went home again with Eager, but it was for the last time, he told himself. At the stoop, Mrs. Travis put her arm around her husband as he plodded up the steps, and shouted at Lue, "Look here now. I warned you and I warned you—"

Her husband, without looking at her, said distinctly, "Shut up."

His wife turned on him in amazed disbelief. "What?" she asked.

"Just shut up," Eager repeated, and walked on by her into the house.

Lue waited awhile in front of the grocery store across the street. Somehow, he had a feeling that something was going to happen. And sure enough, after about half an hour, Wendell reappeared in the doorway of the old house.

He stood there a moment, as if he might turn around and go back into the house. He put one hand on the door frame and then walked out and across the street. He looked neither to right nor to left; a boy on a bicycle

barely avoided him. He came up to Lue and stood in front of him, trembling. He licked his lips.

"What's the trouble, Eager boy?" Lue asked soothingly. "You look all upset."

Eager had difficulty getting the words out. But they came. He said, "Let's fight."

Lue said, "Pardon me, Eager, but I had a little trouble gettin' that. I thought you said, 'Let's fight'."

"That's what I did say." The little man's words now came in a breathy rush. "That's what you been tryin' to do all along, is get me mad so you could fight me. Now I say come ahead."

Lue looked at him a moment, and his lips curled down. "I bet she put you up to this, didn't she—Mrs. Travis, that is."

"No she never. It's my own idea. Let's get it over with."

Lue stood there. He began to laugh soundlessly. Wendell struck out wildly; Lue fended him off and went on laughing. He circled around, avoiding the wild blows, unable to control his laughing. People were gathering across the street. Lue grabbed the small man's arms.

"Stop it, Eager boy," he said, "I've had enough. I've had enough." He was still laughing. He lowered his head. Finally he let go of Eager's arms. "Whoo," he gasped admiringly, "what a killer."

As he stood there, the little man lashed out again and this time he caught the larger man on the cheek with a solid, bruising blow. Lue's laughter stopped. His anger rose quickly but instead of hitting the smaller man, he pushed him suddenly and Eager fell heavily in the street.

Lue stood there, hands doubled into fists and his arms churning to and fro along his sides. Then he straightened his shoulders, and as Wendell got up he was smiling again, but not so pleasantly as before. Still, there was a certain respect in the way he looked at Eager, who glared stonily back at his tormentor.

Lue went away then, with the mutter of the crowd which had gathered sounding faintly in his ears as a background for the shrill accusations of Mrs. Travis. He went to a nearby liquor store, bought a pint of orange gin, and went home to his room. For some reason he was disgusted with himself.

HE WOKE later than usual the next morning, and got up and dressed. He decided he wanted to visit the stand for the last time; he no longer had any particular feeling in the matter, but he wanted to show his face once more and then forget the whole thing.

Shortly after Lue arrived, Mr. Cooper came out, agitated.

"Are you working here?" Mr. Cooper asked.

"No," said Lue.

"Well if you're not working here, what are you doing here?"

"I'm just lookin' on."

"What do you mean, looking on?"

"Just lookin' on."

"Wendell," Mr. Cooper demanded, "what is he doing around here?"

Eager had not turned around as the two men talked. He looked at them now impassively and only shrugged.

"Well," concluded Mr. Cooper testily, "I want you boys to get all this straightened out. I don't believe you're doing any good around here," he told Lue, "and I know you aren't working. It'll only lead to trouble."

The small man spoke. "It'll get straightened out."

"Well, if it doesn't I may just close the stand up or move it away," Mr. Cooper quavered. "I'm tired of fretting over it." He tumped inside, glared out through the glass door, and turned away as he opened up the morning newspaper.

Lue swung his leg languidly as he sat in his chair.

"So you think you're gonna get things straightened out, do you, Eager boy," he said.

The little man's voice in answer was tight and resolute. "I think it can be straightened out." He continued dusting out the area underneath his chair. Lue smoked and flicked the ashes on the floor of the stand. Eager talked on, without looking at Lue. "I know you figure I did you a dirty trick when I took over the stand."

"Oh no, now, Eager," Lue began.

"Oh shut up all your damn foolishness," Eager said, straightening up and trembling with rage, "I don't want to hear any more of your damn silly humor."

"Well," said Lue, covering his mouth with his hand and looking humble, "I'll stop then.

I don't want to have any more trouble with you. Not after the way you handled yourself last night."

"Oh sure, I know you could break me in two if you wanted," Eager interrupted roughly, "but you got to admit I stood up to you."

"Yes, you did that, Eager boy, you sure did, and I don't know yet why I didn't pick you up and bust you across my knee like a rotten stick. Maybe because I was thinking of your wife."

"Oh, pshaw," Eager snapped, "you hates my wife, I know that. You figure she set me on to take over the stand. Well maybe she did. But I told her off last night."

"You did, huh." Lue looked bored.

"Yes I did. I told her I was going to ask you if you would be my partner in this stand."

"Be your partner!" Lue sat straight up. "You little rat! If it wasn't for you, we would still be gettin' this stand free. You sure hockeyed in the nest, didn't you, you wall-eyed little cuckoo."

"All right, maybe I did," Eager shouted, loudly enough so that Mr. Cooper appeared with paper lowered, behind the hotel door. The little man lowered his voice. "Maybe I did, but you didn't treat me so good, either. You treat me like a hanger-on long after I was shinin' steady here. You didn't want nothin' for nobody but yourself. Everybody makes mistakes, but anyway I'm tryin' to do the right thing, I can't do no more than that."

"If I was to do the right thing," Lue growled, "I'd uppercut you clear out into the street."

"Come down here and do it, then," shrilled Eager. "Nobody can get nothin' through your head. Come on!"

Lue glowered at the quivering little man a moment, then his lips turned up at the corners in spite of himself. Mr. Cooper still stood inside the door, as Eckman, the bus company passenger agent, came up. He started to step up into Eager's chair; Eager said shortly, "You ain't my customer, Mr. Eckman; Lue is going to look after you."

"Well, where do I sit," asked Eckman, "on his lap?"

After a moment, Lue climbed down and went to work.

The Shambles Around the War Plant

Richardson Wood

IF TODAY you drive southward from Aiken, South Carolina, toward the site of the future Savannah River hydrogen-bomb plant, you go a good many miles before you see anything that doesn't belong to rural South Carolina. Flat fields, pine groves, an occasional farmhouse—that's all. But after a while, as the highway cuts through the pine-lands, you suddenly come upon a succession of trailer camps and garish trailer sales lots on both sides of the road, under the trees: an incongruous sight in this all-but-empty countryside.

Then a moment later you reach the sign that announces that you are entering the vast Savannah River reservation, and there are no more trailers. Nothing but woods and farms again. What you have been seeing briefly is the very beginning of the inevitable chopping up of the countryside around the site of a war plant.

It is happening at Paducah, Kentucky, where the Atomic Energy Commission is building another plant. It is happening at Morrisville, Pennsylvania, across the Delaware River from Trenton, New Jersey, where the United States Steel Corporation is building a huge integrated works to use its new Venezuelan ores. It is happening at Walling-

ford, Connecticut, where United Aircraft is now clearing away a pig farm to make way for another factory. It is happening in Chicago, where Ford has taken over the wartime Dodge engine plant and will employ 25,000 workers, and where a proposal to establish a trailer park on the marshy shores of Wolf Lake within the southern limits of the city—"a new Venice of the Midwest," the promoters called it—recently had Mayor Kennelly stumped. Chicago zoning permits trailers in industrial areas.

All this of course has happened before. It happened so dramatically nine years ago in dozens of officially recognized "congested areas" that it may be worth while to look back for a moment to learn what the billions of dollars now allocated to carefully planned defense factories may do to the unplanned areas surrounding them.

Take the representative case of Pascagoula, Mississippi.

BEFORE World War II Pascagoula was a little Gulf Coast town with less than 5,000 population. To the east a few miles, across the state line, lay Mobile, Alabama, the metropolis of the region. To the west were Gulfport and Biloxi on the way to

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New Orleans. Woodworking had been a flourishing industry until the forests were depleted. Shrimp fishing was a growing business. The two occupations blended happily in a small boat building industry.

The skills in this industry, vigorously touted by the state's industrial promotion program, attracted the Ingalls Shipbuilding Corporation. In 1938 a shipyard went up on a site ceded by the town. This and two smaller industries brought a population growth of nearly 2,000—an increase of close to 50 per cent. Pascagoula went into World War II a little more than comfortably full.

Then came almost \$250 million in war contracts and a horde of workers from the peapatches and stripped forests of the hinterland. Before they started going home, Pascagoula had 40,000 people to take care of.

Houses were built—some 4,000 units in all. In one section land was not well graded, so the residents had to walk in water ankle-deep to get in and out of their doors. In another the gas pressure was too low to heat the 900 dwelling units. The sewage disposal plant couldn't handle the load, so a new plant was approved by the Federal Works agency. It was designed for a population of 11,000. By the time it was completed the population was 30,000. Sewage overflowed in the street in front of one housing project. Oyster reefs in the nearby bays were contaminated.

There was a milk shortage. Milk, when it was to be had, came from as far away as Minnesota. During one year of 180 school days, the school cafeterias had milk only eleven times. There were not enough telephones even for emergency calls, not enough street lights, not enough police. Ice gave out in the long hot summers. In February 1944, water storage capacity was enough to supply two hours' demand. There was only one doctor to every 5,000 people.

Despite the discomforts, Pascagoula came out of its jam pretty well. Thanks to a co-ordination of federal, state, and local agencies provided by the Congested Production Areas Board, and thanks even more to funds provided under the Lanham Act, Pascagoula got new schools, paved streets, new water and sewage systems, and a modern county hospital. Pascagoula's 1950 population of 11,000 found itself comfortably equipped. Now the bloat threatens to start again.

WILLOW RUN was worse. There in the fields of Washtenaw County, near the small college town of Ypsilanti, rose a plant employing at its peak a daily production force of more than 42,000. Neither management nor government made any plans whatever to accommodate the workers. They were supposed to get to work by car. When gasoline and tires were restricted after Pearl Harbor, the folly of planning only up to the factory fence became apparent. Yet natural forces and free enterprise were expected to take care of the problem. It was little realized that natural forces in any community always discriminate against the new arrivals—in this case the much-needed war workers—and that free enterprise can scarcely build a whole community even in the most favorable of times. Fortunately, the Willow Run nightmare has been made the subject of an intensive sociological study soon to be published as a book.* So the lessons at least of the last great congestion have duly been entered in the record.

In that period, the country over, more than 8,000,000 people moved—only about 5 per cent of the population—but a devastating mass when piled up in a handful of places. What can we be said to have learned from this great migration?

First, that there are two measures which, taken in time, can reduce the over-all dimensions of the problem very markedly and can lead to great economic savings. Second, that reliance on Federal emergency powers can somehow get communities through the worst of their growing pains. Lastly, that no satisfactory solution of the total problem of community growth is yet in sight. Meanwhile cities are already reporting their housing needs, brought about by defense activity. St. Louis needs 50,000 units. San Diego, already doubled by World War II, needs 20,000 more units now. Pascagoula, no longer a war surplus area, needs another 1,000 dwelling units. So do Huntsville, Alabama, and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Leesville, Virginia, needs 750 homes and Radford, Virginia, needs 300. And so on. But housing activity is discour-

* *Willow Run. A Study of Industrialization and Cultural Inadequacy*, by Lowell J. Carr and James E. Stermer, to be published in November 1951 by Harper & Brothers.

aged by the national production authorities and cities are told to cut down on their borrowing. What, then, are the practical measures for lessening the impact of the defense effort?

II

THE first of the two measures that can reduce the size of the problem is so simple that it is seldom thought of until circumstances force it. It is to take the jobs to the people rather than to require the people to move to the jobs.

One reason why this solution is so seldom grasped is that most people feel there is something inevitable about industrial location that prescribes that a certain plant must be in a certain place. Generally speaking, this is true only of limited sections of industry. Basic producers of steel, copper, aluminum, paper, and chemicals, for example, must locate with a very careful regard to their supplies and their markets. Each of these industries has a characteristic pattern dictated by its own technologies. But other sections of industry are not so fettered by geography. Within very generous limits they can go where the labor is.

The lighter fabricating and assembly industries find that it is often good business to take their plants to the labor. In such industries the capital investment per job seldom exceeds \$5,000 and is usually much lower. A quarter of the investment or less is in land and buildings. But the investment in houses, schools, stores, roads, water supply, and all the other facilities needed to maintain each worker on the job is anywhere from three to five times the total capital investment per job in the industry itself. If an industry fails to utilize this investment where it now is and instead causes it to be created around a new plant, then the industry pays at least in part through higher taxes, absenteeism, overtime, and lower productivity per worker.

From the point of view of national policy the case for the labor surplus area is even more telling. If labor is moved to a crowded place, new facilities must be provided, and this provision puts an added strain on materials and manpower. If crowding is serious the federal government will be called on to pay a large share of the bill for new facilities. On the other hand, if industry goes to the

labor surplus areas, these areas become less of a burden on government for relief and make-work projects. There is no other way in which government can save the taxpayers so much money and speed up production at the same time. Savings can well run to hundreds of millions of dollars.

For the places where industry can find surplus social plant ready to absorb increased employment are many, and many of these are well located with respect to supplies and market. Only two years ago these areas were the objects of the official concern of the Department of Commerce and were designated "emergency areas." Theoretically they are still a concern. But now, when the Washington folk speak of a "critical area," they mean just the opposite of 1949's "E areas"—"critical" is the 1951 term for "congested" or "about to be congested." Take, as an excellent example of an E area that could prevent a C area, the case of Cumberland, Maryland.

CUMBERLAND, the "Queen City of the Alleghenies," is settled in the mountains near the headwaters of the Potomac River. Its site is a classic one in transportation history. It was the terminus of the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, now closed. It is on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which there sends one fork through the Narrows to Pittsburgh and another across West Virginia to Cincinnati. It is on the old National Road (now Route 40), the first through wagon way to the West.

Cumberland has a population of about 40,000 and the towns and small cities in its compact labor area add another 90,000. The Cumberland area recently led the list of E areas; 20 per cent of those registered for employment were jobless. There are two reasons for the unemployment. The first, a familiar one, is coal. The mines in the district are nearing the end of economic use. The second reason is less common. Cumberland is suffering from the country's most spectacular case of technological unemployment. It is the first casualty of progress in the synthetic yarn industry.

Back in World War I the British managers of the company that became the Celanese Corporation of America were looking for a spot in which to make nitrocellulose. They particularly wished to avoid being bombed by

Zeppelins. So they chose a secluded valley five miles up river from Cumberland. After the war they began to make rayon yarn. The company grew rapidly through the twenties and thirties, throwing off branch plants to other localities but still expanding its original plant. During World War II, while every effort was concentrated on production, work assignments and equipment became obsolete. A \$20 million postwar modernization job created a plant that could turn out as much yarn with 5,000 workers as the old plant had turned out with 11,000. Cumberland, saved from the depression of the thirties by Celanese expansion, had a 1949 and 1950 depression all of its own. The situation is well known in Washington, and industry has begun to pay attention, but so far Cumberland is simply a hunting ground for industries recruiting labor to go to other areas, where housing is short and the last hired are the first fired.

There are dozens of Cumberlands. Usually they will be found where natural resources in or on the ground have been mined out. The Maine woods are not the lumber source they once were. Their ports of entry, like the city of Bangor, have the people and the houses to absorb industry without strain. The coal fields of Southern Illinois have had an unemployment running as high as 20,000 in the boom years since the war. The copper, iron, and forest country of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan has reported falling population and rising unemployment at the same time. The old lead and zinc area around Joplin, Missouri, has had workers to spare. Even Texas has played-out oil fields and dwindling population. One such area is within eighty miles of Dallas.

There is much more man power available in these areas than current unemployment figures suggest. First, many, especially women, do not register for work when there is little chance of getting it. Second, and far more important, people like their homes, the places where they were brought up. If there is work there, they want to come back. Recently an inquiry for tool and die workers was put on the grapevine in southern Illinois. Nearly five hundred qualified applications were received, most of them, of course, from men in Chicago, Toledo, Detroit, and Milwaukee, who had left home to find work. They were eager for the chance to come back. And these indus-

trial returnees, as they will doubtless be called when Washington wakes up to the fact that its E area liabilities have overnight become assets, can find places to live much more readily than can migrant strangers. Many a native, especially the industrial worker, would like to return to the scenes and acquaintances of his childhood, and with good reason.

III

WHERE the job cannot be moved to the worker, then perforce the worker must move to the job. As long as gas and tires permit, he will drive as far as forty miles a day to work and forty back again. Twenty-five miles is a common "labor draw" and eighty miles is not by any means unknown. When the labor draw of any location is exhausted, then the migrant appears, by trailer. Thus the second of the two measures that can relieve the housing shortage is that *bête noir* of the sociologists, the trailer camp.

Please, says the Trailer Coach Manufacturers Association, directing a nation-wide housing campaign from headquarters in Chicago's Opera Building, do not, if you can avoid it, call our products trailers. Refer to them as "mobile homes" or "mobile housing." When ten or more of them are gathered together, asks TCMA, call it a "court" or a "park," not a camp. There is more to the plea than a once-humble industry's urge to euphemism. The modern mobile home is 8 feet wide and from 20 to 30 feet long, has twin beds, a bottle-gas cooking range, a water heater, a stall shower, and sometimes even a garbage Disposall. It can sleep four in reasonable comfort and two in luxury. It can be kept warm enough to take you through the winter at Anchorage, Alaska, and with little fuel consumption. It costs from \$2,000 to \$4,000.

The park that accommodates the mobile homes is no mere pasture. It is a layout of lots, frequently measuring 50 feet by 50 feet and never less than 25 feet by 40 feet, each with water, electricity, and sewage connections laid on. Each group of lots is provided with a utility building containing showers, wash rooms, and laundry. The cost of preparing a park usually runs to about \$500 per lot and lots usually rent for around \$20 a month. There is no doubt about it, the trailer

is as revolutionary a device socially as the automobile that whisks it from place to place.

The mobile home has proved to be a solution for many of the married personnel in the Armed Services, subject to moves from post to post. It is also the solution for construction workers on the big basic industry projects, especially those in out-of-the-way places. A characteristic of such projects, in contrast to the fabricating industries just now discussed, is a high investment in plant, and quite a small employment once they are completed. Hence the construction crews greatly outnumber the final operating force. At Savannah River, for instance, construction labor is scheduled to reach a peak of 36,000 persons by January 1953. Hardly any of these people will be required in 1954, at which time the operating force will have reached its top level of about 5,400. No need to build permanent homes for 36,000 construction workers and their families, but it is estimated that at least 15,000 trailers will be called for.

Paducah is a smaller program, but will reach a peak sooner—12,000 construction workers by October 1951. Nearly all will be gone by July 1953, leaving perhaps no more than 1,600 in the permanent operating force. Which presents the field representative of TCMA in the Paducah area with a delicate problem in the encouragement of free enterprise. The TCMA man is on the job to see to it that parks and courts are built up to proper standards and that local business men are encouraged to build them. At Paducah the cost of each trailer court lot was worked down to \$300, but still local enterprise hung back. At \$20 a month, even at \$40 a month, there was scarcely time to recoup the investment, get paid for time and effort, and make a dollar or two over that.

Even the miracle of mobile housing cannot deliver the field of shelter wholly over to free enterprise. There is always the cost of basic utilities to be carried the moment that housing is lifted, no matter how slightly, above the level of a camp.

IV

WHICH introduces the fundamental problem of any rapid community growth, so far unsolved except by emergency makeshifts—how do you pay for

all the housing, utilities, roads, schools, hospitals, and water systems that a community requires if labor is to be as efficient as you want it to be and if life is to go on as Americans have reason to expect it to go on?

The military might call it a problem in production logistics. A further application of military terminology would bring out the parallel to the "division slice"—the proportion of rear echelon to combat personnel. Now the production army not only needs a rear echelon of merchants, professionals, and service workers, but it also carries its families along with it, as do the merchants and professionals. The division slice is inevitably large. The logistics problem overshadows the production problem. Every man or woman on the production line calls for anywhere from three to six people behind the line. By the same token, the investment in their maintenance, as already mentioned, is several times the investment in production plant. This is the investment that is only partially provided for.

A house can be financed by monthly payments that the occupant can meet from wages. But the taxes paid by the home owner seldom pay for the services he requires. An estimate recently developed for a Chicago suburb showed that every house would have to cost at least \$26,000 if it was to bear its share of the cost of municipal services. Most of the houses in this suburb cost about half of that. Moreover, houses usually do not get on the assessment rolls until a year after they are built. If the new factory is not in the same taxation district as the housing—and frequently it is not—it does not contribute to the needed municipal services. If the merchants serving the expanded community do not have their assessments promptly raised to reflect their new business—and it is virtually impossible to raise them unless the merchants expand their own physical plant—then the added retail business does not contribute anything more to municipal services. The community is stuck.

To see just how badly stuck a community might be, consider this hypothetical, but far from unusual, case. One thousand new dwelling units are added to a community and are normally financed. But—there is a charge on the city of a thousand dollars a unit for roads, pavements, and water and sewer connections

on the site. One million dollars there. Then the sewage disposal plant must be enlarged—half a million dollars. Water system, ditto. Suppose that is all, except a new school at half a million, and more teachers, police, and firemen at maybe \$150,000 a year. If the city can borrow at 3 per cent and amortize at 5 per cent, it will need \$200,000 a year for debt service, plus the new payroll, or \$350,000 a year in all. But the new development is assessed at \$10,000,000 (\$10,000 per unit) and the city tax rate is 2 per cent on 80 per cent of that figure, or \$160,000, less than half of what is needed. Moreover, the city's debt limit is 10 per cent of assessed value, and it is up to its limit already. So it can borrow only a million more, not the two and a half million it needs but cannot service anyhow. This is where the federal government gets a distress call.

And here, arguing military necessity and breathing logistics, is just where the federal government may step in, as it did in Pascagoula and in a number of other places during World War II, and pay most or all of the cost of schools, roads, water systems, and other needed facilities. It is an expensive operation. It is usually late in arriving. And it takes care only of the extreme cases.

WHAT can be done? A couple of universities are now undertaking a basic housing study "to develop," in their own words, "a better understanding for further study of this subject." Twenty or more universities now have planning schools. Most states and many cities have planning departments.

Trained and experienced planners are currently in demand. Several jobs at more than \$10,000 a year are going begging, and several dozen in the \$5,000 to \$10,000 range.

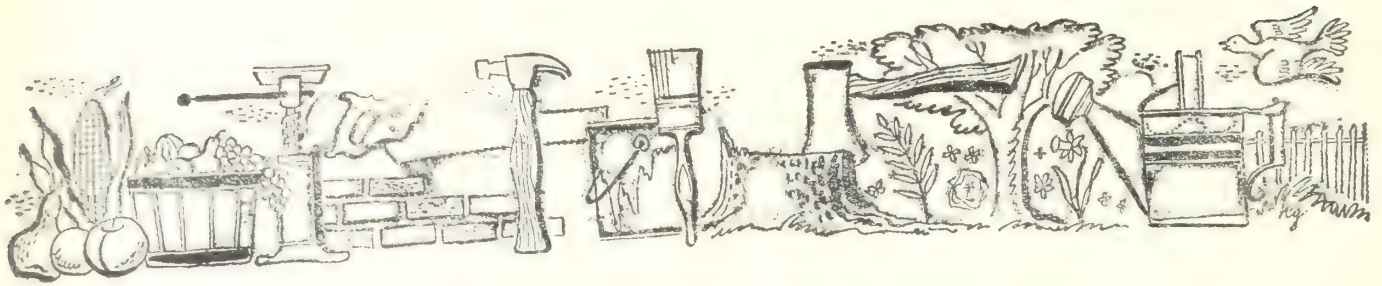
But experienced planners are a rare and wary breed. It is hard to get experience when no one will let you operate. The planner is too often reduced to the position of a Major Hoople of officialdom, a character always busy

with ingenious schemes, who never gets anything done. If a planner should happen to achieve a zoning ordinance, he is then kept busy investigating and granting exemptions, or variances, as they are called. In one medium-sized city last year 600 variances from the zoning ordinance were granted. The planner's puny dikes are overwhelmed by a chaotic rush of enterprise. He is further hampered by the multitude of entrenched local authorities—cities, counties, school districts, park districts, and so on—that crisscross the natural regions with which he must deal. One of the ambitions of the late Alfred E. Smith was to simplify the county system. He was defeated. Where the great Governor Smith failed, how can a lowly planner succeed?

He can succeed, if he can ever get public opinion behind him. What is needed to clean up the physical shambles of our growing cities is a continuing public interest, community by community, in a series of immediate public problems. The new defense activity makes the problems unusually sharp and urgent. It is a good time to get such interest aroused. And only through such an interest and knowledge can the forces be generated that can cut through the bramble patch of overlapping and mutually exclusive public authorities and bring to the management of local public affairs some of the coherence that has made private corporate management so successful. Whether area authorities should be created, with powers of taxation and condemnation, whether a city should grow by establishing subsidiaries as a corporation does, whether community mergers can be brought about more readily than is now possible—all these are the questions that only an aroused public interest can answer.

In the meantime, the course of reason is to keep crowding at a minimum by directing industries from the overcrowded to the uncrowded regions, and to stop being horrified at mobile housing, provided that it is decently parked and courted.

LIVING HIGH...



Katharine Crosby MacInnis

Drawings by Harvey Greer

WHEN *Harper's* published an article a while back asking who were the American poor, I was surprised and shocked to find that two of them were Mac and I. Along with ten million other families who have less than \$2,000 a year to live on we are rated as "poor." We never think of ourselves that way; most of the time, in fact, we feel really quite affluent. Perhaps we have been living along in a shut-eye bliss; but if so we have proved, to our own satisfaction anyway, that two people can get the good life by the tail and swing it on very little money.

Eighteen years ago Mac and I started practically from scratch. We were a middle-aged couple, neither of us specially husky, who had moved to a strange city with no home, no furniture, no jobs, no credit-rating, and a small, precarious income. Our assets were \$150 left in the bank and an old car we later sold for \$30. Since then our income has fluctuated from a low of \$530 to a high of \$2,850 with an average of around \$1,600. Yet for the last fifteen of those years we have owned our home free-and-clear, the five notches on our charge plate cover the best stores in town, and there is always money enough to pay the bills the first of the month. Besides several shorter trips we have spent two long winters in the south—Santa Barbara, Phoenix, and Los Angeles, none of them a

poor man's town—and we often travel by plane.

Our house is a snug stucco bungalow with oil heat and a fireplace in the living room; it has jade-green fixtures in the bathroom, and an all-electric kitchen with continuous hot water. Our front windows frame two mountain ranges (weather permitting) and rather special sunsets over Puget Sound. What the realtors call "view property."

Of course plenty of people scrimp along on next to nothing—it is being done every day in some of our best families. The trick is to find a way to live on a small income without feeling unduly pinched. Our system, if you can call it that, has worked itself out through the years and is quite painless. While it is easier for a couple like ourselves with no dependents or expensive habits and no regular full-time jobs, it would need only a little more enterprise and ingenuity to adapt it to harder conditions.

It is really a matter of living to scale with one's basic income. In our case this basic income is a war pension of \$90 a month. Our way of life is geared to that amount. Even with prices as they are today we can get by on that if we have to, but occasionally one or the other of us earns something on the outside and that provides the needed extras. As we seldom buy anything on time there are no dead horses to pay for and it is velvet.

II

WHEN we settled in the West, back in 1933, the immediate problem was to get a roof over our heads, to provide what the social workers call Shelter, at the lowest possible cost. This is really the nub of our set-up, free or near-free shelter.

Mac and I never even considered renting. His idea was to find some sort of house to buy with what we had, and pay for it as fast as possible with whatever we might take in during the next few years. The city was in the doldrums and little old houses were plentiful at less than a thousand dollars. They would cost more today but people have more money to spend—it is all relative.

The advertisement we answered read: "Four rooms, bath, garage; furnished; corner lot 50 x 120; fruit; on bus line. \$825, \$100 down, \$10 month."

Mac got the old car started and we set out to investigate. The car was an ancient touring model we called the Ark. We had taken it as down-payment on the Studebaker we drove out from Boston, and we figured the \$10 a month the buyer was paying us would take care of the payments on the house.

In a drab backwater of the city a wide, straight street with parking strips left bare by the grader took us along a valley floor to a house that was the eyesore of the neighborhood—one of those jerry-built boxes set gable-end to the street. Its faded paint was peeling off, its front porch sagged down to a yard that was knee-deep in weeds, and an old wild apple tree skreaked against a window. It looked pretty hopeless but Mac plunged into the weeds to get a look at the roof from the side and came back elated. Swell—the ridgepole was straight and the shingles in good shape!

Indoors it was pretty bad—freshly painted but none of the rooms twelve feet square and all of them nine feet high, the kitchen sink in a dark corner and the furniture clumsy mail-order mission. However Mac said we could make it do till we found something bet-

ter, so we bought it the next day and moved in the day after.

The owner, an elderly paper hanger who wrote hymns on the side, sold it to us on a contract at 7 per cent interest. This interest added about \$4 a month to our first payments but luckily for our peace of mind we didn't discover till long after that if we were three days late with a payment the owner could foreclose and take back his house, improvements and all. That is how businesslike we were. Three years later when we went to the bank with the old chap to pass the final papers I heard him say gloomily to a friend, "Well, it doesn't look as if I was going to get my little house back after all!"

Fixing the place up was new work to Mac but the neighbors helped out with advice and the loan of tools and in a few months we wouldn't have known it. The front porch was jacked up where it belonged, the house painted white, the yard cleared, turfed, and landscaped. A back-yard nurseryman down the street was glad to barter some shrubs and evergreens for the extras off the Ark, so we had a pretty corner. We all turfed our parking strips that spring and set out a row of hawthorns.

I tackled the problem of trying to make the all-wrong little rooms look big and beautiful. Papering them with cream-and-tan striped paper—the stripes going around—helped, and so did the gradual replacement of the over-sized furniture with smaller pieces. Mac built some cabinets over and around the sink, with a mirrored flower nook, and these transformed the kitchen.

OUR income the first year was about \$1,200 and we paid the old man a year ahead in rent and put enough by so that we got through the next year, with an intake of \$530, quite comfortably. With a good back-yard garden and a few hens and the public market we spent little on food and lived well. Fuel was easy—we'd take the Ark and drive out to some cutover land beyond the city and forage for wood.

... ON A LOW INCOME

Some queer brown lumps down under the house turned out to be peat; that made a good slow fire in the parlor stove and smelled like *Erin go bragh*. Later we sold the Ark and that was a relief, for it released us from the continual drain which owning any kind of car involves. We were glad to see it go and have never wanted another. Unless a car is essential transportation it doesn't fit into lower-bracket living.

By the start of '37 the house was clear and the garage rented for enough to pay taxes and insurance so we had free shelter. Mac began getting a \$60 pension and we planned our expenses to fit the frame of that amount, as we do today with our \$90.

Much as we came to like the little home we had made for ourselves we still regarded it as only a stepping stone to something better. We expected to have to fix up another house before we could finance the permanent home we wanted, but this proved unnecessary. When our eyes lighted on a For Sale sign on a small white bungalow sitting high on its hilltop lot and we found the price was only \$1,800 it was clear we could stop right there. The down payment of \$400 would leave us \$50 in the bank and the house was rented for nearly enough to carry the monthly payments till we could sell the other place. The price was low because this, too, was a run-down district, out on the edge of town with wretched transportation. Also, as we discovered later, the foundations needed major repairs.

It took all summer to sell our first house because Mac wanted cash. He could have got

\$2,200 on a contract but he wanted to get the other place cleared at once, so when a man finally offered him \$1,500 cash—his wife liked the kitchen sink—he took it. The place had cost us \$1,300 altogether so we were \$200 to the good plus several years of free occupancy.

Luckily the city soon put in a brand new transportation system almost to our door; two or three hundred dollars got the foundations fixed; and the neighbors improved the look of their lots. So we had a pleasant and practical home, though it didn't have a "good" address. Good addresses, incidentally, with their higher first cost, upkeep, and taxes, are a luxury for the upper brackets to enjoy. Living to scale with a small income involves living in a part of town where taxes are low and your neighbors don't look down their noses at you for painting your own house.

So far we have spent about \$3,300 on this place, all told, for Mac in his seventies isn't up to the heavier jobs, and as he has been employed part of the time he has had to hire much of the work done. This year, however, he has painted the house inside and out himself and repaired both the house and garage roofs. Even with deflation we could get back the money we have spent here and as prices are now we could sell for much more than double the amount. It is not free shelter, for taxes and insurance come to \$6.50 a month, but if my husband would consent to make part of the big garage into an apartment we'd not only have free shelter but an income property. But he says it would interfere with his workbench. There are several different ways of being Scotch and he is all of them.

Back of the garage is a 50 x 60 foot garden plot where Mac raises most of the fruit and vegetables we eat fresh in summer and canned in winter. Pears and peaches, four kinds of berries—including all the strawberries and raspberries we can eat and some for the neighbors—with the peas, beans, corn, and tomatoes keep our food costs low. It no longer pays to keep hens, so we have none.

The only piece of our original furniture left is a kitchen chair out in the garage. The rest has been replaced with items picked up at sales, in second-hand, junk, or foreign-quarter shops, bought "nude" and finished or even made at home, plus a few pieces of old mahogany we had left in storage back



East. I find the unusual wears no price tag and that interesting things almost never look cheap. The right use of color helps too—I've heard people gasp with delight when they entered a room that hadn't a stick of expensive furniture in it, just because the warm glowing colors did something to their psyches.

III

CLOTHES are a major problem in the lower brackets, especially for a woman. A man can always look well in his good undated suit but for a woman it can be tough. I find being from Boston helps, for there we females never took our clothes too seriously and learned to make "the hat" outwear us. I watch the sales, try to buy things that will stay in style without getting tiresome—that usually involves going to the better shops—and make what I can myself. I find it saves money to reverse the rule laid down by the style experts and to have coats and accessories match and dresses pretty much as they come.

Entertaining is about what one makes of it. None of ours is even remotely emilypostian. Here again being from Boston helps, for in winter my Saturday night baked-bean suppers with apple Jonathan for dessert seem to appeal to Westerners—they find them an amusing folkway and it sure fills 'em up. I do my own baking, not to save money, for it doesn't save very much, but because we prefer the taste of homemade bread and cake and pie and like knowing what goes into them.

Hobbies are by no means taboo on a small income. Our most exciting one cost us 50 cents plus a little in the way of upkeep—a mongrel puppy whom we taught to bark for yes and no and counting, not as a trick but for purposes of communication. Maeterlinck's *Unknown Guest* and Kindermann's *Lola* gave us the idea but I think we reached sounder conclusions than either of them. Anyway it opened up a new world to us on very little money.

Travel doesn't have to be expensive. We go to a place and stay there. Renting our house furnished for a five-month winter pays our rent wherever we are. We hunt round for some interesting quarter where rents are



moderate and set up housekeeping. Food prices are about the same in most places and fuel costs less in the South, so living adds up to no more than it would at home and we are out only transportation and picture post cards.

Budgeting is out of the question for we simply haven't the kind of brains for it but our \$90 a month goes out like this: first, \$30 goes into the checking account—the economy kind at so much a check—to cover current bills and build up a reserve for taxes, insurance, and magazines. These items average \$10 a month; telephone is \$4.50; electricity about \$6.50; fuel, \$6.50; water, \$1.50. Another \$30 is stuck into the kitchen purse for the month's food, and the rest goes into the cash drawer for bus fares and daily miscellany. Nothing hard and fast about any of this—if the food runs over \$30 I take from the cash drawer and vice versa.

Stuck away in a savings bank are a few hundred dollars patiently compounding their modest interest. Except on the rare occasions when we can add anything to this we simply forget it.

The most important part of our system, next to near-free housing, the part which really keeps us from ever feeling hard up, is a cash reserve in our box at the bank. This fund gets fed first when any extra money comes in, for it cushions any rough going, helps out in emergencies, makes it possible to take advantage of a good bargain, and ekes out when the monthly cash runs low. So long as there is a hundred or so in the box we

never feel strapped. Of course this fund could be kept in the checking account if either one of us had the moral stamina to leave it there, but that would make it too accessible. Making a special trip to the bank to get the money out of the box puts just the right brake on our spending. Besides it is real money, not just figures in a passbook!

After we have fed the fund we buy whatever we happen to need—hearing aids or a new suit or whatever—and then go to town on what is left. But we have learned the hard way that if we don't save first we just don't save.

IF WE had had a steady income of \$1,600 all these years we might have evolved some other system, like giving ourselves, say, \$1,200 to live on, calling that our basic income and dividing the rest between our two savings funds. But I don't know. Long ago when I was a cub reporter my managing editor told me, when I asked for a raise, that a person who couldn't live on \$20 a week couldn't live on \$50. At the time I thought him weak in the head but now I see he was right. One's wants increase automatically with his income (if not ahead of it) and one's pattern of spending makes or breaks him.

We still laugh about the way we established our credit here. A credit manager was reluctant to give us ninety days to pay for a \$30 rug we wanted. That we owned our home, had a savings account, and owed no man a nickel left him cold. What damned us was the fact that we had never run a bill in

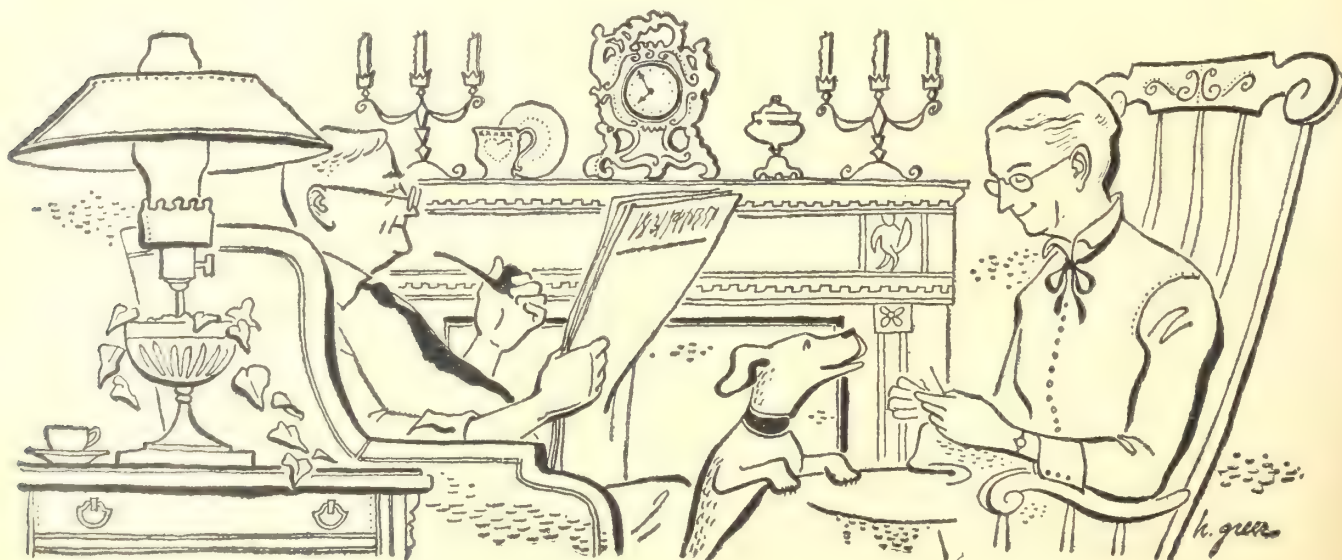
this town. "And if you've never run a bill, how do I know you'd pay one?"

Finally he gave in, perhaps because after all we did look honest, but by this time Mac had his Scotch up. He dashed over to the bank for the money, plunked it down on the manager's desk, said, "To hell with your ninety days," and stalked out. Next day he got a letter from the firm assuring him that his credit was now established; apparently the trick is to pay a ninety-day bill in as many minutes.

Only once since then that I recall have we bought anything on time—an electric hot-water tank on which the price was going up. We have opened accounts at several stores but seldom use them though they are a convenience and keep our credit green.

I sometimes amuse myself figuring how we would manage if we were starting out today with prices as they are. Unless we found an old house to fix over without too much expense a good bet would be to buy a tax-title lot, put up a garage, and camp in it while we built a small house pay-as-you-go. Later we could sell this house at a profit commensurate with what lure I could pack into it and go on from there.

Not for one moment would I condone, much less advocate, low-bracket incomes. We could move up a bracket with no regret whatsoever, right now. But our happiness is not dependent on it. We aren't poor, and if we aren't rich—well, I wouldn't be surprised if some of the upper-bracketeers would like to be in our financially carefree shoes this very minute.



The Easy Chair

An It in the Corner

Bernard De Voto

TOWARD midnight I decided that I had heard as much about the new novel Sam had just turned over to his publisher as I could honestly feel was significant for American letters. So I undertook to shift the conversation to my new book. I have found that novelists, and Sam wears an even smaller fig leaf than most, regard as a deplorable breach of taste any allusion to the existence of other books than their own. Your mother may be spending her last years in a sanitarium for dipsomaniacs but that is not something to be witty about at the dinner table, is it? They will therefore rapidly—if temporarily—turn to the state of the world or the newest scandal in literary circles. After sweetening Sam's highball, I said there was a great truth which the poets had not quite phrased. I was going to phrase it and I did: Something there is that does not want a book written.

Sam looked startled. For God's sake, he said, how did you know that? Why shouldn't I know it? I asked. He explained that it wasn't something one was likely to know except by experience. Not even, I said, not even considering the willingness of novelists to drag from the fascinating caves of personality the mysterious secrets of their experience and put them at the disposal of mankind? Novelists of course, he said, but I wouldn't think—well, the kind of books you write. . . .

I long ago had to accept it as given that books of non-fiction are written straight off, without labor or difficulty. You just look up some facts and write them down and publishers, with unfeeling obtuseness, pay you the same royalty rates they pay to novelists. For some years I have treasured a remark by

another novelist, a younger novelist than Sam and nowhere near so good, one whose lostness would not rate more than two lines from the stern and monitory intelligence of John Aldridge. Fighting boredom at a cocktail party for some other writer, he observed to me that he'd heard I had finished a book and I must feel relieved. Since I had aged at least ten years in a four-year expenditure of energy that would have furnished forth a dozen such novels as he writes and by stubbornness and staying power had imposed on the book more discipline, form, and finish than he would ever understand were possible, I did feel at least convalescent. I wanted to reply that a man who has just had an infected gall bladder removed or a woman who has just been delivered of triplets probably feels relieved. But I protect the fineness of artists from contusion and simply said, Why? But of course! he said, now you can get back to creative work.

WHAT I said now was, Sam, there's nobody here but me, and not only have I known what we will agree to call your mind for two full generations, I carry a card myself, I'm in good standing. You and I are pros, you needn't anatomize your agony and fortitude for me. I like your stuff, I even respect it. And at our age it's easy to explain the basis of respect: I know that you get up and along about nine o'clock you start writing, and by the end of the day you've done a day's work, and tomorrow at nine o'clock you sit down at the desk again. Let the semipros vibrate like jangled violin strings; you and I know that a writer is a writer who does a day's work. Relax, we will not go into the some-

what repulsive question of why people write at all. I merely remarked on the mysterious obstacles that get in the way of finishing a book, whereas nothing but lack of cash delays, say, a real-estate deal. And how many inexplicable things go wrong while it is being written, whereas someone who repairs automobiles, say, simply goes on repairing automobiles.

Sam was uneasy. I don't think we ought to talk about it, he said—we're running a fool-hardy chance, we might both get hexed. What says you can't finish it is a thing, an It. Sometimes I've thought I could see It but I probably couldn't but I've damn well heard It often enough. There It is just on the edge of the water, saying You think you're going to get away with this one, Sam, but you aren't. I'll take care of that. Didn't the Indians you write about set out a nice meal for the bears before they tried to kill one, didn't they go through a lot of ritual and prayer? (I was not touched; I'm sure he has not read my stuff, it's an open question whether he knows how to read, whether any novelist knows how. He had heard me say this about the bears and had stored it up for some character of his to say.) I don't know how you propitiate It. I'd be willing to give some doves to the priest or send the maidens out to find the first May-flower.

Remember old Joe's hay fever? Sam went on. When you heard he was wheezing to death again, you always knew he'd started a new novel. Worst attack he ever had was in Maine in January; that couldn't have been pollen, that was an It. If a guy is on the alcoholic side, sure as hell halfway through a novel there'll be two interns and a psychiatrist working on him and the book goes over to next year. Or there's this thing, well, call it love. Bill Whoosis publishes Martha's stuff, she's practically his meal ticket—though, Sam said conscientiously, God knows what people see in it. Well, she has never started a novel yet but heaven sent her a new man and true love at last with all its wonder. She has to go through five acts of a Christopher Fry 0-point-five-poetic tragedy before she can get on with the book—be money in the bank for Bill if he could get her committed to a convent for the duration. I can't believe that a dumpy and squint-eyed wench like Martha is a *grande amoureuse*. Simply, an It comes swim-

ming in from the deep blue sea and says, this gal thinks she can write a book, well, let's go. What's the normal course of any novel? Chapter Three, two weeks brawling with the school that wants to kick your daughter out for sliding down the rainspout to meet some Exeter Casanova. Chapter Seven, a month lost because they carry your son home with a busted leg and he has to play the God-damn radio all day long. (This was the artist's intuition. The numerous women who have divorced Sam have kept his children in protective custody at safe distances.) Chapter Twelve, your old ulcer kicks up again and another month is shot, Chapter Sixteen you have to referee a friend's adultery, and that's the way it goes. There's an It in there pitching all the time.

I SAID, What kind of ball does your It throw? How do I know It isn't here listening? he said, looking round the room. Well, I'm not a hypochondriac or an alcoholic and I never have had an ulcer or any woman-trouble. (From such fantasies do novels grow.) Besides, I've been in the league a long time. Oh, maybe I get to realizing along about Chapter Ten that if I'm ever to hear the music at Salzburg it's got to be now, for next year the Russians will have it or my publisher will be wondering whether he can collect that last advance from my estate. I battle that one for a month and can't write a word for reading new travel guides and gossiping with ticket agents. Or maybe a scene will go a little sour and I'll think it isn't much better than A——'s scenes [I censor here] or something will stare at me from the page that suggests a character is beginning to act like one of those Little Rollo jerks that B—— turns out. A notion like that would get anybody fed up with writing novels and maybe I have to take a little time off to get in some golf, take some Turkish baths, and get into a realistic frame of mind again. But I never have any serious It trouble, Sam said very loudly, see?—nothing worth talking about. You tell me, what holds up your books?

The haste with which he was getting out of the batter's box was revealing. I said, Skip it, I just look things up and write them down, I haven't got a blood-sweating artist's soul. Still, I would like to know what makes a man

write down precisely the opposite of what he means to say. Or why I find I've mentioned Lloyd George when I meant Thomas Jefferson, or the Ohio River when I meant the Cascade Mountains. Normally my mind is capable of retaining an uncomplicated fact for as long as a week, but I may have to get up from my desk and cross the room to the map up to six times because on the way back to the desk I've forgotten where St. Louis is. I can tell you offhand when your birthday is but if I need to mention the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, I have to look it up, and then I write it down wrong. Why do I make rivers flow upstream, why do I have people delivering famous orations fifty years after their death, why do I find myself alluding to documents that I know quite well never existed, why do I call Aaron Burr the Archbishop of Quebec or Abraham Lincoln a fiery advocate of secession and slavery?

That's an It getting sore because you've licked it, Sam said. You've outmaneuvered and outstayed It. You've taken all It can dish out, all the ulcers and radio-playing children and suicidal impulses. You've put this book over and with any decency It would wave you across the plate and say, Okay, pal, I didn't think you could do it, see you next time. Not at all. You knocked that one way out to the fence but maybe the book can still be made to look absurd—maybe you've beaten the throw in but you can still tear your pants sliding home and the stands will get a laugh. Nobody, Sam said, nobody ever tells a man these things and I guess it's just as well. When you're young and virginal, you know writing is an artist's life and you'd only sneer at anyone who mentioned them. Your heart tells you that writing is ennobling, it brings out the best in a man's soul, only a hack could get thrown out at first.

WELL, I said, I'm over the hump with this one, from here on in it's downhill all the way. Sam was out of his chair instantly, and he was appalled and genuinely alarmed. You mean you haven't finished it? he said. Practically, I said, I've come into the stretch, three or four months more will see me through. Sam actually groaned and it was an unselfish groan. And here you sit talking about it! he said. That

did it, no point in telling the bears how much you admire them now. Look, have your meals sent in, don't ride on any airplanes—no, there's no use, but maybe you could get a big insurance policy, even at your age, and your family would be grateful. You unspeakable fool, you've wrapped everything up and handed it to the It. And what a moment when the executor picks up that first draft from your desk and starts reading. You know what a first draft is like. Tear your pants?—it reads as if you didn't have any pants. Even in your coffin you'll shudder.

I said that the superstitions of the fiction-writing trade did not scare me and I didn't believe, either, that you could turn the wind by spitting into it or pick the winner in the fifth by asking someone what he dreamed last night. I added that as a matter of fact the last part of a book, say the last quarter, was where you got your fun. By that time it had come together and you were solidly on top of it. If it's any good, if you're any good, from here on it will write itself; all you have to do is keep a hand on the wheel.

Sam sat down again. I was feeling sorry for you, he said, but I can't feel sorry for a fool. So now you're talking like Madam President of the local poetry society. Like an English instructor who has just landed a fearless review with some hand-sewn quarterly. Fun, is it? I bet you never feel truly yourself till you go into your study, shut the world away, and pick up the typewriter. Or maybe you're the uplift, maybe you write books to do good. Fun!—see here, amateur, this isn't tennis, it isn't square dancing. This is deadly stuff, it's for keeps, it's shooting the moon.

I had not supposed we would talk about my stuff very long. Do I understand, I said, that you write as a kind of penance or mortification of the flesh? You don't get any satisfaction out of it? I have been listening for more than twenty years, I said, to what I will concede is an absorbing if undeniably verbose account of your adventures in the wonderland of creative art. You now affirm that it has been a sad business all along?

Again Sam inspected the room for the possible presence of an It, then shrugged like an infantryman throwing a cigarette away and getting out of his foxhole. Sure I'm a pro, he said, I sit down at nine o'clock and pick it up where I left off yesterday. Sure, it's just a

chore and you'd snicker if the chore-boy was too fastidious a spirit to go on mowing the lawn. Did you ever stand on the end of a dock in Maine during a northeaster, knowing you had to go into that water? That's nine o'clock. I'd thank God for a ruptured appendix that would justify putting it off. Madam President likes to write, the English instructor likes to write, but not anybody who has ever been there and felt that dankness start seeping into his soul. Then It warms up and look what I've been writing—a clotted, gelatinous mess. It isn't prose, it would disgrace the pre-nursery grade of a progressive school. I stare at the emetic stuff and It snickers a little and says, Stinks, don't it?—and is It right! So I'm supposed to enjoy turning out that strawberry junket, me, a grown man, not senile yet, all my parts and members intact, and with an IQ that got me through college more or less.

I said, you just have the animism of all primitive minds, Sam—you're personifying the critical faculty. That isn't an It, that's what saves you from appearing in the quarterlies. It is too an It and I'm a fool for talking about It, he said. Well, after a few pitches It gets Its arm in and begins to burn them across. One neat trick is, after you've boiled yourself in enough oil, the stuff stops stinking and you get interested. All of a sudden it isn't a half-wit's spastic attempt to say something, it's saying it and saying it right. I grant you that's a moment, it's like a shot of honest hooch on an empty stomach—you've got it *said*. When you've got it *said*, nothing can touch you. You're good, you're terrific. Out of the way. Proust, here I come.

SAM poured himself a shot of honest hooch, gulped it, and slumped mournfully in his chair. Yeah, and that one is Its best ball, he said. Don't quote me in print but Proust doesn't have to sit up nights worrying about me. You're not Madam President, you've been there, you carry a card—well, tell me how long your stuff looks good to you or even tolerable. Maybe this delusion It sets up in you lasts through the galleys, but one fine day you get half a dozen advance copies

in the mail and they look pretty handsome, even if the picture of you on the jacket ought to be pinned up in the post office with an offer of \$10,000 reward. But open the book anywhere and what hits you in the eye is an asininity that turns your bones liquid and so lously written that A—— himself would be touched by a slight shame. I've never read ten pages of the printed book yet. And that's It over in the corner cackling and holding Its sides. But It has still got a Sunday pitch left. Five years later I pick the thing up and read a little and it goes pretty good, and I think, you know, five years ago I could write, what's happened to me since then?

No, Sam said, at our age we don't have to kid ourselves or each other. You don't write a book because it's a pleasing and rewarding experience—amateurs love it but any pro would choose pneumonia as more comfortable. You don't write it for the reading public, for nobody is going to read it, or if he does he won't understand it, or if he understands it he'll only patronize you as a boob—he could have done much better. You don't write it for the brethren—nobody ever walked out and offered your Indians his scalp. You write it because you enlisted in this war and as a man of honor and a born enemy of Its, you'll damn well fight it out on this line if it takes a lifetime. That's a long, dark, chilly corridor that leads off to the left of your desk, and you've got to walk it alone, naked, and with a hex on you. But It has bet you'll never make it and by God you will—you'll get to the far end with a finished manuscript under your arm and heave it square at Its teeth. Quality of manuscript best not specified but you won the war.

I wondered what balm could medicine this wound. I tried to phrase a proverb, *post poema omne animal triste*, but that seemed unkind as well as indecorous. I said, well, this one has gone off to Bill, what's the next one about? Sam said, Getting kind of late, isn't it? He looked at his watch. Hell, two o'clock isn't late. I've got hold of a good one this time, best thing I ever tackled, let me tell you about it. . . .

The Emerging Hyphen

Johan J. Smertenko

MORE than a century ago, the United States Census revealed a startling fact about immigration to America, a fact which presaged a change in the character and composition of our population. When the first immigration records were published in 1830, they showed that in the previous decade English immigrants to this country had been outnumbered—vastly outnumbered—by newcomers from other lands and other racial stocks. The Irish and German inundations were in full flux.

Since then, the floods of Italians and Jews, Poles, Russians, Scandinavians, and others have reached and passed their peaks. For a hundred years the forces of assimilation have made their impress on these immigrants and their descendants. What has been the effect on them and on our country? Which traits, customs, and loyalties have they retained or relinquished? Which strands of strength and weakness in the fabric of our nation can be attributed to them? What balance sheet of good and evil can be accurately drawn to determine whether America has gained or lost by their coming?

This article makes no pretense of supplying adequate answers to all these questions, but it does furnish a clue to such answers in dealing with the most conspicuous, and perhaps the most important, phase in the cycle of assimilation—the absorption of the immi-

grants in the body politic. It is this aspect of their presence in America which agitated the country when the new stock first came here in large numbers; it is still an object of machination by parties and politicians, by cabals and demagogues; and, as will be seen, it is again a matter of grave concern to the nation.

THERE was a sharp reaction to the new immigrants in the eighteen-thirties and -forties, ranging from magazine articles which viewed them with alarm to convent burning and riots which expressed this fear in mob terms. In fact, the physical outbursts merely reflected the hysteria of such outpourings as *Foreign Conspiracy Against the Liberties of the United States*, a book by the inventor Samuel F. B. Morse, which attributed to the Pope and the Jesuits a plot to seize control of the American government and charged that the Irish Catholics were the designated instruments of this scheme.

The agitation quickly took political form in the birth of the Native American party, soon followed by the secret Know-Nothing society. "The rapid and extraordinary increase of the foreign population," stated a memorial of the Native Americans to Congress, "will ere long expose the institutions of the country to serious danger." The party's spokesman in the House of Representatives was more specific: "The flood of immigration

Mr. Smertenko's lifelong interest in the assimilation of new Americans is evident in this article as well as in his last in Harper's, "Have Jews a Divided Loyalty?" He is now writing a book to be published next year, Triumph of Jacob.

sweeping its millions of foreign Roman Catholics over the land" showed, he declared, that "this country seems destined to be the grand theater of Roman Catholic power. . . . Every shipload of immigrants was and would further be accompanied by the necessary numbers of Jesuit priests who are to locate them judiciously, with a view to the political control of certain states, or the organization of new ones in the West."

The objective of the Native Americans was to restrict immigration and to increase the five-year residence requirement for citizenship to twenty-one years. Addressing the foreigner, its memorial warned: "Mingle not in our political affairs; be content to be governed and seek not to govern." But the Know-Nothings went beyond admonitions. "The object of this organization," stated Section I. Article III, of their constitution, "shall be to resist the insidious policy of the Church of Rome, and other foreign influences against the institutions of our country, by placing in all offices in the gift of the people, or by appointment, none but native-born Protestant citizens." All candidates for political office chosen or supported by the society were pledged by oath "That you will not vote nor give your influence to any man for any office in the gift of the people unless he be an American-born citizen, in favor of Americans ruling America, nor if he be a Roman Catholic. You will, when elected or appointed to an official station, conferring on you the power to do so, remove all foreigners, aliens, or Roman Catholics from office or place in your gift."

As the potato famine in Ireland and the abortive revolution in Germany increased the number of immigrants, the effort to bar the alien and to ban the foreigner from political office gained mass and momentum. Intimidation and force were used to prevent naturalized citizens from voting. Riots in which Catholic churches were burned and entire Irish neighborhoods were sacked raged from Bath, Maine, to Louisville, Kentucky, from Philadelphia to St. Louis. In 1854, the Know-Nothings elected the governors of nine states and controlled the legislatures of even more. In Congress, eight of the sixty-two Senators and almost half of the House were members of their organization while many others were avowed sympathizers. Though their candi-

date was defeated in the Presidential election of 1856, they made the campaign a veritable orgy of religious bigotry and xenophobia.

Now the nation was truly alarmed—not by the influx and influence of foreigners but by the rising tide of nativist lawlessness and intolerance. Pulpit, press, and Congress resounded with protests and exposés. The statement of an ex-congressman from Illinois posed the issue and aroused the people to a realization that our institutions were really in danger. "How can anyone who abhors the oppression of Negroes be in favor of degrading classes of white people?" wrote Abraham Lincoln. "As a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal.' We now practically read it, 'All men are created equal except Negroes.' When the Know-Nothings obtain control, it will read: 'All men are created equal except Negroes, foreigners, and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty."

These denunciations, the increasing concern over the slavery question, and finally the Civil War abated the strength and evil of the Know-Nothing movement though it retained considerable influence in many sections of the country. In New Hampshire, for instance, the constitution withheld the office of governor or member of the state legislature from all but Protestants until 1876. More important, the pattern and technique of anti-alien movements—vilification accentuated by mob violence and implemented by political blackmail—were permanently established. Periodically, organizations like the American Protective Association and the Ku Klux Klan have risen to power by this method. And today, as well as for several generations to come, a great danger to our national life, lurking in the shadows cast by war, economic depression, and political corruption, lies in the movements and organizations which may successfully exploit latent xenophobia to tear away the new branches grafted on the original trunk of our people.

II

FOR antagonism to newcomers is part of an American tradition established with the very first settlements in this country. In 1637, the Council of Virginia complained

that "lascivious sonnes, bad servants, and ill husbands" were being dumped into the colony. In Massachusetts, John Winthrop reflected the Puritans' anxiety about "the great number of people that are transporting themselves thither from ye North of Ireland" when he wrote, "I wish their coming so over do not prove fatall in the End." Pennsylvanians and Virginians also decided that the Scots and Scotch-Irish were "a spurious race of mortals" and did their utmost to drive them into the Kentucky and Carolina wildernesses.

"The Germans who come hither are generally the most stupid of their own nation," argued Ben Franklin. "Why should the Palatinate boors be suffered to swarm into our settlements and by herding together establish their language and manners to the exclusion of ours? Why should Pennsylvania, founded by England, become a colony of aliens, who will shortly be so numerous as to Germanize us instead of our Anglifying them?" Even the gentle Quakers objected to the Germans as a "pernicious and pugnacious people who absolutely want to control the province themselves."

Be it noted that these opinions, which established the tradition of antipathy to immigrants, were held concerning old-stock settlers. From the beginning it countered the nobler tradition of fraternity with all who wished to share the task, life, and destiny of Americans—a tradition which was based on the physical needs of the country, the gregarious spirit of man, and the democratic ideal.

Yet we must not forget that the tradition of antagonism was also founded on fact. Immigrants *en masse* are an unprepossessing lot of human beings. They are preponderantly of the lower classes. They do include the financial failures, the religious non-conformists, the social misfits, and the spiritual rebels. They are what the Spanish ambassador to England called the 1612 shipload of Virginia-bound settlers—"only low and lost people."

But there are other truths which negate the inferences drawn from these facts. First, the immigrant is not inherently or biologically inferior; secondly, given the opportunity of a fresh start and the hope of a fair reward, he quickly rises to the level of his new en-

vironment; and finally, within one generation he acquires the traits, habits, and behavior patterns of his adopted land.

Nowhere has this been more conclusively proved than in the United States. When angry Samuel Johnson said that the American rebels were "a race of convicts and ought to be content with anything we allow them short of hanging," he was referring to the thousands of felons shipped here during a hundred and fifty years of colonization. "It is estimated," states Dr. Edward Alsworth Ross, "that between 1750 and 1770 twenty thousand British convicts were exported to Maryland alone, so that even the schoolmasters were mostly of this stripe. . . . Gallows'-birds were often given the option of servitude in the 'plantations.' Some prayed to be hanged instead."

According to Professor John R. Commons, indentured servants formed half of the American population at the time of the Revolution and included the dregs of society, kidnapped from the slums of London and Bristol, Glasgow and Edinburgh, as well as the lackland peasants, unskilled laborers, and impoverished tradesmen who sought abroad the prosperity they could not earn at home. The other half of the population was superior in character, and the old-stock immigration after the Revolutionary War was also an improvement, but not so much as to blunt the point of the Irishism that "Americans are a lucky people because they came to the United States before they made its immigration laws."

To quote Dr. Ross again, "On the whole, the exodus of noble 'Cavaliers' to Virginia is a myth." And the popular conception of a land first populated by Puritan Brahmins, Dutch patroons, and Huguenot aristocrats is equally fallacious. These myths add prestige to their descendants but they deny credit to the formative force of American conditions and institutions. America was built of and by lowly people. With singularly few exceptions, their descendants owe whatever superiority they have over the later immigrants not to old-world inheritances but to new-world improvements.

THE regenerative power of our country on the old-stock settlers may be indicated by a single citation. Timothy Dwight, the sagacious and scrupulous presi-

dent of Yale University, summed up his opinion of the New Englanders who were trekking West at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the following words:

They are not fit to live in regular society. They are too idle; too talkative; too passionate; too prodigal; and too shiftless to acquire either property or character. They are impatient at the restraints of law, religion or morality; . . . they become at length discouraged; and under pressure of poverty, the fear of gaol, and the consciousness of public contempt, leave their native places and betake themselves to the wilderness.

One need only compare this description with the abundant firsthand testimony to the manner in which these misfits of "regular society" met the uncompromising difficulties of a virgin soil and a rudimentary social order to realize that the pioneers *attained* their virtues and their halos; they did not inherit the one any more than the other. This conclusion is substantiated by the experiences of every national group that has come to our shores. In fact, it is the economic and social success of the new immigrant which is one of the underlying causes of nativist antagonism.

Even stronger proof may be adduced from sociological research by government and private agencies that no immigrant group is consistently or even disproportionately inferior to the natives of old stock.* According to Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, who as curator of the United States National Museum made an extensive study of racial types, "The future of the American stock need cause no concern. All available anthropological evidence points to the fact that just as the older population, so later comers to this country have been undergoing a gradual physical improvement, leading in stature and other respects in the direction of the type of the old Americans. None of these newcomers are physically so different from the older stock that the admixture with them could be regarded as a possible biological danger. It is more likely that

the newer admixture into the American stock . . . will on the whole prove a wholesome stimulus and a leaven that will result in a substantial benefit for the future."

Nor are these changes merely physical—form of head and nose, shape of hand and foot, structure of bone and body. As authoritative statistics show, the second generation of all immigrants approaches the American norm in every social characteristic and motive habit.** In every thoroughly investigated activity or quality—in intelligence, literacy, and occupational aptitude, in marriage, birthrate, desertion, and divorce; in alcoholism, crime, pauperism, and prostitution; in general health and particular disease, etc.—it has been found that the American environment changes the character and habits of the newcomers, whether for better or worse, until they conform to the average type developed in the past three hundred years.

Thus, the incidence of alcoholism among the native-born of Hungarian, Italian, and Jewish parentage is greater than that of their parents, whereas among those of English, Scandinavian, and Slavic stock it is less. The second generation of all immigrants shows an increase in the crimes known as "gainful offenses," mounting to the American leadership in these crimes, and it shows a decrease in "offenses of personal violence," again approaching the American percentage. An even more striking instance is manifested in the matter of illiteracy. Before the literacy test for admission to the United States was passed, Americans showed a marked superiority to most immigrants in this respect although the British, Czechs, and Scandinavians excelled even there. The second generation of all immigrants, however, has not only risen to the American standard but surpassed it, the latest records for illiteracy reading: foreign-born whites—9.9 per cent; native whites of native parentage—1.5; and native whites of foreign or mixed parentage—0.06.

* Except the immigrants from south Italy and Sicily, who fall uniformly below the American standard. They are on a par with our Southern "poor whites," undoubtedly for very similar reasons; and like the latter, they rise to the general level when these causes are removed.

** The records for alcoholism show that foreign-born Irish, like immigrants of other north-European and Slavic nations, exceed native Americans in intemperance. But while the incidence of alcoholism declines in the case of the native-born children of the other nationalities, it increases in the second-generation Irish. There are no statistics for the third generation, but all available evidence points to a decline toward the American average.

III

THIS radical adjustment to the American norm is the process of assimilation. Climate and soil, a high standard of living, sports, and free education, industrial methods and economic conditions, political institutions and social ideals—all these have some share in bringing about these basic changes. But the greatest influence in the transformation is the immigrants' desire for Americanization.

The normal psychological need of any minority is to identify itself with the majority. To this powerful incentive has been added an idealization of America as the land of equality, freedom, and opportunity. The forty million human beings who have come here since 1820 immediately wanted to be like Americans; then, intensely and irresistibly, they wished to be Americans. Almost as hastily and happily as they cast off their old country clothes, immigrants discarded the ancient ways and manners which distinguished the "greenhorn"; anxiously and painstakingly they imitated native customs and attitudes; proudly they joined native groups and participated in communal functions as soon as they were permitted to do so. To adapt themselves to the American way of life and to amalgamate with the American people was a psychological necessity. Every step in the process was a spiritual victory.

These generalizations are true of all immigrants. But there was a wide range of degree and rapidity in the process of assimilation for different national groups, depending upon the strength of old-world bonds and the size of new-world barriers. Language difficulties, uniformity of occupation, concentration in limited areas, racial and religious differences, etc., operated to retard the process. These separatist influences were strengthened by periodic anti-alien outbreaks and by prevalent old-stock exclusiveness, undoubtedly the dominant cause of arrested assimilation. For, as I have tried to show, America has two conflicting traditions in respect to the immigrant: the attitude of fear and antipathy, and the ideal of a nation of many origins in which none has priority and all will eventually coalesce.

The behavior of the immigrants reflected both of these traditions. Their response to

the idealistic concept—"America is not anything if it consists of each of us; it is something only if it consists of all of us," is the way Woodrow Wilson put it—was to take root in the United States. Their reaction to the commonplace experience of discrimination and exclusion was to retain vine-like connections with their countries of origin. The numerous hyphenate organizations, which had come into being to help in the Americanization of the foreigner and which were dying as a result of his rapid assimilation, found new lifeblood in the resentment against native separatism. They proceeded to convert this resentment into a revival of interest in the culture and welfare of the mother country. Some of them imposed the teaching of their language in public schools and state universities wherever the numerical strength of their groups made that possible. They tightened old-world political ties. Finally and most significantly, they exploited the "foreign vote"—at first to influence local and congressional legislation, but lately to get nominations for their own candidates and to enhance their position in our political parties.

IV

AS I SAID in a previous article, I believe that prejudice and the reaction to prejudice are but ephemeral digressions in the automatic and inexorable process of assimilation. But the inevitable is not necessarily imminent. The course of assimilation has been arrested before by ignorance and self-interest. It is being retarded again today—with this difference, that now the responsibility for what is happening rests primarily with the hyphenate organizations.

Today, when immigration has been reduced to a trickle of the former flood and when the percentage of foreign-born is the lowest in our nation's history, the hyphen of the new immigrant is no longer contracting. On the contrary, it is emerging into public view more prominently than at any time in our generation. For the sake of political advantage, the "Ancient and Honorable" orders of Hibernians and Hebrews, Romans and Goths, Vikings, Ethiopians, etc., are emphasizing the hyphen of origin which distinguishes the various groups of our population; and politicians, who base their actions less

on facts than on fears, have been frightened by the specter of foreign blocs at the polls to make up their election slates on the basis of national and religious affiliations rather than on more pertinent qualifications for office.

The election campaign last fall brought this out more clearly than ever before. Both political parties played up to the hyphenate American by their choice of standard bearers. "Although there were rumblings from some Democratic quarters that Judge Conway is 'unknown,' Democratic and Liberal leaders held that the time is ripe for a candidate who is a Roman Catholic of Irish origin to head the ticket," reported the New York *Herald Tribune* in a front-page story about state and city candidates in New York. "Selection of Judge Conway was regarded as offering a balanced ticket with Senator Herbert H. Lehman, one of the top leaders in Jewish affairs, and Justice Pecora, an Episcopalian of Italian origin." Other newspapers were equally plain-spoken. "Mr. Corsi, Mr. Pecora, and Mr. Impellitteri are all natives of Italy. It is no secret that leaders of both major parties were influenced partly by the belief that Americans of Italian origin cast a more solid bloc vote than other ethnic groups."

The New York Democrats did not, as it happened, choose Judge Conway, who was opposed by labor, but they nominated another "Roman Catholic of Irish origin." The Republicans named two Protestants, an Irish and an Italian Catholic, and a Jew for the chief offices. Similarly, in Connecticut both parties carefully distributed the nominations among old-stock Protestants, Irish, Italian, and Polish Catholics, and Jews; and in a dozen other Eastern and Middle-Western states, the party slates were deliberately made up along national and religious lines.

THE appeal to the "foreign" voters was not confined merely to nominations. The brazen attempts to win their suffrage by an expression of interest in foreign problems recalled the antics of Wild Bill Thompson, who made a bid for the Irish vote by promising to punch the nose of the reigning king of England if His Majesty ventured to come to Chicago, and—more recently—the hysterics of Bill O'Dwyer before Jewish audiences over the dissolution of the refugee camp in Oswego. But neither of these was

quite so personal as the flagrant invocation to hyphenate loyalty made by John D. Lodge, of the Massachusetts Lodges, in his campaign for the governorship of Connecticut. Mr. Lodge used two-minute "spots" on the radio stations that broadcast Italian programs in which announcers reminded the listeners that "Signor Lodge speaks our language like a native, shares the political principles of the great Mazzini, and has our interests at heart because he is married to one of our people." With the exception of an occasional statement that his brother, the United States Senator, would exert an influence in the United Nations to help Italy regain some of her African colonies, Mr. Lodge offered no other reasons why Americans of Italian origin should consider him qualified for the post of governor of an American state. Similarly, Edward Allen, candidate for lieutenant-governor, circularized 30,000 Jewish voters asking for votes on the grounds that he was a member of the Christian Pro-Palestine Committee and had always been interested in Zionism.

V

NOW the consideration of religious and racial affiliations as qualification for office is no new thing in our political history. In New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, and to a lesser degree in Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, there has been a tacit understanding for many years that the political plums must be fairly distributed among minority groups. But in the past, this was regarded as an essentially un-American—if not an improper and unethical—action, and thus relegated to the smoke-filled rooms where politicians arranged other unsavory deals and expedients. Why, then, has the emphasis on the minority vote increased to the point where it is openly discussed by politicians and reported by the press? Does it mean that despite the reduction of foreign-born citizens to an insignificant percentage of the electorate, the hyphenate organizations have succeeded in consolidating and disciplining the minority blocs to the point where they cross party lines on command and thus hold the balance of power in some of the most important states?

The answer to this question is an emphatic

No. I have examined the records of more than twenty elections in half a dozen states, with special reference to candidates from minority groups, and I find that in every case statistics controvert the prevalent idea that these groups vote as blocs in support of candidates of their own faith or race.

I shall cite some instances, beginning with Messrs. Lodge and Allen, who were victorious in the Connecticut election but who failed to carry a single large city, where the Italians and Jews are concentrated; in fact, compared with their party's record in the previous election, they lost votes in most of these cities. So much for the special appeal to minority interest. Then there is the case of Antoni N. Sadlak, a Polish-American, who in 1948 was the successful candidate for congressman-at-large against an opponent of Italian origin. In Naugatuck, which has a large Polish population, Mr. Sadlak received 3,591 of the 7,883 ballots cast for this office, which was 18 votes more than the number received by any other state candidate of his party; in Waterbury, where more than one-third of the population is Italian, he got 19,497 out of 43,587 votes, running 159 behind the high man on his party's state ticket. In the recent election, however, Mr. Sadlak's opponent was also of Polish descent. Again Sadlak headed his party's state candidates in the Naugatuck poll, this time by 23 votes; again he was behind in Waterbury, this time by 73 ballots, the percentage of gain being .219 of one per cent in the first case and .197 in the second. If the Polish citizens of Naugatuck voted overwhelmingly for Sadlak in 1948, why do the returns of 1950 still show a gain when that vote was split by two Polish-American candidates? If the Americans of Italian origin, who presumably "cast a more solid bloc vote than other ethnic groups," did so in 1948, why wasn't Sadlak's gain in Waterbury appreciably increased when they were no longer voting for one of their own people? The fact is—and it is of the utmost significance—that the votes for all the candidates, whether old-stock Protestants, Irish Catholics, Italians, Jews, or Poles, ran with extraordinary uniformity throughout Connecticut. Neither the dominantly Protestant small towns nor the minority-filled larger cities showed marked preference for or discrimination against any national group or religious belief.

IN NEW YORK CITY, where the total of Catholics and citizens of Irish extraction exceeds the population of Eire, the Democratic candidate for governor, chosen for his Irish-Catholic qualifications, got fewer votes than James Mead had received in the previous election although Mr. Mead does not list his religion in *Who's Who* and made no special appeal to any minority group. In 1928, the Irish-Catholic Al Smith teamed with the old-stock Protestant Roosevelt against old-stock Protestant Hoover and Jewish Ottinger. Smith beat Hoover in New York City by 453,805 votes, but Ottinger picked up only 14,600 of these votes. When Roosevelt ran coupled with Lehman, he invariably polled the larger vote, and his margin of superiority was as great in the Jewish as in the non-Jewish districts of the city. In the mayoralty election of 1941, La Guardia beat O'Dwyer—1,186,518 to 1,054,235. (The Jewish Socialist candidate got 22,616 votes.) In the following election Judge Goldstein ran against O'Dwyer and polled 431,601 votes against O'Dwyer's 1,125,355. It is irrelevant in this connection that the American Labor party switched its support from the Republicans to the Democrats, that Newbold Morris ran on an independent ticket, and that the Episcopalian La Guardia was said to have Jewish blood in his veins. But it is very pertinent that the registration in 1945 was 1,354,212 less than in the previous year, and even 230,000 less than in 1941. For it indicated that, given an opportunity to elect a Jewish mayor of America's greatest city, the Jews either voted against him or stayed at home. The clearest instance of all occurred in 1948, when Paul O'Dwyer, brother of the mayor, was the Democratic and American Labor party candidate against the Republican Jacob K. Javits in the Twenty-first Congressional District. This district is more sharply divided than most along national lines. The returns show that Javits' victory was won in the Irish precincts while the Jewish vote favored O'Dwyer. "They buried Paul in the ould sod," punned one of O'Dwyer's managers.

I refrain from giving similar examples of German, Scandinavian, and Slavic candidates in the Middle-Western states because it requires too detailed an analysis of local records to be included here, but I may remind the reader that in Wisconsin, despite the prepon-

derance of German and Scandinavian settlers, the La Follette family dominated politics for almost two generations. In Illinois, Chicago has as great a proportion of Catholics and Jews as New York City. It will help to lay the ghost of the minority vote, therefore, to point out that Al Smith ran below the rest of his ticket in Chicago; so did the Jewish Horner who was elected governor by polling an unusually large vote outside of the city.

VI

OBVIOUSLY, it is no more possible to testify that Patrick O'Rourke, Domenic Mazzarelli, Isaac Cohen, Olaf Olsen, and Hans Schmidt did not vote for candidates of their own national origin than that Douglas Scott and Cabot Mather did not split their ballots in favor of Presbyterians and Congregationalists. But it is also obvious that whatever preference voters have given to candidates of their own race or faith is either too slight to be material or is counterbalanced by the prejudices of other voters. That much is proved by the election returns. It also squares with the development of foreigners into Americans which I discussed before. As they sought to merge into their communities and to establish their status as citizens, immigrants joined political parties—which gladly received them—according to their economic interests, social ambitions, and political principles. Their sense of obligation and pride in belonging to the American institutions has been sublimated into an intense loyalty, exceeding by far the waning allegiance to old-world associations.

To be sure, there have been times when minorities voted in blocs on men and issues. The outstanding instance, discussed by Samuel Lubell in a recent article in *Harper's*, has been the German and Irish vote in some areas against American intervention in both world wars. Similarly, other minorities have shown that they were motivated by inherited prejudices and old-world loyalties. But in the main, such occasions have arisen only when the minorities felt that their American rights and interests were menaced by certain candidates or issues. This in no way invalidates my conclusion that the cause of any individual candidate is not advanced by hyphenate affiliations. I can say without reservation that

the hyphenate organizations which base their demands for party nominations and appointments on the voting strength of minority blocs and on their ability to deliver the "foreign vote" are exploiting a myth.

This myth is an evil in itself, for as it limits the choice, it lowers the caliber of our public servants. (It is conceivable that someone not Italian had qualifications for mayor superior to those of Messrs. Corsi, Impellitteri, and Pecora; it is equally conceivable that in some other election men of Italian origin, though outstandingly qualified for all the offices, would be rejected in the interests of a "balanced ticket.") But there is also evil in exploiting the hyphen during election campaigns in that it cannot be discarded and disregarded between campaigns. It is enlarged by use, and as it grows larger, it separates more and more the minority interest from the welfare of the people as a whole.

STILL greater and more imminent danger lies in the emerging hyphen. The quotations I have cited at the beginning of this article, the accusations of the Ku Klux Klan and of Ford's "International Jew," and the more recent propaganda of nativist patrioteers, all hold up the bogey of political control of our government by "foreigners." The threat of a Pope or a Negro or an Elder of Zion in the White House has impelled multitudes to join subversive movements which have corrupted entire states. According to the latest report quoted by the *New York Times*, "There are in the United States today sixty-six organized anti-minority groups, issuing propaganda through forty-seven newspapers and periodicals and reaching the public, through bigoted commentators, over more than one hundred independent radio stations." The demand of the hyphenate organizations for political spoils is grist to the mills of these agitators. It gives a semblance of truth to their fantastic canards and false charges. At a time when the nation is under tremendous emotional stress, it may well aid them in creating another reign of hysteria and dissension which will consume the strength and sap the morale of our people.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not mean that a single citizen of any racial or religious denomination shall yield his right to hold public office or his duty to render

public service in order to appease the Know-Nothings of our day. To do so would violate the American concept of citizenship. On the other hand, I hold that to seek racial or religious representation in government also violates this concept. It tends to create artificially here the noxious condition evolved by a thousand years of war and conquest in European

states, where one dominant national group and several minority blocs are constantly jockeying for positions of power and influence. It is a veritable negation of our political system. For the political ideal on which the unity of our disparate people and the stability of our democratic government depend is the elimination of the hyphen.

Cause Has No Name

HORTENSE FLEXNER

NO CLEAR disaster—plague or a staring horde
Of blond barbarians on the run;
Nothing so obvious as a lifted sword,
The usual pikes and staves
To account for falling stone;
But some deep-pitched discord
Out of sealed rocks and caves
Shakes the live air to the improbable beat
Of life gone by, worlds vanished wronged and wroth;
And we are neighbors now to men who erred
In ways invisible, but found that nothing saves,
Not noble monuments or central heat
From final jungle growth.

What then our lapse,
What failure came between
The heart's kind thought, the hand's unsparing blow;
What deed committed and yet hardly seen
Upon the colored maps?
What pebble kicked, what wild seed in the row
Grew to this size
To block our way with senseless green,
Or what thing that we knew, but would not know
Has reached at last the skies?

Cause has no name and is no simple thing
As the old serpent in the tree;
If hand could touch as mote within the eye,
Or if the eye could see—
But what shall slay us breathes the morning air,
Drinks of the mountain spring,
Crawls with the tide upon the salt-scrubbed stair
And dwells with purity;
Safe in our inmost thought of peace and love
It dwells, nor answers our despair,
Since it is what we are compounded of
And what our very souls have come to be.

To Know the Country

A Story by Stephen Becker

Drawings by Harry O. Diamond



IT WAS his first time in this part of west China, and the American had been fascinated by the changing countryside, the long dusty fields and the quick ravines and the sudden mounds, and off against the horizon the changing face of a range of low mountains. Because he had been staring off to the north, he did not notice the small still town with its head-high wall until he had rounded the curve in the road and walked about fifty yards toward it. When he saw it he stopped and pulled a tattered map from the pocket of his leather jacket, knowing even as he brought it closer to his eyes that it would not help him. The town was not indicated. He put the map away and looked at the town. There was not much to see from where he was. The low wall, and beyond it the flat roofs of a dozen houses, and a long way off the mountains again.

He unslung his pack and hung it over his

right shoulder, putting his fist through the looped strap in front and supporting the pack with one arm. With his left hand he wiped the sweat from his face. He shrugged then and walked forward, toward the gate set into the wall. It was not the first time he had run onto a town like this, a town set across the main road so that two gates had to be negotiated before you were on the road again. He was no longer surprised by it, or by anything, as he told himself. A walking trip, he said, was at best romantic; and he would not be making this one if he were not sure that it would be the last summer for a long time when a man would be able to pack his pack and point his face west and just walk. What struck him as odd sometimes was that by going west he had left the Pacific behind. But west was where he had wanted to go, west across the plain, away from the cities and away from his friends and away from what he

had to call the international set, although he could not say it without laughing. (In a bar in Shanghai a man had said to him once, a slim and well-dressed young man, pale and with fine features, "Say, fellow, what's become of the set?" He had stared blankly at the man. "The set?" "Why," the man had said, "the international set.") And next year the chance might not be there, and there was always the feeling that even if you did not belong to it in the first place you might be doomed to go back to the set and not leave it again. So he had left them and been glad of it, and now he was three hundred miles west and sweating and approaching the gate of the town wall.

A dog bounded out toward him. He stopped. The gray dog came closer to him, walking on stiff legs and with the hair on its neck stiff. The dog growled. The American stood still. The dog came to him and sniffed at his clothes. The dog was large and lean and cruel-looking, with his snout wrinkled and his eyes menacing. The American touched the dog's neck. The dog stiffened. The American stroked the dog's neck, and slowly the dog relaxed. The American slapped him lightly on the neck. The dog moved closer and rubbed his neck against the man's leg. The American laughed. Now the cruel look was gone from the dog's eyes and his snout was unwrinkled and laughing. The dog wagged his bushy tail and licked the American's hand, and the American laughed again. He walked toward the gate with the dog at his side and jumping against him for attention.

At the gate he pounded. He let the pack fall from his shoulder and stood pounding at the heavy wood. The dog stood alertly beside him. When the American heard footsteps and a voice he stopped pounding. The gate opened a few inches, and a bald old man looked out at him. There had been annoyance on the man's face, but it changed quickly to astonishment. The man opened the gate wide, and the American stepped in. The old man was wearing a gray gown, and looked clean and cool in the heat. He closed the gate, and then, putting his wrinkled hands together, he bowed.

The American returned the bow. "Thank you," he said. The old man's astonishment



grew; he nodded rapidly for several seconds and then said:

"It was nothing. It was nothing," and bowed again.

"It was very good of you," the American said.

"Please," the old man said. He cleared his throat. "Will you pass through immediately, or will you stay?" He spoke slowly and very distinctly.

The American smiled. "Perhaps I will stay for a time. I would like to eat something. It is noon. Is there a restaurant in the town?"

The old man raised both hands, palms upward. "Ah, no," he said. "In this town there is no restaurant."

The two stood silent near the gate. The American took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face again.

"If it is not too bold of me," the old man said, and stopped.

"Please go on," the American said. "For one so young and alone it is not easy. You have already been very helpful."

"I have done nothing," the old man said. "I was about to suggest that you accept my poor hospitality, but I was afraid to ask for such an honor."

"It is I who am honored," the American said. "I would not have dared to presume."

"Please," the old man said. "May I take your pack?"

"No, no. I insist," the American said. He picked up his pack and slung it over one shoulder. Together he and the old man walked down the dusty town street, with the dog trotting behind them.

THE sun had baked the town dry; the dirt walls of the houses and the yellow dirt of the road gave off the same harsh brilliant glare. The two had not walked far when doors opened and townspeople looked out at them. Soon three children were walk-

ing behind them. The children were bone-thin and naked. The old man was thin, too, with none of the legendary fatness of a village elder. There was nothing in the road or at the roadside except a broken wooden wheel. The glare of the dusty road brought tears to the American's eyes.

"I have not asked your name," the old man said.

The American told him. "And I have not asked yours."

"My name is Chang," the old man said. "I am the elder here."

"Ai," the American said. "I have eyes but cannot see Mount T'ai."

The old man nodded happily. After a moment he looked up and smiled at the American. "You speak so well," he said.

"That is not true," the American said. "There is no need to be so polite."

"But it is true," the old man said. "Please. This is my poor home."

He stopped before a doorway and bowed, signing the American to precede him. The American nodded his thanks and went inside, halting just over the doorsill. Behind him the old man stopped. "Please. Go in."

The American went all the way into the dim room. He could see a table and some sawhorses. The sawhorses were chairs. Set into one wall of the room was a fireplace. There was an unlit lamp on the table. The ceiling was low. The floor was of dirt. The American dropped his pack in a corner. The room was cool and pleasantly moist after the road.

The old man went through a doorway and called out to the back of the house. "Foreigner" was the only word the American caught. Someone answered the old man. The voices shouted back and forth. The other voice, a woman's, began to sound plaintive. The old man's pleaded with it. The American heard the word "honor." Then there was a

long stream of words from the woman, and finally the old man answering firmly. When the old man came back into the room he smiled at the American.

"Let me offer you some yellow wine," he said. "It is not much, and is very poor, but perhaps you are thirsty."

"I am thirsty," the American said. "You are too kind."

THE old man went out of the room and came back with a cruet and two bowls. He half-filled the two bowls and presented one to the American. Behind the American, feet pattered. He turned. Two children came into the room. They were not children the American had seen on the road, but they were as thin and as naked.

"My two grandchildren," the old man said. The children laughed and whispered loudly. Their hair was long and dirty. They looked like two girls, but because of their nakedness the American saw that they were a boy and a girl.

"They are very fine-looking children," he said.

"They are mischievous," the old man said. The children giggled. The old man held his bowl up toward the American. "Dry cup," he said.

"Dry cup." They drank.

The old man sniffed the air. "She has started the fire, but not the dinner."

"I did not want to make anyone hurry," the American said.

"No, no, no. We were about to eat in any case."

"Good," the American said. Somewhere outside the dog barked madly and then whined.

"Will you go far?" the old man asked.

"I hoped to go to Yulin, eventually."

"That is not too far. And from where do you come?"

"I come from Peiping."



The old man nodded. "That is very far. You have been walking for some time."

"I have," the American said. "I have enjoyed my trip."

"Do you have friends in Yulin?"

"No," the American said. "I take the trip only to see the country and meet its people."

"As you are a foreigner," the old man nodded, "that is necessary. But you have chosen the hottest time of year."

"Yes. I have noticed that the crops are burning in many places."

The old man looked sad. "They were not good last year, either," he said. "There has been too little to eat."

The American looked concerned. "Then perhaps I bother you too much. I did not wish to add to burdens which were already great."

"No. Not at all." The old man waved him back to his seat on the sawhorse. "Here it is not so bad. Here we have enough. Here we even have meat." He smiled proudly.

"Good," the American said. "Then it cannot yet be too serious."

"It is not serious at all," the old man said. "Farther west you may see how serious it is."

"I hope it is not too bad," the American said. "Not for myself, you understand."

"Of course. For the others." The old man sniffed again. "The rice is cooking," he said, "and the meat. It will not be long."

"This is too good."

"At best, it is poor hospitality."

They smiled at each other. The old man's smile was shy and very happy.

THE woman too was old. She brought in the bowls of rice and the plate of meat and bowed with her eyes turned down when she was introduced to the American. The American thanked her for her trouble in feeding him. She bowed again and went out. The two men sat at the table. Soon the woman came in again with a teapot and two cups. She set them on the table and left. The two men ate and talked and laughed. In the kitchen the American heard the whining voices of the children and the suddenly grating angry voice of the woman, and then the children were crying. The old man took a piece of meat from the meat platter and put it into the American's rice bowl. "It is the most tender."

"Thank you," the American said, smiling and realizing that he should not have listened to what was happening in the kitchen. He ate the old man's offering. It was very tender and tasted like old beef. Briefly the American wondered if it might not be diseased. He decided it was not. In any case he would eat it. You could not waste a man's meat by changing your mind after it was cooked. He ate the meat and the bowl of rice. Several times the old man poured tea for him. The old man was no longer surprised at his being a for-



eigner, and talked amiably through most of the meal, giving him precise instructions for getting to Yulin.

After the meal the American offered cigarettes, and the old man took one. They smoked in silence, and when the old man's was gone the American offered him another. He accepted.

They sat on the front doorstep, looking out into the blinding street and smoking cigarettes. After half an hour the American said he would have to go. "I would like to thank the lady once more," he said.

"Ah, no," the old man said. "She is not there just now. Besides, you have already thanked her. I shall tell her you enjoyed lunch, if I may."

"You certainly may," the American said. "I enjoyed it very much. It was well-cooked and of an excellent taste."

"I am pleased that you liked it."

"And now I must go. I wonder if you would permit me to leave with you some of these cigarettes. I saw that you enjoyed them, and it is the least I can do for having upset your entire day."

"I could not," the old man said, raising a quick hand in protest. "You have already brought too much happiness to my day. I could not forgive myself if I took more from you."

"But you would be doing me an honor," the American said. "I would be unhappy if I felt that my offer displeased you."

IN THE end the old man took the cigarettes. The American went back inside for his pack, picked it up, slung it, and went back to the doorway. He and the old man stood in the sunlight and said good-by. They bowed, and smiled several times and thanked each other several times. Then the American walked down the road. The old man stood in the doorway smiling after him.

When he had gone about fifty feet the American looked back and waved to the old man. He saw the small house, flat and bright in the sun, and from where he was he could see the back yard, the two children naked in the sun and digging in the parched earth, behind them a tall thick pole with the millstone under it and the bushy gray animal tail nailed to the pole like a flag, and then he looked back at the old man and waved and smiled again, and turned and went on through the town.

With much surprise but no ceremony they let him through the gate at the far end of the town, and he walked quietly in the sun for several minutes. When he arrived at a small clump of trees with a brook running in the ditch beside them he remembered the tail on the pole. He stopped and stood in the middle of the road realizing, and when he had realized it all and felt the cold shock as though his body were freezing inward on itself he ran to a tree, and when he had reached it he stood behind it vomiting, on the side away from the road.

Plus Ça Change . . .

THE Russian peasant's idea as to the relation of Holy Russia to the rest of the world is curious. "Were there roads and villages in Germania?" asked one. To the best of my belief there were. "There were no towns though as large as Petrograd." I rather fancied the contrary and instanced a flourishing little community of some five million souls on an island, with which I was very well acquainted.

The youth eyed me with deep suspicion. "Were there railways in Germania?" Only about a hundred times the mileage of the Russian railways. "There was no electric light though, because Jablochhoff, a Russian, had invented that." (I found this a fixed idea with all Russian peasants.)

—From reports of Russia in the eighteen-eighties in Lord Frederick Hamilton's *The Vanished Poms of Yesterday*, 1921.

Was D-Day a Mistake?

Gordon Harrison

AN EXPERT billiard player tries to make each carom in such a way as to set up the balls for the next shot. Our victory over Germany in World War II seems to have been a billiard by an amateur—brilliant after its own fashion but productive of nothing but trouble for the next play. Criticisms of the manner of that victory have been many but none more challenging than the charge that the invasion of Normandy in June 1944, leading to the surrender of Germany eleven months later, was one of our worst blunders. That victory at arms, it is said, was a political defeat. It was a defeat because it carried our armies into Europe from the wrong direction and left them politically useless on the banks of the Elbe, when they should have been blocking Soviet imperialism from positions around Prague and Dresden. While our British allies, the critics continue, foresaw in 1942-43 the advantage of occupying central Europe ahead of the Russians and therefore urged an invasion through the Balkans, American military leaders, blindly ignoring politics, insisted on the quick road to victory through France. The Balkan invasion was scrapped; we stormed through Normandy, saved a few fighting months—and lost the peace.

This hypothesis, most ably advanced by Hanson W. Baldwin in his book, *Great Mistakes of the War*, has the fascination of all his-

torical "might-have-beens." In addition, it suggests as a general principle of war that strategists should provide not only for victory but for the maneuver of armies as political pawns in the postwar contest for power. It asserts that this principle was actually at stake in the 1942-43 Anglo-American debates on the strategy for defeating Germany and was disastrously scuttled by the stubbornness of General Marshall and the American Army.

The hypothesis, for all its fascination, does not fit the facts. It rests on what seems to me a serious misreading of history. I have carefully searched the written record as well as the oral testimony of a great many participants in and witnesses to the strategy-making and have found nothing to indicate that British strategy was ever aimed at frustrating future Soviet aggression in eastern Europe. I believe, further, that the evidence could not have been otherwise, for the hypothesis is anachronistic in its premises and militarily unrealistic in its conclusion. It views the strategy debates of 1942 in the political context of 1950 or 1951 and attributes to the British a point of view that could not have been held by responsible military leaders eight years ago.

THE allegations of British political interest in the Mediterranean were first made by American officers concerned

As a wartime combat historian with General Patton's army and as author of Cross-Channel Attack, the forthcoming official U. S. Army history of the Normandy invasion, Gordon Harrison is particularly well equipped to answer the much-debated question he raises here.

with the planning for the Normandy invasion. What political motives were involved and who on the British side was particularly motivated by them were not then specified. After the war the charges were repeated in writing by Americans who were on the fringes of the planning, like Ralph Ingersoll and Elliott Roosevelt. Significantly all these American interpretations of British motives prickled with irritation. That irritation is a historical fact of considerable importance, for it reflects the highly emotional atmosphere which surrounded the Anglo-American debate.

Early in 1942, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, General George C. Marshall, and the Operations Division of the War Department worked out a master project for beating Germany by a power blow across the English Channel, to be struck at a definite date dependent only on our own state of preparedness. The architects of this policy—Stimson, Marshall, and the army planners—became, as opposition developed, crusaders for it. The strategy seemed to them the only efficient way to victory. It perfectly fitted with the American military potential and with American impatience to end the war. They recognized that the cross-Channel attack would have to be mounted on an unprecedented scale, that it would take all the combined resources of America and Great Britain in excess of the minimum needed to hold the Japanese in the Pacific. They recognized that it would take time to prepare and above all an unqualified resolution to face the difficulties at the outset and to overcome them. Out of their conviction and their concern they developed a quasi-religious faith.

The British Chiefs of Staff (under the leadership of Winston Churchill) accepted the cross-Channel strategy and the reasoning behind it, but they hedged their acceptance with reservations on scale and timing which betrayed basic doubts whether the Allies were really capable of carrying it off. There is nothing to show that these doubts were not the result of a perfectly sincere and rational military appraisal of the relative strength of the Allies and the Germans. But when you doubt a man of faith, it does no good to plead a rational skepticism; you are still in his eyes a heretic. British doubts, especially when accompanied by persistent pleading for

immediate action in the Mediterranean, did not strike American crusaders as rational. If sound military aims dictated an assault on northwest Europe and nowhere else, then what beckoned the British into the Mediterranean, the crusaders felt, must be either military folly or political speculation.

The Mediterranean-versus-Northwest-Europe debate, in short, generated a considerable emotional heat which tended to polarize both sides. What Ingersoll and others have done since the war is to describe the emotional opposition as though it reflected objective fact.

II

IN THE search for the objective fact one should at least start with analysis of what the British *said* were their motives for wanting attacks on North Africa, Sicily, and Italy. In what they said there is not a whisper of politics; they presented a consistent, logical, military argument. In brief, they held that although an attack on northwest Europe must be the ultimate goal of Anglo-American strategy, the German army entrenched in Fortress Europe was a formidable foe—too formidable to be attacked frontally during 1942 and 1943. While preparing for an eventual blow across the Channel, they felt, the Allies must do everything possible to weaken the enemy by accelerating air attacks and by peripheral ground operations in the Mediterranean. Only in this way could the risks of the ultimate cross-Channel attack be reduced to a reasonable gamble. They reiterated their intention of entering Europe not from the south but from the northwest; they always envisaged the final battles as taking place in France and western Germany. They never suggested that a Mediterranean operation should substitute for the cross-Channel invasion.

The military justification for attacking the European underbelly was to stretch the German army and air forces to exhaustion. Attrition of the enemy in the Mediterranean, together with the air offensive from the west, it was hoped, would relieve some of the pressure on the Soviet Union, enable Stalin's armies to stay in the fight while the Western Allies got ready for the cross-Channel attack, and at the same time weaken the German

forces defending France. We now know from German records that the policy of stretch worked, that Allied attacks in the Mediterranean did have the effect of increasing Germany's military responsibilities while reducing her means. Up to September 1943, the Mediterranean fighting had forced the Germans to move nine first-quality infantry divisions and ten armored divisions out of France. Although these units were replaced in numbers during 1944, the drying reservoirs of German manpower and matériel could never make good the loss in combat effectiveness. The initial Allied attack on North Africa, moreover, opened a threat to southern France, substantially increasing the amount of coastline which the Germans had to defend. That defense required in 1944 an entire army of eight or nine divisions.

THE sincerity of the British military argument should be assessed in the light of their situation during World War II and their previous experience. British memories of the slaughter at Passchendaele and Vimy Ridge in World War I were vivid and bitter. The Prime Minister in particular dreaded a repetition of the bloody trench warfare of 1914-18, which decimated an entire generation. He had urged during the first war a strategy of flank attack through the Dardanelles to save lives in France. It would have been extraordinary if he had not sought to profit in this war from what he saw to be the clear lesson of the past.

The lesson of experience was reinforced by the disaster of Dunkirk. It should not be forgotten that the British in 1942-43 mustered in their home islands an offensive army of twenty to twenty-five divisions, at a time when the Germans were fighting the Russians with about 225 divisions. On the basis of this contrast alone it was inevitable that Churchill and his Chiefs of Staff should view with misgiving the American plan to deliver a power blow across the Channel. Incidentally, misgiving was more justified at the time than it seems now, looking back at the smashing success achieved by the 1944 invasion. That success was won by the skill and courage of the Allies, but we now know that it was won against an enemy far weaker than we supposed him to be in 1944. We considerably underestimated the extent to which

three years of fighting in Russia and three years of pounding from the air had shattered the German military machine. The fact is that the German armed forces in the West in 1944 were something like the enfeebled and over-extended foe which the British hoped their strategy would produce.

In support of the supposition of British political interests in invasion through the Mediterranean one can find not one word of written evidence from any primary British source, high or low. Against that supposition stands the mass of evidence that the British had genuine, logical, and—from their point of view—sound military aims. Mr. Churchill is now writing his memoirs of this period. He is in a perfect position to claim political prescience for the British Mediterranean strategy. The situation almost demands an "I-told-you-so." Yet in the closing pages of *The Grand Alliance* Mr. Churchill has taken quite a different view. There he writes, "The supreme plan of crossing the Channel to liberate France, for which I had earnestly hoped and worked, was perforce postponed till the summer of 1944." He adds that the disappointment was probably fortunate, for a premature assault in 1943 "would have led to a bloody defeat of the first magnitude." Mr. Churchill still regards the making of European strategy wholly from a military point of view. He is apparently preparing the way for a demonstration that the European war was fought essentially as he always wanted it to be fought. It is hard to see any motive for this approach other than a desire to tell the truth.

III

THE truth has always been simple and relatively obvious as long as the strategy debate was separated from its emotional overtones and left in the context of 1942. Since the war, both the facts and significance of the Mediterranean-versus-cross-Channel argument have been badly distorted by the insistence that all Mediterranean operations were intended to lead up to a final attack through the Balkans. Evidently a succession of attacks in the south, by gaining control of the Mediterranean, would eventually invite a thrust either into the Balkan peninsula or into southern France. But in fact a suc-

ession of attacks was not planned at first. Each attack was considered on its own merits. Each was decided in the light of its own immediate military effects. Insofar as any consistent argument was used for pursuing the policy of peripheral attacks in the Mediterranean area rather than somewhere else, it was not that *Mare Nostrum* was the vestibule of the Balkans but that it was the lair of Fascist Italy. It is hard now to remember a world in which international politics were not dominated by the menace of Communism. It is perhaps harder still to conceive a world in which the immediate hostility of Italy seemed of more moment than the potential hostility of the Soviet Union. But hindsight leads us astray.

Even had the Allied leaders in 1942-43 foreseen the problems of 1950, they would still have had to consider that the paramount job in Europe was to defeat Germany and Italy. They could not plausibly have taken that defeat for granted and so have concerned themselves only with establishing their post-war position vis-à-vis Russia. Defeat of the Axis seems easy now; it did not seem easy then. We tend to think now that that defeat was a foregone conclusion, that it was largely of our making (ours and the British), and that we had only to choose the method that would leave us in the strongest bargaining position afterward. None of these assumptions is true. The war had to be won. It had to be won by supporting Russia whether we liked it or not. It had to be won with the means at hand, and strategy had to be considered a question of fitting the means to the end.

IN 1942 the main problem confronting Anglo-American strategists was what could be done to help keep Russia in the war. It was realized that without the Red armies Great Britain and America would be condemned to a long and perhaps inconclusive struggle. With this as the problem, and with the pitifully small resources then available to the Western powers, our choice of action was sharply limited. We decided to invade North Africa because it was necessary to do something at once either to draw German forces away from Russia or to put ourselves in a better defensive position in case Russia were defeated. Nothing more profitable than

the North African venture seemed militarily feasible. Once Allied forces were committed in the Mediterranean area, it made irresistible military sense to continue to use them, again on the most fruitful attacks possible within our capabilities. Ships were scarce. German submarines were unchecked in the Atlantic. The shipping requirements to move troops from North Africa to England were almost as large as those to move equivalent troops from the United States to England. To abandon operations in the Mediterranean while building our forces in the United Kingdom meant to relinquish pressure on the enemy in the only place where we could exert it. That is how the Mediterranean strategy developed.

A Balkan invasion was talked about as early as January 1942, but in very general terms. It came under discussion from time to time thereafter but never seriously or at length. It is apparent that military men were always opposed to the "soft underbelly" route into German-occupied Europe simply because logistically the belly was not soft. The feasibility of a large-scale Balkan invasion seems never to have been debated; no staff work of any consequence was ever done on it. The largest military operation seriously considered was the establishment of a beachhead to facilitate the supply of Yugoslav guerrillas. This would have been a local incident, not a culmination of strategy. All Mediterranean operations actually mounted were decided without reference to the Balkans. In the light of these facts, it requires a considerable gloss on the mass of surviving records to treat British advocacy of the Mediterranean strategy as a political policy aimed at forestalling Russian occupation of central Europe.

The experience of the past war, on closer study of the facts, does not reveal that we lost the peace through political naïveté in our basic strategy. Rather it shows that in a global war there is not likely to be enough leeway in time, materials, and manpower to allow broad maneuvering for postwar political advantage. Strategy in a full-scale conflict must be based on the facts as they exist, not as they might become a few years hence, and the limitations of these realities are often severe and compelling. The choice of a main battleground must be governed by calculations of military resources, geography, lines of communications, and estimates of enemy

capability. In Europe in World War II, as we now can clearly see, the dictates of these military factors were so rigid that the pursuit of secondary and hypothetical objectives might well have jeopardized the battle.

Although the line between military and political responsibilities shifts according to the character of the war and the nature of national aims, it is in general clear that the task of the political authority is to define the fighting mission; the task of the soldier is to carry it out. Constant supervision to insure

that military measures are consistent with national aims is, of course, part of the task of defining the mission. Beyond that, however, it is as dangerous for the politician to meddle in the military means as for the soldier to seek to alter the ends. The primary mission in Europe in World War II was to defeat Germany. The military judgment that to carry this out we had to fight in France, not in the Balkans, could not have been politically challenged at the time. The record is clear that it *was* not.

On the Difficulty of Recognizing the Loved One

WALTER A. KILRAIN

THE dog, hearing your footstep on the stair,
Will never bark.
The sound of you is certain in his ear—
You are the measured tread:
A slippered metronome that stamps its singularity
Upon the nameless silence of the night.
Your mother knows you, too:
A hesitation in your voice, a smile,
Proclaim to her The Child.

And then, of course, to him
You are a head turned—so.
A dotted dress. A brace of fears
Confided in the night.
You are the one who drinks her coffee light.

We know you, all of us, you see,
Sufficient for our purpose;
For it is by such tokens that we know
Whom we will shelter, whom we cherish,
Whom we love.

And so, consideration of our need
Requires you never change the way you smile;
No, nor your footstep on the midnight stair;
Nor, lest we know you not,
Your secret fear.

Conversation with Shilendra

Martin Flavin

Drawings by Oscar Liebman

SHILENDRA K. SINGH arrived at half-past six. This was confusing, since I was under the impression I had been conversing with him for the past half-hour. Dr. Taluqdar had said he would send two young men of St. John's College to call on us that evening at our hotel in Agra: one connected with the Social Service League, who would arrange a visit to a nearby village; and the other, one of his outstanding pupils, for a conversational hour on the subject of Indian matters.

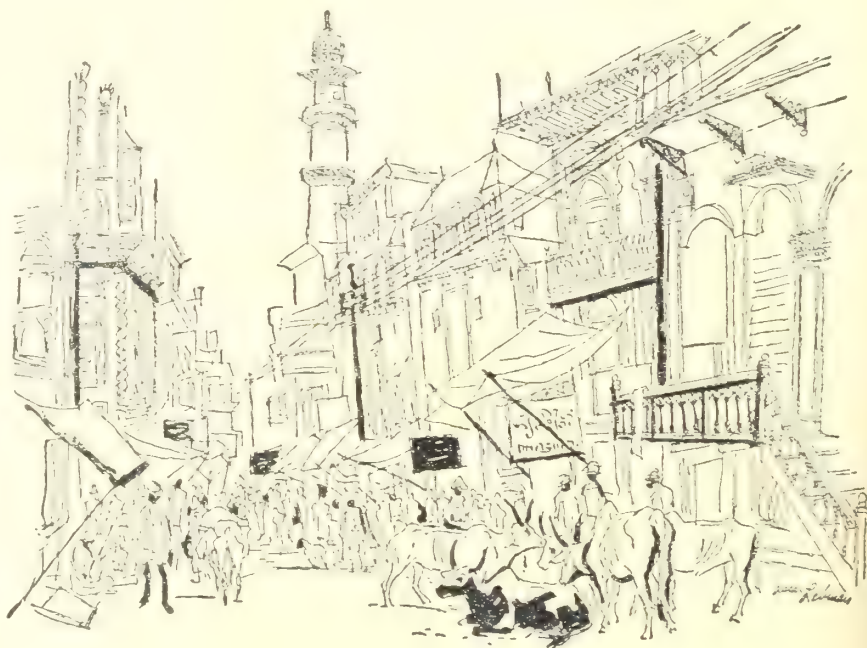
Two young men had arrived at six o'clock, one of whom I naturally assumed to be the brilliant student, though which of the two I was in doubt, since neither seemed to answer the description nor to be possessed of sufficient elasticity in English to make decision possible.

We were still seeking for clues when there was a knock upon the door and Shilendra made entrance on the scene.

He was short of stature and dark skinned, with a round, pedagogic face, strangely child-

like in its features; with thick black hair parted on the side; with a small, close-clipped mustache of the jaunty type, which seemed not quite to fit with his gold-rimmed spectacles; with most expressive hands, small and delicate, at times almost mincing in their gestures. He was clothed in a mixture of the East and West: white cotton jodhpurs and a long tweed jacket buttoned to his chin—a sort of cross between an English riding coat and a venerable Prince Albert. Around his neck he wore, like a cravat, a twisted scarf of white cashmere. Altogether, he presented an engaging figure: a sensitive, dynamic personality, with an air which was at once both academic and aristocratic. His voice was thin and high, his smile disarming, his manner confident, his English fluent and correct.

He introduced himself with careless grace: Shilendra K. Singh, pupil of Dr. Taluqdar—a little late for his appointment, but he had called before and found us out. He acknowledged, with a casual nod, introduction to the two who had preceded him—disposing of them briefly, in the way of upper classmen with undergraduates. And he sat on the couch where they made room for him—on more than his fair share of it. During the ensuing hour and a half neither of his colleagues said a single word. Shilendra held the floor.



In "Korean Diary," which Harper's published last March, Mr. Flavin wrote vividly from Seoul between battles. He now reports from India, another stop on his trip through the Far East. He is the author of Black and White and many other books.

HE WAS, he explained, a graduate student. He had taken his M.A. in history under Dr. Taluqdar, and was now preparing to take his Ph.D. He was working on his thesis, the subject of which was the administration of the First Earl of Minto—1807-1813. He was also studying law and would soon take his degree. In answer to my question he admitted he was not yet quite twenty-one years old. He was not making boast of his accomplishments; but neither, I felt, was he unaware of them.

Nor are such accomplishments uncommon in the universities of India, where education is regarded as a rare and cherished privilege, where college life is medieval in austerity, where the hostels which accommodate the students are rigorously monastic: rows of narrow cells, unheated, poorly lighted, furnished with a table and a chair, and a wooden shelf to sleep on; with the simplest of food in meager quantity, prepared in primitive surroundings and consumed in barren, cheerless rooms. Higher learning without trimmings, with little to divert the academic mind from concentration on the job at hand.

In Delhi, not far from where I write these lines, at the corner of a relatively quiet street, two students often sit at night beneath a street lamp, with books and papers spread upon the ground, studying their lessons while they shiver with the cold, for it is wintertime. On inquiry, they have cheerfully explained to me that their homes are badly crowded, half a dozen adults and children in one room; they cannot concentrate upon their work. Here in the street they are undisturbed. With such determination scholarship should thrive. Indeed, it is so highly prized that even he who fails of his degree will frequently make record of his effort, inscribing on his card or the glass door of his office, following his name, "B.A. Failed." I have been told of one who advertised the fact: "B.A. Failed Twice." Better to have failed than not to have tried at all. The effort in itself is entitled to distinction.

As to study of the law, it is a common undertaking for graduate students, regardless of their major interests or whether they expect to practice. Under British rule the Indian was eligible to minor bureaucratic posts; and the law degree, regardless of its practical value, was a badge to compensate the limita-

tions imposed on his career. So the custom grew and lawyers multiplied. The Republic has erased the limitations, but the custom still persists.

In short, there was nothing remarkably exceptional about Shilendra's record. The interesting factor was the boy himself.

SHILENDRA continued: His home was in a village near Delhi, and his family belonged to the *zamindar* class—which is to say, landlords with tenant farmers, of whom there were—or had been until the other day—some 750,000 in the United Provinces, out of a total provincial population of nearly sixty million. By a recent act of legislation, entitled the *U. P. Zamindari Abolition Act*, the landlords had been dispossessed, and they were in a sorry plight. They had been accustomed to collect rental from their tenants, part of which they paid as tax to the government. The detail is too technical for consideration here, but *zamindars*—in the new bright light of democratic process—were parasites in the agricultural system, remnants of a feudal institution, and slated for extinction, not only in the United Provinces, but eventually in all of India. In brief, Shilendra was a capitalist, engaged in one of the most dubious aspects of private enterprise.

The abolition act was being challenged as unconstitutional. The case was in the courts where it might be argued for an indefinite time. In the meanwhile the *zamindars* were suffering acutely, since the government had not excused them from their tax, while on the other hand the tenants were determined to pay nothing to the landlords. The legislation had been hasty and unfair; nor was it farsighted in its purpose, for many landlords had themselves been cultivators of extensive areas, which under present circumstances they could not continue. In consequence whereof there would be many unemployed, who had previously depended on a living as wage earners.

He admitted the landlords had been compensated, or would be when the act should be affirmed. But the compensation was inequitable, and not only that: it was to be provided in the shape of bonds, to yield much lower income than the previous rental. And finally, these bonds were not guaranteed—at least, not adequately. For example, emer-



gence of a Socialist party in the political arena, by no means an improbable event, might result in their repudiation—by, if necessary, amendment to the Constitution.

Shilendra briefed the issue without malice, with nonchalant detachment—like a lawyer whose future is assured regardless of what happens to his client.

He went on to a discussion of the Rajas, who had been similarly dispossessed. Not the great and wealthy ones, perhaps a score in number; not the ones we hear of in the Western world, whom we associate with Hollywood and café society, with jewels and polo ponies, whose private fortunes, invested widely in Europe and America, are safely out of reach of government. It was not of them he spoke; but of the modest, unassuming ones, whose way of life, regardless of their assets, could scarcely be distinguished from the peasants among whom they made their homes—perhaps four hundred of them, from end to end of India, whose demesnes might include a dozen or more villages, or as few as two or three.

Their dispossession had been admirably accomplished, with a minimum of friction, with scarcely any protest—perhaps a testimony to their character and courage. For the equities involved were open to grave question. As partial compensation for the confiscation of their property and relinquishment

of their authority, they had been awarded pensions which would expire with their deaths; and which, incidentally, were no better guaranteed than the *zamindari* bonds—susceptible of repudiation if the government should suffer change of heart. Also, as with the *zamindar* affair, there were dislocations which had not been foreseen, or at any rate provided for: the Raja class had been employers, of servants and farm workers—entourages of considerable extent when regarded as a whole, which could no longer be maintained. Families that had served for generations as dependents of the Rajas, were abruptly deprived of their tra-

ditional heritage, to be numbered among the unemployed.

SHILENDRA expanded the focus of his discourse: In pursuit of liberation from the colonial yoke, a degree of unity had been achieved. Family difficulties could be overlooked while the British occupied the premises. But now the time had come to take stock of the internal situation, to consult the record on the question of liabilities and assets. He enumerated lightly, checking off the items on his fingers:

(1) In an area three-fifths the size of the United States dwelt 450 million people (including Pakistan)—one-fifth the total population of the earth. And India's population was expanding at an alarming rate of speed. In the United Provinces alone the increase was 13 per cent since 1941, and 33 per cent in the last thirty years. Nearly 80 per cent were villagers, on the marginal edge of a bare subsistence level, farming, with antiquated methods, patches of ground one to ten acres in extent; most of them in debt, from one crop to another, at usurious rates of interest. Literacy in the total population was not more than 10 per cent.

(2) The country had sustained a hasty and summary Partition which did not express the will of the Hindu people, and in all probability would not prove satisfactory to the

Moslem minority when it came to savor the effect in full. Economic handicaps had descended on both parties, and the pinch of them was expanding. The Kashmir question was still a sore, undecided one. India had been weakened by division, and its world status diminished. Nor did Partition actually reflect, as its partisans maintained, irreconcilable differences between the Hindu and Moslem people. The source was political rather than religious; and the resulting so-called "Holy War," with its bloody massacres and terrible displacements, was an artificial phenomenon, devised and stimulated by political chicanery. As of today, there were millions of homeless refugees in India and in Pakistan, who had fled their homes to escape the Terror. Many had returned and were living again at peace among their neighbors, as their fathers had done for several hundred years. But many remained, and disposition of them was still an unsolved problem.

(3) In the international picture, waiting at the door was a shrewd, determined enemy to democratic process, whose fifth column was already on the ground, prepared to take advantage of any opportunity to promote discontent and disaffection. India was fortunately placed, with the mighty Himalayan rampart at its back. But ramparts, in the modern world, had not proved of much effect—particularly when the danger was within.

(4) The republic's foreign policy was driving a wedge between India and the United States. Korea, Formosa, nonrecognition of New China, and the UN accusation of aggression now leveled at the Chinese government were not seen through Indian eyes as they appeared to the Americans. Quite likely there was misconception on both sides, with reasons which were not far to seek. The Indian people had been preoccupied with an overwhelming problem of their own: how to attain their freedom, and what to do with it when they had got it. The Kremlin threat had been remote and easily overlooked, which, if not realistic, was at least understandable. And India was in desperate need of peace—a breathing spell to put its house in order: a Herculean task for a new, untried republic and an inexperienced government, without adequate weapons for defense, or industrial plant to make them, or capital to buy them—without food enough to eat. It was scarcely

the moment to antagonize one's neighbors.

(5) India was in need of everything. Perhaps education was entitled to first place, for without it, in a democratic state, little else could be effected. But the educational program should be a special sort, designed to protect India's cultural values, not substituting for them the materialistic ones of Western competitive society.

I ventured to intrude a question: What sort of education had he in his mind? But he couldn't answer that, as, indeed, who could? For man has not yet devised a formula whereby one may eat one's cake and have it.

Shilendra hurried on: Land reform was needed, to emancipate the peasant from his quasi-feudal state; modern agricultural methods, fertilizers, and machinery; development of power, dams, and irrigation projects; reclamation of wide areas of unproductive land; conservation and extension of the forests; immense expansion of the industrial plant; hospitals and doctors; elementary sanitation; housing for the homeless; everything in fact—a standard of living to which, in the modern world, every human being was entitled.

And all of this was waiting to be done, could hardly be said to have been started: a program of such magnitude that it beggared



the imagination. But there it was, and the doing of it could not be long delayed. The standard of living must be raised, and quickly too, if democratic process be destined to survive. For there was already through the land a whispered question which might presently grow into a deafening one: "Now that we are free, what do we get out of it?" In short, "When do we eat?"

(6) India was hungry, tightening its belt, threatened with a famine.

Shilendra smiled and spread his restless hands.—What did I think?

I HAD been thinking eye to eye with him, and had found no flaw in anything he said. But I had also been thinking of some things he had omitted: There are sixty million people in the United Provinces, and, according to report, some twenty million monkeys who consume, it is alleged, one-third of all the food produced. And the sky is black with crows—big, voracious ones, who can strip a field of grain in the twinkling of an eye. Then there are the cattle, sacred to Hindu eyes, in respect to which India is the richest country in the world, and from benefit the poorest. To quote from an authority: seventy cows and she-buffaloes out of a hundred give no milk at all. The others average less than one-third the yield in Western countries. Most of the cattle are uncared for and half-starved; there is simply not enough for them to eat. I had been thinking too of an item in the paper a day or two before, relating to a threatened pest of locusts, which read in part as follows:

Assisted by the local population, a section of the big swarm escaped to the border districts of Bombay where it bred in safety, giving birth to three new swarms which now menace the countryside. . . . Some persons in Bombay, it is stated, not only resisted the killing of the locusts but also built bridges across the streams to help them migrate with ease. People of Banas Kantha, for instance, kept the arrival of the locusts a secret, declining to inform the authorities.

All life is sacred to the Hindu, and may not be taken by the orthodox believer, not even when his own life hangs in the balance of it. And how is one to harmonize the East and West on such an issue? Is one sending

food to India for Indian famine sufferers, or to feed the crows and monkeys, the worthless cattle, and the predatory locusts? But I did not ask the question, for there seemed to be already enough on the agenda. Instead, I said in substance:

The conditions you describe and the program you present are truly overwhelming in proportions. And I am wondering if they can be successfully resolved, with the expedition which appears to you essential, by the system we describe as democratic government, which even in my own land is extravagantly wasteful in its methods, fumblingly uncertain in attack, and extremely dilatory in accomplishment. Where there is time and wealth to spare, democratic process, in its leisurely progression—a sort of three steps forward and two back—may finally achieve almost any goal. But where time and wealth are lacking, the result is more uncertain. The public grows impatient of delay and is likely to upset the ship of state before the well-intentioned, parliamentary crew has hoisted up the sails and trimmed them to the wind. There is further handicap, for, in the democratic order, the authority of captain and officers is limited; and their competence to operate the vessel may be challenged by the passengers. Finally, the crew may be undependable, or even mutinous. Such a voyage, at its best, is never free from hazards.

Shilendra nodded thoughtfully, but there was no surrender in his eyes.

Turning devil's advocate, I pushed my inquiry further. India's social-economic situation as he had described it, I went on, reminded me of Russia in 1917: a poor, illiterate, peasant country, with no industry to speak of—stagnant and apathetic. In the following thirty years, despite armed opposition, civil war, and a world war to top off with, Russia had been transformed in a material sense. To be sure, if one credited report, the standard of living had not yet been greatly raised and still lagged far behind the promised program. But most of the items equivalently set forth as India's needs, had in Russia been relieved if not resolved, at a rate of speed not common to, or consistent with, democratic process; only to be achieved by ruthless totalitarian force, at incalculable cost in human dignity and suffering.

There was a blueprint for the plan, from

which both European and Asiatic satellites were feverishly constructing alleged stream-lined utopias. And there were bands of eager architects in every country of the world, ready to embark on short-cut transformation, once the parliamentary sluggard was disposed of, or proved to be unequal to its task. The cost of quick results was a frightful one to pay; still, there were many people in the world who were worn out with waiting and prepared to take the chance.

What had he to say to that, as it might apply to India?

Shilendra shook his head. Communism, he assured me, was not a present threat. The Indian people were not to be seduced by its specious promises or its fraudulent philosophy. India was perhaps the poorest country in the world, in a material sense, but spiritually among the richest—deeply endowed with spiritual values which were among the oldest in recorded history, which could be followed back five thousand years, which had stood the test of time and innovation. Indian people were possessed of incredible resistance. No pattern of life so alien to their historical development could be forced upon them.

THEN what, I asked, did he foresee as solution to the problem? Shilendra pondered. —What was needed to be done, he said at last, India could do. But it must have the help of the freedom-loving world. He fixed me with his eye and I knew what he was thinking, but I refrained from comment.

He was thinking, I felt sure, in the present pattern of this impoverished planet: by “free-

dom-loving world” he meant the U.S.A. And by “help” he meant a nebulous imponderable which could not be named in terms of simple wealth—gifts and long-term credits of incalculable sums—for not any sum would serve to turn the trick.

Nor did it seem worth while to remind him of the fact that the United States was not rich enough to meet all the demands upon it. Nor that even if it were, and were able and disposed to pour its surplus wealth into his country, even this, in my opinion, would scarcely serve to scratch the surface of the problem. Billions would vanish in a well that had no bottom—a well which could never be filled up from the top, but which must grow up from the bottom, with long and patient effort, trial and error. If there was not time for that, then it was just too bad.

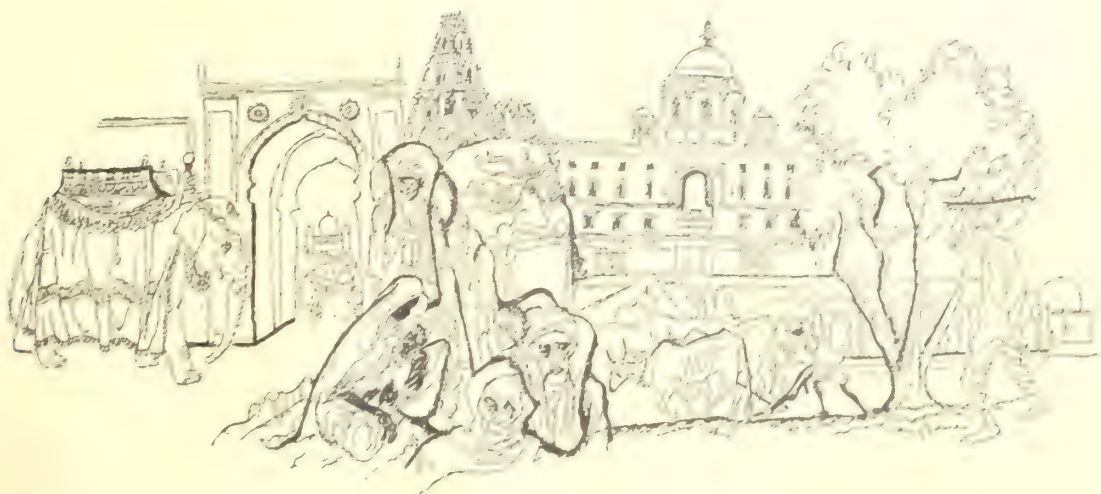
Shilendra watched my face, which I tried to keep impassive. —India could do it all, he said, and do it by herself—if only she could get enough to eat. I made no comment.

I would see for myself, he added hopefully, when I had made acquaintance of the village life. In the village I would find the veritable India and the fabric of its spiritual resistance, which was as tough as steel.

I nodded. I was planning to do that.

He asked what time it was, and I was surprised to find that it was eight o'clock. He sprang up from the couch, apologizing for encroaching on my time. And the two who had preceded him—who had not since his entrance given utterance to a word—stumbled to their feet and mumbled their adieus.

Together they departed, but Shilendra walked alone and a step or two ahead.



Electronics and Human Beings

E. W. Leaver and J. J. Brown

THE time is at hand for the electronic management not only of industrial production but of business and governmental communication, of financial movement, and of commercial distribution. This development can, if we chose to direct it so, eliminate the letters, memoranda, and other paper methods of communication—all filing cases, file clerks, libraries, and other equipment for the storage of information, and all the hordes of little clerks who scratch marks on paper to communicate with each other and with the outside world. And, if we so decide, it may carry off the sweepers and oilers, the diggers, the wipers, and all of the dogged human components of our present social machine.

Needless to say, this is not yet power "in being," but with the installation of some of the devices already manufactured and tested for operation—such as the Navy's "Project Typhoon" (built by RCA engineers) and Remington Rand's UNIVAC—we shall find ourselves well along on the road to automatism. Whether these machines and those which will follow them and improve upon them are to robotize or humanize mankind is already an urgent question and one which the scientists who make them are not equipped to solve. What is this principle of automatism which is rapidly becoming the basic factor in the organization and operation of our society? Most of us have to fall back upon the mechanical monster of science-fiction as a substitute for a real understanding

of this phenomenon. But let us take instead a fairly familiar concept: the automatic screw machine which mass-produces goods without human intervention. The activity of this machine exemplifies one principle of automatism. When the human element is removed entirely, and replaced by electronic machines that control and collate, then we have the essential device around which the new social organization will be built.

Certain types of machines such as pliers, plows, hammers, and so on, can be prevalent in a society without any hint of automatism. The consequences of automatism begin to be felt only when machines appear that lend themselves to being controlled by devices other than men. Originally, such simple machines were not intended to be automata but merely ancillaries to men. Only when the idea of self-propulsion came in did the idea of automatism come to the fore. Many of our present machines are characterized by a degree of automatism which, if carried to its proper conclusion, can free men forever from boring and disagreeable tasks. But men have not yet learned how to use machines properly in an organization of machines and men.

II

AUTOMATISM in society takes two forms. In primitive societies, and in slave states, the automatic machines which produce continuously and have no

Canadian physicists Leaver and Brown worked together on radar during the war and have been collaborating in writing ever since. Mr. Leaver owns Electronic Associates, Ltd. in Toronto; Mr. Brown is with the head office of the Aluminum Company of Canada.

individual control over their actions are men. But automatism in any society tends continuously to increase, because men are inventive and cannot keep themselves from improving on machinery and methods of organization. Today the pressure making for a continuous increase in the amount of automatism is greater than ever because we feel it is intimately tied up with our military security and our high standard of living.

At the other extreme from the primitive slave state, there is conceivable a state in which the automatism is entirely that of machines. In this state, which is at present only theoretical, the functions of mass production, communication, transport, finance, and distribution would be carried out entirely by automatic machines. In this type of organization men would remain entirely outside the sphere of the machine, and would perform only the creative and the higher managerial tasks. These are the polar alternatives. Our present society operates partly by the automatism of men and partly by the automatism of machines. The proportion of these two elements is constantly tending to change, first because science is continually pushing the automatism of machines to new heights; and second because political and social pressures of various kinds are constantly tending to increase the automatism of men.

The problem today is to make a choice among three possibilities. Either (1) we increase the proportion of machine automatism by making machines more automatic; or (2) we increase the proportion of human automatism by making men more automatic; or (3) we permit both types of automatism to increase together at a fixed rate.

From the point of view of the individual, only the first process can have desirable consequences. It happens that now, for the first time, we are in a position to increase the automatism of machines and decrease that of men, because recent developments in electronics have given us the required technology. But to begin with, we have to reorient our thinking about the nature of the machine-man complex. This will lead to business and social systems that are efficient because they employ both men and machines at the jobs for which they are best suited.

Let us not fancy that American "know-how" will be able to accomplish this reori-

entation by due process of industrial development. There is, to be sure, an American "know-how," which consists of a knowledge of how to mass-produce certain tangible goods in the old-fashioned way. But there are new ways of mass-producing goods, using electronic as opposed to mechanical methods, that are far ahead of anything used in America today. The best example presently in operation is the Sargrove automatic radio-producing machine, which turns out sets at the rate of three a minute, untouched by human hands. This is an exclusively English development. Moreover, even the Sargrove machine is traditional in the sense that it is tied to its product. It can make only radios, and when the need for its product disappears the machine is obsolete. In an article in *Fortune* (November 1946), we said that what is required is a new way of looking at the question of machine design. Instead of designing a machine tool in terms of its product, we should turn the concept upside down, and let the nature of the machine determine the configurations of the product. Machine tools then would be made up of units designed to do something—cut, hold, move, and so on. The end result of this group of motions would be a product, but as soon as enough products of this kind had been made the units would be reassembled to make something else. This type of mass production is fundamentally different from American mass-production methods.

Moreover, American know-how is pretty much confined to the mass production of goods. In this country inventors have made relatively few attempts to bring automatism into such fields as the production and storage of information, or the handling of business finance; on the whole Americans are wedded to the old idea of intricate mechanical (as opposed to electronic) machines that can turn out only one product.

III

THE need for regimentation in society is acute, but regimentation has the disadvantage that it destroys men. Regimentation means to reduce to strict order and uniformity for purposes of control. In the modern world it looks as if regimentation in some form or other is inevitable. This is

...the question of having to compete with dictatorship for our future. There are only two types of unit available for control and men. When you have a regimentation and unitization of men, you have a dictatorship. But there seems to be no type of society that appears when regimentation is of machines only. This concept of organizing machines rather than men seems to be new, and may provide us with an answer to some of the dilemmas facing us at the mid-point of the twentieth century.

Social organizations are merely special types of machines that use men as their elements. In the past the only productive units that were available for regimentation were men. With more efficient organization comes greater specialization of function. But the consequence of specialization of function is repetitive work—"routine." The man who makes shoes but grows no wheat must somehow have access to wheat and other necessities of life. This means that some regularity and continuity of functioning must be imposed on the society from outside. Those individuals who have learned how to do one thing well and have learned how to fit themselves into a routine succeed and survive.

The new concept of machines can change this—can produce regimentation without destroying that individuality of men which is the foundation stone of the democratic system. Up to very recent times mankind had to choose between the apparent orderliness but quick demise of dictatorships, and the halting operation but high survival value of the looser system. Using men as the units to be organized into a society, it appeared that efficiency of operation and stability were mutually exclusive. But now, for the first time, we have a new unit, the electronic machine, which is capable of functioning in a regimented and tightly integrated so-called machine society without ill effects. Individual machine units have been known for centuries, but it was only recently, with the development of electronic machines, that machines have been provided with the means of communication devices that enable them to work together like bees.

Since man has created a device that lends itself to regimentation and, in fact,

works best when it is a unit in a highly organized machine system. The degree of automatism of individual machines keeps growing, because, unlike men, machine units enjoy linking themselves up with other machines into a complicated and highly regimented group. This process would have worked out for the good of society if machine units, as we know them today, had developed all at once. But of course this did not happen. What actually happened was that four to six thousand years ago a few simple machines made their appearance, and as time went on more and more machine units appeared. But since all the units required for the regimentation of machines did not appear at any one time, man had to do the best he could with the few units available. Out of this situation grew up the machine-man complex that we can see all about us today.

IV

A NEW regimentation of machines, now made possible by the progress of science, is now made *desirable* by a complex of social and psychological problems rapidly working up to the crisis level. Some of these forces, briefly stated, are: the pervasiveness of science and technology; the adverse effect of the mixed machine-man system on the moral and spiritual life of the individual; the rise of the new priesthood of scientists, with the uneasy feeling in some quarters that this idol too has feet of clay; and the sense of coming world disaster. Such internal strains in our society make it increasingly important that we get away from the machine-man complex in which the two elements are mixed on one level, and strive to reach a system in which the machines take care of all routine operations and men all creative functions.

The political dictatorships of the past have been relatively harmless from the point of view of the long-term needs and development of mankind. They have usually come on very suddenly and people caught in them, remembering their past freedom, finally rebelled. But the dictatorship of machines, when they are organized the way they are today in a machine-man complex, is insidious. Such a dictatorship comes on so slowly that people

concerned in it have no memory of what freedom is like. Gradually, and all unknowingly, they are becoming increasingly integrated into a colossus that is part machine and part man.

The machine-man unit gives the illusion of progress and security, by providing a relatively high standard of living for a relatively short time. The reason that this high standard of living can't last is that when men are mixed up in the machinery instead of standing outside it, they lose their crucial ability to control. A piston rod, moving up and down hundreds of times a minute inside the engine, obviously can't be the driver of the car. Because men are part of the machine, they are not in a position to have any real control over it. This is not thought serious when all is going well, but when the machine-man complex gets into difficulties, as it does periodically in a depression, the men caught in it are surprised and pained. The complete entity appears to be subject to periodic convulsions that men are powerless to stop. Such phenomena as want in the midst of plenty, digging up gold in one part of the world in order to bury it in another, are symptomatic of elements functioning without controls. With the passage of time both elements, machines and men, although evolving in details, seem to become increasingly set in fundamentals. This means they become incapable of change, which Burke considered a sentence of death on any society.

The present machine-man complex has equally dangerous effects on individuals. Peoples' troubles, if we can judge from the self-help books published, are of two general kinds, material and spiritual. Problems of material security will be solved by the new system, because once the appalling waste of our present system is controlled, the present trickle of cheap goods and services will increase to a flood.

Two simple examples will make this clear. The O. A. Smith Corporation, when it put into operation in the nineteen-twenties what we consider an extremely primitive automatic system for making automobile frames, was able to decrease its working force by 95 per cent. This saving of nearly \$4 million a year in payrolls meant that automobiles were cheaper and thus available to a larger segment of the population.

For the past few years Western Union Telegraph has been busy with the installation of automatic equipment that embodies one or two of our concepts in embryonic form. Even at this elementary level, automatism meant a saving of \$17 million last year; and in the past four years, the staff has decreased from 66,000 to 43,000, while handling a larger volume of work. But so long as we have the mixed system, unemployment is the concomitant of this kind of increasing machine automatism.

CONSIDER, on the other hand, a society in which transportation facilities worked automatically, communications were automatic, food was produced automatically, power was produced automatically, garbage was disposed of automatically, machines were repaired automatically, and new machines manufactured themselves automatically. Men would enjoy all these facilities and would themselves serve only to improve, change, and extend the empire of automatism. In the resulting leisure and freedom from repetitive work, the individual could blossom to the fullest extent.

We feel that the most far-reaching effect of the introduction of a proper regimentation of machines will be the amelioration of national and individual neuroses. The hidden and overt conflicts of modern society are producing neurotics at an all-time record rate. These conflicts are inherent in our present business and social systems, and will not disappear until we have made some fundamental changes in our way of looking at organizations of this kind. We have developed an impressive apparatus of employee relations, personnel testing and training, medical services, public relations, profit sharing, and so on in an attempt to whittle away at some of the maladjustments engendered by the business enterprise, but at best these are merely palliatives. What we need, and need at once, is a re-examination of the function and purpose of the large organization. Then it will be amply evident that man's place is outside such a system, not within it.

Man is by nature an individualist and a free agent. Therefore, any machine such as a society or business that has human beings as its elements is bound to be very inefficient. To take an example from the world of com-

...are usually good in a business. They spend their time writing memos to each other while the actual operation of the business machine—the production and selling of goods—goes on in spite of, rather than because of, them. As business becomes more complex, men tend more and more to get inside the machine wound up the gears, instead of standing outside it watching it do the work. This of course tends to destroy the business, but its most serious aspect is what it does to the human beings themselves. Yet if all repetitive routine tasks and elementary management functions could be done by machines, man would be left free to carry on functions for which he is ideally suited. All creative activities naturally come first to mind. As Veblen has shown in his *Instinct of Workmanship*, some creative activity is necessary for the psychological well-being of man. Given the opportunity for creative activity, we can produce, I am the dream of the nineteenth-century Utopians, at least a generation of citizens who are able, self-confident, and well adjusted to their environment.

V

THE new regimentation of machines should have as its fundamental credo "routine means machine." This system applies to all human institutions, but is meant to have its most immediate application to business and government. In business it applies not only to the conventional field of mass production of goods, but to the equally important areas of distribution, communication, and finance. The end in view of such a regimentation of machines is to have all routine and unpleasant work done by aggregations of machine units and leave men free for the creative and higher man-

The first five of the principles which we will be fundamental in bringing about the organization of the work of the future have to do with the relative place of man and machine; the remaining three con-

cern the machine itself.

OF THEM

(2) *Men should not be used for routine operations* if machines can do the work; men should not be wasted—even if the machine is costly and complicated and the job could very easily be done by men at low wages.

There is, of course, a short-range economic objection to this change—that it costs more money—but its long-range advantage is that such a system inevitably raises the level of ability of the workers. A machine for sweeping floors may cost more (and be more complicated) than the unskilled floor sweeper who does the job now. But the machine sweeper did not materialize out of thin air. Behind it is a large group of skilled technicians, engineers, and scientists who are required continuously to design and maintain the machine. Thus the application of this principle would lead to a disappearance of unskilled labor and increase in the number of higher skilled technicians. For example, nine engineers and mathematicians and six technical assistants are needed to operate the electronic analogue computer built by RCA for the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics ("Project Typhoon"), but it can solve in a minute problems that would take two mathematicians six months, according to William L. Laurence in the *New York Times*.

(3) *The automaticity of machines should be encouraged.* This is a natural result of men striving always to try to make the machines work better. It is not only the engineers who are working on this problem. Even unskilled laborers in a factory (as shown by factory suggestion plans) are full of ideas on how to improve the machines. For example, in a Chicago factory during the war an unskilled woman worker was employed to turn boxes over from one conveyor belt to another. She soon discovered that, by holding her finger stationary in such a way that the movement of the box down one conveyor belt was sufficient to throw it at the proper angle onto the second, she could turn it over automatically. This meant that a steel finger could do the job just as well, and the woman had thought herself out of a menial job.

(4) *The automaticity of men should be discouraged.* Men geared to machines in a machine-man complex will tend to become

1. *Machines should replace men wherever possible:* technology should not be wasted.

more automatic in their action. They spend their working lives without the exercise of their intelligence, and this automatism spills over into other areas of their lives. Such men in time become incapable either of running a home or of performing the duties of citizenship.

(5) The four principles above lead to a fifth principle which, in a sense, includes them all. This is that *men must be ancillary to the machines*. A series arrangement of men and machines is characteristic of our present organization, and is the root of many of its most serious disabilities. The fundamental nature of man is so different from the fundamental nature of the machine that the two cannot be put together into an organization without sacrificing either the efficiency of the machine or the adaptability and creativity of the men.

The next three principles have to do with the nature of the machines required to perform under this system of regimentation. The principles are these: functionality, unitization, and universality.

(6) *Machines must be designed in terms of their function (what they do), not in terms of their final product*. This applies particularly to machines for the mass production of goods, but it is also an important principle (although less obvious) in the design of machines for handling information or handling the distribution of goods.

(7) *Machines must be unitized in terms of the common denominator of electronics*. Electronic units lend themselves to automatic systems because of their speed of operation and the standardization of electronic components. The individual machine units should be single-function units—such things as turners, graspers, see-ers, feelers, comparators, collators, memory units, and so on, which are designed to perform one specific and limited function.

(8) *The units must be adaptable to each other so that they can be plugged into each other to make various different combinations*. This is important because machine tools are expensive. It is unlikely that machines made with electronic units will be

less expensive or less complicated than the machines in use today, but they will be more economical in performing varied operations.

BY THE use of these principles, worked out, of course, in a much more rigorous manner than they are here, an entirely new and different machine-man organization can be evolved. The system we have today is characterized by complexity and by integration without organization—that is, every element in our society is influenced by the actions of every other element, but the elements are not subject to a common central control. The new regimentation of machines will be equally complex, and completely integrated, but, being a well-organized machine, it will be characterized by rational functioning.

Modern industrial society presents many difficulties to those in power. In the past, both the left and right wings in politics have recognized the fact that the quantity of automatism in any society must continue to increase, and both have come to the same answer, namely, that it is the *men* who are to be robotized and organized in order to increase the amount of automatism available. This is the primrose path that leads by easy stages to the world of Orwell's "1984."

We in America have pinned our faith on the second alternative, the mixed system under which both men and machines increase together in automaticity. This view is equally mistaken because this road also leads inevitably to the same end. The power of technological advance—unless it is directed toward the goals we have outlined—gradually but surely is making robots out of men. In the process, the United States will, in its own way, develop into a totalitarian state.

Yet a different outcome of the technological revolution is within our power. We have seen many examples of beneficial mechanization. Nations have fought each other over access to the natural rubber plantations of the Far East, but with the development of buna-type synthetics, this particular source of conflict has vanished. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the widespread use of automata (machines, not men) may bring an era of peace and creative human development.

After Hours

Lifting an "Unh"

DURING the past year or two you may have noticed that an increasing number of radio programs, though in the most diffident and off-hand fashion, are announced as having been "transcribed." You may also have heard that it has increasingly become the custom in radio to transcribe, say, a half-hour program by recording for forty minutes on tape, so that the less important or less amusing parts can be cut out, leaving a smoothly successful broadcast. But you may not have heard how uncannily exact this editing process can be, or how it is accom-

The recording of sound on tape—technically the transfer of vibrations from the air to magnetic distortions of an iron-oxide emulsion on a long, thin strip of red-brown plastic—has had its greatest growth in postwar years. At first there seemed to be a chance of competition from wire for the same purpose, but at the start tape had one unanswerable advantage: it could be cut apart at any point and spliced together, using the simplest means and leaving no trace whatever in the sound.

In the Ampex room of the American Broadcasting Company's studios in Rockefeller Center, for example, programs can be recorded in duplicate as they go on anywhere in the building. Then one copy can be cut apart, cleaned of mistakes, extraneous noises, spots, embarrassments, or unsuccessful spots; filled out with extra laughter or applause where necessary; and shortened to a desired length within the second (the duplicate made only as a safeguard). Afterward the program can be re-recorded (again in duplicate), stored on racks, and played straight out onto the air at the proper time.

The Ampex room takes its name from the six tape-recording machines which it contains, and from the company which makes them (an off-shoot of Crosby Enterprises and potential solace to Bing himself, should other income fail). It has been in existence about two-and-a-half years, starting in a state of amiable disorder and gradually progressing to serene efficiency under the pressure of a constantly increasing load of business. The Ampex machines are desk-like affairs, or consoles, with electronics in their innards and two flat reels for the tape, with attendant controls, laid on top. The room is tiny (actually three rooms, but all of them together no larger than a capacious trailer), and the available space is tightly filled. Above each console is a loudspeaker, for listening to the tape on the machine below or to anything else the operator has to know about, and a variety of clocks, dials, switches, synchronized time buzzers, spare parts, and the two essential tools of the trade—a pair of scissors and a roll of white Scotch tape.

A HIGH degree of activity can be reached here, without disturbing the atmosphere of orderly chaos. The last time I was in Ampex there were four programs going on at once, either from one machine to another or on their way in or out of the room. One of the presiding genii of this cave of the winds, Nicholas D. Mazur, an electrical engineer by training and tape man by two years' experience, explained that three is the ideal limit, since it is preferable to have the same sound on two tapes at once, in case anything should go awry. He added that often he had to cut corners and take a chance.

Mr. Mazur, like the other two or three technicians in the Ampex room, does his editing

entirely by hand, though machines exist and are often employed to do the same thing. The actual cutting (which he does with the scissors) and splicing (which he does by neatly tabbing a piece of white Scotch tape over two matched ends) is only part of the job. To find the point at which he wishes to cut, Mr. Mazur swiftly rotates the reels of tape, producing a rapid-fire squawk that sounds like Donald Duck in a spasm of outrage. Apparently Mr. Mazur actually understands the dialogue at any speed, even as it slows down to a gravelly snarl, for I have seen him several times come out of this unintelligible static on the very syllable he was looking for. Then, by swiveling the reels from side to side, he reaches a silent spot between two sounds, moves the tape out where he can get at it, and reaches down with scissors in hand.

With no other instruments than these, Mr. Mazur wields an unlimited power over the spoken word. Theoretically, there is nothing to prevent him from taking a recording of one person's talk, breaking it down into the component sounds, and reconstructing word by word an entirely new speech—a possibility not without political attractions. In practice, of course, he uses his authority with restraint, and to worthy ends. One program which came into his hands was an interview with an army officer, who happened to make the same generalization about two foreign governments. He later remarked that, as far as one of these was concerned, his observation would have to be off the record. Mr. Mazur went through the tape taking out all references to this government, removing the final "s" from the word "governments," and adjusting the sound of verbs to agree with the singular noun. You couldn't have told the difference.

THERE are a number of difficulties, however, that call on all of Mr. Mazur's ingenuity. Matching the two pieces of tape together again does not always produce an even flow of sound. Some programs are recorded in the home of the star performer, where background noises vary unpredictably, and Mr. Mazur is constantly uneasy lest an automobile horn in the distance, to pick one of many hazards, shift suddenly in pitch at the moment of the break. If there is laughter in progress on one end of the tape and not on the other, the same abrupt transition will re-

sult. When this happens, Mr. Mazur "dubs"—that is, re-records—some additional laughter from elsewhere in the reel and plays it over the break behind the voices, slowly tapering it off to zero volume. Once I watched him patch together a joint that left two words too close together. He looked through other pieces of speech by the same person until he found an "unh," the monosyllabic sound of pause for breath, then dubbed the "unh" and inserted it between the two ends to smooth out the rhythm. "That," he said, as the new recording was run through in its perfection, "is known as 'lifting an unh.'"

Sometimes the pure perversity of machines catches up with him (while I was there, I was pleased to see a young man come through, taking away all the scissors to be sharpened). Once, unbeknownst to anyone at Ampex, a small spot on one of the machines became magnetized, imparting a steady beat—"br-d-d-d-d-d," said Mr. Mazur descriptively—to every tape that passed through it. It was three hours later, and only after a grossly empirical process of elimination, that they found and demagnetized the offending piece of metal. "Everybody and his brother," Mr. Mazur admitted, "couldn't figure out what it was."

Since editing a half-hour show may take up to four hours, the men in the Ampex room have developed a few shortcuts and modification on the gadgets as the engineers originally designed them. A demagnetizer at the side of the room, for example, came provided with a spindle and crank on top, for rotating the reel according to instructions. It was quickly discovered that erasing could be done faster, leaving the reels in their boxes, merely by rubbing them back and forth across the top of the machine. They threw the spindle away. Same thing for the "editing knobs" on the Ampex machines, meant to make Mr. Mazur's job of manipulating the reels an easy one; these, too, were soon discarded. Here, as in other complex mechanical operations, the individual has valiantly reasserted himself and achieved order at the cost of the rule book.

Hanging from a hook on the wall were several strips of tape, some of them made into continuous loops, which Mr. Mazur dismissed as merely "some things we made up." One of them turned out to be a recording of applause that could be put onto an Ampex machine and run round and round forever, ap-

...the touch of human hand. I would have found this prospect not too bleak for Mr. Mann's explanation. "It's just," he said, "a New England way of doing things."

Wagon Wheel

The price of what is called "atmosphere" is almost invariably bad food, or if not downright bad, then not hot enough, or too fancy, or too little. Occasionally, if the prices are stiff, you get too much and too tasteless food along with the atmosphere, and in general, I believe, it is well to avoid those eateries where the atmosphere and the customers are highly charged.

I found myself hungry a few nights ago driving back from a New England city to New York and spotted a place that looked possible, not far from the main artery I was traveling, so I turned off and into its driveway and a man came and parked my car for me. I thought that was a bad sign, even though it was raining hard, but I let him take it, and I went in. I am always suspicious of restaurants that make so much fuss about their customers' preprandial comfort. It bodes ill for the amount of concentration that goes into the preparation of the food.

The place was a replica of a barn; in fact it may even have been a barn once, and as I pushed open the door, I heard the sound of sleigh bells. As it closed behind me I saw that there was a leather strap a yard long with bells on it nailed to the inside of the door.

There was a hostess, a trim woman in a suit, a few feet beyond the bells, and I asked her if I could get a drink before going into the dining room to eat. "I think we can arrange that," she said. She didn't quite wink at me, but there was a coy wink in her voice. I

sat myself on a large sofa facing an enormous fireplace in which there was no fire, and looked around. Above my head was a wooden wagon wheel made into a chandelier. To my left was a bookcase filled with silver and pewter pots. A waiter in white brought me a drink and I basked there a few minutes wondering where the music came from. It sounded like Musak, but I didn't know that Musak was piped into restaurants so far out in the country.

I paid for my drink and went into the din-

ing room where I was passed from one tailored hostess to another until three had waved me successively on and I was established at a table in front of another tremendous fireplace with no fire in it. Above it was a moose head and, on either side of the head, a large and ancient snowshoe and an electric fan. There was a brass candlestick on the table with a pale green candle in it. I ordered tomato juice and roast Long Island duckling, and got fruit cocktail with peppermint sherbet on it. I didn't send it back; I thought I might as well give it a try, and the waiter seemed like a nice fellow. The duckling, when it came, was plentiful but not hot, and it was accompanied by a paper cup with a heaping teaspoonful of applesauce in it. I finished with deep dish apple pie and hard sauce. The dish was deep even if the pie wasn't. I had coffee. The total set me back \$3.50.

THIS was a bit of Old New England. It must have been a good ten years old, maybe fifteen. Lots of atmosphere, lots of wagon-wheel chandeliers, lots of cute pictures of animals, and copper pots and pewter dishes. And so refined, so genteel, so specious. I wondered as I ate my cool duck if it had ever occurred to the proprietor (or to any of the other guests) that barns are built for cows to eat in, not human beings, and this started a train of thought about atmosphere and restaurants that got me scarcely anywhere.

There is this to be said though. There are plenty of good restaurants with atmosphere, but the atmosphere is built in, not laid on. A slick and highly streamlined diner has more atmosphere than that barn. At least it's authentic. And if you take a first-rate restaurant like Luchow's in New York, which fairly reeks with atmosphere (and wonderful food), you are aware that when it was built a half-century or more ago, it was the latest thing in decoration and planning. It looks now, with its Wagnerian murals and heavy black woodwork, like the early North German Lloyd school of decoration, and it hasn't been changed except for an occasional new coat of paint since it was established. The reason why Luchow's has atmosphere is that it has a tradition, and the tradition has almost nothing to do with how it looks but a very great deal to do with the fact that food has always been the first consideration of the management;

the comfort of the guests, the second consideration; and the decoration—something taken for granted. For contrast take Wah Kee's, a Chinese restaurant that keeps appearing in this column because every now and then I go back there and am always dumbfounded by the quality of the food. The place looks as though the proprietor had made a conscientious attempt to discourage atmosphere. Wah Kee's is in the heart of Chinatown in a basement, but there is not a single Chinese gewgaw in the place. Nothing but the bare tables on which is put food that is anything but bare. The place has atmosphere all right, but it comes from the obvious enjoyment of the people who eat there, not from the decorations.

From now on it's diners not barns as I tour New England. I'd rather have hotter food and fewer wagon wheels hanging from the ceiling, more attention to the cooking and less to the chintz curtains and brass candlesticks. I may go hungry, of course. It's harder all the time to find food seasoned with seasoning instead of with atmosphere. But I mean to try.

Pooh to Art

PERSONALLY, I'm tired of art. One evening a few weeks ago I sat through a showing of six moving pictures (short ones) at the Museum of Modern Art, and of the six I thought four were excellent. The trouble with the evening was that there were also four speeches by experts who told me all about how important the films were as art. Then a few days later I went uptown to the Metropolitan Museum to look at an exhibition of work by American cartoonists. It was billed as a show to illustrate the "art" of the professional cartoonists "in our time."

You approached it through the Altman Collection. You paused there, if you were I, and looked at a large picture by Ruysdael, and thought that the secret of landscape painting is really more in its drawing than in its coloring; you stopped in front of an Italian portrait, and you thought the same thing about portraiture. Maybe it was because you were on your way to look at drawings that made draftsmanship seem the most important ingredient in the visual arts. Then you walked up a short flight of steps into a room full of Very Important furniture, and

on into a smaller room with the original drawings for a lot of comic strips and a few individual cartoons and some of Mr. Disney's work sheets for "Alice in Wonderland."

In that room and in two subsequent rooms there were hundreds of drawings. It was as though every boy in the eighth grade had been asked to submit his stamp collection and the teacher decided she had to exhibit all of them or some boy's feelings would be hurt. This exhibition was "representative"; quality had nothing to do with it.

That is not to say that there weren't items in it with very distinguished quality. There were. I could name three or four drawings by accomplished draftsmen with genuinely personal styles. I could name a couple of hundred others who all seem to have learned to draw out of the same copy book. Furthermore I could name a number of the best cartoonists who were not there at all, and I mean to. There were no drawings by Peter Arno, Steinberg, George Price, or Charles Addams, for example. Maybe they got mad and wouldn't play. Or maybe they were just too busy making drawings or otherwise entertaining themselves to worry about whether they were making art.

It seems to me that there is no greater disservice that the museums can do the current popular modes of visual entertainment than to enshrine them as "art." It is not what enshrining does to the material; that is not changed for the better or the worse. It is what it does to the spectator and to the man who makes it. The question in both their minds ceases to be: "Is it a good movie or a good cartoon?" and becomes: "Is it art?"

Why befog the spectator's pleasure in mists of aesthetic verbiage and distract the movie-maker or the cartoonist from his main job, which is nothing more than the communication of ideas? If the ideas they want to communicate are good enough and their techniques for expressing them are expert and imaginative enough, they may turn out to be art. Time will decide that on the basis of whether the stuff has staying power or not. In the meanwhile I'll settle for taking my movies without speeches and my cartoons in newspapers and magazines where they belong. Who, I want to know, cares whether it's art? Not I.

—*Mr. Harper*

NEW BOOKS

The Tides Around Us, the Storms Within

Charles Poore

A PLUNGING Pegasus impaled on a merry-go-round stands as emblem for J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* (Little, Brown, \$3), an untarkingtonian story of adolescence that is probably the most distinguished first novel, the most truly new novel in style and accent, of the year. That wheeling Pegasus seems to have lost its wings somehow, if it ever had any, yet it is going right along, in its own brief circle clearly indicating the orbit of the universe, which is the whole purpose, of course, of creative art.

It might almost serve, I suspect, with its air of battered valor, its not notably serene eye, as the emblem for writing in this violent time of grace: moving on its inexorable round to the broken music of ancestral tunes, needing a spot of cherishing and a curry comb, looking forever fresh to those with a proper sense of decent wonder and a little tarnished to others, sharing those qualities with such durable institutions as politics, the theater, love and faith and the measurement of time, the cantankerous perplexities of human nature, and the everlasting sea.

All these—particularly the sea, which is enjoying an unexpected revival of its own this summer, for reasons that elude me—we shall presently encounter among the month's new books by Mr. Salinger, Nicholas Monsarrat, Senator Kefauver, Rachel Carson, Carlo Levi, Maude Oakes, A. L. Rowse, Lucy Freeman, Bryant, and the Society for the Publication of All Books About Franklin D. Roosevelt. Good-bye, Good-bye.

One Hundred and Fifty-one will go down in literary history for a remarkable number of signs and portents. It will be remembered as the year of the Fitzgerald

Revival, the year the Pulitzer judges failed to take the opportunity to laurel John Hersey's *The Wall*, the year James Jones pressed out the ultimate Army gripes of wrath, the year of published diaries (see Croce, Atkinson, Agate & Co., with Forrestal still to come), the year of Ethel Waters' great autobiography (*His Eye Is on the Sparrow*), the year that British writers turned increasingly from present sunsets to the glorious sunrises of the past (see Mr. Monsarrat, Mr. Rowse, Mr. Bryant), and the year that Harry Scherman hoisted a temporary Sea-of-the-Month-Club burgee, clapped on an admiral's hat, and sent out two fine nautical books in a row, *The Cruel Sea* by Nicholas Monsarrat (Knopf, \$3.75) and *The Sea Around Us* by Rachel L. Carson (Oxford, \$3.50).

Book-of-the-Sea Club?

The Cruel Sea is Hornblower in modern dress. It is magnificently true novel about the coolly reckless men who fought the Battle of the Atlantic in corvettes and frigates, a tribute to Britons in their finest hour when they were defying hell and Hitler. I must admit that it is tinged with the disdainful insularity that has so extravagantly cost Britain an empire, but this lesser-breeds-without-the-law air is probably inseparable from the spirit that won the empire in the first place, isn't it?

At any rate, Mr. Monsarrat, a graduate of Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge, who put aside writing to join the Royal Navy when war broke out, rose to command a corvette and a frigate and then returned to writing, has not lost any sense of participating fully in the life of his time. His book shows the ruggedness of England and the free world

England rallied against the totalitarians as ably as any volume that has come out of the war. Indeed, at times it becomes rather too panoramic, too much of a cavalcade in the Noel Coward manner, instead of sticking to the lasts of Conrad and Kipling and Forester. The D-Day episodes, and the story of the convoy to Murmansk, for example, seem to have been dragged in by the heels. Others have done them better. But no one has done better such scenes as the moment when a commander has to drop depth charges to attack a submarine lurking under his own friends swimming in the water, or the succession of small, decisive events that make men trust each other absolutely or distrust each other forever.

A quality of compactness is achieved by making the sea the heroine as well as the villain of the piece; a certain diffuseness by sharing the leading parts almost equally between Ericson, professional seaman, who is skipper, and Lockhart, professional writer, who is first officer. And the story very nearly breaks in two when *Desert Rose*, the corvette, goes down, and *Saltash*, the frigate, takes over. Yet I cannot imagine anyone closing the book at the end of the *Desert Rose* part. You always want to know what is going to happen next. Like the people in the story, you are in for the duration.

The love story, the brief and tragic idyll of Lockhart and the enchanting Julie Hallam of the Wrens and *Vogue*, seems to have come by way of lend-lease from the firm of Hemingway & Successors. The account of the crew's experiences in wartime Manhattan plucks the usual feathers from the American eagle's tail. But you can generally forgive British authors for this sort of thing if you remember that it's undoubtedly due to a subconscious desire to have brought their cockneys along, to make themselves feel at home.

It is astonishing to see what a lot of wartime sea life Mr. Monsarrat gets aboard his two small vessels, from the wildest storms to the wildest jamborees, from the killing of an enemy submarine to the death dance of roped skeletons in the water, from the finding of a deserted ship that will remind you of the *Mary Celeste* story to the day by day routine that will remind you of Marc Goodrich's fine novel of life on an American destroyer, *Delilah*.

Under the Meteor Flag

Two other new books that celebrate great epochs in England's past are A. L. Rowse's *The England of Elizabeth* (Macmillan, \$6.50) and Arthur Bryant's *The Age of Elegance* (Harper's, \$4.50). Mr. Rowse, who is a leading historian and fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, is concerned in this first volume of what will finally be a very full picture of the Elizabethan Age with the structure of Elizabethan society, "tough, vigorous, pulsating with energy," that led the Elizabethans first to discover England, and then the world.

The Age of Elegance, which, incidentally, Mr. Rowse considers "the most brilliant book that Mr. Bryant has yet given us. It is wonderfully written, it carries us forward breathlessly," covers the decade between 1812 and 1822. Personally, I wouldn't give any other book by Mr. Bryant a place above his magnificent biography of Pepys. But then, I'd rather read him than almost any other modern British historian, whether he's writing about Wellington in Goya's Spain, as he does in this book, or about the British Navy that, as Secretary of the Admiralty during the Stuart Restoration, the triumphant Pepys saved between bouts of cheerful sinning.

The Punctual Tides

Continuing our voyage by sea, here is Rachel L. Carson's *The Sea Around Us*, which has been flowing, in part, through the *New Yorker's* profile department and thus adding to the general knowledge of queer fish. From Miss Carson's scholarly and wonderfully informing book I learned such things as these: The sea looks blue because sunlight is reflected back to our eyes from water molecules or very small particles suspended in the water. The red rays of the spectrum and most of the yellow, have been absorbed, so what we get is blue light. The deeps are deeper near the continents than in the middle of the oceanic basins. The Mindanao trench, off the Philippines, goes down six and one-half miles. At Tahiti, the tides are almost as punctual as clocks: with slight variations, high tide is at noon and midnight; low tide at any six o'clock you choose.

The Gulf Stream's first chart was drawn

supervision of Ben-

Fontaine

Australia by twenty, and are not the horn to California by a month. As for the amazing and beautiful life that has been going on under water since some animals decided to come out of the slime and others to go back, why, Miss Carson makes it seem clear in the murkiest depths of the vastest ocean reaches.

And yet the seas, for all their immensity, are not more mysterious than the workings of the human mind, as Lucy Freeman, a brilliant young newspaper woman, shows in *Fight Against Fears* (Crown, \$3), the narrative of her own experience in psychoanalysis. Her story, told with wit and candor, sense and sensibility, will help everyone to achieve balance and serenity. But not in a hurry.

"This Madman Stuff"

In a preface to *Moby Dick*, Somerset Maugham observed that "it has been suggested that the peculiar transformation in Melville's character, which turned the author of *Typee* into the author of *Moby Dick*, was occasioned by an attack of insanity. But that he was ever out of his mind has been as hotly denied by his admirers as if it were something disgraceful: it is of course no more disgraceful than to have an attack of jaundice." In much the same sort of sensibly exasperated mood Holden Caulfield, the hero of

Catcher in the Rye, says, "I'll just tell you about what happened to

the vernacular of the contemporary adolescent with the faultless skill of Ring Lardner, who—far from incidentally—is one of the few writers Holden admires. One of the others, somewhat less accountably, is Isak Dinesen.

Mr. Salinger, whose stories first attracted attention in the *New Yorker* and *Harper's*, has been working on *The Catcher in the Rye* for ten years—a longish interval for a man who was born as recently as 1919, and who served four years in the Army, mostly with the Fourth Division, possibly, but not probably, under Colonel Cantwell of *Across the River and Into the Trees*. It is worth noting, though, that instead of writing a war novel he wrote this story of a boy whose plan for any future war is to sit right down on the nearest atomic bomb and go right up with it: "I'll volunteer for it, I swear to God I will."

In the meantime, Holden volunteers the full story of what happened to him at Christmas time. He had been in his last days at a preparatory school called Pencey. The reason for dropping him was that he was flunking four subjects "and not applying myself at all." He regarded the notion that Pencey molded boys "into splendid, clear-thinking young men" as strictly for the birds. Like most of the rest of the world in Holden's ambience, Pencey was bulging with decrepit and idiotic adults of thirty or forty or even older, and loathsome contemporaries who are pinned along the walls of Holden's wandering memories.

Having crowned his troubles at Pencey by losing the fencing team's stuff on a subway, Holden took off for New York without telling anyone, least of all his family. In New York he had a nightmarish series of encounters with older women he tried to attract and tried to scorn, a badgering elevator operator in a hotel, a girl of his own generation, and a former teacher whose friendliness grew excessive.

All Holden's false jauntiness rides precariously on a film of clogged assurance above a sea of terror. The only person he can truly trust is his young sister, since one brother he loved is dead, and the other, an older one, is, at the

time of the New York adventure, out in Hollywood. For panache he has a red hunting hat he bought for a dollar. It is almost enough to see him through his ordeal, told in slang, touching very deep places of loneliness and kindness and humor and bewilderment and fortitude in the human heart.

Beards of Modern Rome

The Italian literary renaissance, flagging a little with the weight of repeating its principal theme—how much better defeat might have been turned into liberation, and liberation into victory—continues now with a new novel by Carlo Levi, who wrote *Christ Stopped at Eboli*. It is called *The Watch* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.75). The genial, wise, and witty painter and philosopher who wrote it really should have called it *The Beards of Modern Rome*.

For in this subtle and brilliantly oblique chronicle of Rome in the gray dawns after the salt of sudden freedom had begun to lose its savor, Levi is engaged in painting conversation pieces about the Contadini and the Luigini, the Doers and the Drones, and landscapes with figures: the picturesquely poor, the politically noble or vile, the angrily old, the galvanically young, the scheming middle-aged. And, like any caricaturist, he likes to draw foliage on the features of his figures.

Therefore we have, at one extreme, the legend of an eccentric American painter who rode his horse up a palace's stairways and strewed snakes around, with "a large beard that fell over his chest," and Uncle Luca, who finally gave Carlo another watch to complete his laborious allegory with "a large mustache and a pointed beard." In the middle, we have all sorts of beards, huge or modest, curried or not. At the other extreme, we have one of the liberators to whom the Italians are so thriftily grateful, "a huge American with the little red beard of a Westerner under his chin," throwing around "insults and picturesque abuse in a loud voice."

The book's rime about time remains runic; it is only useful as a sort of Respighian device to play some increasingly familiar melodies

Holden's monologue, and it catches

about the wily black marketeers and the wild Americans, the glory of Rome and the gaudiness of Naples. After reading it, you may want to retrace the steps of the leading character, who came as a lance-tilting journalist from Florence to Rome, and look at some other Italian pictures and places in Edmond-René Labande's *Florence* (McGraw-Hill, \$5), and André Chastel's *Florentine Drawings, XIV-XVII Centuries* (Hyperion-Macmillan, \$2.50), two superb books.

Costello's Hands

Italy has no particular monopoly as a point of embarkation for the unsavory characters who parade through Senator Estes Kefauver's book, based on the findings of his Senate Crime Investigating Committee, *Crime in America* (Doubleday, cloth, \$3.50; paper, \$1). But the mention of such names as Lucky Luciano, Frank Costello (nee Francesco Castiglia, according to the Senator), and their crews, together with the revelations about the Sicilian Mafia, give a certain Italian flavor to some of the pages.

The newspapers, the magazines, the radio, and television have already told us the shocking facts the Kefauver Committee uncovered, but this timely and hard-hitting book gives them a fresh impact and urgency. No other book shows how big a business crime is in America, no other book shows how intricately it is organized.

There is much more than the televised hands of Costello to the story, and it is much harder than the airborne voice of Virginia Hill. Yet the fact that true crime competed with a disturbingly spectacular success with fictional crime on television raises many questions for the soothsayers and trend-trundlers to ponder.

On two different occasions Senator Kefauver notes that millions of people dropped everything to see the show. Which is a good thing, in so far as it demonstrates aroused public interest. But how many looked at it primarily as a spectacle? And what's going to happen to Congress as a deliberative body of lawmakers if investigating committees really start competing for the air?

Curtain Calls

The Oxford University Press publishes the best lot of reference books in the language. These include the Oxford dictionaries, *The Oxford Companion to American Literature*, *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*, *The O.C. to Music*, *The O.C. to Classical Literature*, and so on, including, I hope, a forthcoming American atlas. A new entry is called *The Oxford Companion to the Theater* (\$8). I've been exploring it with pleasure, from "Abbey Theater, Dublin, see Ireland," to "Ziegfeld, Florenz (1867-1932)," about whom it is written that "his standard of female perfection was adopted by the early motion pictures, many of whose first stars were Ziegfeld girls, including Olive Thomas, Mae Murray, Marion Davies, Irene Dunne, Martha Mansfield, and Paulette Goddard." As near as I can make out, you can pry out information on the theater in just about any time and any place here, from the minstrels of the middle ages to the minstrels of the showboats. The main trouble with it is that, like all good reference books, it is apt to keep you reading about matters that have no relation whatever to the work of the day long after you've forgotten what you originally took it up to find out.

F.D.R.S.V.P.

The Roosevelt Treasury, edited by James N. Rosenau (Doubleday, \$5), is a sort of reader's digest of bits and pieces carefully mosaicked together from Roosevelt books by Robert E. Sherwood, Frances Perkins, Mrs. Roosevelt, and many others who worked with him, such as Winston Churchill, General Eisenhower, Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy, Cordell Hull, James F. Byrnes, and Lieutenant General Sir Frederick Morgan (who saw him at least once). It makes an interesting book, and it is arranged all in good order. But a number of the books drawn on have already drawn on earlier Roosevelt books which in turn have drawn on even earlier Roosevelt books. How far can this sort of thing go, anyway? When does the final digest lead to the ultimate in-

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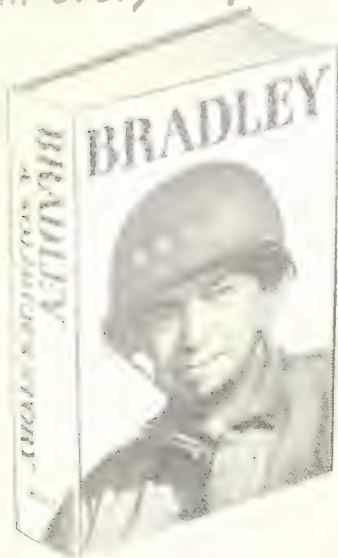
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Daughter, by Arthur Markowitz.

"A novel of South Africa" is the way the jacket heralds this book. Well, it is, in the sense that the action takes place there, but it really makes very little difference. *Cry, the Beloved Country*, for instance, penetrates the mysterious, particular, tragic problems of South Africa and gains compassionate stature thereby. This novel simply tells a story of a father-daughter relationship that could have happened anywhere. And though it starts out well with good narrative pace, and though Maxa Frye, the daughter, was somewhat (though not much) held down by her parents, the restraint was never enough motivation for the atrocious way the daughter finally works out her wholly incredible life. She's just an arrogant, well-sexed, wholly self-centered girl one might find in any country whose fate is not important—in South Africa or anywhere else.

Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3

Return in December, by Cora Jarrett.

This is one of those weird tales that one reads as if unwinding a ball of knitting wool. It is the story of a man's fear and guilt and his friends' (doctors' and psychiatrists') efforts to help him find himself. There is in it a huge modern mansion, all glass and blond wood and quietly sliding panel walls, and a wicked, wicked sister-in-law and a lovely young governess (I read a whole chapter before I realized I was reading a story in not an English, but an American setting). And one never knows till the very end exactly what mystery one is unraveling. The very first pages are full of phrases referring back to "that December midnight" and the house—"Mac's having built it and lived in it and left it, never to return but once, on a wild winter night." But one doesn't get to the

heart of that snowy night till one has unwound the whole thread of the story, layer by layer, from the outside in. And it is only when the final twist is given that both mystery and solution—as far as there is one—are breathtakingly apparent. A nicely written, miraculously wrought, suspenseful story, with atmosphere and good will inches thick everywhere, psychiatry simple but rampant as part of the plot, and a touch of the supernatural to top it off. By the author of *The Ginkgo Tree* and *Night over Fitch's Pond*.

Rinehart, \$2.75

The Dead Seagull, by George Barker.

In England the young poets seem to be turning to introverted, symbolic novels, the symbols drawn about half and half from psychiatry and religion. We had Elizabeth Sewell's *The Dividing of Time* earlier in the spring. Now we have this clearer and more tragic little tale by a young poet, already well known in England, whose thesis is that "Love, with no blood on its knife, does not sleep easily, if it sleeps at all, until every one of its devotees lies dead." On one level this is the story of a man and woman, brought up in the Catholic faith, whose child is conceived before their marriage. They are thus pursued by guilt, separated first by the child, later by the husband's infidelity, and all their troubles come upon them in love's name. The novel is punctuated with very lovely and thought-provoking passages on the themes of love, sin, death:

I saw, not for the first time, that her beauty—the imitation of the image—brought upon itself the responsibility of sin. Such beauty imperiously demands its own destruction. Love, the double fury, engendering the exhaustion of itself, passes, at its climax, into death. Just as the spring engenders summer and then dies of its own excess into the autumn and the winter. The fulfillment of love is death, no matter how long the corpse goes on walking. . . .

Physical love is a sin because there, and not in the arguments of atheists, God has been rendered unnecessary; in the center of the ovum is the atheistical void. . . .

BOOKS IN BRIEF

And then the final:

For freedom is the knowledge of necessity, and the necessity of the human is love, and the necessity of love is existence, and the necessity of existence is two sinning in a bed, and the necessity of two sinning in a bed is to be forgiven. It is thus that our only freedom is to be damned.

These are only samples, out of context, of this most original—and tragic and beautiful and sometimes wryly humorous—dissertation on original sin.

Farrar, Straus & Young, \$2.50

The Guests of Summer, by Hilda Abel.

Julie Dreyfuss was born in America but at the age of seventeen when she appears in this novel, her Jewish European background is still the dominating force in her life. It makes her reject a young American to whom she is attracted and at the same time makes her resent to the point of desperation the fact that the young Polish Jew with whom she falls in love feels that he must go back to Europe when war comes in 1939. It sounds confused and it is. Julie's story has for background a small Jewish colony spending the summer of 1939 in a boarding house in the Adirondacks. The symbolism all through the book—beginning with the rainy summer weather hanging over, the war clouds ditto—is oppressively obvious and as self-conscious as Julie's humorless sensitivity. The book is an earnest attempt to illuminate the problems of a young girl's growing up under special emotional stresses, but the earnestness shows, for this reader, to the point of boredom.

Bobbs-Merrill, \$3

Light Summer Fiction

Little Men, Big World, by W. R. Burnett.

The author of *The Asphalt Jungle* has taken on a plot that illustrates most beautifully the background of any crime investigation session. And he has posed himself—and solved most satisfactorily—a difficult moral problem. He tells half his story from the point of view of the bright,

hard-boiled newspaper man who has covered the sordid, crime-ridden Ward 17 of a Middle-Western city for years, and who is now trying to track down there the leader of one of two rival gangs. The other half he tells from the point of view of the gangster who is the object of the chase, and tells it so that the reader becomes very fond of him. Obviously the culprit must be brought to justice in the end, but how to make it right with the reader who has come to identify himself with the quarry? We can only say that Mr. Burnett resolves the dilemma to the queen's taste and tells a rousing story of crime with a thrill on every page.

Knopf, \$3

Night at the Vulcan, by Ngaio Marsh.

On the night of the opening of Dr. John James Rutherford's new play, "Thus to Revisit," in London, a number of things happened. The new girl understudy from New Zealand, Martyn Tarne, scored a triumph and became engaged to the actor-manager. But not till a night of terror had intervened. For when the curtain went up for the final curtain call, one of the actors failed to appear. Later he was found dead, apparently a suicide, in his dressing room. Was it really suicide or was it murder? If murder, who was the murderer? The answers had to be ascertained before anyone left the theater. The author of *Death in a White Tie* and *A Wreath for Rivera* uses her great skill—and one of her favorite settings—to mix murder, mystery, and romance in judicial quantities, and turns out a diverting and pleasantly flaky bit of literary pastry.

Little, Brown, \$3

The Loneliest Girl in the World, by Kenneth Fearing.

Ellen Vaughn, since the simultaneous violent deaths of her father and older brother, lived all alone in the penthouse apartment left to her in her father's will. Her father had been a collector—and inventor—in the field of sound machines and Ellen herself was no novice in the world of acoustics. In the library of the apartment was the machine, Mikki, and the spools and spools of wire recordings which would take



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fifty years to play back. But Ellen knew that somewhere, spliced in among the records of business transactions and musical recordings, she would find the wire which would give her the secret of her father's and brother's deaths and explain the mystery surrounding the will. She finds—through ingenious methods—what she's looking for and then some. A mad story full of pseudo-scientific philosophy ("Yet every horror has its duplicate somewhere in time and place"). But it's all very readable and the gimmick, the nearly human wire recorder, is amusing and scary in what it suggests. By the author of *The Big Clock*.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3

Red Blizzard, by Clay Fisher.

For some weeks letters and releases from the publisher have been coming across my desk saying in effect: "We don't usually promote Westerns in this fashion. But this is so good. Please read it." So I did, and so it is. All about a half-breed Indian at the time that Red Cloud, chief of the Oglalas, was defying the white man to cross the Powder River. The half-breed is determined to identify himself with the white men, his father's people, but in those parlous days the half-breed was trusted by nobody and "Pawnee" Perez found himself a man without a country. His desperate adventures under their chilly title make good light reading for summer days.

Simon & Schuster, \$2.50

NON-FICTION

Nature's Ways: How Nature Takes Care of Its Own. By Roy Chapman Andrews. Illustrated by André Durenceau and others.

This charming book, fully illustrated and indexed, can provide hours of pleasure for adult and child alike. The little essays into which the book is divided are brief and the illustrations are really superb. You can read "Scarecrows Don't Scare Crows," "The Insect Tiger with the Knifelike Limbs," "Why the Puff Adder Should Be Called the Bluff Adder," "The Fish with the Anti-Aircraft Gun," "The Crab Who Uses Hand Grenades," and lit-

erally hundreds of other stories, as well as a brief introductory section illustrated with photographs, on the defensive habits and characteristics of the different animals, from protective coloring to armor and adaptation.

Crown, \$3.75

BOOK FORECAST

Novels for August and Later

"I have never, in my experience as an editor, had anything to do with so remarkable a novel as this one. It is my sober and considered opinion that its appearance will mark the most exciting literary event in this country since the advent of Thomas Wolfe." So writes the New York editor of Bobbs Merrill about *Lie Down in Darkness*, a first novel by William Styron which they will publish in August. . . . Houghton Mifflin, also in August, is publishing a new novel by the South African novelist, Daphne Rooke. It is called *Mittee*. . . . In September the Literary Guild has chosen *O, the Brave Music* by Dorothy Evelyn Smith which Dutton will publish on August 20. . . . Harcourt, Brace's August list boasts a new novel, *The Face of Innocence*, by William Sansom whose novel, *The Body*, caused a stir last year. . . . The later fall novels also look promising: Thomas Mann's *The Holy Sinner* is coming from Knopf; Graham Greene's *The End of the Affair* and Henry Green's *Partygoing* from Viking; V. S. Pritchett's (*Harper's* readers please note) *Mr. Beluncle* from Harcourt, Brace; Laura Hobson's *The Celebrity* from Simon and Schuster; and John O'Hara's still untitled novel comes from Random House on November 8.

Harper Authors

And while readers of *Harper's* are at it, they should note too that Bernard De Voto's long-awaited book on the Lewis and Clark expedition is now scheduled for Houghton Mifflin's list in the spring of 1952. . . . Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and Richard H. Rovere are enlarging their piece which appeared in the magazine last month into a book, *The General and the President*, which Farrar, Straus & Young will publish in the fall.



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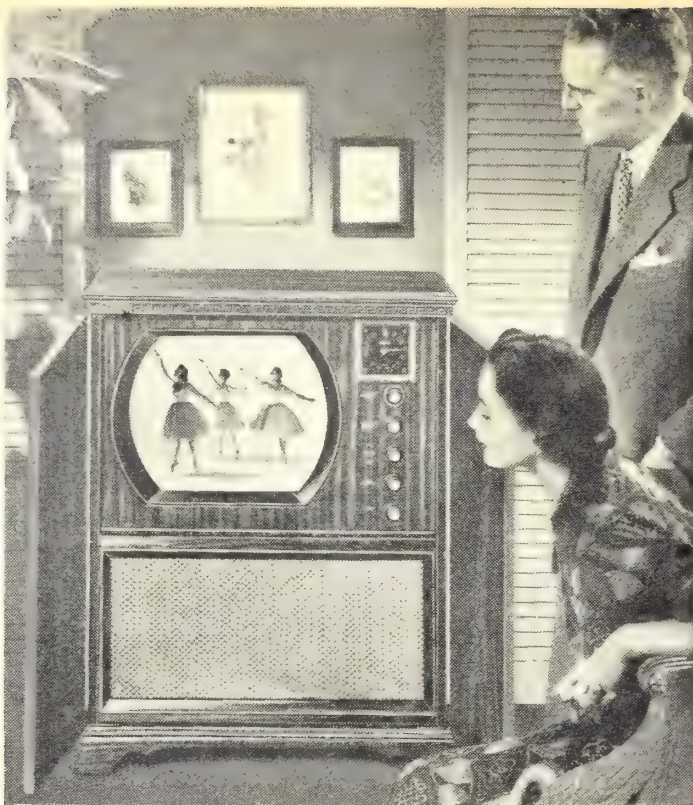
The pre-eminence of telephone research and manufacturing reflects a dynamic policy and point of view throughout the business. The people needed to come up with new ideas and put them into action are constantly being encouraged and given opportunity.

We shall continue to meet the challenge of the future and do our full part, always, to advance the welfare, the strength and the security of the United States of America.



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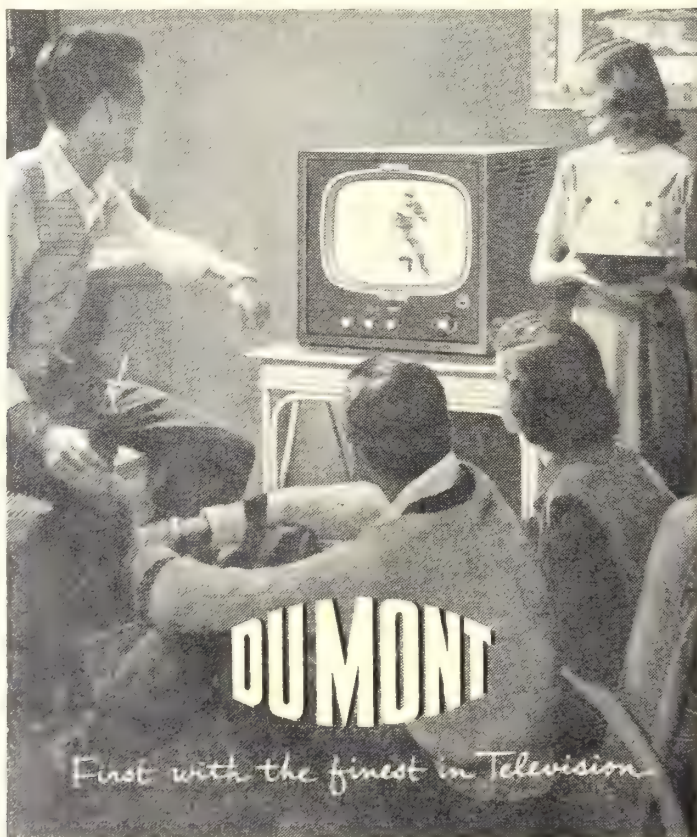
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MAGAZINE

Vol. 203

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in next month's

Harper's

MAGAZINE

FOR many years the question "Who does the dirty work under socialism?" has been a favorite topic for college discussions. In postwar Britain the problem has suddenly been brought down to a practical level. In October, **Robert L. Heilbroner**, who has just returned from a trip to England, describes how the Labor party is trying to cope with this, with a wealth of specific examples.

PETER BLAKE and **Robert Osborn**, who, literally, took modern chairs to pieces a year ago in September, give the same treatment to modern houses. And **Walter Prescott Webb** presents a challenging new theory of modern history based on "The Age of the Frontier," which, readers should be warned, may give them an entirely different picture of the meaning of the word "frontier."

WITH a new theater season in full force, **John Houseman** analyses the character and influence of the New York drama critics on the American stage. The late **C. P. Everitt**, a dealer in old and rare books for fifty years, relates some of his adventures in what proves to be a supposedly exciting field. And the fiction is in the hands of **Victoria Lincoln** and **Faith McNulty**.

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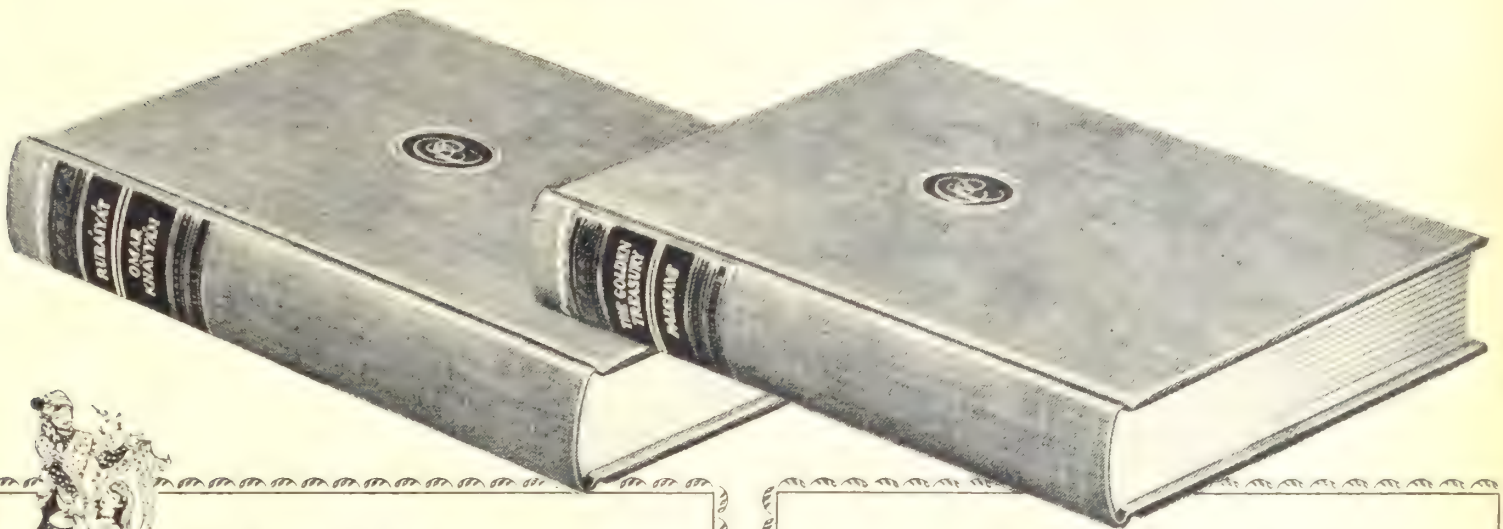
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Personal & Otherwise

THE newspapers, and *Life* magazine, made quite a to-do recently about a retired Colorado farmer named Gernhart who decided he wanted to attend his own funeral. He bought a tombstone and a "real comfortable" casket (in which he posed, disconsolately, for a *Life* photographer), hired a minister, invited the mourners, and went through the entire ceremony in what seems to have been a mood of lugubrious pleasure. ("Does a man good," he remarked, "to see so many people out to bury him.")

Mr. Gernhart thus went a step beyond the poet John Donne and other eccentrics who have kept their coffins by them. But let no one—neither Mr. Gernhart nor the editors of *Life*—suppose that his self-attended funeral was the first to be solemnized in this land.

So far as P&O knows, the credit for the first such funeral goes to Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Massachusetts, who conceived and carried out the notion in 1799 and recorded his impressions of it in one of the most astonishing books in our literature. Dexter's book, *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones*, was first published in 1802 and several times reprinted. But it presents certain stylistic difficulties which have always tended to discourage casual readers, and this fact probably accounts for *Life's* not being aware of Dexter's priority in the field of self-enjoyed

quies. Indeed, as Oliver Wendell Holmes observed in *Over the Teacups* many years ago, Lord Timothy outdid even Walt Whitman before Whitman was born, as an inventor of a new American style. For Dexter spelled to suit himself, but refused punctuation marks of any kind—simply supplying at the end of his book a whole page of periods, commas, exclamation points, and question marks with which his readers

could then "peper and solt it as they plesse."

Lord Timothy thought highly of his "Littel book," as he fondly (and accurately) called it. In fact he publicly challenged "Any man or men on the gloube to Exseede me as to what I have Rote." But no part of it excels his account of his tomb, his coffin, and the mock funeral.

Dexter's mansion in Newburyport (which is still standing) had been built originally by a wealthy merchant. But after Dexter had risen, by the most incredible commercial ingenuity, from a poor and illiterate leather-dresser to the status of gentleman, and had become (in his own words) "the first Lord in Americake the first Lord Dexter made by the voice of hamsher state my brave fellows Affirmed it they gave me the titel & so let it goue," he bought the place and proceeded to develop it with his unique genius. What he had to begin with was, to be sure, more than satisfactory. As he tells us in the *Pickle*, "Nater has formed the ground Eaquel to what you would wish," but Dexter was always capable of improving on nature. "I spare Now Cost in the work," he assures us, and goes on to say: "I have the tempel of Reason in my garding with a toume under it on the Eage of the grass see it cost 98 gineys."

In John P. Marquand's biography of Lord Timothy (published in 1925) we learn that the Temple of Reason was described by Dexter, in a newspaper advertisement, as "twelve feet square, eleven feet high, with a hundred and fifty-eight squares of glass in it." Someone has obviously taken the liberty to "peper and solt" this advertisement with non-Dexterian punctuation, but the man's statistical accuracy shines through unimpaired.

More important than the temple and the

tomb beneath it, however, was the coffin inside. In Dexter's description of it we can see the utter absence of the morbid note which surrounded Mr. Gernhart's Colorado exploit. Dexter's "coffin" may not have been lined with "peach-colored velvet," as Gernhart's was, but it was vastly more entertaining. It was, he tells us:

panted whit in side & out side touched
with green Nobel trimmings uncommon
Lock so I can tak the kee in side and
have fier works in the toume pipes &
tobacker & A speaking trumpet and a
bibel to read & sum good songs

With such genial equipment at hand, it is no wonder that Dexter was unwilling to wait for the real thing and preferred to have a "mock founrel." It was, he tells us, a very "solmon" affair, and there was "very much criing" among the three thousand spectators. But apparently there was not enough crying in some quarters to satisfy Lord Timothy, for Marquand records that subsequent accounts of the funeral, from other pens, report that as the mourners assembled in the mansion after the ceremony, to revive their drooping spirits with some of those from Lord Timothy's bountiful cellar, they heard loud noises in the back of the house. Dexter, it turned out, was beating his wife because she "had not shed tears enough."

Seven years after this gaudy affair, Lord Timothy was laid forever in his white and green coffin "with brass trimmings Eight handels & a good Lock"—but not, unfortunately, in the comfortable tomb beneath the Temple of Reason. The local health authorities, unwilling to permit him to rest with his speaking trumpet among his fireworks and tobacco and good songs, saw to it that he was buried in the Old Hill burying ground, where many of Newburyport's greatest—but less amazing—citizens also lie. It is probably a good thing they didn't let him have that trumpet, or they would have heard from him long since.

The Gamble in Spain

As we go to press, dispatches from Madrid announce that Spain and the United States have reached a basic agreement on American

use of Spanish naval and air bases. For many reasons, there is little popular jubilation. For one thing, in recent months, there have been strong indications that the Spanish people as a whole are beginning to unite in non-Communist opposition to their Hitler-and-Mussolini-sponsored Dictator. A number of reports from American correspondents have suggested that Spaniards of all shades of political belief are becoming increasingly resentful as hunger, illness, and political frustration become more widespread.

Further evidence of Franco's weakening hold is contained in "Spain Against Franco" (p. 23) in this issue of *Harper's*. This article, translated for us in Paris by Mary Burnet, a former editor of the magazine now living and working in France, is a condensation of a series of articles written by *Jean Marabini* for the independent anti-Communist leftist French newspaper, *Franc-Tireur*.

M. Marabini was born in Paris in 1918, son of an Italian father and a French mother, and is an Italian citizen. Educated in Paris, at the Sorbonne, at law school, and at the *École de Sciences Politiques*, he went to work before the war as a correspondent for *Le Journal*, for which he covered the Russo-Finnish war.

Since the war he has been a special correspondent for *L'Ordre*, *Combat*, *Le Monde*, and other French papers, and for the French national radio network. At present he is freelancing.

Oil and Water

The days of old-fashioned wildcatting in the oil business—the hunt-and-peck system for locating new wells—are pretty much over. In fact, as *Eric Larrabee* makes clear in his article on "The Gulf South at Mid-Morning" (p. 35), the highly integrated procedures of skilled scientists and technicians have largely replaced the lone-wolf, catch-as-catch-can methods of the old-time, empirical oil men.

The change carries with it, or goes along with, fascinating changes in the entire social and industrial structure, and it is with some of these changes that Mr. Larrabee is concerned.

And yet, agree as we must that the future of our civilization depends in large measure upon what is done by (and what we

(do with) those men in their air-conditioned boxes, tending a bank of oil switches, and "hoisting thousands of tons a month of materials they never see, never touch, never lift or carry," it is sometimes difficult not to lament the passing of the old-time wildcatters, and the drillers and tool-pushers and derrickmen, who not only saw and touched their material but were literally soaked in it. They were usually gamblers by instinct, less interested in the fortunes which they sometimes made, and often lost, than in finding oil. From Colonel Drake to "Dad" Joiner, who discovered the East Texas oil field—largest in the world—in 1930, the wildcatters opened up many great fields, and they are still at it in spite of the geologists and geophysicists with their torsion balances, magnetometers, and seismographs. As late as 1943 Ace Gutowsky, against all geological and geophysical sense, opened the great West Edmond field in Oklahoma.

Gutowsky, incidentally, claimed that he found the West Edmond field by "doodlebug" exploration—which is to say, by prospecting with some form of divining rod or dowsing fork. The idea is abhorrent to all the scientific generation of oil men, and would probably have seemed absurd even to a non-scientist like old "Dad" Joiner, with his wooden derrick and mismated boilers (known throughout the oil country as "Big Joe" and "Little Joe") drilling on the Daisy Bradford farm in the Texas corn-whiskey belt in the late twenties. But there have been plenty of doodlebugs in the oil business from the beginning, and there will probably always be some.

Professor Benjamin Silliman of who was commonly regarded as a sort of scientific pope in the days of Drake's first well, had found occasion to warn that "the art of finding fountains of minerals by a peculiar twig is a cheat upon those who practice it, an offense to reason and common sense, . . . and deserves universal reprobation." But even the skeptical oil men were hard to discourage. Jonathan Watson, who helped promote Drake's well and was one of the first large-scale wildcatters, didn't give up even after the first two holes located for him by

divining rods came in dry. The doodlebugs thereupon said their forked sticks had located a field right in the middle of a river. Not in the least discouraged by the previous failures, Watson had the river dammed and diverted, set up several derricks, and began drilling. They were all dry holes, too.

THE will-to-believe in the powers of divining rods and dowsers is apparently indestructible, and it must be admitted that some dowsers have more success in locating water than Watson's doodlebugs had in locating oil. In this issue of *Harper's*, for instance, **Brooks Shepard** gives a "Firsthand Report on Dowsing" (p. 69) which gives further testimony to the genius of Henry Gross, the Maine dowser whose exploits have been celebrated (and encouraged) by the historical novelist Kenneth Roberts. Mr. Gross's dowsing, and Mr. Roberts' account of it, were examined in these pages a couple of months ago by Thomas M. Riddick, from a point of view somewhat like Professor Silliman's. Mr. Shepard, on the contrary, speaks simply as one who tried it and found it good.

P&O hastens to take a perch upon the most convenient fence. Some years ago on our farm in Vermont we employed a dowser to locate a "vein" of water which could be tapped with a drilled well. The cherry twig (*not* hazel) located a vein all right. But we decided we wanted the well about a hundred yards away, where the vein wasn't. So we drilled over there, and got water.

This past summer, though, after ten years, the water from our undowsed well began to smell and taste like, of all things, oil. Pending word from the Vermont State Laboratory of Hygiene, we are drinking and bathing in spring water and studying up—as you can see—on the technology of petroleum. There have, after all, been wildcats in Vermont before.

MR. LARRABEE, who wrote our piece about Texas, has been one of the editors of *Harper's* since he got out of the Army in 1946 (with a Bronze Star, a Commendation Ribbon, ETO Ribbon (two

battle stars), American Theater Ribbon, Victory Medal, and Army of Occupation Ribbon). He has written a number of articles, on such varied subjects as Levittown (September 1948), Velikovsky's startling theories of cosmic history (January 1950), the peacetime Army (March 1947), and—one of the finest pieces of military analysis P&O has ever read—"Korea: the Military Lesson" (November 1950).

The present article is the by-product of a vacation trip during which Mr. Larrabee and his architect-wife drove along the Gulf Coast from Freeport, Texas, to Panama City, Florida—visiting oil and chemical plants and talking with people who work in them: managers, engineers, chemists, tax experts, labor-relations men, and so on. Between-times, he tells us, they acquired the following assorted items of information:

(1) There is an excellent motel in Galveston.

(2) There is a superlative restaurant in New Iberia, Louisiana.

(3) There is a trailer park in Houston where the trailers have not only awnings but also television aerials.

(4) The Shamrock Hotel in Houston looks like what the Statler in Washington would have been if its designers had let themselves go.

(5) The Texas species of blonde (six-foot, dazzling, and formidable) dresses for night football games as women dress in New York for the theater.

Lou Block traveled through the Gulf South about the time when Eric Larrabee went, and made drawings for this article. Mr. Block has worked on federal art programs, has painted murals for vessels of the United Fruit Line, and taught painting in Brooklyn and New York. He now lives in Louisville, Kentucky, and specializes in drawings and paintings of social and industrial change.

MR. SHEPARD, who testifies in behalf of Kenneth Roberts' dowser, Henry Gross, has been a teacher, an army captain, a trustee of a scientific foundation, a "small-scale explorer," and the works manager of a fourteen-acre manufacturing plant.

P & O

Rarely [he tells us], I find myself in a situation that needs to be written about; then I become a writer. During the past third of a century this has happened several times, and three generations of *Harper's* editors have been kind to me.

One of Mr. Shepard's earlier pieces was "I Like to Teach" (August 1937), betraying the same genial nature which is apparent in his "First-hand Report."

Causes and Cures

●●●Although every person who earns salary or wages in the United States is familiar with the "pay-as-you-go" method of taking care of the income tax, many people have practically forgotten that the principle of the thing was thought up some nine years ago by a semi-private citizen named **Beardsley Ruml**. But it requires a mere jog of the memory to remind them that in 1942, the second year of the war, the Ruml plan started the controversy which led to the adoption of our present withholding tax. So when Mr. Ruml comes up with an innocent-sounding article on "Our National Need: Savings" (p. 32), a reader can be persuaded to watch out for a little seed which may grow mightily.

P & O calls Mr. Ruml a semi-private citizen because of his combination of private status with advisory functions in many national affairs. During the war he served as advisor to the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs and the State Department's division of cultural relations, as well as to the National Resources Planning Board, and he was chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. In one of his books (*Government, Business, and Values*) he has urged business cooperation with government planning.

But Mr. Ruml's major activities are in private enterprise—business and philanthropy, education and research. He is now a director of several companies, including R. H. Macy & Co., Inc. (of which he was treasurer from 1934 to 1945 and chairman of the board to 1949), the Bulova Watch Company, Musak Corporation, Robert Heller & Associates, Chr. Hansen's Laboratory,

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in White Empress
luxury"



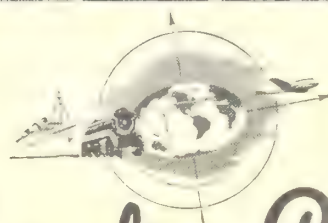
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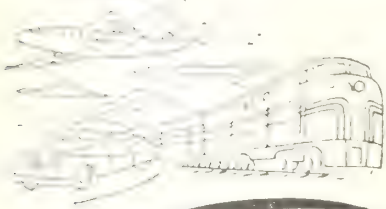


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Inc., and the Enterprise Paint Co. He is vice-chairman of the Research and Policy Committee of the Committee for Economic Development and chairman of the Business Committee of the National Planning Association. His interests range from Dartmouth College and the Amun-Israeli Housing Corporation to the economics departments of Princeton and MIT, and from the Museum of Modern Art to the Puerto Rican government. He is deputy comptroller of the City of New York.

Iowa-born, educated at Dartmouth and (for his Ph.D) at the University of Chicago, Mr. Ruml has lived and worked in New York most of the time since 1921, when he was appointed assistant to the president of the Carnegie Corporation. He was dean of the social science division and professor of education at the University of Chicago from 1931 to 1933 but returned to New York to join Macy's.

●●●There is nothing concealed about *Oliver Jensen's* admiration for the subject of his profile, "The Persuasive Roger Baldwin" (p. 47), though in the article itself Mr. Jensen avoids direct comment. In a note to P & O, however, the profiler wrote: "He is a rarity in our times, the many-sided 'whole' man—crusader, administrator, writer, wit, chef, musician, ornithologist, outdoor man, and many other things as well. He is a crusader without being a zealot; he doesn't have the crusader's uncomfortable, piercing eye; but he has done a great deal, often with only a handful of supporters, to preserve his eighteenth-century ideas of pure liberty from the steam roller of twentieth-century intolerance."

Mr. Jensen calls himself a Republican who shares Roger Baldwin's beliefs about liberty, or most of them. He was born in Ithaca, New York, and grew up in New London, Connecticut, where his father was a professor of English at Connecticut College for Women. After graduation from Yale, he worked in New York in radio and advertising, and for a year as an editor of the old *Judge*. In 1940 he joined the staff of *Life Magazine*, where he worked (except for war service) for ten years. He was text editor and staff writer when he left to start a small

experimental publishing venture with Joseph J. Thorndike Jr., called Picture Press. They publish photographic books in paper covers.

Mr. Jensen's three and a half years in the Navy as sound and radar officer took him into the Atlantic to run convoys on a destroyer named the *Babbitt* in 1942-43, then to the Pacific on the *Yorktown*. His book, *Carrier War*, about Naval air action in the Pacific, was published by Simon & Schuster in 1945.

Sam Norkin's drawings accompanying "The Persuasive Roger Baldwin" are different in some ways from earlier work by the same artist in *Harper's*. Except for his caricatures of Lincoln, which appeared last April, he has hitherto drawn for us without portraiture in mind—doing rats, bread, animated charts, and various types of drinkers. Mr. Norkin has done drawings for many years for the New York *Herald Tribune* Sunday drama section.

●●●Just over a year ago *Leonard Engel* contributed to *Harper's* a judicious roundup on the subject of "ACTH, Cortisone, & Co.," which presented discreetly the possibilities of the newly developed and sensationally publicized adrenal hormone substances in the treatment of a whole spectrum of diseases. In the past thirteen months while developments in research and therapy have been continuously reported in the press, the most spectacular advance has been in the field of manufacture of the substances. Mr. Engel's relish for the pharmaceutical industry as well as for chemistry and biology has kept him busy tracking down the story as it unfolded. As a result of his dogging the trail, we publish this month "Cortisone and Plenty of It" (p. 56).

Mr. Engel, who is science correspondent for the *Nation* and a frequent contributor to *Scientific American*, has specialized in science writing since college—except for several years out during and just after the war when he was a correspondent and official of UNRRA. When P & O inquired about his own experience, he side-stepped by offering one of his favorite stories about the hazards of the pharmaceutical business. The average manufacturer, he told us, invests a good 5 per cent of gross

income on research—as much for survival as for the advancement of learning—for the market life of many products is severely limited.

In the mid-thirties, for example, the rage in treating pneumonia was serum. With thirty-two types of pneumonia serum and thirty-two types of diagnostic serum (and a deadline of thirty-six hours within which to give the serum to the sick man), some 2,600 diagnostic stations were set up throughout the United States, and traffic police were alerted to speed delivery.

Several of the larger pharmaceutical firms [Mr. Engel said] set up elaborate facilities for producing the sera. The biggest was Lederle's, at Pearl River, New York, where there were, among other things, hutches for half a million rabbits to serve the pneumonia serum production unit. The unit hit peak production in 1938. In half a year—before Lederle had earned back its investment—rabbits, hutches, and all were gone; the pneumonia sera had been put out of business by the discovery of sulfapyridine. Sulfapyridine, in due course, suffered the same fate; it was replaced in 1941 by sulfadiazine. And sulfadiazine was replaced by penicillin in 1944-46, though sizable quantities of sulfadiazine are still made for treatment of other diseases and use in other countries.

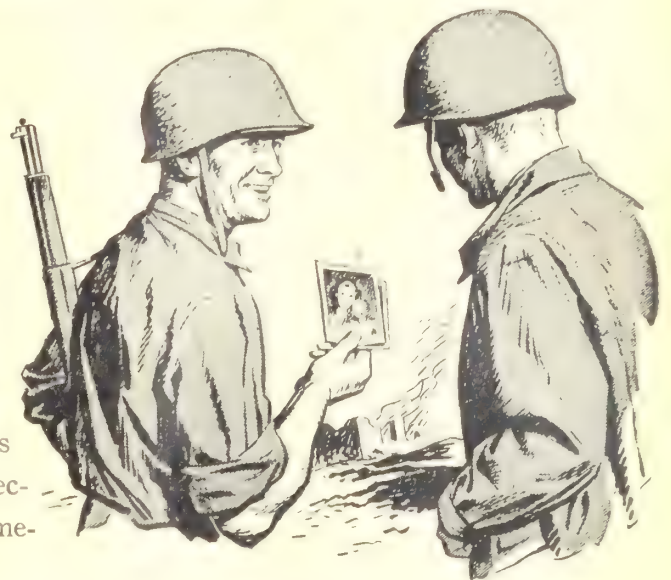
●●●“Beyond Recall” (p. 63) is the first published story by *Joseph Stockwell*, a young veteran of the last war who will be studying at Stanford this year on a writing fellowship. Mr. Stockwell is twenty-six; his permanent home is New Roads, Louisiana.

As will be apparent from his story, the war was important in Mr. Stockwell's life. He served with the infantry in Europe, where he was twice wounded; and afterwards he worked as a civilian in Paris, for Graves Registration in Versailles. After the war he attended Tulane University where he studied writing under (John Husband) and was graduated in September 1949. On graduation he was a librarian for the New Orleans Public Library. This past summer, he went with his wife to Mexico, and worked on a novel.

Stories and novels about the last war are plentiful; “Beyond Recall”

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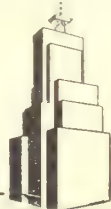


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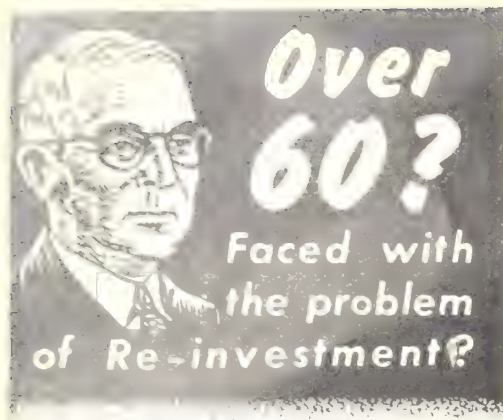
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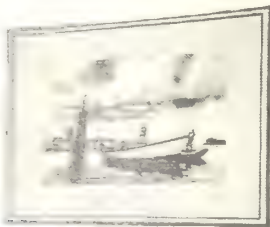
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READ

"The Private School is Free" on Page 18 of this issue.

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

is one of the first of the crop about the new recruitment, which follows so hard upon the last that veterans become recruits again.

The drawings are by *Aaron Sopher*, the Baltimore artist whose drawings and paintings have been exhibited often in Eastern cities. He has lately done a series of drawings of patients at the Maryland state mental hospitals, which will be published in the fall by the National Association for Mental Health.

...James Rorty, author of "Tortillas, Beans, and Bananas" (p. 76), has been engaged in research and writing in the related fields of nutrition, health, and agriculture for a number of years. *Harper's* readers will remember him as the writer of "The Thin Rats Bury the Fat Rats" (May 1949), "Bread and the Stuff We Eat" (March 1950), and other articles. In 1947 he collaborated with Dr. N. Philip Norman on a book, *Tomorrow's Food*, and since then he has written two reports, published by the Government Printing Office, on activities of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

His article in this issue grew out of a two-months visit which he and his wife made early this year to Honduras (with a side-trip to Guatemala) as guests of the United Fruit Company. This, as Mr. Rorty observes, makes him qualify as what the Communists will probably call a "lackey of American imperialism." Whatever you call it, Mr. Rorty thoroughly enjoyed the trip and reports that "The Fruit Company minded its own business, which is very interesting, and didn't try to tell me what to write—which is also interesting."

Mr. Rorty is presently working on a new book, tentatively entitled *The Human Landscape*, and working on a serial analysis of Soviet imperialism for the Voice of America to process into broadcasts.

Richard E. Davis, who drew the pictures of tortillas, beans, and bananas (plus the eye of a nutritionist), trained in his native Boston to be an architect and spent three years working in architects' offices before he turned his major attention to art. As an art director, he began to draw for himself, had a show in New York three years ago. He has

recently returned from a prolonged California assignment.

...Please do not write to us that the address of Sherlock Holmes in London should be 221b—or 221B. We have gone into the details of caps, small caps, and lower case (thanks to a correspondent in the letters column of *Time*) and taken our stand on the basis of Chapter 2 of *A Study in Scarlet*. For other archaeological details about the "Digging in Baker Street" (p. 81) we refer you to *Ernest Borneman*, our author.

Mr. Borneman, who last appeared in this magazine (May 1951) with a political report from England, "The British Disagree with Us," is a Canadian citizen now living in London and working for an international co-operative organization of authors, journalists, and screen writers. Mr. Borneman studied musicology in Berlin, where he was born (of an English mother and German father), and, after getting out of Hitler Germany in 1933, he studied at Cambridge and at the University of London before immigrating to Canada in 1940. He is the author of several novels, including *Tremolo*, and of a number of articles in *Harper's*, on public opinion studies, the movies, and jazz. In the field of documentary films, he previously worked for the Canadian government and UNESCO.

How all of this leads to an interest in Sherlock Holmes would be elementary even to Dr. Watson.

...When she submitted her first story to *Harper's* at the age of eighteen, *Hortense Calisher* received a negative answer with appreciative remarks from the editors. P & O likes to remember that event, recalled to us by Miss Calisher three years ago, when we accepted another story by her; for the editors' sins of omission toward talented young writers weigh heavily on the collective editorial conscience. *Once*, at any rate, an editor wrote a good note, and the author remembered it. What's more the talent ripened—perhaps a phenomenon even rarer.

Miss Calisher was a student at Barnard College then; after graduation she worked at a host of depression jobs—"the most fruitful for me being the social work ones, which I

respected but didn't want to pursue as a career." Married to a mechanical engineer, she lived for ten years away from her native New York City, in upstate New York and in the Middle West; but with her family, which by now includes a daughter and son, she returned to the East five years ago.

Her first stories began appearing in magazines in 1948 and two have been reprinted in anthologies of best short stories. "Night Riders of Northville" (p. 84), which we publish this month, will appear in a collection of her stories called *In the Absence of Angels*, to be published in October by Little, Brown.

The illustrations for Miss Calisher's story are the work of *Anthony Saris*; this is his second appearance in *Harper's*. He studied at Pratt Institute, the Brooklyn Museum, and the New School.

•••*Gerald W. Johnson*, who has figured out "The Compensations of Deafness" (p. 92) has been in newspaper work most of his life, and since 1926 has been an editorial writer with the *Baltimore Sun*. He was also a professor of journalism (at the University of North Carolina) for two years and he has written many books about American newspapers, history, and heroes. A new book, to be published by Harper & Brothers on October 31, will re-examine the principles upon which this country was founded. Title: *This American People*.

•••*Joyce Cary*, the British novelist whose works (among them, *The Horse's Mouth* and *To Be a Pilgrim*) are beginning to be known and loved in this country, contributes a very short story for this issue ("A Special Occasion," p. 97) with a drawing of his own. Mr. Cary spent several months touring the United States last spring.

•••*Mark Van Doren* ("Soul and Circumstance," p. 31) last appeared in *Harper's* in July with a short story, "Nobody Say a Word." *John Rolfe* makes his first appearance in these pages with "Monkey in the Street" (p. 34). A copy director in the Chicago office of Foote, Cone & Belding advertising agency, he has also written for a number of magazines.

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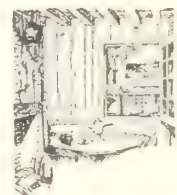
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LETTERS

July Rockets—

To the Editors:

The articles by Messrs. Rovere and Schlesinger and DeVoto attacking General MacArthur [July] are masterpieces of their kind. . . .

Both the articles on MacArthur take a number of cracks at Senator Taft and, apparently, Mr. DeVoto classes people who admire and vote for Taft as "foul birds and dirty reptiles." A few of us in Ohio must belong to one or both of those breeds.

I have subscribed to your magazine for more than a quarter of a century and will frankly admit that I get a great kick from many of the articles. I think you have done an outstanding work in promoting an American type of Fabianism and I will be the first to admit that for the past two decades you have succeeded gloriously in advancing the cause of those who enjoy tearing down things which have been built up by hard work over many years. Another decade or two may see the fruition of your work. In the meantime I intend to read your magazine along with others carrying on the same type of attacks against men and institutions that would ordinarily be considered worthwhile, at least by a few of us.

With best regards,

WILLIAM E. UMSTATID, President
Timken Roller Bearing Co.
Canton, Ohio

Easy Chair

In forty-five years reading experience one must expect to encounter authors who impose on their readers by combining a talent for obscurity with a manifest lack of zeal for research. But readers are entitled to more consideration at the hands of *Harper's* contributors.

I have just waded through the swamp of absurdity in your July's

Easy Chair. In lacking the energy to get out of his Chair to check his facts, Mr. DeVoto does an injustice to his reputation.

If subsequent events support his paranoid estimate of Senator Taft and General MacArthur, your contributor may find himself writing under the direction of a system of political philosophy that honors such distortions. And if so, it will serve him damn well right.

HAROLD WADE KINDERMAN, M.D.
San Antonio, Texas

To the Editors:

Harper's for July is truly great! "The Story of Douglas MacArthur," "My Daughter Married a Negro," "The Easy Chair," "The Child Reservoir of the South," "Dowsing is Nonsense," "What Eisenhower Is Up Against," and "The Case of the Radioactive Snail" were all intensely interesting.

ROBERT S. BROYLES
Ocean Springs, Miss.

To the Editors:

I've just finished the article on General MacArthur by Mr. Rovere and Mr. Schlesinger. How truly masterly a picture of an egotistical man. Now if so comparatively puny an example of egotism could inspire the gentlemen to such brilliant writing, what *could* they do if they were willing to be equally candid and searching as to the character and mistakes of that Gargantuan egotist the late President Roosevelt! . . .

GRACE N. CHAFFEE
Santa Barbara, Cal.

To the Editors:

Your lead article in the July issue is a month too late. The title raises a question in the reader's mind, and the question is: "Who is MacArthur?"

Schlesinger hasn't got the answer because he is too young, but ancient

gaffers, such as your correspondent, know that the answer is: He is one with Hobson and George Dewey.

GERALD W. JOHNSON
Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors:

Please cancel my subscription. . . . Since I was twelve years old I have read *Harper's* and have subscribed for more than thirty years. Never again!

Your July number is so disgusting that I never want to see another. Miscegenation is a subject too foul to be handled with your nonchalance ["My Daughter Married a Negro"].

I am not a Georgian and I am definitely not a Taft Republican, nor would I want General MacArthur to run for President, but Schlesinger and Rovere are pretty good followers of Stalin when they smear MacArthur. . . .

MARY V. F. RIGGS
Athens, Ga.

To the Editors:

Naturally, when your magazine arrived the topic which took my eye was "The Story of Douglas MacArthur." I must say . . . that it is a masterpiece of the sort of New Dealism and chicanery of words with which we have become so familiar, unfortunately, during the last three decades. . . . Until I turned back and read a little of the background of the two writers, I was nonplussed, but having seen the dear old background of "Ha'v'ad" and Hyde Park it is indeed clear to me. . . .

And I'm pretty darned tired of hearing the old cliché, isolationism, too. Thank God there are a few of us left who put America truly first, and I can hardly wait for 1952 to vote for one of them.

MRS. ROY KIESLING
Houston, Texas

LETTERS

To the Editors:

The Rovere-Schlesinger article on MacArthur is the best single article I've ever read on the man and his significance. . . .

RICHARD W. GRAF
St. Albans, N. Y.

To the Editors:

You deserve congratulations on the general excellence of "The Story of Douglas MacArthur" and the special composition of Bernard DeVoto on the same subject. . . .

A. M. SCHROYER
East Berlin, Pa.

To the Editors:

Millions of Americans know General MacArthur, but who in hell are Rovere and Schlesinger? . . . After reading your July issue I've decided never again to buy or read another copy of your pinko propaganda.

R. A. ROZEBOOM
Atlanta, Ga.

Race Relations—

To the Editors:

I want to express my admiration for the man who wrote the piece about his daughter's marriage to a Negro. He impressed me all the more for the honest statement of his original opposition. I think he commands a great deal of respect. It will be an excellent thing for the country if his heart, intelligence, and moral fiber are not too rare among us. He's certainly an example for us.

S. M. SMITH
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

It seems to me that *Harper's* did itself an injustice when it printed "My Daughter Married a Negro," on the grounds that the article was calculated to be sensational rather than enlightening. . . . I felt antagonism for the author because of his attitude of martyrdom which, while understandable, made his position seem reprehensible.

A mixed marriage should be of no more concern than any other marriage where the two parties involved must make certain decisions that will be conducive to their emotional security and happiness. . . .

ELAINE GREENSPAN
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors:

I read "My Daughter Married a Negro" with great interest and great admiration of "Anne." I could have also felt admiration for Anne's parents had they not hidden behind anonymity. . . . If they loved their daughter they would not feel the need to hide her life. There is nothing ignoble in what she chose to do and nothing as unusual as some people may think. . . . Surely Christians and Americans should feel no need to hide in anonymity when writing of this. . . .

S. NORTON
New York, N. Y.

Postal Savings—

To the Editors:

I read C. Lester Walker's article, "So They're Redoing the Post Office," in the June *Harper's* with interest and thought it was good except for the comment about the "Curtis official." ["A Curtis Publishing Company official declared a new plan of magazine distribution such a success it would probably save publishers \$150,000,000 annually."] I am pretty sure that would be interpreted as me, since I am the person who has most to do with postal matters of our Company.

I have no recollection of making such a statement and with my habitual caution in connection with statements on postal matters, I cannot believe that I said what is printed.

During the experiment, both Mr. Palmer, our Transportation Manager, and I pointed out continuously that this particular scheme was increasing our cost, but that we believed it would save substantial money for the Post Office if it was continued and therefore were willing to go along with it because in the long run economy to the Post Office means economy to us.

During the period, there were a number of accusations by postal workers that the plan had been initiated by the publishers, particularly by our Company, in order to save themselves money. This was not the case.

The plan was initiated by the Hoover Commission representatives and we went along for the reason stated. Actually it cost us money. I

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LETTERS

believe, however, that if the plan had been persevered with, it might have saved the Post Office large sums of money and it would have been no trick at all to save \$150,000,000 if it worked as well as I think it might have.

WALTER D. FULLER
Curtis Publishing Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wham! Socko! Pow!—

To the Editors:

Since P & O devotes considerable space in your July issue to criticizing what he takes to be my views on comic books, would you permit me a few remarks in reply?

I don't know anybody in his right mind who says that delinquency as such has increased on account of comic books alone. What I claim is that crime comic books (which include Westerns, science fiction, horror, jungle, etc.) are one contributing factor to the troubles of children—of which delinquency is only one part.

What can be traced more or less directly to crime comic books as one factor is that the forms of delinquency have changed, there being more acts of violence and brutality by children than existed a decade ago.

P & O charges me with oversimplification and says that I neglect socio-economic conditions. Does he think that comic books drop from heaven? They are one of the clearest and most direct expressions of socio-economic conditions I know of—conditions which permit an immensely rich industry with fantastic profits to reduce children to a market. Broken homes, slums, and such are not the opposite of comic books, but are another example of the same thing. . . . Comic books are only one factor; but it should be easier to clean them up than to abolish slums.

Since P & O mentions with pride the Kefauver Committee's report on comic books, I might mention that, in the capacity of psychiatric consultant, I advised them to study the socio-economic conditions behind the production of comic books, their codes and their endorsements. They didn't. But this has been done by the New York Legislative Committee on Comic Books. May I in fairness to your readers advise them

to look just at the illustrations in this report . . . and judge for themselves whether or not they are "pretty innocent."

P & O ends his article by saying the Kefauver Committee later searched "for the roots of criminal behavior." As a matter of fact, President Truman wanted Senator Kefauver to go to the roots in studying the plight of children. But what the Committee did was just shake the branches. Anybody with the power can do that and will find the link between crime and politics. It has been done often before and will be done again. What I'm grateful for is that Senator Kefauver did it only on TV and didn't have it come out as a crime comic book.

FREDERIC WERTHAM, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

With reference to your discussion of comic books and crime in Personal & Otherwise in the July issue, I enclose this clipping from the April 1950 issue of *Pageant*:

"Annette Lassister, 13, of Corinth, Mississippi, pulled an eleven-year-old playmate from a pond and then saved his life by administering artificial respiration. The eighth-grade girl, who had never taken a first-aid course, later explained that she did it 'just like I saw it done in the comic books'."

DAVID HANSON
Los Angeles, Cal.

Not by Whiskey Alone—

To the Editors:

In the April *Harper's* the Chevalier DeVoto has given us a wonderfully moving and inspiring exposition of an essential thesis of American history, previously adumbrated by Mark Twain: "Westward the jug of empire," etc. ["Whiskey Is for Patriots"].

But as is frequently the case with brilliant historians—and also with scholars in other fields of research too—on the blinding realization of a great fundamental truth, other contributing or equally significant factors are completely neglected and overlooked.

May I direct your attention to the major truth that the rise of prac-

tically all modern civilization stems from another source, entirely different—in fact, extra-European—in origins, although not entirely unrelated. The basic fact of modern history is, quite simply, the conjunction of tobacco from the New World and coffee from Arabia in sixteenth-century England.

Until this magic combination had been effected, we had merely sat around being stupid and medieval. But as soon as the human mind and spirit were set free, given full play—as soon as coffee and tobacco met—why, then the defeat of the Armada, Shakespeare, the age of reason, the rise of the British Empire, the colonization of North America, in short, all of modern history follows.

The seeds of decay were sown, the decline of the British Empire foreshadowed, when tea began to replace coffee in England. This occurred, you will note, under interloping German usurpers, displacing the rightful Stuart heirs (all good coffee-drinkers unquestionably). The greatest single early loss to the British Empire can be traced very directly and specifically to the effects of this undermining trend. In defiance of this insidious plot, our noble forebears valiantly resisted attempts at importation of tea to Massachusetts, as we all remember, and thus, defending the inalienable right of the free-born American to his coffee, set off the inevitable revolution which had been (pardon me) brewing.

All manner of historical phenomena are easily explicable in similar terms if one allows for all factors and does not, like Mr. DeVoto, select only one strand from among the intricately woven and inextricably intertwined tapestry of human history. For instance, the remarkably short average life-span of medieval Europeans is readily understood—they had plenty of liquor but no coffee. With hangovers, they really did die. Don't give me that line about surfeits of lampreys; a man would have to be drunk to eat that many eels anyway.

We in the United States now stand at the summit of our power; we are indubitably the most important single major group of people in the world. We are also the greatest consumers in the world of cigarettes

and other forms of tobacco and of coffee. This fact, if it is a fact, confirms the hypothesis roughly sketched above. And there is one bright ray of hope for the world in a dark and frightening time; the Russians, I understand, drink tea, which is certainly no match for the effects of vodka, and so do the Chinese, come to think of it. If we continue to depend on the unbeatable combination of whiskey, tobacco, and coffee, we need fear no enemy within or without, no permanent diplomatic or military setbacks, and no serious decline of the American spirit.

ERIK K. REED
Santa Fe, N. M.

Nonsense, Indeed—

To the Editors:

Mr. Riddick has spent considerable time in proving that "Dowsing Is Nonsense" (July), just as his predecessors fifty-five years ago did in proving that horseless vehicles could not, by all laws, be made of practical use. He overlooks the fact that the darn think *works*—sometimes at least. It did for my farmer brother who after years of trying to find water in desperation imported a dowser, a total stranger to the place. In ten minutes he had found a stream that hasn't dried up in over ten years.

The professor of mathematics here says that she knows that by all the laws of science and common sense, dowsing is ridiculous, but that's how her peach-orchard brother was enabled to save his orchard.

Of course it's nonsense—so was the Copernican theory.

J. W. WARE
Shorter College
Rome, Ga.

Who Is Neurotic?—

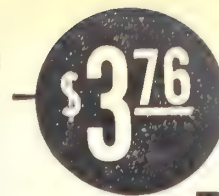
To the Editors:

Fireman save Dr. Binger's rejected brainchild! Don't fire your proof-reader, he knows a good definition better than does Dr. Binger's harsh censor [July Letters Column].

Neurosis is indeed a form of maturity, a precocious infantile maturity fixed permanently at a too early age.

Someday perhaps I will write you "What is Prematurity?"

SCHYMEN NUSSBAUM, M.D.
Blackfoot, Idaho



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The Private School Is Free

The headmaster of Lawrenceville, Allan V. Heely, is the author of a new book, "Why the Private School?" (Harper & Bros., 1951), which is an explicit and thoughtful statement of the place of private education. The third of a series of brief excerpts appears below.

It is obvious that the private school can play only a numerically insignificant part in the major project of preparing the people for sound citizenship. It cannot do *anything* for *everybody*; which, if it be its limitation, is also its opportunity. It can do nothing useful for *anybody*, of course, if it wraps itself in aloof and solitary pride, regarding itself as apart from, rather than a part of, a great national movement. If, on the other hand, it feels itself to be the servant of a public responsibility administered by private funds, it has important potential assets in the balance sheet of the education of the American people. For as an instrument for the education of the carefully selected superior student, the private school is already committed to ends and has at its disposal means which may be adapted to that purpose above all others.

Obviously it enjoys and may utilize certain advantages which stem from the very fact that it is independent: that it is free from some of the circumscriptions within which the tax-supported schools operate.

It has the advantage of selectivity. It can decide whom to admit and whom not to admit; it can limit its choice to those best equipped to meet its purposes; and it is free to set high standards, the more so because the span of ability represented by its students is relatively narrow.

It is also free to decide who shall teach and who shall not teach, on the basis of its own judgment alone. The selection and appointment of its teachers are completely within its discretion, beyond the influence of elected or appointed boards of education or of parental pressure. It is free to rid itself of teachers who prove ineffective; free, that is to say, from the limitations of laws regarding tenure; though it ought to make its successful teachers feel secure, and it regards a rapid turnover in its teaching force as a reproach and an affliction. Thus it can match the capacity of its students with a correspondingly high quality of instruction. It is free to make and keep it so.

It is beyond the reach of textbook purges instigated by fanatical minorities. It can teach what it wants to teach, and its freedom of speech and opinion is immune to public regulation.

These are the chief requirements for excellence in any learning situation.

Fortunately, also, it can provide instruction to small groups of students. There is some debate among schoolteachers as to the relative desirability, in the interests of the most effective teaching, of classroom sections of various sizes. Certainly there is no charmed number which can be proved to assure the best results; too many intangible factors are involved. But the general merit of relatively small sections is perhaps most convincingly attested by public-school teachers whose classes, they often say, are too large to permit them to give their best instruction. And for the real meeting of superior minds, for the fruitful interchange of views, for the careful weighing of evidence leading toward sound conclusions, the smaller the group, the better the outcome. As a corollary to its small sections and as a further refinement of its educational process, the private school finds it possible to arrange its classroom sections on the basis of degrees of ability, which is desirable as a means of securing for each student the utmost searching and challenging of his powers.

In my experience with parents, boys, and teachers, all but those who oppose the separate instruction of the ablest on the ground that it is inherently undemocratic, would regard the facilities I have described as approaching the ideal.

These advantages do not automatically become realities, of course, merely because such schools are private. If they did, every private school would be a good school, a phenomenon which no sensible person expects ever to contemplate. But they are present as potentialities *in a situation which can be controlled by its administrators*; and they cannot be had otherwise.



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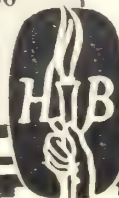
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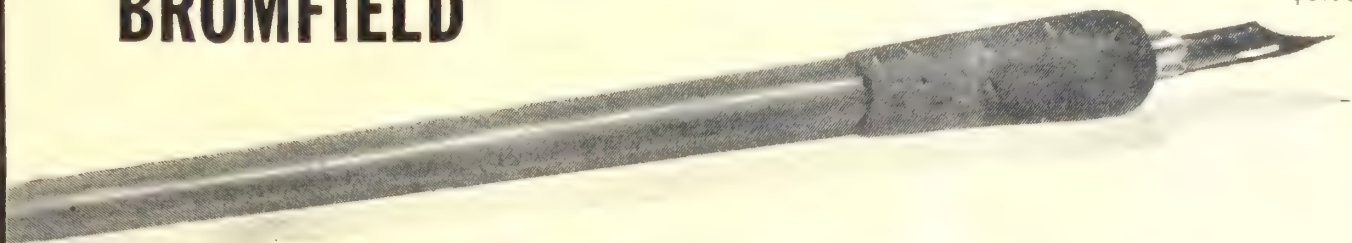


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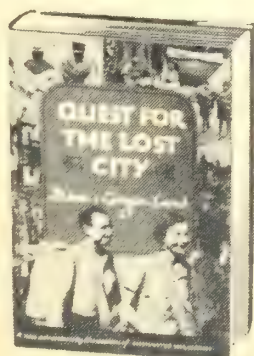
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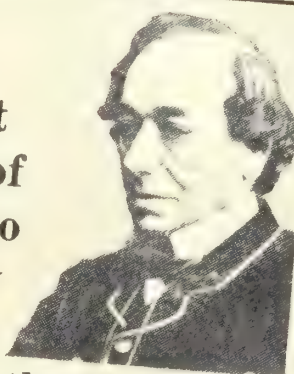
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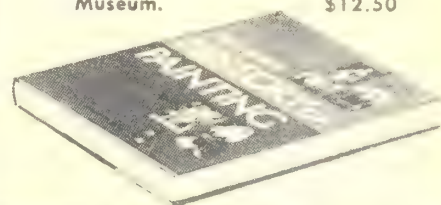
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MAGAZINE

Spain Against Franco

Jean Marabini

This report from the Spanish underground is a condensed translation of a series of articles written for the French newspaper Franc-Tireur by Jean Marabini, an Italian journalist working in France. It seems to us, however, to be the sort of document which many Americans would like to look at over French shoulders, as it were. Nowadays European readers have many chances to see articles written by Americans for Americans; American readers have too few chances to see articles written by Europeans for Europeans. We think the readers of Harper's may occasionally enjoy such opportunities as this, recognizing the political point of view of the author and the medium—in this case, leftist independent. The translation is by Mary Burnet.—The Editors.

IN THE latter part of April and the early part of May I went on a conducted tour through Spain. My trip was not arranged by one of the commercial travel agencies but by the Paris headquarters of the anti-Franco underground. It lasted three weeks.

If I visited some of the spots to which tourists are usually taken, it was not in order to see the sights but because these places were convenient rendezvous for men I wanted to meet. Most of them were among the nearly three million Spaniards who live under constant suspicion, in what is called "provisional liberty," and are subject to arbitrary arrest at any moment. None of them, especially during this troubled spring, could afford to be noticed talking to a foreign visitor in

a place that was likely to be watched. But the Franco government, one of them told me, has apparently not yet realized that subversion goes beyond the proletariat, and does not keep a lookout for suspicious characters in museums and luxury hotels. "Anyway," he added, sipping his martini, "there are places where it wouldn't be possible. The secret police haven't been issued dinner coats yet."

Naturally, on this trip I did not visit Spain as a journalist. An Italian citizen living in France, I happen to have a passport on which an official mistakenly wrote "business man" in the space reserved for the bearer's profession. In Spain, his mistake served me in good stead. If anyone got curious, I was an agent for an Italian maker of optical goods.

My tour took me to the Basque country and Catalonia, with a stop in Navarre. I went to Madrid and Salamanca and south to Seville. I arrived in Barcelona a few weeks after the streetcar strike which marked the first public resistance to Franco since the end of the civil war: I was in the Basque country in time to witness some of the strikes there; and I passed through Madrid a few days before the anti-Franco demonstration of May 22.

In the course of my tour I talked with representatives of all the underground movements in Spain. My trip went off smoothly, without any unpleasant surprises from the police or any missed appointments. This fact is in itself evidence of the degree of co-ordination already achieved by the various groups opposing the Caudillo's regime.

WHEN I crossed the border into Spain, customs officials took away the books I had brought along as presents to friends. They kept the ones by Jean-Paul Sartre (an amoral writer) and by Balzac (on the Index), but returned the letters of the Marquis de Sade. It is still good to be a marquis in the land of the Inquisition.

It was evening. I took a streetcar, as I had been told to do, and found it full of workmen carrying big loaves of bread. I was later told that they were Spanish Basques who have jobs in France. Every night when they come back from work they bring with them a loaf or two of white bread, now unobtainable legally in Spain, to sell at black-market prices in the fancy restaurants of Irún and San Sebastián. Customs officials, my informant said, tolerate this illegal traffic and take their cut.

Next morning I was on a bus for Tolosa, one of the Basque towns where a strike was in progress. Beside me sat a Basque nationalist whom I shall call Pablo, first of the underground agents I was scheduled to meet.

"The government is worried," said Pablo, "because it can't figure out who gave the strike order."

"Are the police so inefficient?" I asked.

"No, but the Basques are sticking together." He showed me a copy of a small printed sheet calling for the strike. "This was distributed all over two of the three Basque provinces—Guipúzcoa and Vizcaya—before the Madrid government even heard about it. You must

remember that we have no great industrial concentrations here except for Bilbao, which is the second largest manufacturing city in Spain. Yet all over the two provinces the strikes went off as scheduled. Ninety per cent of the workers walked out—and with their employers' consent."

I asked Pablo then—and others later on in Barcelona—how they explained the origin of the Barcelona streetcar strike, the first one of all. From what I had heard in France, it appeared to have been spontaneous. Was this true? And if it was, had the underground leaders foreseen such a popular outbreak?

All those I talked to told me they had not. The Catalan underground was taken by surprise, they said, both by the outbreak of the strike and by its success. When a student, one morning, found that the fare had gone up, he refused to get on the streetcar and shouted to other prospective passengers not to board it either. They followed his lead, the idea spread, and soon all the streetcars in Barcelona were going around empty of passengers—most of them with their windows broken. The strike lasted four days, and on the fifth the fare was reduced to its former level.

But the people of Barcelona had tasted victory and it was sweet. Tracts began to circulate, calling for a strike a week later, March 12. "The opposition parties," I was told by a man in Barcelona, "were not unaware that the tracts were being distributed. But the number that were passed around were a revelation to them." The tracts were copied out by hand, mimeographed, and even printed by people who had nothing to do with any of the organized resistance groups. When virtually the whole city went on strike March 12, the latter were in the position of the sorcerer's apprentice. "The strike looked like the result of perfect discipline. In reality, it was almost entirely improvised."

To the opposition groups in Catalonia and throughout Spain, all my informants agreed, the events in Barcelona provided such encouragement as they had never had before. They began to tighten their relations with one another, to make plans for action. "We have made more progress in the past few weeks," one member of the Catalan underground told me, "than we had made in ten years before that."

II

EVER since the civil war, Franco has profited from the differences of opinion among the various factions opposing his regime. The differences are still there, but most of the movements are now grouped in what is known as the Resistance Junta, a sort of joint committee whose efficiency was first shown during the strikes in the Basque region. (It was the Junta which made the arrangements for my trip.)

Until recently, the two currents of Basque opposition to Franco were still divided. On the one hand were the Socialists, strong among the working classes; on the other were the middle- and upper-class Catholics and Basque Nationalists, champions of Basque autonomy within a federalized Spain. Once the two had agreed to work together, other anti-Franco elements throughout the country were attracted by their coalition and decided to forget their doctrinal differences in the battle they felt was ahead. The Spanish Socialists, for instance (a separate organization from the Basque Socialists), came into the Junta in spite of their traditional sponsorship of a strong central government as opposed to the federalized regime dear to the Basques and Catalans. So did the powerful anarcho-syndicalist labor union, the CNT (*Confederación Nacional del Trabajo*), and the Socialist labor union, the UGT (*Unión General de los Trabajadores*). In Catalonia, where the CNT is strong, most of the local resistance groups banded together after the Barcelona strikes and joined the Junta en masse.

Most important of all, in its practical results, was the decision of the Monarchists to co-operate. Equally important, on the ideological plane, was the decision to exclude the Communists from the Junta. The latter have little strength nowadays, I was told, except in certain regions of the south, like Andalucía and Extremadura; and the small amount of help they could give has so far been considered too slight to outweigh the disadvantages of letting them have a voice in the decisions of the anti-Franco alliance. True, one section of the UGT thinks the Communists should be admitted to the Junta—chiefly for the sentimental reason that they were allied with the Socialists in the days of the Popular Front and are a weak and perse-

cuted minority now. But this argument carries little weight with the other groups in the Junta, and I was told that the Communists would probably not be admitted unless the Western nations should take an irreversibly pro-Franco stand.

“THE time hasn’t come for a general strike all over Spain,” Pablo told me as we rolled on toward Tolosa, “—not yet. A general strike has to be carefully planned, and it shouldn’t be attempted until we are sure of success. For the moment, all we are trying to do is issue a warning. The warning is directed not only at the ruling classes here—many of whom are already on the point of deserting Franco—but especially at opinion abroad. We want to show what the Spanish people want—not only in the Basque region but all over the country.”

I stayed in Tolosa long enough to see how the strike there was coming on. The morning after my arrival, as I walked out of the hotel, I heard cries in the neighboring square. Mounted police were charging a group of women who were fleeing toward a church.

A few minutes earlier, while I was drinking coffee under Franco’s portrait, a crowd of women had gathered in front of the civil governor’s residence to protest against the price of oil. Threatened with a riot under his balcony, he had refused to come out. The women invaded the building and finally found him in a back room, while the crowd outside—enraged by news of arrests among the strikers—continued to grow.

It was at this point that the mounted police and the *Guardia Civil*, called hastily from nearby districts, arrived on the scene and charged the crowd. The women took refuge in the Franciscan church across the square. The police tried to follow. But suddenly a group of monks appeared on the church steps, stood with their arms stretched out like a cross, and barred the way.

I made my way to the bar of a side-street café, where a score of Tolosa’s ten thousand strikers were drinking heavy red wine. From what I could understand of their conversation I gathered that the strike would continue until the arrested men and women were released. But many of the speakers were talking Basque, which has always been forbidden by Franco.

"Foreigner?" asked the girl behind the bar. I told her where I had come from.

"What do they think of the strikes in France?" asked a workman at my elbow.

"They don't know much about them."

"They ought to know," said another.

Two policemen with tommy guns over their shoulders came in, hot and perspiring, and ordered drinks. The conversations in Basque continued. Cafés, I gathered, were neutral spots where both sides could come in for refreshment between rounds.

"Try not to attract too much attention here in Tolosa," said one of my neighbors. "Even foreigners are getting arrested now." He and two others led me to a table in a corner of the room. They gave me tobacco to roll a cigarette. I passed around a package of French *Gauloises*.

"You have ready-rolled cigarettes in France and your tobacco is better," said one, and we began to talk more freely. Oil, I was told, was rationed at the rate of a quarter of a liter per person per month. As it forms one of the average Spaniard's main items of nourishment and the chief source of fat in his diet, such a ration is grotesquely inadequate. But on the free market in Tolosa oil had risen to 60 pesetas a liter—and my companions, unskilled workmen, earned 15 pesetas a day.

"Potatoes are 3 pesetas a kilo," said one. "If we have kids—and I have three—that's all we can afford to eat. The five of us live in one room and it costs 200 pesetas a month. Somehow we have to buy clothes. And yet you see me here drinking wine at 50 centimos a glass. But what workman in the world will do without a drink now and then? Besides, today is special."

Someone came in and said the police had finally stopped trying to molest the women in the church. A cheer went up for the Basque clergy and I went back to the hotel, where I was supposed to meet Pablo.

"WHAT proves the weakness of the regime," he said as we were having lunch, "is that even the Carlists—as individuals—are taking part in the strike. Half the Falangists in this region have turned in their arms and resigned. Even the police have been extremely correct with the strikers arrested in the past few days. After they are freed, the prisoners come back and tell us how

disgusted the members of the *Guardia Civil* are with the dirty work they have to do. Whenever they can, the police go to a worker's house to arrest him at the time when he's least likely to be there. In some places the *Guardia Civil* have been confined to their barracks, and the soldiers too, because of their lack of zeal.

"Even two years ago it would have been unimaginable that they should have such an attitude. But now things have changed. Gradually Franco has lost the supporters who helped him come to power in the days of Hitler and Mussolini. The Falangists are disappointed because he never applied the fascist-style social reforms he said he stood for, and they are tired of having things run by a military caste which, in its turn, is becoming more and more monarchist. The Carlists are separated from the Monarchists only by a question of persons. The lower clergy is siding with the people—as you saw this morning—and the higher clergy, which has always supported the Franco regime, is changing too. That's a most important sign. If Franco's high church dignitaries are deserting the ship, it's because the hold is already three-quarters flooded.

"Yet look what's happened. The Bishop of Bilbao has openly taken the side of the strikers. He isn't a Basque; Franco split the Basque region into three dioceses and took pains to see that the bishops should all be Spaniards. The Bishop of Bilbao wanted to talk to the strikers by radio, but the authorities stopped him. All he could do was address a group of workers who belong to the *Accion Católica*. What he said to them was clear enough: 'Don't be the first to walk out, but above all, don't be the last.' The Bishop of Vitoria feels the same way. Only the Bishop of San Sebastián disagrees, and he's notoriously narrow-minded. Since Rome spoke out against Franco last month, even the high Castilian clergy is watering its wine.

"As for us, we want to prove what seems to us obvious—that the Communist party is not now the leader of the Spanish masses. If we can do it, Franco's support in the Americas will begin to fall apart."

AT THE top of a funicular in San Sebastián where tourists go to get a fine view of the city, Juanito introduced me to

two Basque priests, both indignant at the attitude of their bishop, the "narrow-minded" prelate mentioned by Pablo. "Today the strike is the only weapon the working classes have in Spain," said one of them. "They're treated like slaves and untouchables."

"You must understand," said his companion, "that our reaction is a moral one. You won't find us talking with the prudence that is so often characteristic of ecclesiastical language. The high Spanish clergy has always thought in terms of politics, and that is why it has caused us so many disappointments. Today the government has come to suspect the *Accion Católica*; but the young people suspect it too because in the past its policy has so often been determined by politics and not by morals. They were brought up under the present regime but now they are reacting against it—against its corruption, its sectarianism, and its intellectual obscurantism. That is why the students have been active sympathizers with all the strikes so far.

"When you consider that in Spain the universities are almost exclusively reserved for the children of the aristocracy and the upper bourgeoisie, you realize that the sons of landowners and generals and government officials are opposing their fathers, their professors, the Falange, and the government. Now these young people ask us, and we ask you, how France and the other Western democracies could go back on the pledge they gave in 1946 and send ambassadors to Franco.

"We know, of course, that today all politics are dominated by fear of Communism. But we tell you categorically that there is no Communist danger in Spain *now*. In our opinion, as priests, the best ally of Communism in Spain is Franco. For if he stays in power the Spanish people will finally lose faith in the democracies and turn to their only possible liberator: the Red army. The alliance seems a strange one, but hatred against the regime is strong enough to make it possible in the long run."

III

"**A**NY spark," said Francisco when I met him in Bilbao, "would set off a strike right now anywhere in Spain. But we must be careful not to dissipate our forces."

Francisco belongs to a wealthy family, but has lived a clandestine life since he was condemned to death for subversive activities years ago. "This city," he told me, "used to be one of the richest in Spain. The Bank of Bilbao had correspondents in every country on earth, and over three hundred shipowners sent vessels around the globe. Now the biggest of them have gone abroad, and commerce is drying up. Take an example: in 1949 over 19,000 export licenses were checked by the customs at Bilbao; in 1950 there were 5,000; and this year the figure will be lower still. Another indication: since the civil war, repairs have been so expensive, with business so poor, that the repairs often haven't been made. Four recent shipwrecks have been traced to lack of proper upkeep. Spanish ships have become notoriously unsafe, and if they still find crews it's only because the sailors are attracted by the profits they can make smuggling in goods for the black market."

The strike in Bilbao, he told me (it was over by then), had been a surprising success. "There are 200,000 workmen in the Bilbao region," he said, "and only 25 per cent belong to groups represented in the Resistance Junta. But all 200,000 walked out. They were followed by three-fourths of the shopkeepers and civil servants."

At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, he told me, the employers decided to pay the workers for the time they had lost on account of the strike, and to restore the family allowances and seniority rights provided in their contracts. But the civil governor of the city came back from Madrid with an order that the contracts must be broken and the allowances and seniority rights forfeited. "The employers gave in. But the workers were furious, and the only thing that holds them back now is the Junta's promise to take up the battle again soon."

IN WHAT looked like an abandoned house in Barcelona, a representative of the Christian Democrat movement (now known as the Democratic Union) introduced me to a group of students who had been active during the strike. The house belonged to the family of one of them, and they were in the habit of gathering secretly there for the sort of heated political discussion which

students in democratic countries feel free to carry on in the open. They were not affiliated with any political movement, though Catalan nationalist feeling was certainly prominent among the motives which led them to side with the strikers.

One of them told me he had slipped out of Spain secretly, in 1947, to attend an international student congress in Prague, and had come home disappointed.

"I wanted to represent the Federation of Catalan Students," he said, "but when I got there I found there was already a delegation from something called the Communist Catalan Federation. It was made up of people who hadn't been in Spain in years!" He was finally admitted as an observer, not a delegate, and when I met him he was still indignant about it. "Today," he said, "there are only four Communist students in all Barcelona!"

IN AN aquarium far from Barcelona I talked with one of the top-ranking leaders of the Catalan underground, a CNT man who walked with the telltale drag of former prisoners who have had their ankles chained. He was quite definite when I asked what he thought of American aid to Franco.

"We'd rather stay hungry and not see his government strengthened. Most of the Catalan resistance groups have already let the Americans know that if war breaks out we will never consent to collaborate with the Franco regime. The CNT feels the same way. You must remember one thing: there are only two railroad lines crossing from Spain into France. If two bridges were blocked, all communication with the north could be stopped. We estimate that with a force of two hundred men we could block those bridges—and we've had experience. Franco knows it too. When he talks about the help he could give the West in case of war, a lot of it is bluff."

I asked about reprisals since the Barcelona strike. He told me that 150 students had been jailed and questioned for three or four days, and over 4,000 former political prisoners taken into custody. I had already heard similar figures from the group of students I had met in Barcelona, and one man who was with them—still young but worn and white-haired—had told me about his own earlier experience with Pedro Polo, a former pupil

of Himmler who is now chief of the social section of Franco's secret police.

"We wish," said the CNT man, "that public opinion abroad would denounce Franco's so-called 'organic democracy.' We wish we could get help from abroad to stop the tortures inflicted on prisoners. The beatings, the solitary confinement for weeks in a pitch-dark cell, and all the other niceties that have resulted from German-Spanish collaboration in the realm of cruelty.

"I am not just trying to be eloquent. Something could be achieved. The government is afraid of what foreigners may think because Spain is a tributary state. It is not a great power like the United States or Russia, which can brave public opinion if they have to.

"We are trying to solve our own problems. Since we have found a mine of riches in discovering that it is possible to call a strike without great preparation, we will use that weapon continuously if it seems advisable. But in 1946 the Western powers signed an agreement promising to help the Spanish people as soon as they let their will be known. The Western powers should keep their promise; they should pay off the note they signed five years ago."

"Would you be willing to come to an agreement with the monarchy?" I asked.

"If the Pretender had had the courage to come to Barcelona during the strike, the military commander of the city would probably have proclaimed him king. We were ready to support him then and we still are, for we want to avoid a new civil war in Spain. Later, we would act toward the monarchy as the monarchy acted toward us."

IV

ONE night I took the fast luxury train from San Sebastián to Madrid. There is only one such train in the country, and it used to be reserved for the Caudillo's propaganda tours. Lately such tours have been inopportune, and twice a week ordinary mortals are permitted to use the train. When I say "ordinary mortals," I mean rich business men, high-ranking bureaucrats, and foreigners, for the fare is high.

In the railroad station at Madrid the police opened my suitcase and examined it, then made excuses and took me to a taxi. Since I

had kept all my papers and notes in my pockets. I felt better as the taxi rolled off. But when it pulled out of the station enclosure, a new policeman stuck his head in the window and asked where I was going.

"To the Los Angeles Hotel."

The policeman wrote something in his notebook, saluted vaguely, and we started off once more. "Extra precautions," said the driver. "Seem to be afraid of something."

The hotel was full, and since I couldn't register I feared I might miss the man who was supposed to meet me there. So I decided to use the "security chain" on which I was supposed to fall back in case of need. It led me to the office of a lawyer who, when I entered, was conversing with an army captain.

"We were expecting you," said the lawyer, smiling at the astonishment the captain's uniform caused me. They poured two drinks of Spanish brandy to put me at my ease. On an empty stomach the second glass of this terrible beverage almost finished me off. But the captain did not want to miss the chance to give me a lecture on the Spanish army, which he said was divided into two categories.

"There are the generals, who have jobs outside the army," he said, "and the other officers, who have to live off their pay. The first category—the generals—is subdivided into several strata.

"At the top are the political generals. They are usually aristocrats and have several titles, including that of ambassador. They are the elite of the regime and are expert at paying court to Franco and the Pretender in Portugal at the same time. Along with the civilians who hold top posts in the administration, they are the last pillars of the present government. But they are also opportunists, and lately they've been leaning toward the monarchy.

"Next come the industrial generals, who distribute export licenses without regard for the country's trade requirements but with a high regard for their personal appetite. Usually they have demanding wives or expensive mistresses, often both. Below them are the agricultural generals, and other substrata which may be defined in terms of the government departments on which they prey. The Ministry of Justice, the Post Office, the Ministry of Education—these are some of the favorites.

"Of course you realize that there are no Republican generals left. They have all been shot. Now as to the other officers.

"When they aren't trying to get aboard the gravy train the officers are sometimes decent people, a little narrow-minded, perhaps, but honest. Their wives suffer from the high cost of living and they worry about their children's future. They are better placed than anyone else to see the corruption that festers in the upper brackets of the administration, which is inextricably mixed up with the upper brackets of the army. They are mostly Monarchists by inclination, but they sometimes have doubts about the efficiency of a monarchy which would take the Dictator's generals into its service, as would probably happen if Don Juan came to the throne. Sometimes they may read a historical or technical book that gives them an idea, and they begin to long for a new breath of air that would purify the country—for they are still patriotic. When they have reached this point they may get into contact with one of the opposition groups.

"I am one of these men. My pay is only 1,200 pesetas a month and I have a hard time making ends meet, but I manage to feed my family adequately. If I have been drawn into the resistance I think it is chiefly from moral considerations. I am thirty-eight, and I must tell you frankly that I served as a non-com in the Nationalist army during the civil war. Now I regret having done so—to the point where I would fight, if necessary, by the side of the men I used to oppose. I would not call this treason, but justice. And I am not the only man in my position who talks this way."

NEVER have I seen such a concentration of liveried chauffeurs as drive around Madrid. To get food and lodging, plus 200 pesetas a month, is a tempting prospect in a city where factory workers rarely eat their fill. One night I had dinner at the home of a correspondent for a foreign paper. There were a butler and two maids in the dining room—and the correspondent lives off his pay. But in Spain, servants are the cheapest of luxuries.

Among the dinner guests were several other correspondents and attachés from foreign embassies.

"We don't know anything about it," said a press attaché when I mentioned preparations for a demonstration in Madrid. "We have to admit it," added one of the correspondents; "we've lost contact with the Spanish resistance."

Next day I repeated these remarks to Manuel, who serves as a liaison man between underground groups in Madrid. "What he told you is true," he said, "but it's not through negligence on our part. People abroad can help us a lot; we know it. But people like your friends of last night have done imprudent things in the past. Even when they act in all good faith, they can't help moving in official circles, keeping up contacts that are justifiable for them but dangerous for us. Having to work in secret as we do, we've reached the stage where we have to be suspicious of everybody but ourselves. This point of view has its dangers and is often unjust, but what else can we do?"

IN MADRID, May 22 had been set as the date for an anti-Franco demonstration which would count the Monarchists among its backers. It would mark the first time they had co-operated with the other anti-Franco groups, and my schedule included a talk with one of their leaders in the city.

"We are regionalists rather than federalists where Spain is concerned," said Don Juan's man, "but that doesn't prevent us from believing firmly in a federalized Europe. For the time being, we agree with the other resistance groups that the main problem is to get rid of Franco." He assured me that the Pretender was a man of democratic views and would see that the Declaration of Human Rights was respected. "He is now waiting for the proper moment," he added, "to come back into Spain."

"We know," the spokesman continued, "that after Franco is gone Communism will not be able to make any headway in Spain. Paradoxical as it may seem, his remaining in power would strengthen leftist extremism. But without Franco, Spain will be the nation of western Europe where Communism will have the least influence."

"Today, our formula is the only acceptable one because it is a formula of conciliation. Spain is worn out by war and dictatorship

and wants liberty and peace. The camps divided by the civil war can rally only round the King. They have already done so, in fact. The bishops, the generals, the industrialists, the bourgeoisie, the working masses, the Socialists, the *Accion Católica*, the members of the Democratic Union, the Basque and Catalan nationalists, the CNT, the UGT, even the remaining Trotskyites—all are now for the King even though some of them have reservations. The only people in Spain still who oppose us are Franco, the Falange, and the police."

"Yes, everyone is agreed on the Monarchists' formula, temporarily at least," Manuel commented later. "But I still have doubts about their tactical ability to lead the masses, even in royalist Castile. I'm not saying that because the workers are suspicious of them—they aren't—but because the Monarchists have had so little experience in the field. And yet they want to impose their ideas and their methods."

IHAD to leave Spain before the Madrid demonstration, but the acquaintances I had made there managed to let me know, in some detail, how things turned out. Franco expected a city-wide strike and alerted the Falange—much more loyal in conservative Castile than in the turbulent Basque country—as well as the army and police. Former political prisoners received threatening letters the day before from the Falange and the *Guardia Civil*. "Red," said the notes, "we have our eye on you. If you don't go to work tomorrow, we'll meet you in the street."

Everybody in Madrid went to work next day—but on foot. As in Barcelona, the demonstration consisted of a boycott of subways, streetcars, and busses. *Madrileños* walked to work, carrying their lunches so that they would not be obliged to patronize restaurants or canteens. Stores, markets, movie houses, and cafés remained empty—until the disconcerted Falangists, who had patrolled the streets all day without finding any opponents to attack, changed into civilian clothes and began to make a show of animation on café terraces. "Franco has not only failed," wrote one of my former hosts, "he has made himself ridiculous."

A few days later I got a message saying that the Caudillo had asked Don Juan for an

interview and been refused. The sender took this to mean that Franco was playing desperately for time and that the Pretender felt sufficiently strengthened by the recent demonstrations to refuse to compromise.

EXCEPT for newspaper stories and messages like these, I have no way of knowing what is going on in Spain now, and no one can tell what the immediate future will bring. But all I saw and heard while I was there convinced me that opposition to Franco—as of May 1951—rested on a much broader base than public opinion in the West had been led to suppose. His opponents' hopes and fears were repeated to me many times by people of widely different beliefs and social origins, and I think they were accurately summed up by Rafael, a CNT militant whom I met in Seville.

These hopes and fears, obviously, centered on the United States. "If the Americans support Franco," said Rafael, "then we must abandon hope for a democratic future for

Spain. We believe that the two-front struggle must be continued throughout the world, not only against leftist extremism but against rightist extremism as well. We believe that for the moment our greatest enemy is Franco, the man who is ruining our country. The United States, naturally enough, thinks only of Stalin. Hence a disagreement which might have a tragic consequence: the use of American bayonets to keep Franco in power. And that, sooner or later, would lead the Spanish people into the opposite camp.

"Maybe you think our reasoning is too simple. But we are fighters, and we consider that we have been waging war, under frightful conditions, since 1939. That is why we say: 'The allies of our enemies are our enemies too.' If a world conflict arises, we will be, first and last, against the allies of the Dictator.

"So the question we ask the Americans is this: Whom do they prefer to have on their side—Franco or the Spanish people? They can't have both."

Soul and Circumstance

MARK VAN DOREN

WAIT not, my soul, on circumstance;
It does not wait for you.
It nibbles at you now, and will
Devour you; I say true.

For I have seen its hungry face
Be satisfied with one
That stood like you, uncertain here,
Thinking himself alone.

And so he was; but circumstance
Was not the friend he lacked.
He had not yet the bitter taste
And strength of his own act.

Insipid sweet, he still denied
Himself and his great kind.
And so I saw him eaten through
And spit away like rind.

Our National Need: Savings

Beardsley Ruml

THERE has been endless dispute, during the past year, over the money problem—how to engage in a vast defense program without severe inflation. But one very important point seems to have been missed: the immense value, in such a time as this, of *voluntary personal saving*.

Our main objective is simple: we want to keep the value of our currency stable, while we make sure that the government has the money it needs to pay for its essential requirements, including first of all the various requirements for defense. But when (through stepped-up military spending) there is a prospect of more money going into circulation than there are goods for the public to buy with it, what can we do to keep prices in line?

Price and wage controls have their temporary uses, but it is unlikely that these controls are able to do more than hide the symptoms of monetary disorder, and then only for a brief period of time. Furthermore, they have political as well as economic aspects, the political aspects being that many people want them, and many people don't; and that Congress is bound to respond to the pressures of party and constituency, tempered by judgment as to what is the best thing to do for the defense program as a whole. One reason why the political aspects of price and wage controls loom so large is

that the economic benefits they bring are by no means clear in the over-all. But who will deny that a palliative, an anesthetic, does not have its proper uses? Do we toss aside the drug that relieves a headache but that does not pretend to be a cure?

We know that such controls are inconsistent with the principles that have made our country as strong as it is, and that we want to get rid of them at the earliest possible date. We want to find ways of maintaining the stability of our currency long after such controls would cease to be effective—for an indefinite period if necessary.

With experience, observation, and study, we have come to know more and more about fiscal and monetary policy, and to understand it less and less. Perhaps this is the inevitable consequence of objective, scientific progress in any subject, whether this is physics, biology, history, or economics. In any case, one panacea—or near-panacea—after another for stabilizing the value of money has been relegated to a subordinate position as a more or less partial means of reaching our monetary objectives. Gold, central bank management of currency and credit, and now fiscal policy have been taken off their pedestals and put into the toolshed where each can be used as needed for its proper and limited purposes.

Not only for the near future but very likely for a great many years to come, the question

A number of business firms and many public and private enterprises have sought the advice of Beardsley Ruml on where to put their money. In this article he points out a simple but unconventional solution to the problem for the private citizen.

will be how to cut down on non-defense spending, public and private (and this includes ordinary personal spending by families and individuals), to the extent that it threatens to bring inflation.

The measures which we have so far adopted are heavy taxation, partly of the wrong kind; tightening up consumer credit; and, more recently, vigorous efforts through the central banks to reduce the general supply of credit, including the efforts of the private banking committees that have been formulating tests for the extension or rejection of applications to the banks for loans.

But we have done very little to promote *the direct and voluntary* reduction of private demand, both personal and corporate. It would seem as plain as the nose on your face that we should do this, but we have fumbled with the issue.

We greatly need a centrally guided savings program. For the next few years it will have to operate in high gear—we shall need all the savings we can bring about—but afterward it can be and should be flexible, so as to relate the savings to the size and nature of the defense program at any given moment.

THE objective of a savings program is to induce voluntary reduction in private demand for goods and services: in other words, to induce people to save money rather than spend it. To the extent that there is such a voluntary reduction in demand, the government can ease up on imposed measures of control, with obvious strengthening of our private system of production and distribution.

A voluntary savings program has certain advantages that imposed measures, no matter how necessary, do not share. In the first place, to be successful, voluntary savings efforts must simultaneously create a moral and educational foundation which will support the requirements of defense straight across the board. In the second place, voluntary savings are gauged by the individual in terms of his own personal requirements. We all know of persons of modest income who are so situated that they are able to save far more, proportionately, than can their neighbors who have substantially larger means. And finally, the pressure for savings can be more easily attuned to the month-to-month requirements of fiscal policy than can measures

of taxation and of fiscal control. Given adequate administrative organization, the pressure can be stepped up or down on relatively short notice—that is, six weeks at the most.

A national savings program is something more than a program to sell or to refund a certain quantity of government savings bonds. We must keep in mind that what we want is an actual reduction of demand for goods, whether the money that is saved goes into government bonds, or into savings banks, or even under mattresses. From the point of view of fiscal policy, the *manner* of saving is far less important than the *fact* of saving.

Next, we must realize that for the individual, the true purpose of his basic savings is liquidity. I will not attempt to specify how “liquid” each individual should be—that depends on individual circumstances. It is obvious that no person is truly free unless he can get something of what he wants when he wants it, without having to ask for a loan and without being forced to dispose of an asset before he is ready to part with it. A savings program for individuals on a national scale is justified, if indeed justification is necessary, by the freedom-giving power of liquid resources.

HERE in the United States there is too much behind-the-scenes comment to the effect that savings bonds of the United States government are a poor investment—for fear that by the time they mature the value of the dollar may be less. Curiously, people often use this argument against government savings bonds without realizing that the same reasoning applies to all savings of every kind which are represented by money obligations.

I think we may dispose of this investment argument by saying that voluntary restraint of consumption for many, many years to come is a moral imperative in the defense program of a free people. The government on its part has a corresponding duty to impose burdens and make its plans with the objective of getting defense without inflation.

Finally, we may observe that the dangers which some people foresaw in putting a liquid savings instrument in the hands of millions of people have not materialized. That does not mean that a wave of hysteria, an ineffective refunding program, or a pro-

tracted shaking of public confidence might not be disturbing. However, we have seen that most people, having put by a little money, dislike to spend it except for emergencies. What seems to happen is that having found that a taste of liquidity is comforting to a troubled mind, the people go back to the stream for a little more.

Since a national savings program involves so much more for the nation and for the individual than financial or economic considerations, and since we are in for large defense requirements for an indefinite period, we should associate in the national savings effort all organized elements of the com-

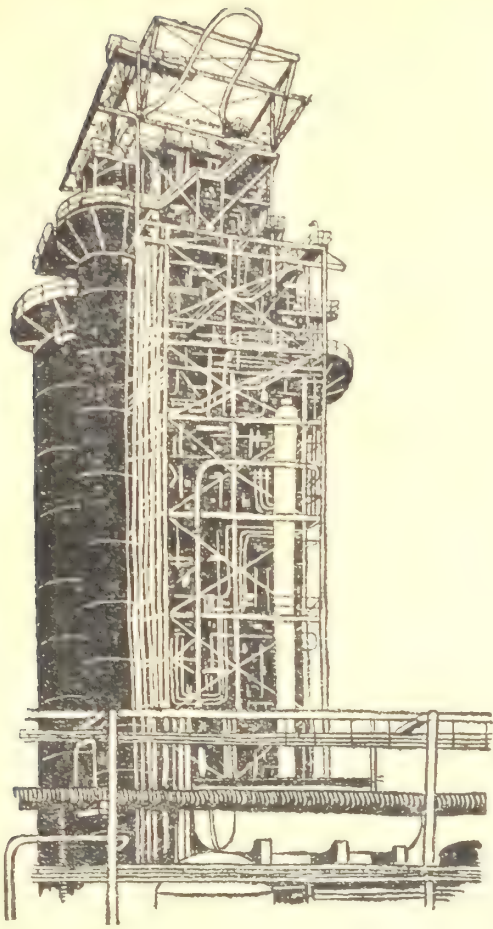
munity, particularly the religious and educational agencies that have consistently over the years emphasized that the good way of life is not measured by bread alone. Our material standard of living is so high, our optional consumption so great, that a reorientation of values would give us much of what we need for defense.

The statistically measured material standard of living might move downward on the chart, but if it does so because we voluntarily put money aside that we might otherwise spend for goods, we will have lost little as individuals and the nation will have gained much in strength.

Monkey in the Street

JOHN M. ROLFE

DRAWN and distorted into a kind of minor desecration
 Of its own Muse, the inharmonious air
 Winds, whining, through the small knot of us
 Like an importunate beggar. And the capuchin,
 Small, odd-sad graybeard in a clown's chintz pants,
 Spiders most softly on his soft nether hands
 Upon the unkind concrete under the night. A girl
 Bends gently, surprised at her own sudden shyness,
 To proffer her penny, touch briefly the soft, subhuman
 Palm of the warm-pulsing hand. A man self-consciously
 Tosses a nickel for the swift, deft catch.
 Oh, aching circle! Oh, lonely, dumb, outreaching animal
 To animal! How much the monkey has the better of us!
 The sharp, obsidian rejection of his impersonal
 Bright eyes! The unrequiting and indifferent
 Set of the chintz-jacketed small back! Yet we implôre
 Again his touch with a penny, another nickel, another dime.
 For we, his lonely kinsmen, comprehend
 Dimly, as he may not at all, how far this night
 Expands, expands to separate us all.
 The feature that distinguishes a man
 Is not so much, perhaps, that he can laugh
 As that he aches to love. So, bending, I,
 Wistful and diffident like the others, proffer
 On its small copper salver, my love, too.



The Gulf South at Mid-Morning

Drawings from Texas

and Louisiana

by Lou Block

Eric Larrabee

FOUR miles south of Beaumont, Texas, on the edge of a gentle rise of ground once known as Sour Springs Mound and now as Spindletop, there is a fifty-eight-foot, red-granite monument, surmounted with the Texas star, to "the first great oil well in the world." It bears the following inscription: "On this spot, on the tenth day of the twentieth century, a new era in civilization began."

Nearby are the squat silver cylinders of a large petroleum tank farm. A few tall derricks stand about, descendants of a forest of wooden rigs so thick that you could walk from one side of it to the other without stepping off their platforms. Over two thousand oil wells have been drilled here, in less than four hundred acres, and two hundred of them are still producing. The field seems deserted, but wire cables that radiate from a donkey engine in a shack sway and rattle on the ground to operate the pumps. The ditches of the road are still darkly saturated with oil.

When Spindletop blew in, on January 10, 1901, the town of Beaumont (a small center of rice milling, pine lumbering, and cattle shipment) was suffering from civic frustra-

tion. Only the night before, the mayor and an alderman had returned from Chicago with a trunkful of city improvement bonds they had been unable to dispose of. The day's news was welcome.

"About 10 o'clock this morning," reported the *Daily Enterprise*, "while the men employed by Mr. A. F. Lucas . . . were boring for oil, an explosion occurred that forced the tube into the air like it was a mere plaything, and then immediately followed a stream of black petroleum. . . . This discovery will no doubt induce capitalists to prospect on the lands which are not leased, and the result will be very beneficial to Beaumont."

"We are independent of every body and every thing," proclaimed the *Enterprise* on the Fourth of July a year and a half later. "We are wealthy beyond our calculations." Oil in quantity at Spindletop, though its presence had been anticipated for decades and several dry wells drilled, was a happy accident of geography. There had been gushers before (in Russia and Pennsylvania) but at Beaumont, as contemporary news stories quickly noted, "this great new production lay *near Gulf tidewater* where ships could pick it up."

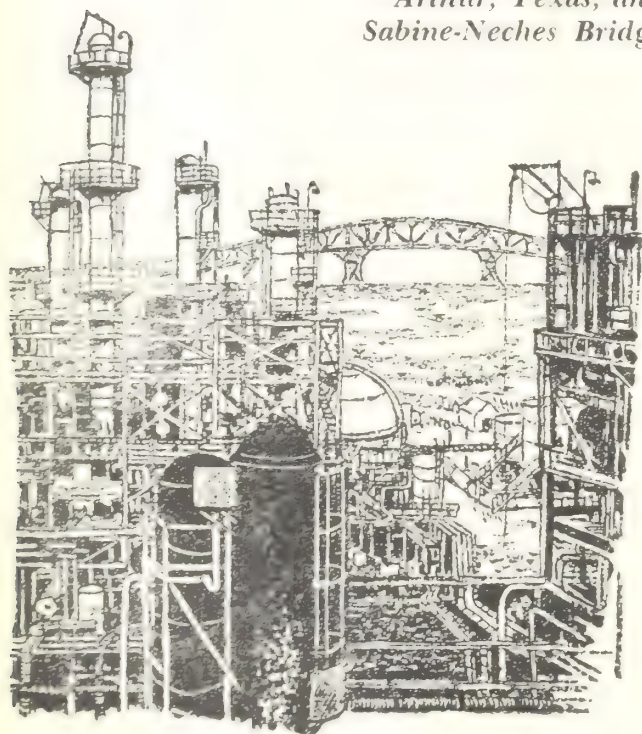
The discovery of a rich raw material on an economical avenue to the market brought about the formation of four major oil companies and the construction, within ten miles' radius, of six of the largest refineries in the country. It unleashed on the Gulf Coast of Texas and Louisiana a hurricane of industrial investment and unpremeditated cultural change.

Today the offspring of Spindletop—a mixed group of enterprises that exploit the chemistry of petroleum—are strung around this flat crescent of Quaternary clay from New Orleans to the Rio Grande. Oil and chemical installations are so numerous on the coastline that if they were evenly spread along the shore there would be more than one of them a mile. Their growth has been so rapid, particularly during and after the second world war, that political and social institutions have sometimes lagged behind. The frictions which result, exacerbated by years of quasi-colonial status, give the Gulf South an air of uncertainty about its proper place in the economic sun.

II

THE landscape of the Coast, made up of fortresses of technology in the outer marches of agriculture, would equally

Atreco Refinery at Port Arthur, Texas, and Sabine-Neches Bridge



delight a medievalist or Captain Video of Space Patrol. Down the Gulf from a pastoral backwater—the bayou country of the Delta where the late Robert Flaherty photographed “Louisiana Story” for Jersey Standard—the donjon keeps of the rice elevators periodically break the flatness of sugar-cane and paddy fields until further south, in profile on the horizon, the outposts of a new industrialism rise up from the swamp and cattle-prairie like Mont St. Michel from the sea.

At a shorter distance, the towers of the fractionating units—shining tubes of varying heights and widths—resemble a stubby pipe organ planted in the ground. Closer still, each section separates itself into a latticework of brightly colored lines, in the color code for chemical piping in which yellow, vermilion, and light blue-green predominate. Unrestricted in space, freed from exterior walls by a mild climate, these abstractions in industrial design have an unfamiliar aesthetic, a vocabulary of their own which the eye accustomed to architecture somewhere else must learn to read. You are offered no sense of scale—a mile away they might be any size—and the location in time and space is indeterminate. Many have been bodily removed from a drawing board in some metropolitan office and transported whole to a frontier that had been jointly held by bayou fishermen and brahman cattle.

Near Lake Charles, Louisiana, there is a complex of four interlocking plants that were erected, in wartime or after, on the unused, pine-wooded flats near the ship channel of the Calcasieu River. Here the thin “flare” stacks topped with oily flame, the guttural vibration of refinery boilers, and the heavy smells of petroleum processing are most sharply out of key. The abrupt irrelevance of their being here at all is increased by the neat grass plots, by the buff brick and green glass of administrative buildings, by the uniform silver and black of the working surfaces, and by the hard, oyster-shell, white-top roads that lead out through gray-green trees stifled with Spanish moss.

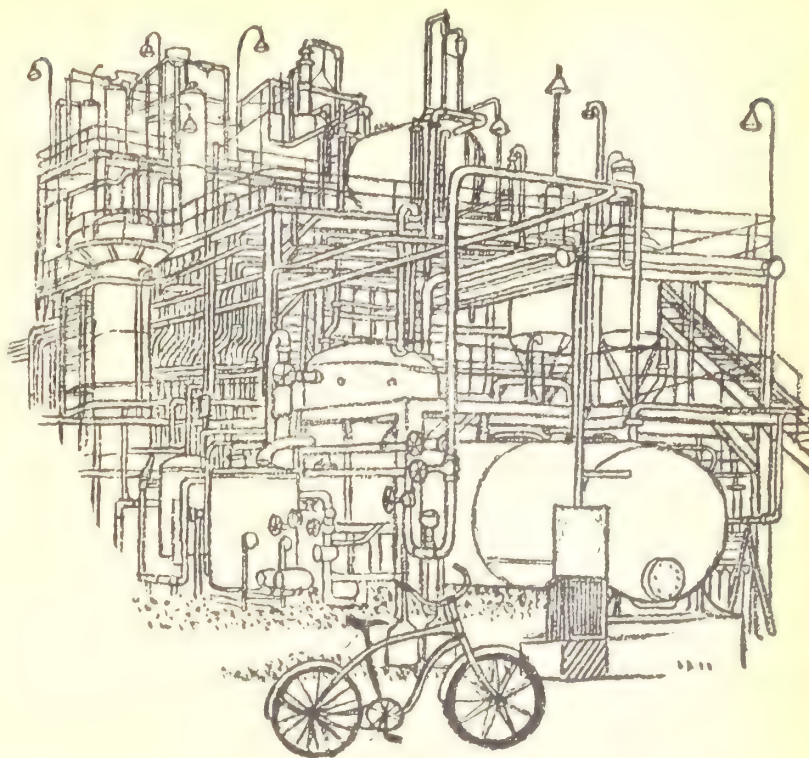
One of them is Cit-Con, one of the largest lubricating oil refineries of its kind. Cit-Con was designed and built by the Lummus Company, a New York firm which can construct a refinery anywhere in the world, take it through its trial run, write a complete man-

ual of how to operate it, and come back each year—if requested—to pull the plant apart for cleaning. Cit-Con's staff was also assembled in New York. Many of its members live in Maplewood, a community of seven or eight hundred families, with its own shopping center, a few miles away. "It's a pretty nice place to live," said Cit-Con's chief chemist. "You never saw so many children and dogs." Maplewood, too, was imported from outside the Gulf. It was built and operated for a time by John W. Harris Associates, a New York contractor.

In terms of impact on the countryside, the question of who "owns" what is academic. Each of the four components at Lake Charles is of unique financial derivation. The Tutwiler Refinery, with three catalytic crackers and a huge high-octane capacity, is owned and operated by Cities Service. Across the street is a butadiene plant, owned by the government but also operated by Cities Service. Next door is a synthetic rubber plant, owned by the government but operated by Firestone; and next to that is Cit-Con, owned and operated by a Delaware corporation that is 65 per cent Cities Service and 35 per cent Continental. All are piped together and exchange materials. They function as a family.

THE same thing can be said of the industrial culture which the Lake Charles units and their like compose. In spite of the fact that the oil, oil-chemical, and chemical-processing industries grew up at different times and speeds, here they have the texture of a single enterprise.

All three were attracted by the same advantages of geology and geography. The Gulf Coast is rich in underground water, in crude oil and natural gas, in salt and sulphur, and in lime from the enormous beds of clam and oyster shells in its lagoons and bays. Not only has it access to the oceans, but from as far south as Brownsville, at the Mexican border, the Intracoastal Canal connects it with the Mississippi—and thus with 12,000 miles of navigable riverways into the valley of the Midwest to Minneapolis and Pittsburgh.



Cit-Con lubricating oil refinery, Lake Charles, Louisiana

Water, hydro-carbons, and acids are essential to the science of petro-chemicals, in which the molecular structure of petroleum and gas is manipulated to form new substances. Crude oil consists of carbon and hydrogen compounds, which can be separated in the refinery by vaporizing the oil and drawing off the condensations which form at different temperatures—e.g., asphalt, kerosene, diesel and other fuels, lubricating oils, and gasolines of the several octane ratings. In a catalytic cracker, the adding of a talc-like dust to the vaporized oil increases the amount and octane number of the gasoline obtained, at the expense of the other products, by "cracking" some molecules apart into different ones. In similar ways, all these hydro-carbons (including the methane, ethane, propane, and butane which make up natural gas) can be broken apart and put together again with other substances, in more combinations than uses yet have been found for. Here we cross an invisible boundary into chemicals.

Of those chemicals which it is commercially expedient to make in bulk on the Coast, an extraordinary number find their way to the consumer in such forms as fertilizer, refrigerant, plastics, solvent, disinfectant, cosmetics, tobacco moistener, insecticide, detergents, cleaning fluid, synthetic rubber, and printer's

ink. Among the nearly seven dozen companies which manufacture twice as many products, Dow Chemical's plant at Freeport, Texas, alone makes over forty, of which trichlor ethylene, tri ethylene glycol, tri propylene glycol, tri propylene glycol mono butyl ethyl ether, and vinyl plastic materials are merely the last five in alphabetical order.

Dow came to Freeport a dozen years ago to make magnesium and bromine out of sea water. Then, in order not to waste the leftovers, it branched out into styrene, chlorine, hydrogen, ammonia, and their innumerable friends and relations. Today it is less a plant than a chemical city-and-suburbs, covering 36,000 acres on a loop of land between the Brazos River and the Gulf with over a hundred million dollars' worth of outdoor, large-scale, artfully multicolored equivalents of test tubes, beakers, and retorts. (One uneconomic by-product is "sea salt," a table flavoring full of trace elements from the ocean brine, which is served in the company cafeteria and is fed by the chief executive of the plant, Dr. A. P. Beutle, to the cattle on his ranch. The cows, a required appurtenance of high estate in Texas, have been so healthy that Louis Bromfield made a special trip to see them.)

Chemicals, in return, will move back into the oil domain when the experiment in synthesis of Carthage Hydrocol, at Brownsville, goes into operation. The Hydrocol process will take in 280 million feet of air each day, reduce it to 53 million cubic feet of oxygen, combine that with 90 million feet of natural gas, and come out with 6,300 barrels of high-octane gasoline, 1,200 barrels of diesel oil, and 400,000 pounds of residual chemicals that are worth more than the oil.

Oil has been an industry in Texas for fifty years; chemicals are a legacy of the recent war. Sometimes the old-timers (who may have been here twenty years) seem to look down on the chemists. "This is *oil* country," remarked the head of the Magnolia refinery at Beaumont, when he heard the word "diversified." Yet the newcomers can reply, with equal reason, that the oil men have been in the chemistry business for half a century without knowing it. The distinctions are hazy. "I don't know what you think we do here," said the manager of the Goodrich synthetic rubber plant at Port Neches to his process engineer, "but I think we're making a plastic."

Yet if the Gulf Coast is entering, as its missionaries think, an upward curve of long-range expansion rather than a transitory boom, the credit goes to chemicals. One Texas business man who bears impartial witness to this view is John Skove, who has charge of a congenially informal branch of the American Rolling Mill Company in Houston which makes storage tanks, building frames, and corrugated culvert pipe to underpin the roads of Texas and four neighboring states. His business has increased five times and over since prewar, but in Texas—in good part from serving those who serve chemicals—it has grown two or three times as fast as in other states. Before the war the industries centered largely on oil machinery brought only a few new ones in their wake, but chemicals have changed all that.

"Now the money is here, permanently," said Mr. Skove. "I don't mean to encourage the young fellows who come to this town expecting to bump into a millionaire every fourth man on the street, but now it has really, well. . . ." He held out a clenched hand and opened it abruptly.

III

THE homogeneous nature of this society is reflected in its masters, a brotherhood of highly skilled technicians who see synthetics in sea shells, margins of cost in catalytic crackers, and oil in everything. Most questions of over-all political economy escape their interest, for they are more concerned with managing thousands of tons a month of materials they never see, never touch, never lift or carry; and much of the time they must inhabit air-conditioned concrete boxes, tending a bank of dials and switches and looking out at the world through tinted, sun-resistant glass. Their uniform is a tin protective hat and chino cotton khaki pants and shirt, GI style, with collar open. They are adventurous in the sense that colonial administrators are adventurous, but by and large they come from outside the region, take their orders from outside, and represent common interests more often than competing ones.

The companies which employ them are knit together by a vast network of pipelines they use in common—"clocking in," as one oil man phrased it, for a portion of the same

crude oil that goes to their neighbors. Since the product of the refineries is highly standardized, a given "batch" of oil can be put through to produce gasoline of a specified octane number and chemical content; and it is no secret that the fuel sold in many filling stations is interchangeable not only in theory but in practice, up to the last moment before a brand-identifying dye is added. In chemicals particularly, where one plant's by-product is another's raw material, "competing" firms may be each other's largest customers.

Many of the decisions which most affect these organizations are not their own to make. The availability of raw materials, for example, is often determined elsewhere or limited by law. Ever since "Dad" Joiner brought in the East Texas field in 1930, glutting the market with so much oil that the price fell to five cents a barrel, the rate of withdrawal from the ground in Texas has been prorated by the State Railroad Commission, to preserve the stability of the industry. (Recently the "allowable" limit was slightly lifted, without straining refinery capacity or crowding the maximum for long-range conservation.)

From the amount of crude assigned them, the processors can make gasolines, oils, and chemicals in proportion to demand for each. But you cannot increase the total production of butadiene, an essential ingredient of synthetic rubber, without cutting down on aviation gasoline, an essential (until jet engines are universal) for defense. The balance between the two—as far as it may concern two plant managers in Texas—will have been considered not only by the central offices of their oil and chemical corporations, and by the oil, military, and production authorities, but by the Rubber Reserve Corporation of the RFC, which owns a number of factories outright for the government and is entitled to all the production it wants of certain private ones.

THE day-to-day hazards, for these people, are of a different order. H. F. Eckert, manager of the Monsanto Chemical Works at Texas City, Texas, has had his share. On April 16, 1947, the *S. S. Grandcamp*, a French vessel loaded with 2,300 tons of ammonium nitrate, blew up in the port of Texas City, killed 512 people, injured 3,000 (Mr. Eckert himself among them), and virtually destroyed the adjacent Monsanto properties.



Lake Charles, La.

"I have to explain to people," said Mr. Eckert, who was in an office a hundred yards away from the dock when it happened. "The ship exploded. We burned."

Mr. Eckert's plant, one of the most elegantly handsome on the Coast, was built by Monsanto for the government at the start of the war, to make styrene—which can go either into synthetic rubber or polystyrene plastic—from propane and benzene. (Propane comes from the refineries and gas fields; benzene, down the Mississippi from the coke ovens of northern steel mills. The styrene leaves the Gulf on the "sea train," an ocean-going ferry that holds a hundred railroad tank cars.) In the past four years it has been rebuilt with greater capacity than before and soon it will have a thirty-million dollar addition to manufacture acrylonitrile—for synthetic fabrics—from acetylene. Since October 1946 Monsanto has owned it clear, but Rubber Reserve still gets all the styrene it can take. "Remember we're making this stuff in tremendous quantities," Mr. Eckert added, "but nobody's satisfied until you make at least twice capacity."

This jewel box of green lawn and iridescent equipment sits on a patch of land that juts from the smooth and even edge of Galveston Bay. From the top of the distilling tower, Mr. Eckert claimed, "you can look farther and see less than from anywhere I know." To the south the plain is scratched briefly with the square, open cross-hatching of Texas City streets, neat little houses on neat little plots, and in the distance the Republic and Pan Am refineries, followed by the Zeppelin-hangar bulk of the Dutch-owned Longhorn tin smelter, the only one on the continent. To

H. F. Eckert of
Monsanto.
Texas City



the northwest the bay fades into the haze until it becomes a ship channel and a continuous line of factories—Du Pont, Rohm & Haas, Diamond Alkali, Shell, Mathieson Chemical, Sinclair, Goodyear, Eastern States, Hughes Tool, and Sheffield Steel—before it reaches Houston.

A mile and a half down Bay Street, which runs behind the sea wall, you can see Mr. Eckert's house. He is delicately attuned to the nearly inaudible atmospheric roar of the plant and will know from the sound, before anyone calls him, if anything is out of kilter. Once in 1943 he crawled on hands and knees up the railroad track, holding onto the ties, to get to it in a hurricane. The machinery was designed to stand a 125-mile-an-hour gale, but usually when one brews up the operations are suspended, since the families of the men may want to leave the territory. There had been no warning from weather reports in '43 because of the submarine scare—"That was real in the Gulf, you know; they were sinking tankers right off Galveston"—and Monsanto ran on through most of the storm. ("It didn't do anything but sandblast the paint off all the pipes.")

Personnel at Texas City, as elsewhere on the Coast, is a major headache. Though the

maintenance crew at Monsanto is larger than the operating crew, though the plant will run over the weekend without maintenance, and though sometimes an eight-hour shift may go by without anyone touching anything, it still takes twenty-five trained men (out of a total of 450) to keep intelligent control over the high heats and pressures of the process. Of these, six must be supervisors with chemical engineering background and four to five years' training. After the war, Monsanto recruited competent men from Texas University and Texas A & M, but thirty-three technicians were lost in the explosion and burning. In late 1950 there were twenty-five reserve officers in the company subject to call by the Army, which was offering twenty-one day extensions in which to find replacements—"and it takes three or four years just to understand what things mean out there!"

Mr. Eckert himself was schooled as a chemist, but "they let me know as nicely as possible that I wouldn't make much of a research man," and he switched careers to plant management. He was brought up in Ohio but holds a certificate from the local Rotary as a "temporary Texan," which states that he is allowed to wear high-heeled boots, emit Rebel yells, and refer to any piece of land of more than two acres that he owns as "my spread." He is content in the Gulf Coast life—"No state income tax, no sales tax: you're freer here than in other states"—and has earnestly engaged himself in his church, the Boy Scouts, and Texas City civic matters. "Here there's always something happening: storms, explosions, mosquitoes, and now this thing comes up—military! I'm too old for that."

IV

THE tight supply of educated manpower is an indication of how precipitately the region has advanced beyond its social capability to keep in step. The cause is insufficient housing and the lack of viable towns. "Men come down here by themselves," explained an employee-relations manager, "expecting to find places for their families, and then months later they are still waiting. So . . . we are a little strapped for men."

Even with maintenance crews, who need less academic training and in theory might be locally hired, the thinness of built-up areas

accentuates the tendency to draw on outside help. Though two dozen men may run a catalytic cracker for eleven months, the services of seven hundred may be needed for the "turn-around," a one-month job of taking it apart, cleaning out the pipes and boilers, and putting all of them together again. Plants near the centers of oil-experienced population, like Houston and Beaumont, can usually count on turning up the necessary labor, but those out on the empty Gulf-shore have no such luck. Inevitably they turn to organizations that are equipped to do the job on special contract.

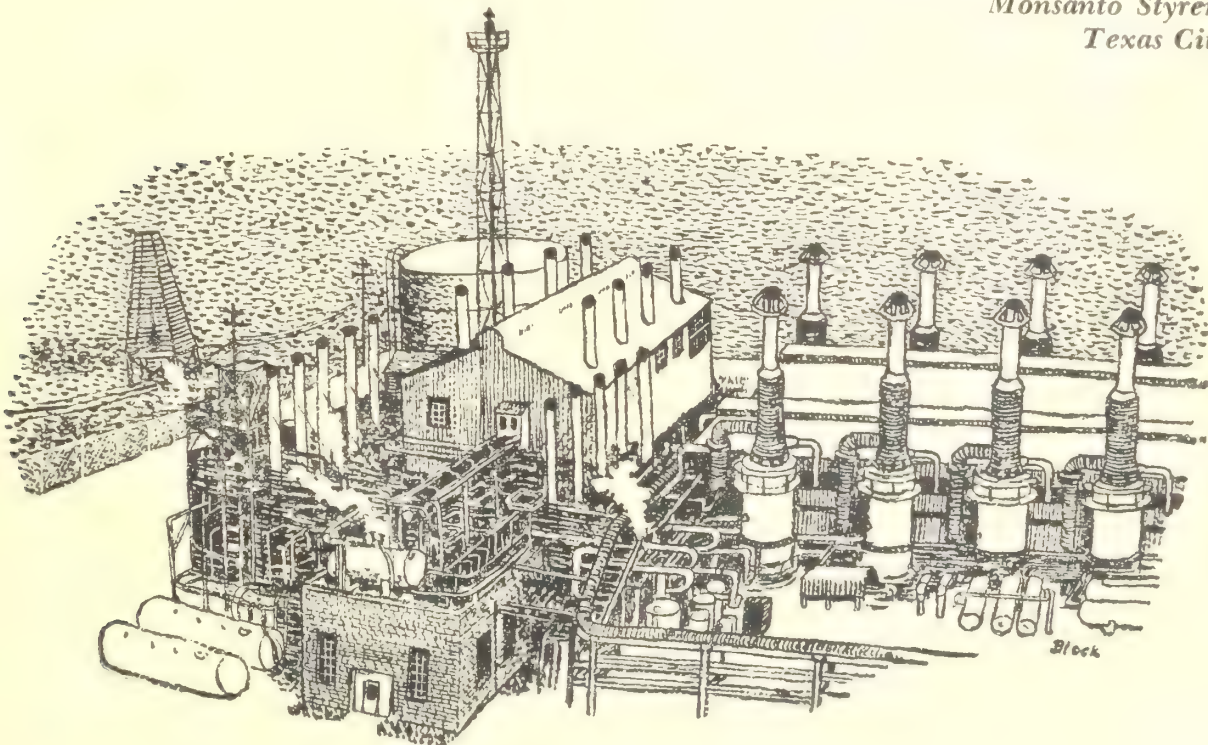
The same incentive toward sub-contracting operates when the need arises for cities to be built from scratch. Some of the industries have provided luxurious "company towns" but these are mostly limited in size and number (one near Houston, a red-brick Georgian street or two, was restricted to department heads or higher in the plant it served). Other settlements, like Lake Jackson, Texas, grew up during wartime, in a kind of FHA exuberance, relying on both local and governmental aid, and the shade of the most substantial trees for miles around. ("We Dood It," reads a sign as you enter Lake Jackson, an advertisement of the Style Mart celebrating its first year in business.) But last year the

new houses going up in Lake Jackson had been laid out (by local contractors) three years before. Things move slowly without governmental funds; and since the burdens of administering a socialized existence—who gets new screens and who does not—are known and hated, the companies avoid responsibility. The solution—insofar as one exists—would seem to be more Maplewoods, where the prerogatives and pains of founding new communities are simply turned over to professionals.

THE inhabitants of this unfinished Eden recognize the need for a bigger bourgeoisie—which seems to mean in practice a substructure of urban and suburban units—if the Gulf South is to ground a balanced economy in its own markets for its own production. They are aware that though money flows in, materials flow out (many to be made elsewhere into finished goods which Texans and Louisianans may in due course buy), and they look forward to an end of the imbalance of trade which they believe has made the Coast richer on paper and beneath the ground than on its surface.

This diffuse uneasiness reveals itself in the boast of one chemical company that by consuming 135 million cubic feet of natural gas a

*Monsanto Styrene plant,
Texas City, Texas*



day it is countering the "alarming trend" to pipe it out of Texas. The statement is less ironical than may appear, for there was no intention to conserve a resource. Except in terms of stream pollution by industrial wastes, conservation is not a live issue; the day when all their precious oil will be exhausted seems too remote to bother people. And though Texas is the largest interstate shipper of natural gas, it exists in such abundance now that more is lost and wasted within the boundaries of the state than is ever piped away. The argument for local use is not that it saves gas but that it generates jobs and customers for Texas merchants.

As far as a public attitude toward the need for a larger base of small communities has crystallized, it finds expression in the distribution of state and local money through taxation—a tangle of incentives and inherited compromises based on oil as the primary source of public wealth. The further discovery of new reserves is thought to be important enough to warrant the "depletion allowance"—a 27½ per cent federal income-tax exemption on the fortunes made from crude oil and natural gas—in spite of the tensions caused by overconcentrated riches. Louisiana wants new industries enough to give them a ten-year exemption from state and local ad valorem taxes, but makes up the loss in levies on "severance" (oil at the moment it leaves the ground) and highway motor fuel that are the highest in the country. Taxes on oil production and consumption in both states provide the lion's share of income, some of which is ultimately parceled out to the parishes and counties, where the lack of administrative traditions at a small-town level still embarrasses the flow of tax funds from local sources. As the age of chemicals begins, the pattern of taxation still shows its historical origins in oil, and its results in statewide schools and highways, or Houston millionaires.

Where the tax funds come directly to the municipalities, there is still a free-for-all of unresolved antagonisms between the "town and gown"—that is, between rural politicians and semi-immigrant industrialists. In Texas there are legal limits on the tax rate, but the power to assess resides with counties, towns, and school districts. Assessments vary widely as a consequence, and a single plant may be carried at several different

figures on the books (a refinery near Port Arthur is assessed by the school district at a value double its county value). Originally, in their wisdom, the city fathers of Houston tried to protect the future factories along the river channel from unpredictably increased taxation, by making it possible to declare the land for 2,500 feet to either side a part of the city itself; but today the plants have overflowed the lines, and the temptation arises for surrounding towns to raid and gerrymander unprotected properties. "If only," complained an official of a company that was being fought over, last October, by two ambitious mayors, "if only they had made it five thousand feet!"

In one locality the outcome can be described as tax by negotiation. A superintendent of schools came into office with a plan to squeeze the district industries for more than they thought just. Discovering that among them they controlled the vote, several companies joined together and elected an entirely new school board, replacing the offending superintendent with one of their own directors of industrial relations. Now the new official sets a budget for each year, the tax experts of the firms agree on the percentage to be borne by each, and then—the tax on each plant having been determined—the assessments are moved up or down until the required sums are reached.

The solution is practical but a temporary one at best—and serves as an example of the ways in which the powers and people of this place are still learning to get on with one another. Companies that have been longer in the area, like Esso at Baton Rouge, suffer less from these inconveniences of incomplete assimilation. The fact that Esso's manager is a graduate of Louisiana State, who went to work for the refinery in school vacations, is an indication of which way the future lies. The time will come—though it is not yet—when the technical skill to run the Coast's oil and chemical experiments will not have to be imported, when the ships that cross the Gulf will bring in as much material wealth as they bear away, and when the boast of the Beaumont editorialist—to be "independent of every body and every thing"—will not be necessary to bolster the Gulf South's sense of immaturity. Then, if greatness is within this region's reach, will come the time to test it.

The Easy Chair

Ordeal by Poetry

Bernard DeVoto

THIS issue of *Harper's* will be distributed to people who have just experienced the relief of learning that what Mary was suffering from was only poison ivy after all. Mary is convalescent now and so is everyone else. Pop's bursitis is all but gone and he has found and thrown away the last decaying starfish that was folded in among his shorts. Give the beauty shop another six weeks and it will get the piebald patches out of Mummy's hair and restore her skin to about what it was before she went away. By November 1 the whole family will be enjoying their vacation. By November 15 they will be planning next year's, which is why I commend them to your reverence.

For I am one of those who have made the great discovery. It is a liberating and enfranchising truth: you don't have to take a vacation. All summer long those of us who have found this out have stayed on in the city, working contentedly at jobs we like to do, eating good meals well prepared, sleeping in comfortable beds, with all the city's diversions easily accessible to us. As our friends come back from the country, the mountains, the shore, or that long motor trip, we admire their endurance, rejoice in their feeling of achievement, and thank God that we have broken the compulsion which still grips them. And of course as moralists and psychologists we are fascinated by their behavior.

I gladly grant that the vacationist is a more admirable man than I. And I do not in the least desire to abolish the custom of taking vacations. Anything so deeply rooted is certainly necessary to individual well-being and the national welfare. It is also reassuring to patriots. A people who have extended the standard vacation from two weeks to three

and are going ultimately to make it four—such a people are not decadent as some mournful thinkers have been saying, they are vigorous beyond any demands that will ever be put on them. The United States contains millions of people who will drive from Hartford to Seattle and back by way of Los Angeles in three weeks, with a nine-year-old and a six-year-old in the rear seat, and at the end will be in practically as good condition as their car. Three weeks in a luxurious summer hotel, eating the food that is purveyed there, leave them in but little worse shape than an attack of pneumonia would. Three weeks at a popular summer resort are hardly more destructive to their health and morale than divorce, bankruptcy, or a nervous breakdown; they take the experience in their stride, shrug it off, and in a few months are completely restored. Strength, stability, fortitude, courage—every August the nation proves that it has far more of them than it will ever be required to expend. What have we to fear from Russia or from any period of strain and hardship that may lie ahead?

A MORALIST is concerned only to make sure that we know what we are doing, that we do not succumb to self-deception, that we understand what the vacations we take actually are and what our motives and emotions actually are. Not the illusion of the vacation seems to him a possible danger but self-delusion, not myth but falsehood, not masochism but unwillingness or inability to recognize it. This is in no way, however, a protest against personal or public hypocrisy, for hypocrisy is the lubricant of social life and an indispensable instrument of government, a courtesy which gives life grace and

makes the co-operations of society possible. Especially at vacation time.

Thus, since the schools recreantly abandon their obligations in June, or rather in May nowadays, if we are to survive it is essential to get the children the hell out of the house for as much of the summer as can be managed or afforded, and hence the summer camp. If we have to justify to ourselves or our neighbors an expense which we can afford only as we can afford that of major surgery when life is endangered, it is certainly virtuous to pretend that we make this sacrifice for the children's sake. Parental love, we make clear, gladly taxes itself so that a child may learn the beauty of nature, the rudiments of the crawl stroke, how to light fires without matches, and how to tell poisonous mushrooms from watercress. So long as the self-immolating parent clearly recognizes the motives that his pretense masks he will grow in spiritual fineness and heaven will reward instead of punishing the lie. Again, it is certain that the growing custom of separating husbands and wives for part or all of the summer is strengthening and stabilizing the institution of marriage. It enables wives to so far recuperate from the inefficiency, bungling, and orderliness of men that they can cope with them easily and even pleasurably for the rest of the year. It heals the abraded souls of husbands by giving them a period in the simplicity, neatness, and quiet of a womanless house. Surely the pretense that the strength of the tough sex has been worn down by the labor of mechanized housekeeping, or that the sex bereft of its company except on week-ends is saddened by that bereavement—surely this polite absurdity is a small price to pay for a decline in the divorce rate and a great increase in married happiness.

Or take the Cult of the Sun. It is harmless, even praiseworthy, so long as it is not misunderstood. There come times when a woman gets temporarily fed up with being an object of desire, when she would welcome a brief respite from the lubricious gaze of males. A play suit and a pair of dark glasses will take her a long way toward her goal but not all the way for she knows that providence has given her natural endowments beyond most women. Three weeks of sunbathing are intensely painful but the pain is a truly small price for the result. Her skin acquires the

texture of a doormat and the appearance of an old catcher's mitt and she has no more sexual attractiveness than a barnacle-encrusted log for any male within sight of her.

Morality requires of us only to understand what the functions of a vacation are, to understand so that we will not be deluded. Vacations are not to be enjoyed; they serve a far more important personal and social purpose. The vacationist is asked to recognize the purpose and if he derives some incidental pleasures from fulfilling it to understand them too and not kid himself.

THE Indians understood the profound psychological need that a vacation ministers to. They knew that everyone must be able to Take It and must know that he is able to. With realistic common sense they therefore devised ordeals which everyone had to go through on attaining manhood. The Plains tribes worked out the most intelligent of these tests and surrounded them with the elaborate rituals and fantasies that are a necessary part of all vacations. They set a model that has proved useful to white Americans.

At the proper time, usually midsummer, they sent the aspirant out into unspoiled nature, naked, shoeless, and without shelter, and required him to stay there for a while. He would find grasses, barks, roots, and seeds to eat—fully as good as the cuisine at any of the summer places privately celebrated by our *cognoscenti*, much better than that at the average resort. Though he had a heavily-pigmented skin a few days of sun blistered it and he became as aesthetically repulsive as the woman I have described who is out to kill desire. After a period of sun, mosquitoes, black flies, bad water, and camp-prepared meals, and of sleeping on granite and in the rain, he accomplished the first objective of the ordeal: he began to have hallucinations. His medicine, that is, gave him a vision of cracking par (or cracking 120), rounding that headland on the second tack, or squeezing in one more National Park before time to go home.

This proved that he was fit material for a vacation and the priests and magistrates proceeded to give him one. They cut gashes in his back and shoulders, thrust wooden pegs

through the gashes under the larger muscles, and hung heavy objects from the pegs by long rawhide thongs. Then, with a superbly imagined ritual, they set him to running to and fro till the heavy objects pulled the pegs through his muscles, meanwhile flogging him with whips made of cactus. Or they suspended him from a crossbar by the thongs and used their cactus whips on him till his own weight did the job. Going through the ordeal established that he could Take It, that he was a man; his rank as a warrior depended on how long he stayed conscious. If everything pulled loose before he passed out, he was awarded an engraved cup and was thereafter referred to as a veteran outdoorsman and sports-lover. The ceremony was admirably forthright, effective, and expeditious. The community was fortified by the demonstration that it had gained a citizen capable of meeting whatever demands it might put on him, and he got the assurance that his secret doubt of himself had been unjustified. He was required, however, only to endure the ordeal, not to pretend to like it. And once was enough: he did not have to prove his manhood all over again every August.

WHEN we approach the matted tangle of motives a vacation involves, we must make careful and frequently minute discriminations. Take swimming, where the psychological phenomena are least complex. It is altogether impossible to enjoy swimming anywhere in the northern lakes or the Pacific Ocean, or in the Atlantic anywhere north of Vineyard Sound. The human nervous system is so constructed that it records pain when immersed in water that would solidify if tides and winds stopped agitating it. One may rationally enter such water in order to get rid of drowsiness or a hangover but not in the expectation of pleasure. The vacationist who plunges into this refrigerant displays two fascinating behavior-phenomena. He expresses almost unendurable delight by every vocal and mimetic means and as vigorously as the paralysis of traumatic shock permits, and he labors frantically to get people on the beach to follow him in. (Allow for an occasional swimmer who really likes semi-glaciated water. His nervous system is rudimentary, his intelligence dim; he is raw material for a psychiatrist; properly he should be

confined, lest his perversity infect the impressionable young.)

Swimming, then, has sound ordeal-values so long as the swimmer remains realistic. He will vividly remember that he disciplined himself, that he committed folly courageously, and that while enduring anguish he gave no sign of weakness beyond the cyanotic blue of his lips. But there is the danger that he may be deluded by the remnant Puritanism in our culture, he may believe that voluntarily undergoing discomfort displays, strengthens, and refines character. And we must closely scrutinize his attempt to get other people into the water. Why the blatant lie that the water is fine, that it is as warm as tea, that you feel wonderful when you get used to it? If this is an effort to extend the brotherhood of man by showing that we are all fools together, or that life has practised one more fraud on its victims, then it is a dignified, even ennobling thing. But let's make sure that that is what it is. It may be instead evidence that the swimmer has succumbed to the illusion of pleasure—he may think he likes cold water.

Which is the latent danger in vacations. We must be entirely clear about the nature of the illusion. Disregarding people who live with horses all year, whom a conservative taxonomist might not classify as human anyway, no one enjoys riding a horse. The discomfort ranges from mild to severe and the boredom of associating with the dumbest of all animals is extreme. What then is to be said of a person who devotes his theoretically precious three weeks to riding? Again, sailing a small (or any other) boat is admittedly the most abysmally dull activity that humankind has succeeded in developing, yet hundreds of thousands of people spend their vacations sailing. Or instead of boredom, take frustration, to produce which is the sole purpose of one whole category of sports. No one has yet lived who got any pleasure whatever from, as the complete example, golf. The tennis-player, or the player of many other competitive games, may genuinely enjoy winning, or playing well regardless of the outcome, or exercising skill, or associating with amiable companions, or merely hitting a ball. Not the golfer. Even to win is desolating for the margin should have been greater. He never has enough skill to take advantage of the opportunities that were offered. He never makes a

score so low as it ought to have been considering what happened. He is never a man having a good time: he is a man surcharged with anger and self-contempt, forever berating himself for that flubbed shot, the vision of his approach to the eleventh green forever tormenting him. Voluntarily to seek this frustration is like offering oneself for a try-out with the iron maiden or the rack.

BUT the golfer is pointing out our way and we can get another clue from the fisherman. Take him at his most pedantic, the trout-fisherman. There can be no ego-gratification when a man who weighs one hundred and eighty pounds lands a twelve-ounce fish, and an I.Q. of, say, 100 hardly triumphs by outwitting a half-gram intelligence. Nor can there be much satisfaction in capturing this wild thing which was hand-grown at a hatchery, lacks all the mechanisms of survival, and was planted in the stream as a complete setup. And fishing, though usually not uncomfortable in itself, is usually associated with camping out or living in sportsmen's camps, two of the most intense discomforts this side of torture. Clearly the pleasure-principle is no part of fishing; to approach it from that angle is to miss its meaning altogether.

There is the costume: as formalized and conventionalized as that of a medicine man, whether it comes from Abercrombie & Fitch or from the castoffs in the attic. There is ceremonial equipment, lavish, variegated, intrinsically fascinating, all venerated and 90 per cent of it without function and never used. There is the ritual which can never be deviated from except on penalty of inner guilt, public shame, and, what is much worse, betrayal of the ideal. Obviously these things have no relation to fishing as the pursuit and capture of fish. They are the stage properties and stage business of a fantasy in comparison with which the act of fishing is tawdry, even degrading. The sacred vestments, vessels, and rituals have inherent creative power; they produce a vision which of itself is ecstasy. And there you have it: a vacation is the shabby chrysalis of a poetic fantasy. A set of golf clubs are beauty as such, entirely divorced from the use they are intended to be put to and they are mystical or magic objects. Merely to possess them is to make splendor

and healing one's own. To handle them or even to think of them is to have a vision. Here, undefiled by the humiliating facts, here is a figure who has become the best that a man believes he might be, and he is using the beautiful thing in an act of utter skill. This is ecstasy and it can no more endure reality than first love can.

A hiker staggering along a cluttered trail, his face bloated by mosquito bites, his stomach queasy from the charred eggs he cooked over a smudge, his shoulders galled by the straps of a pack that is filled with beloved but idiotic equipment for the outdoor life, his muscles agonized by unfamiliar strain—such a man has no truck with so paltry a thing as pleasure.

If he expected to enjoy his ordeal, he would be simple-minded, if he did enjoy it, he would be crazy. He is a much more dignified figure. He is a man who, knowing the end to which all dreams come, submitted the fantasy that gives him grace to the brutality of fact. There is a heroic contempt in him. He will undergo the ridiculous reality as a means, painful but only briefly so and altogether necessary, of preserving the dream.

THINK of these returning vacationists, then, both as the safeguard of the Republic and as its priests and poets. Heroic, drugged with fatigue, nerve-raddled, chivied by exhausted spouses and overstimulated children, lame, sore, they have upheld the tribal religion and they have been steadfast in the service of the good. And since they have done your duty as well as their own, listen to their anecdotes, which are again pure poetry and a compensation necessary for the rekindling of the dwindled altar fire. Society, which has exempted you from the ordeal, asks you to give some moderate help in the re-establishment of the vision. Listen, inquire, admire, assist. For next year, at Eagle River, above Tuckerman's Ravine, out of Larchmont Harbor, coming down the Nipigon, on the Appalachian Trail—next year, by the grace of vision and desire, they will be better men than they know all too painfully it is in them ever to be. And keep your lips grave if a heathen notion drifts into your mind and you find yourself wondering whether it would not, on the whole, be more desirable to get a little fun.

The Persuasive Roger Baldwin

Oliver Jensen

Drawings by Sam Norkin



“THE guarantees of the Bill of Rights are unconditioned,” wrote H. L. Mencken a quarter-century ago. “They do not apply to one class of men alone; they apply to all men equally, including the vast party of fools. . . . It is always the fools who need the most help.”

Surveying the contemporary scene with distaste, Mencken could descry but one real champion for the ideal of civil liberty in America, and, since the supply of fools never noticeably diminishes, the champion was a very busy man. With the fools he dodged policemen at boisterous public meetings. Enlisting lawyers, he opened closed halls for their speakers. Sometimes he sprang them from jail and not infrequently he was the

only friend who would fight for their rights all the way up to the Supreme Court.

Occasionally he found himself defending non-fools, but generally the objects of his attention were folly, eccentricity, and even anathema; he was equally concerned with free expression for nudists and advocates of polygamy, for atheists and Jehovah's Witnesses, for fascists and admitted Communists. Often he disliked the people he helped, and he fought for their liberties in the full knowledge that, given an opportunity, they would destroy his own. Back in the early twenties, when they were more blunt about their intentions, the Communists once told him, in chilling jest, “When the Revolution comes, you'll be the first person we'll hang.”

The man with this reservation in the lead tumbril is Roger Nash Baldwin, founder of the American Civil Liberties Union and for three angry decades, from 1920 to 1950, its driving force. Under his directorship the Union swelled from a corporal's guard to an army. Yet the director himself has remained a comparatively obscure figure. When last year, at sixty-six, he turned the directorship over to a new man, the newspapers, if they mentioned the event at all, reported it very modestly. It was a poor return for all the great news stories Baldwin and his Union had provided them—the Scopes Trial, the battle against Mayor Hague, the fugitive from a chain gang, and many other victories for civil liberties (including freedom of the press) which are part of the recent history of America.

BALDWIN might have been expected to retire in both exhaustion and cynicism: protecting civil liberties is like cleaning the Augean stables. New Hagues are always springing up; fresh persecutors appear; when their personal interests change, allies fall away—a tendency of which the Union was reminded only recently by the Hollywood Motion Picture Producers Association. The moguls were lions for liberty while the Union, eager to get the Supreme Court to rule that movies come under “freedom of the press,” was helping them contest censorship in the Deep South directed against “Lost Boundaries” and “Pinky,” two films on Negro problems. Then “Oliver Twist” arrived from England with a Fagin offensive to many American-Jewish groups. Pressure was exerted, the moguls lost interest in liberty, and “Oliver” for months was quietly kept out of the theaters. The principle was the same to the Union, but, when its representatives called the suitable officials in Hollywood, everyone was out.

But if Baldwin permits himself occasional cynicism, there is no pessimism in him. Since he belongs to that wiry, hardy, New England variety of mankind which seems to harden in the middle fifties and never alter thereafter, he is not going into retirement. Instead he has taken on a new crusade, for civil liberties on the international scale, a wider phase of the old battle and, in the opinion of a man who regards all problems

of liberty as world-wide and indivisible, the most crucial matter of all. It is scarcely new territory to him, for Baldwin is a sophisticated and widely traveled man, an agitator under many flags who has long been head of a hopeful organization called the International League for the Rights of Man. He represents this group, and the international branch of the Civil Liberties Union, in constant negotiations in the UN and Washington committee rooms, and wherever else he can put his persuasive talents to work, wheedling concessions on civil liberties from the covenant and treaty makers.

Perhaps the greatest novelty in Baldwin's new job is that he is now dealing with people (excepting principally the Soviet bloc) who tend to agree with him, or at least to respect his sincerity. Back in the early twenties when Baldwin and his handful of stalwarts—Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Arthur Garfield Hays, Oswald Garrison Villard, Clarence Darrow, Morris Ernst—were getting started, practically no one agreed with them. One day in 1921, Baldwin sent Dr. Holmes and Norman Thomas to test an anti-Socialist ordinance in Mount Vernon, New York. They took a stand on a street corner, together with several others, and Dr. Holmes in his fine minister's voice began to read aloud the Declaration of Independence. He had got only to the truths the signers felt were so self-evident, including “the right of the people to alter or abolish” their government, when the group was arrested.

“I didn't say that,” protested Dr. Holmes as he was led away. “Thomas Jefferson said it.”

“Where's that guy?” demanded the policeman. “We'll get him too.”

IN PRIVATE discussion, of course, Baldwin could always get people to agree that freedom of speech, press, and assembly, and all the other rights, were inviolable—except for somebody who was clearly beyond the pale. The exceptions, depending on the locality and the climate of the time, would be labor unions or employers, radicals or reactionaries, anti-Semites or Semites. But Baldwin allowed no exceptions. He saw to it that the Union defended equally the right of Catholics to teach in Southern school districts under control of the Ku Klux Klan and

the right of Klansmen to hold meetings in Catholic Boston. Rights, he insisted, are not opposed by wrongs, but by other rights. An FEPC law, for example, secures a Negro a job at the expense of the prejudices of an unwilling employer. Two rights are involved: the Negro's to a job without discrimination, the employer's to hold anti-Negro prejudices (but not to put them into effect). Therefore the Union has both supported FEPC (making one set of enemies) and helped defeat laws which would bar expressions of race prejudice from the mails and public rostra (which makes it another set of enemies).

What could one say of such prodigious impartiality? At worst, as the Hearst papers and the American Legion at once agreed, Baldwin and his colleagues were just plain Reds. Their occasional defense of some right-winger (embarrassingly, once, William Randolph Hearst, endeavoring to keep his private telegrams from the scrutiny of the New Deal) was just a smoke screen for a fellow-traveling crowd which worked mostly for labor unions and Communists. If they weren't helping Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney, or the Scottsboro Boys, well, it was some pickets or that sect that wouldn't salute the flag. "Our clients are not selected by us, but by the people who violate their rights," Baldwin invariably replied.

II

THERE are many paradoxes in Baldwin's life. He was born a Boston aristocrat but was never conscience-stricken by his background (as some aristocrats-turned-radical are) except when he reflected that, the world being imperfect, only a man of his own respectable native stock—no foreigner, no member of a racial minority—could probably have led the crusade so successfully. He associates with all varieties of radicals yet sits with the rich and conservative on the boards of learned societies, is a director of the National Audubon Society, and has served on a committee of the Harvard Board of Overseers, an organization rarely viewed with alarm. He professes a philosophy of freedom so absolute that it is close to traditional anarchy, a persuasion known for its impractical dreamers. Yet he is something of a financial wizard who once ran the endowment

of a private foundation entrusted to his care up from \$1 million to \$2 million.

Most crusaders are uncomfortable fellows, pious or hearty. Baldwin is affable and witty, adept at bird-watching, sketching, and playing Chopin, and not given to proselytizing for the ideas he believes in so fervently. He loves the outdoors—canoeing, skiing, and hiking. For years he kept a private camp on his place at Hackensack, New Jersey, usually taking in a few of the boys he has adopted or helped along from time to time. These boys, and his own children, remember him as a tireless athlete, a good camp cook, and a man who carried a belief in non-violence to the point of not trapping the camp's rats and mice. He is also a man of notable humility who keeps a careful notebook, which he types out at night, systematically recording the events and quotations of his day—a habit which makes him hard to misquote, or to defeat in argument.

It might be argued that Baldwin is really only a sound Puritan conservative, keeping alive the old Boston principles of liberty, tolerance, dissent—traditions which have produced from time to time a Sam Adams, a Robert Gould Shaw, and a John Reed. The Baldwin roots go far back into Massachusetts history and include Loammi, breeder of the bitter Baldwin apple (which bestowed on young Roger the nickname of "Sour"). The early preachers and farmers gave way in his father's day to owners of factories and railways; Roger's two brothers today are a broker and a banker. But when the boy was growing up the city's intellectual veins had not hardened; conservatism in finance commingled with earlier currents of free-thinking, Unitarianism, and Abolition. Baldwin's father, Frank Fenno Baldwin, who died last year at ninety-one, would denounce pickets and New Dealers to the very end, but, his son said proudly, "He had the taint of heresy. He was a paying member of the Civil Liberties Union."

IN THE Boston tradition of the day, Roger went to public school, where his first memory is of the teacher's discovery that most of the class, including young Baldwin, had never seen a Negro. One day, therefore, she prevailed on one to come and be inspected. The point of his visit, however, was



somewhat beclouded by the pussyfooting injunction she gave her charges: they must not bring up the subject of color. The boy whose curiosity was finally too much for him was Baldwin. "Are you black all over?" he inquired politely. Subsequently he had all the opportunity he needed to get to know Negroes; Booker T. Washington made several visits to his father's house and sent his children to school with Roger.

At Harvard Baldwin studied English under Charles Townsend Copeland and philosophy under Ralph Barton Perry; getting interested in anthropology, he took a college field trip to observe the Hopi and Navajo Indians at first hand. Generally he was a conformist, a member of the right clubs like the Hasty Pudding; he looked on the small radical crowd as "nutty." After graduation in 1905, a master's degree in 1906, and a proper Bostonian's trip to scrutinize art and music in Europe, he began to wonder whether he would be a banker or a broker. The reverie was interrupted by an entirely different offer, of a job teaching the newly fashionable subject of sociology and running a neighborhood house called "Self-Culture Hall" in St. Louis. On the advice of his father's lawyer, Louis D. Brandeis, he took it.

For the next ten years Baldwin found himself deep in social and reform work in St. Louis, and it gave him the sense of mission so essential to a crusader. He engrossed himself in juvenile courts, a civic league, and children's commissions. Then one day, taunted by a friend for his "Boston conservatism," he attended a lecture by Emma Goldman, who so intrigued him by her sweeping prescriptions for the underdog that he began to study the literature of the anarchist, the Socialist, and various utopian movements. It was a new world. But Baldwin could not accept all the rigidities—and compulsiveness—

of orthodox Socialism, and, struggling through the maze of conflicting theories, he gradually converted himself to his own individual brand of philosophical anarchy.

In St. Louis then the practical issue was not Emma Goldman's theories, but her right to speak. She had never been able to find a decent hall, and on her next visit Baldwin wangled her into a respectable women's club. The next dangerous visitor was Margaret Sanger, who had already served a jail sentence for preaching birth control. Barred by the police from a hall she had rented, she and Baldwin held a protest meeting on the steps outside until the police broke it up.

BY THE time America entered the first war in 1917, Baldwin had learned what radicals call "militancy." He was also a confirmed pacifist. When a group of prominent pacifists in New York, led by Dr. Holmes, formed the American Union Against Militarism, Baldwin offered his services and got the job of running a Civil Liberties Bureau under its auspices. This group, which soon became independent of the parent organization, spent most of its time resisting invasions of draft objectors' legal rights. Eventually the Bureau was raided on charges of encouraging resistance to the draft, and its files, some 15,000 pieces of paper, were hauled uptown to the Union League Club, whose members, then volunteer Department of Justice workers, were assigned to ferreting out any treason they might contain.

Just before this dramatic event, Baldwin's own draft number had come up. He had resolved to be an objector and so resigned his post, to avoid embarrassing the Bureau. Soon he was in jail, where he refused bail on the principle that he was obviously guilty. While he was awaiting trial, he received an unexpected visit from federal marshals, who explained apologetically that the warriors in the Union League Club had got the Bureau's 15,000 papers into a hopeless snarl. Would Baldwin please come straighten them out? Thereafter he spent from nine to six every day sorting papers and eating excellent lunches with the marshals.

No sedition at all could be uncovered in the Bureau's files, but Baldwin personally did not fare so easily. At his trial he rose in court to make a long speech which is still

widely quoted and remembered in civil liberties circles. "I am opposed to this and all other wars," he said. "I do not believe in the use of physical force as a method of achieving any end, however good. . . . Whatever the penalty I shall endure it." When he finished expounding his principles (to which he adhered also in World War II), most of the court was in tears. The judge, who obviously admired the defendant, gave him one year.

Baldwin was an unorthodox prisoner in the penitentiary in Newark to which he was sent. He remained the social worker, organizing the prisoners to pool funds for legal expenses and conducting classes and discussion groups. Confinement persuaded him that he had thrown in his lot with the working class, and when he was released he decided to have a try at manual labor. In the course of four months in the Midwest he worked in a coal mine and a lead smelter; he "scabbed" by day at a Pittsburgh steel plant, reporting secretly at night to the striking union until the mill owners found out and fired him; he got jobs in a railway section gang and in a brickyard.

III

THE callouses were still on his hands in 1920 when Baldwin reconstituted the old Bureau in its present form as the American Civil Liberties Union, with offices in a grimy building on Union Square in New York, and started fighting for the rights of labor. Those were the days of easy labor injunctions, yellow-dog contracts, and closed towns into whose precincts union organizers advanced at their peril. The mayor of one Pennsylvania coal town firmly announced that "not even Jesus Christ" could speak on labor matters there. Plainly, Arthur Garfield Hays remarked, the mayor had already made up his mind which side Jesus Himself would have supported.

Baldwin, Hays, and other union members were personally involved in labor violence. During a silk strike in Paterson, New Jersey, the leaders of the striking union at the last minute asked Baldwin to assure that a sched-

uled meeting could be held. He rushed to Paterson to find the union men standing outside the only private meeting place available in town. The police had closed it. "All right, let's go to City Hall," he said. Flags were produced and a cheering procession set forth. The leaders jumped up on the steps, where one of them began to read from the Bill of Rights, the standard Baldwin text in affairs of this sort. Police moved in and told the orator to stop.

"I protest!" cried Baldwin, whereupon the police began cracking heads. The strike committee was arrested but Baldwin—thought to be the lawyer and too hot to handle—was ignored. He hurried to the newspapers, told his story, and next morning presented himself at Paterson police headquarters.

"I ought to be arrested too," he pointed out.

"I'll accommodate you," replied the chief.

Baldwin was tried and given six months under a statute dating back to 1796 on the ground that, as the law put it, he "did routously, riotously, and tumultuously assemble and did make a loud noise and disturbance." The conviction was finally reversed in the New Jersey Supreme Court, whose seventeen judges with remarkable unanimity agreed that it was the police who had made the loud noise and disturbance.

One of the Civil Liberties Union's great early problems was to get its members arrested at all, so that the courts could be brought into play. Mayor Hague, determined to keep unions out of Jersey City, was equally determined to dodge court action. More than once, Hays was ejected into the dismal boulevards of neighboring Ho-



boken. Norman Thomas was tossed into New York-bound subways. On the eve of one of these civil liberties expeditions, Baldwin had the pleasure of hearing Hague denounce him by name on the radio. "This draft-slacker Baldwin will not set foot in Jersey City as long as I am Mayor!" thundered Hague. Over his loudspeaker, Baldwin heard a muffled laugh. It was, he learned later, Heywood Broun, at the press table below the rostrum. "Don't you laugh, young man!" shouted Hague, but eventually anyone so minded could laugh, without interference, in Jersey City. Joining hands with the CIO, the Union got a Federal Court injunction, later upheld in 1937 by the Supreme Court, against further denial of free speech in Jersey City. The night after the decision, Baldwin, Thomas, Hays, and everyone who had ever been denied a permit or thrown out of town went to Journal Square to speak, suspecting they might have to leave the victory celebration hurriedly. But no hand was raised. "Phalanxes of police were out," Baldwin says, "to protect us. 'Were the arrangements satisfactory?' the Captain asked as we left. Imagine!"

THE most celebrated of all the union's cases arose when Baldwin spotted a small news item to the effect that the Tennessee Legislature had passed a law forbidding the teaching of Evolution. He sent releases to Tennessee newspapers, offering to defend any teacher who would violate the law. In the little town of Dayton, a young high school teacher named Scopes took up the offer and wired the Union. "Get yourself prosecuted," replied Baldwin.

"We got a godsend when William Jennings Bryan volunteered to help the prosecution," Baldwin recalls. He thereupon despatched to Dayton the impressive legal team of Arthur Hays, Dudley Field Malone, and Clarence Darrow. The result was one of history's high comic interludes. The press of an unbelieving world streamed into the sweltering little Tennessee town to watch the two great antagonists, the dignified, grandiloquent Bryan and the deceptively folksy Darrow, standing in their shirtsleeves before a hill-billy court mercifully moved outdoors, and debating, in the midst of the twentieth century, whether a whale had really swallowed Jonah and

where Cain could have found his wife when Eve, his mother, was the only woman thus far created. "I leave it to the agnostics to find her," replied the miserable Bryan.

Bryan could not be shaken in his belief that every word in the Bible was literally true, and the law was upheld right through the Tennessee Supreme Court, although Scopes was let off on a technicality. Two weeks later the exhausted Bryan died. The law he had defended, however, soon became a dead letter. In New York, meanwhile, Baldwin was rubbing his hands in thrifty satisfaction. To pay for the expenses of his legal team (it took no fee) he had circularized some 15,000 members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. To his surprise about 2,000 of them contributed an average of \$10 each. The Monkey Trial did not cost the Union a penny.

BALDWIN'S New England thrift amuses his colleagues but it has stood the Union in good stead. It leads him to record even expenditures for carfare in his private journal, to avoid taxicabs, and, when away from home, to go to restaurants only if he is noticeably hungry and not just because it is mealtime. Once, after he had given help to a New York restaurant union, and even walked in its picket lines, the grateful union sent Vincent Astor's former French chef to teach Baldwin, who would accept no other gift, a few tricks of Gallic cooking. The ex-picket, already something of a chef himself, was pleased to add *crêpes suzettes* and oysters *casino* to his repertory, but was shocked at the Frenchman's salary. "Astor paid that man \$15,000 a year," says Baldwin in awe. "I was making \$3,000."

Piteous as this comparison may sound, it was Baldwin alone who decided to pay himself this niggardly stipend, and he never raised it above \$3,600. He reasoned that he required no more; his first wife was self-supporting and they split costs. Some years after they were divorced Baldwin married a handsome, well-to-do woman named Evelyn Preston and began to pay her "board," as he called it. They lead a pleasant life divided between a comfortable old house in downtown New York, a place in northern New Jersey, and a summer establishment on the windy south shore of Martha's Vineyard.

Baldwin imposed an even greater simplicity on the Civil Liberties Union. For years the contributor-members numbered a bare 2,000 and the budget, for all purposes, never exceeded \$80,000 and was generally far less. The director deliberately kept things small and avoided membership drives, believing that too great size would make his organization unwieldy; he liked to run things himself and act quickly when occasion arose. The lack of size was compensated for by the distinction of the membership and the network of almost eight hundred volunteer lawyers all over the country who were recruited to watch for local infractions of civil liberties and to flag New York for help when needed.

Toward the end of Baldwin's directorship, the Union began to grow more rapidly. There are well over twelve thousand members now and Baldwin's successor, Patrick Murphy Malin, is out for more. A larger staff is required to handle the pamphleteering, the publicity work, and the endless arguing with public officials. There are generally at least one hundred legal cases on the docket, and there are few judges who have not been presented with an *amicus curiae* opinion from the American Civil Liberties Union.

BALDWIN himself understood from the start that liberty is the concern of the right as well as the left. But it took the economic revolution of the early thirties to convince many Americans of the utter impartiality of his crusade. In the Roosevelt Era, a new set of underdogs was created out of the former overdogs, and new rights were violated. Picketing often grew violent; employers could not get into their plants, and their right to speak freely to their employees was severely limited. On these issues the Civil Liberties Union went to court for the employers, who soon perceived the strange prestige lent their cause by this unexpected ally. Even Henry Ford became a Baldwin client.

Once in recent years the Union went after John L.

Lewis, when he warned coal operators that a visit by Senator Taft might cause a walkout. "We deplore and condemn this suggestion," said the Union; "if they [the miners] are free to listen or not to listen, then he [Taft] should be free to speak." Even worse, from some labor leaders' point of view, Baldwin came to the aid of minorities within the unions and that lowest outcast of all, the non-union worker. Other labor groups were equally annoyed when Baldwin opposed Jim Crow within unions.

As a second world war approached, Baldwin gave further evidence of his Olympian (to some) and maddening (to others) impartiality. He secured freedom of assembly for Philadelphia Italian-Americans who wanted to parade in honor of Mussolini's conquests in Ethiopia. He saw to it that the Union went to court on behalf of the New Jersey Bundists whose free speech was circumscribed, although, as he later said, "We hated those people." During the actual war he would not represent Nazis or anyone else who seemed to be aiding the enemy. He was, however, deeply concerned over the forcible evacuation of Japanese-Americans from the West Coast—guilty or not. He managed to preserve the right of the anti-Semitic Christian Front leader, Gerald L. K. Smith, to speak publicly. "Smith met me in a hotel lobby once," Baldwin recalls. "He





ordered tea on the theory that a man silly enough to believe in civil liberties must be a teetotaler. I corrected him. Then he said we didn't 'have the guts' to get him into a hall in Buffalo, where he was having trouble. Well, we got him into Buffalo, and Minneapolis and Chicago and Los Angeles as well."

The Union also filed a brief on behalf of the assorted native fascists in the celebrated wartime sedition trial because it believed, and still believes, that the Smith Act, under which they were tried, is unconstitutional, by making "mere advocacy" (of overthrowing the government), and not overt acts, the test of criminality.

The Union consistently took the same stand when the Act was invoked against the eleven members of the U. S. Communist "Politburo" for "conspiring to advocate" a Communist revolution. And despite the Supreme Court decision, eight to two, that the Smith Act does not contravene the First Amendment, Baldwin and a dwindling majority of the Civil Liberties Union doggedly refuse to change their belief, inherited from Justice Holmes, in "freedom for the thought we hate." Yet the national temper is up, and what Baldwin calls "our jitters over security," growing in large part out of the Korean War, has increased the case load at the Union by some 200 per cent.

IT WAS the war which cut the last connection between the Union and the Communists. Although there had never been many actual members who were Communists, Baldwin and his friends always knew that in many of their efforts they were being used to suit Communist purposes. In the endless Scottsboro case, for example, the Union and the Communists fought a joint battle for the defendants. The Communists, however, took on the Scottsboro boys solely for propaganda. They collected perhaps a million dollars for their "defense," but actually they spent only a small part of the money on them and dropped them as soon as interest waned. The Union and other groups stood by them. From 1937 on, discouraged by this case, Baldwin abandoned all further joint defense efforts with the Communists.

In 1940, the Union decided to remove the only Communist on its Board of Directors, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn—as a matter of principle as well as reputation. The deed was done after long soul-searching; nothing like this had ever happened before, and the removal was followed by two hundred resignations—not all of them from Communists. But even as Miss Flynn departed ("a charming woman personally," Baldwin observes with gallantry), the Union made it unmistakably clear that it would continue to defend the legitimate civil liberties of Communists.

Baldwin had found out for himself about Soviet dictatorship long before most intellectuals recovered from the great delusion that Communism is merely an extreme kind of liberalism. In 1927 he went to Russia in a naïve attempt to aid Socialists jailed by the Stalin regime. Results were nil but Baldwin was stimulated by the Russian Revolution of that time, in which some small area of dissent was still tolerated. He wrote a book speculating on whether the new economic order, with its promise of a Socialist paradise in which the state would "wither away," might not, despite its present oppression, produce a base for ultimate, Baldwin-style political freedom. In the early thirties, however, after the great peasant purges, Baldwin repudiated even these few kind words. "The Russians never let me go back," he said. "Their ambassador asked me, 'You helped Trotsky find asylum in Mexico, didn't you?' and I said,

'Sure, that's civil liberties.' 'Not as we practice them,' said the ambassador."

OVER the years the liberties of whole peoples began to seem as important to Baldwin as individual civil liberties. He became involved in many anti-fascist and anti-colonial movements and was chairman, for sixteen years, of the International Committee for Political Prisoners, which, like all Baldwin enterprises, acted entirely without discrimination. He headed a United Front for the Spanish Republicans, was active in various movements for India's independence, and is still Treasurer of the India League.

He got to know Nehru in 1927, and, as soon as India became a nation, immediately persuaded him to set up an Indian Civil Liberties Union. Representing the American Civil Liberties Union, Baldwin has been once to Japan and twice to Germany and Austria since the war, to study the U. S. occupations. In all three countries he succeeded in setting up local civil liberties groups. In all of them, our missions impressed him as dramatic novelties. "Think of it," he reported, "this is the first time any nation ever used a military occupation in an attempt to instill democracy and to regenerate a nation." He proved a good prophet of trouble to come in Korea and surprised his colleagues by returning from Japan full of praise for General MacArthur, whom he found "a great fellow and a social philosopher."

Baldwin's current effort is devoted to lobbying as much civil liberty as he can into the new international instruments which he hopes will some day become part of enforceable world law—the Conventions on Genocide and Freedom of Communication, and the United Nations Treaty on Human Rights. At the moment they remain aspirations, but there are small triumphs now and then. One occurred recently when the General Assembly threw back into committee for revamping the entire Treaty on Human Rights, requesting inclusion of a "clear expression of economic, social, and cultural rights, together with the civil liberties already laid down."

This was a personal victory for Baldwin over the State Department's cautious view that the Senate would not ratify a covenant

including so many economic, social, and private rights. It faces the UN, which dumped forty thousand private petitions in the wastebaskets last year, with a bureaucrat's nightmare. It also confronts America with the most grandiose extension of its own Bill of Rights that any civil liberties man could imagine, comprehending even such niceties as "the right to rest and leisure" and "the right to marry." There are many practices in the United States, Baldwin points out, that need reform to square America with this declaration. The very right to marry without consideration of race or religion is abridged by the eighteen states which have anti-miscegenation laws. Our domestic civil rights problems thus walk hand in hand with our international concerns. As Baldwin said recently, with some pride, "Civil Liberties stand out today for the first time in history as top political issues."

The occasion on which these remarks were delivered was a banquet in honor of Baldwin's thirty years of crusading, a night on which Sacco and Vanzetti, Scopes, and Hague seemed very far away. The Union had left Union Square and moved up Fifth Avenue (an unfashionable part of it, to be sure); Martin Dies had long since cleared it of the Red charge; Tom Dewey and Harry Truman had publicly congratulated it. In the big, rococo ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria the libertarians sat in dinner coats as they listened to Malin, the new director, quote approvingly in his maiden speech from such surprising sources as a General of the Army and the Director of the FBI.

In this jovial atmosphere Baldwin, characteristically pounding his fist at each point, wound up his summary of the Union's long battle. Despite all the remaining obstacles, which might take another thirty years, he said, "Our country has moved from an era of force and violence to an era of reasonable progress by law. . . . Our Supreme Court has affirmed in a long series of decisions those rights and liberties recognized a few years ago only in the dissents of Justices Holmes and Brandeis . . . and I might add that the Civil Liberties Union has moved in those years from a position of suspected subversion to one of unexpected respectability."

Cortisone and Plenty of It

Leonard Engel

THREE years ago this month, a new era in medicine was opened with the discovery that the hormone cortisone can turn off the symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis—a power it was quickly found to have over a breathtaking list of other ailments as well. But it is not enough for a drug to possess even exceptional medicinal potency. It must also be susceptible to production in sufficient quantity to treat those who need it. Until a few months ago, this was the sticking point with cortisone.

The hormone that might help millions could be manufactured only by the most intricate process ever attempted by any branch of the chemical industry, from a raw material so limited in supply as to preclude all hope of making more than a fraction of the volume required. The result was the tragic cortisone shortage of last winter. But now a remarkable series of discoveries has opened several avenues to production of cortisone in practically unlimited quantities.

A Mexico City drug firm, Syntex, S.A., one of the world's largest manufacturers of sex hormones, is already at the pilot-plant stage with a comparatively simple process for making cortisone from an inedible wild Central American yam. Syntex says it will begin shipping cortisone from one of its present plants early next year, and should have a new plant, capable of really large-scale production, in operation in two years. Merck & Company of Rahway, New Jersey, the pioneer producer

of cortisone, is close behind with a generally similar process applicable not only to the Central American yam, but also to a variety of other abundant plant and animal materials. Finally, a young Harvard professor, Robert Burns Woodward, and Sir Robert Robinson, dean of English chemists, have paved the way to ultimate manufacture of the hormone from coal-tar or petroleum.

The story of these developments, the latest chapter in a series, is replete with the stuff of which movies are made. The new ways of producing cortisone come as the climax to an unrestrained, dramatic race involving a dozen of the largest American drug houses, several leading foreign pharmaceutical manufacturers, three governments, and more research personnel than have worked on any medical problem since penicillin. Few stones were left unturned. Explorers searched the African and Central American jungle for new raw materials. Imaginative experimenters tried to make the hormone directly by hooking up glands from slaughtered cattle in Rube Goldberg arrangements of flasks and test tubes. Others worked along more conventional lines, seeking either a practical chemical process for making cortisone from known materials, or an easily-made drug with the hormone's therapeutic power. Meanwhile, the scientists' employers were jockeying for position. The sale of cortisone and cortisone-like drugs is expected eventually to reach several hundred million dollars a year—a much greater sum

Leonard Engel, who has written often and for many magazines on medical and scientific subjects, recapitulates here the second chapter in a series of events whose beginning he described in "ACTH, Cortisone, & Co." last August.

than the pharmaceutical industry has ever realized on a single product.

But there is a good deal of more general significance in the story, too. As perhaps no other recent development, it emphasizes the growing role of the pharmaceutical industry in medical progress. It also underscores a point often overlooked in a big-money age. Big minds rather than big research budgets lead to big discoveries. The cortisone production problem was solved not because research money was freely spent, but because outstanding men in the relevant branches of chemistry went to work on it. Last but not least, it should be noted that the leader in the race was a chemical manufacturer in presumably backward Mexico.

II

IT WILL be well to begin the new chapter in the cortisone story with a brief resumé of cortisone's place in medicine. Cortisone is one of a number of hormones secreted by the adrenal cortices, the outer layers of the adrenal glands, two wrinkled bits of tissue resting on the kidneys. The hormones of the adrenal cortices serve a variety of critically important functions. A specific function of cortisone, or a hormone very like it, is to limit the body's response to injury or disease. Injury and disease set in motion a complex train of defensive processes responsible for most of the manifestations ordinarily (and, strictly speaking, mistakenly) referred to as the symptoms of disease. The soreness of a sore throat, for example, is not due to the activities of the invading bacteria, but to an inflammatory process the invasion sets off. The defensive processes upset the normal balance of the body and would disorganize it completely, with death through shock as the result, if they were not held in check. In the quantities usually released by the adrenal cortices, cortisone establishes a new balance permitting both the defensive reaction and the continuance of essential day-to-day physiological activities. In the larger amounts employed in medicine, cortisone suppresses the defensive processes more completely and thus abolishes the apparent signs of illness.

In many serious ailments, the root of the trouble seems to be an exaggerated defensive or quasi-defensive inflammatory reaction. Although it can be a dangerous drug in careless

hands, cortisone effectively relieves disorders of this type. The most prominent disease in this category is rheumatoid arthritis, which afflicts an estimated two million Americans. Similar disorders in which the use of cortisone is now also well established include rheumatic fever, the great disease threat of childhood; gout and a number of other arthritic ailments; asthma; ulcerative colitis; iritis and other inflammatory eye conditions that may lead to blindness; and often-fatal skin diseases such as pemphigus and lupus erythematosus. In addition, cortisone counteracts surgical and wound shock. Timely doses of the hormone have pulled seriously debilitated patients through major operations and saved the lives of burn victims who had lost half their skin; formerly, such burns were always fatal. Finally, new applications for cortisone are being found in the early morning and late evening of life. At life's beginning, the hormone carries premature infants, whose adrenal glands are too immature to meet severe stresses, through critical illnesses. At the other extreme of life, cortisone can serve as a sort of super-aspirin for getting elderly patients over minor aches and inflammations that might otherwise require a stay in bed. Elderly patients can't take bed rest; a two-week stay in bed is often sufficient to start them on the last lap downhill.

There is another hormone, ACTH (adrenocorticotrophic hormone), whose effects are quite similar to those of cortisone. ACTH is the secretion of the anterior pituitary that stimulates the adrenal cortex. The need for adrenocortical-active drugs, however, can't be met with ACTH. The pituitary hormone is a protein and is therefore too complex to be obtained by any but the present method, extraction from hog and beef pituitaries. The supply of ACTH is thus limited by the supply of animal "pits." Moreover, unlike cortisone, which can be taken by mouth, ACTH requires injection, a burdensome restriction in a drug that may be needed daily for months or years. ACTH was also, until recently, more than twice as expensive as cortisone, dose for dose.

III

THE race to find a practical large-scale method of manufacturing cortisone can be said to have begun in the grand ball-

room of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on an afternoon in April 1949, when Dr. Philip S. Hench of the Mayo Clinic showed an international congress of rheumatic disease experts his now-famous motion picture on the effects of cortisone in rheumatoid arthritis. At the time, the world supply of cortisone amounted to fifteen grams or so a week—enough to keep ten or fifteen patients under treatment—made from salvaged laboratory materials. During the war, Canadian and American laboratories had carried on an intensive study of adrenocortical hormones. In the course of this program, a young Merck chemist, Lewis H. Sarett, devised laboratory methods of preparing Kendall's Compound A and cortisone, two hormones which had been extracted from the adrenal gland in microscopic amounts in the thirties; and Merck made a sizable quantity of Compound A, the simpler of the two. Compound A proved completely useless, so only five grams of cortisone were made. In September 1948, the last of the five grams was sent to Dr. Hench, who gave it to two rheumatoid arthritis patients. There was enough of a response to put Hench on the phone to Merck to ask for more of the hormone for further tests, and for Merck chemists to begin reworking left-over materials. Eventually, nearly a kilogram more of the hormone was squeezed out.

Merck was already preparing, however, to put the intricate laboratory process for making cortisone into commercial production. The Merck medical director, Dr. James M. Carlisle, had been out to Mayo during the fall and been convinced of the soundness of Hench's results, though Hench had then treated only three or four patients. So, by the April meeting, Merck agents were out contracting with packing houses for cattle bile, the starting point of the process; pilot plant operations were being readied; and equipment was starting to move into the first of three buildings set aside for the cortisone project at the sprawling Merck plant in Rahway.

The first factory-made cortisone was shipped to clinical investigators early in 1950—an achievement outstripping the gaudiest production miracles of the war. Some thirty-seven distinct chemical steps were required to convert desoxycholic acid, the useful constituent of cattle bile, into cortisone. No process

of more than a dozen steps had previously been attempted by the chemical or pharmaceutical industry.

What makes the Merck accomplishment all the more remarkable is the fact that the bile process was merely a stopgap, expected to serve only until the development of a process based upon a more abundant raw material. Merck has since simplified the bile process and raised the yield; according to trade gossip (the official figures are a closely guarded secret), Merck now obtains .3 gram of cortisone per head of cattle. At that rate, however, bile from all eighteen million cattle slaughtered in the U. S. each year would yield a maximum of 450,000 grams of cortisone a month—a fraction of the quantity needed for treating rheumatoid arthritis alone. Even the use of sheep bile, recently found to contain recoverable amounts of desoxycholic acid, doesn't significantly alter the situation.

Merck as well as other interested drug firms accordingly began exploring other possibilities at once. There were to be, of course, many false turnings before practicable alternatives to cattle bile were found. One of the oddest episodes, the pursuit of the lost *Strophanthus*, came right at the start.

STROPHANTHUS, a vine from which Central African natives brew arrow poison, came onstage through the library. When chemists set out to find a new material for a particular purpose, one of their first stops is the library, to see whether there are any that might do among the hundreds of thousands of substances other chemists have found in nature or made in the laboratory. When the cortisone hunters repaired to the library, they quickly turned up a compound named sarmentogenin, which was extraordinarily close to cortisone in chemical structure. As we shall see, the principal difficulty in making cortisone has been the insertion of an oxygen atom at a point in the cortisone molecule labeled the C-11 position by chemists. Desoxycholic acid has an oxygen atom at C-12 instead of C-11, and half the bile-to-cortisone process is concerned with shifting it to the proper place. Sarmentogenin already had the crucial oxygen atom at C-11.

But sarmentogenin was a strangely elusive substance. It had originally been found in a single lot of *Strophanthus* seed in 1915 by

Michael Heidelberger and Walter A. Jacobs of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, who were investigating the arrow poison. Heidelberger and Jacobs did not find sarmentogenin again until some years later, when it turned up in a different variety of the vine. European researchers had also found it on just a few occasions—in two other varieties of *Strophanthus*. Sarmentogenin might occur in any or none of the forty-five known species of the vine.

Five expeditions were en route to Africa in pursuit of sarmentogenin before you could say *Strophanthus*. One was sent out by Merck, which meant to miss no bets and put men to work on practically every possibility that came along. A second expedition went under the aegis of the Upjohn Company, another drug manufacturer, and S. B. Penick & Company, the medicinal herb house. The Department of Agriculture and U. S. Public Health Service put another exploration party into the field, and the French government, still another. A leading Swiss pharmaceutical house, Ciba, footed the bill for the fifth expedition, which was organized by Tadeusz Reichstein, the great Swiss hormone chemist whose numerous incidental accomplishments include the invention of powdered coffee.

Although small amounts of sarmentogenin were found in two species of the vine brought back by the Merck and Reichstein expeditions, *Strophanthus* proved wholly impractical as a source of cortisone raw material. *Strophanthus* grows both as a vine and a shrub. Unfortunately, the shrubs yield little fruit, and the vines, which may be 40 to 120 feet in height, have the cucumber-like fruit containing the seeds way up at the top. *Strophanthus*, moreover, is difficult to cultivate; few of the colonists who have tried (for the arrow poison, which resembles the heart drug digitalis and is preferred to digitalis by some European physicians) have had any success.

AN APPROACH which has had important scientific results, though it has yet to prove feasible commercially, emerged from the work of Oscar Hechter and his associates at the Worcester (Massachusetts) Foundation for Experimental Biology. With an eye toward determining how the adrenal cortices themselves turn out hormones, the

Worcester Foundation scientists worked out a method of keeping glands from freshly slaughtered cattle alive and functioning for several hours in flasks, to which various compounds could be added. When they added a hormone-like substance known as desoxycorticosterone, the Worcester scientists got back the adrenocortical hormone called Kendall's Compound B. When they added another hormone-like compound, Reichstein's Compound S, they recovered Kendall's F.

The latter discovery created considerable excitement in the scientific and pharmaceutical worlds. Compound F is the only substance yet found (except ACTH) clearly possessing the therapeutic power of cortisone; indeed, F may be more active than cortisone, weight for weight, and may be the true cortisone-like hormone of the adrenal cortex. Further, Reichstein's S, the precursor of F in the experiment, is easily made from soybean refining wastes. Since Hechter had obtained nearly two grams of hormone from each beef adrenal before it gave out, it looked as though one might produce sixty thousand grams of F a month by hooking up a thousand glands a day. G. D. Searle & Company, a Chicago pharmaceutical firm, has been working for more than a year on setting up just such a beef gland plant.

In the meantime, Merck had taken a step which was to lead to a major scientific advance and to bring an abundant supply of cortisone clearly into view for the first time. This was to back four of the outstanding synthetic chemists in the United States in attempts to prepare cortisone from simple coal-tar or petroleum chemicals. Cortisone belongs to the steroids, a class of compounds occupying a strategic place in nature. Male hormone and pregnancy hormone are steroids, as are also digitalis, provitamin D (a substance which sunlight converts into vitamin D), cholesterol (a fat-like compound found in wool fat and nerve tissue), and the starting material in the bile process, desoxycholic acid. Chemists of many countries had been working on the synthesis of steroids from coal-tar chemicals, especially the sex hormones, since the early thirties, when the basic structure of the steroid molecule was first worked out. Some of the researchers had come pretty close.

Merck's own entry in what soon became a swift race was Sarett, the chemist who had

devised the original bile process. The other entries were Alfred L. Wilds of the University of Wisconsin, who had participated in the successful synthesis of a near-steroid called equilenin in 1939; William S. Johnson, also at Wisconsin, who developed a new, simpler equilenin synthesis two years ago; and Woodward of Harvard, who had synthesized quinine during the war and had just missed the synthesis of estrone (female hormone), another near-steroid, in 1947. Each received a grant from the New Jersey pharmaceutical manufacturer. Scientists in other countries, of course, notably Sir Robert Robinson of Oxford, were also plowing the same field of investigation.

THE "total synthesis" of a complex substance such as cortisone from simple chemicals is something like the construction of a house, except that the chemist's task is very much more difficult because his building bricks, atoms, are too small to be seen. The molecules of cortisone must not only have the right number of the right kind of atoms; the atoms must also be arranged in a particular way, exactly as bricks make a specified house only when assembled in the specified way. Moreover, the more complex the substance to be synthesized and the more atomic bricks it contains, the more ways there are of putting it together wrong. Steroids have seventeen carbon atoms arranged in four rings, with additional carbon and hydrogen atoms attached in certain ways at exposed points and in the angles between the rings; specific steroids such as cortisone have certain other atoms added on at appropriate places (such as the oxygen atom at C-11 in cortisone). To synthesize something as complicated as a steroid, one must find, for each step of the way, a chemical reaction that places the right atom in the right spatial configuration; and the steps must be so ordered that later ones don't undo what was accomplished earlier.

Both Woodward and Robinson completed the hard part of their tasks this spring. On April 25, Woodward announced that he and the group of young chemists he had assembled had synthesized dl-methyl, 3-keto-4, 9 (11), 16-etiochola-trienate—the first true steroid built up by man from simple compounds—in twenty-five steps beginning with a coal-tar

chemical called ortho-toluidine. A few weeks later, Robinson reported total synthesis of epi-androsterone, a steroid closely related to male hormone. Subsequently, Robinson converted epi-androsterone to the male hormone itself, testosterone.

Woodward's steroid and epi-androsterone have already been converted to cortisone, though not by Woodward or Robinson, and not by procedures of practical value. While Woodward was abroad lecturing, his group turned his steroid into a closely related compound, etio-allocholanic acid. Chemists of Syntex in Mexico turned this into a third substance from which they had previously made cortisone. The same thing was done with epi-androsterone. Thus the total synthesis of cortisone—a feat widely considered many years away only six months ago—has been achieved by two routes.

The Syntex procedures require some sixty steps altogether and are comparable to going from New York to Hoboken by way of Buffalo. There is every prospect, however, that a more direct route to synthetic cortisone will be found within a few months, possibly before this article appears. Woodward's steroid is particularly suitable for a fairly direct cortisone synthesis; most of the scaffolding needed for finishing the job was neatly built in. Moreover, Woodward—one of the world's greatest masters of the art of arranging chemical steps—shrewdly avoided specially difficult reactions. Cortisone can probably be made in thirty-five or forty steps—about the number in the original bile process—from coal-tar products available by the carload. Three heavy chemical manufacturers beside Merck have already, in fact, been around to the Research Corporation, a foundation which also made a grant to Woodward and which holds his patents, to inquire about licenses.

IV

FOR the time being, total synthesis is likely to be employed for special purposes, such as the preparation of radioactive cortisone for research, rather than commercial production. At almost the moment of the Woodward and Robinson announcements, simpler approaches were disclosed by Syntex and Merck. The two firms had finally solved, in different ways, the basi

problem of converting abundant plant and animal materials into the hormone.

It will be recalled that cortisone has a crucial oxygen atom at the C-11 position; the only other substance with proved cortisone-like activity, Compound F, has an equivalent group of atoms there, whereas related substances without one or the other lack medicinal power. Sarmenogenin was eagerly sought because the C-11 oxygen is already in place; desoxycholic acid has been used in manufacturing cortisone because it has an oxygen atom at C-12 which can be moved. However, oxygenated steroids are uncommon in nature. Only the adrenal cortices seem able to produce them easily. There are, on the other hand, many "naked" steroids without any oxygen atoms in the third or C ring, which are widely distributed and which would make splendid sources of cortisone, if there were a way of introducing the needed oxygen atom. Stigmasterol, a by-product of soybean milling, is one. Another is ergosterol, obtainable from yeast. A third is diosgenin, a root extract which has launched something of a technological revolution in the pharmaceutical industry.

Diosgenin comes from *cabeza de negra*, an inedible wild yam that flourishes in the jungles of Central America and southern Mexico. About a decade and a half ago, an eccentric middle-aged chemistry instructor at Pennsylvania State College, Russell E. Marker, became convinced that plants offered a cheap source of sex hormones, then expensively extracted from oceans of animal urine or made from animal starting materials by a tedious, low-yielding process. In a dazzling display of chemical virtuosity, Marker worked out single-handed the chemistry of steroids from three large families of plants growing in Mexico and the Southwest—the agaves, yuccas, and yams—and devised, on paper, a simple process for making progesterone (pregnancy hormone) from one of these steroids, diosgenin. When he couldn't obtain commercial backing for his process, he quit Penn State and went to Mexico on his own.

One day in the summer of 1943, so the story goes, Marker appeared in the office of Laboratorios Hormona, a small Mexico City pharmaceutical house which bought hormones from time to time, and asked what

Hormona would pay for progesterone. When told \$80 a gram, Marker unwrapped two jars containing 1,000 grams each—as much as all the pharmaceutical manufacturers of the world could turn out in several months. He had made it from diosgenin with the help of one or two untrained assistants. Instead of buying Marker's progesterone, the owners of Hormona, two Mexican citizens of European origin, Emeric Somlo and Federico Lehmann, set up Syntex with Marker to exploit his process.

Marker soon squabbled with Somlo and Lehmann and quit, taking the process with him. Somlo, however, found a replacement in George Rosenkranz, a young refugee from Hitler who had earned his doctorate in chemistry in one of the great steroid laboratories of Europe. Rosenkranz not only got progesterone back in production, but went on to make testosterone and estrone from diosgenin as well. Today, Syntex is the world's largest manufacturer of sex hormones, with an output of hundreds of pounds a month from tons of *cabeza* root kept flowing to the three Syntex plants by an elaborate jungle collection system. An extensive research department is experimenting, among other things, with the cultivation of *cabeza* and other steroid-containing yams. A brand-new American subsidiary, American Syntex, is introducing the jungle root and jungle-root hormone manufacture into Puerto Rico. About half the sex hormones sold in the United States are made by the Mexican firm.

WHEN cortisone came along, it was logical for Syntex to want to apply jungle-root chemistry to the adrenal hormone. And it was logical for Merck, the major producer of cortisone, to give close attention to the possibilities of materials like diosgenin and the soybean steroid stigmasterol, from which sex hormones are likewise made; the well-established techniques for handling them, as well as their abundance, promised the speediest build-up of the cortisone supply—provided the insertion of an oxygen atom at point C-11 could be achieved. Syntex and Merck, accordingly, both launched intensive research on 11-oxygenation of naked steroids. The Syntex work, carried on on a two-shift basis, involved almost a dozen chemists, including a number

entirely trained at the National University of Mexico and in the Syntex laboratories, under an able trio: Rosenkranz; Wisconsin-trained Carl Djerassi; and Gilbert Stork, a young member of the Harvard chemistry department, as a consultant. Merck's group, which was nearly as large, was headed by another young man of ability, John Chemerda, and Max Tishler, the talented chemist who nursed the bile process into production.

The technical details of what the two groups did need not concern us. Both succeeded in oxygenating naked steroids, by somewhat different chemical procedures. Syntex was able to announce the preparation of cortisone from diosgenin in less than twenty steps early in July. Only a few new chemical reactions were involved and they were already in the pilot-plant stage. Merck was a little behind for reasons more political than technical. In common with several other Latin American countries, Mexico bans the export of many unprocessed raw materials, steroid-containing roots among them. Currently, the export ban on *cabeza* takes the form of an export tax amounting to \$11,600 a metric ton (the market price of the root is \$200 a ton). Merck isn't sure it wants to set up a processing plant on Syntex' home ground in Mexico, or how much diosgenin (whose export is permitted) it might be able to buy. The New Jersey manufacturer's chemists, therefore, worked out the application of its 11-oxygenation procedure to a variety of raw materials. From 11-oxygenation to cortisone, though, the chemistry is routine. Both the Syntex and Merck processes can also be used to produce Compound F, as well as scores of 11-oxysteroids new to nature, some of which may have advantages over cortisone.

V

Two pharmaceutical manufacturers beside Merck are currently turning out cortisone, the Schering Corporation, a German concern seized by the government in 1941 and still operated by the Alien Property Custodian, and the Glidden Company of America, the originator of the processes for making sex hormones from stigmasterol. Both are producing a few thousand grams of

cortisone a month (as compared with perhaps sixty thousand for Merck) from bile by a modification of the Merck process. There might have been more cortisone producers, and Syntex might not be the only drug house now coming in, were it not for the fact that Merck has set a fast pace from the start in price as well as research. In the pharmaceutical industry, development costs are great and products often have a short life. Most of the early sulfa drugs, for example, were off the market in less than three years, shoved aside by newer preparations. For this reason, as *Fortune* recently put it, many firms follow a "gentlemanly" and not very competitive pricing policy. Of no section of the industry is this more true than hormones; though they're coming down under the impact of low-cost Mexican hormones, hormone prices are sometimes high enough to remind one of the prewar European sex hormone cartel (Ciba, Organon, and Schering), whose American branch was presumably dissolved by the Justice Department in 1941. Feeling that a mass market cannot be reached in that way, Merck has followed the opposite policy. Margins on cortisone have been kept down (the wholesale mark-up permitted by Merck is only 20 per cent, unusually low for the drug trade) and prices have been cut consistently as yields improved. Nearly every price cut (save the first ones, when the price was around \$200 a gram) has knocked out a potential competitor. The last, to \$35 a gram retail—though Merck insists this was not the purpose—broke up a combine of three major drug manufacturers who had an elaborate plan for producing cortisone together. Syntex is equally committed to a low-price policy.

It may be argued that we would have had more cortisone if the price hadn't come down so fast, but the inherent limitations of the bile process make it doubtful that we would have had *much* more. Moreover, if a "gentlemanly" price policy had prevailed, there would have been little need for the new methods of making the hormone (and for all the research facilities that have been devoted to finding them), since most of the patients who would benefit from an ample supply wouldn't have been able to afford it. With lower prices, and the still lower ones now in sight, they can.

Beyond Recall

A Story by Joseph Stockwell

Drawings by Aaron Sopher



REED sat on the bench under the shed of the station's single platform, gazing out across the vacant rails to where the sheet iron warehouse buckled and groaned in the sunlight. The glare caused his eyes to smart and he lowered them to the front of his coat, soiled and wrinkled from the sweatings and dryings of the past weeks. Two weeks in August were enough to wilt a suit of armor, he thought. Which is about what happened, he added, fingering the paste-board ticket in his pocket, wishing the train would come. By nightfall he could soak in his own tub and then dress clean and white and give this wreckage to Amy to throw away, if he felt like it. But there was scant comfort even in this. He was amazed that he felt absolutely no elation. He felt only heat and fatigue and mild outrage. He also felt quite

old. Don't be petulant, he told himself again, fixing his gaze upon the open magazine in his lap.

He glanced up as a camp truck snarled around the side of the station and ground to a halt at the end of the platform. The tail gate banged down and a torrent of duffle bags flopped heavily into the dust. Then the men piled out and fastened the tail gate up, waving to the driver, not in friendly farewell, Reed thought, but rather with contemptuous satisfaction at being rid of him. The driver grinned and yelled some vulgarity to them as he pulled away, causing them to shout back wordlessly against the departing roar of the truck. They stood grouped about their luggage while one of their number collected money from his fellows and hastened away on Reed knew only too well what errand. The

others shouldered their bags and advanced toward him down the platform.

Reed recognized them as reserves from the camp processing center; some in sweat-splotched new suntans, with the coarse ties loosely knotted at their throats, others in assorted civilian clothing, as disreputable as his own; men of his approximate age, in their late twenties or early thirties. One of them, a small, cheerful-looking man who brought up the rear, might have been as old as forty. He moved with an air of ease and authority and his face and arms were so deeply burned by the sun that they blended with his damp tee shirt, giving the impression at a distance that he was naked above the waist. He smiled and nodded to Reed as he came up. Then he flipped his bag easily to the pavement and removed from it a manila envelope. Puzzled, Reed watched him walk away into the chalky gloom of the waiting room.

The others dropped their bags and seated themselves. Reed felt their eyes briefly upon him, without interest. They lighted cigarettes, and sat gazing out across the heat-blurred rails at the warehouse, caught up in the universal ennui of those in transit. Reed shifted uncomfortably, feeling his coat pull loose from the adhering back of the bench. He started to get up and wander back into the station, and

then checked himself. What's the matter, son, he thought, do soldiers make you nervous? He glanced down the idle row of gum-chewing jaws. For heaven's sake, stop it, he told himself, you sound like some ruptured bull-fighter. He snorted and the dull eyes turned to peer at him, thinking something in the open magazine had amused him. Reed closed his eyes and sniffed; Lord knows, none of us smell like lilies, he thought.

After a while the compact, sunburned man came out of the station, followed by the green-visored station agent. They stood at the edge of the tracks with hands on hips, gazing down the right of way, laughing and talking quietly. In a moment they heard the hoarse distant tone of the whistle, then the clang of the cross-warnings. Then finally the tall locomotive thundered past. The men on the bench stood together, grappling with their luggage, as the dirty-windowed cars slowed before them. Reed shuffled forward in their midst, then followed their noisy passage up the steps and into the chill linoleum smell of the vestibule. As he entered the coach he could see, between the white napkins of the seat backs, the soldiers crowding in the aisle, struggling their fat bags up into the narrow racks. The sunburned man moved among them, inducing civilians to change their

places so that his detachment might have a block of seats together. Reed ducked into a seat at the rear of the car and placed his suitcase in the seat beside him, hoping he would be left alone. He looked through the dusty panes at the faded brick of the station, trying to shut out the unfocused roar of the talk up ahead.

At last the train lurched forward; the station slid past, then a series of shabby track-side houses, then the flat baked plains, a dry lifeless brown under the bright August glare. Then, far out over the shallow sweep of land, the sinister black sprawl of the camp, fading back in gridded rows across the long gentle rise, its flanking fields cumbered with squatting rows of trucks.



A jeep was crawling along beyond the faint gray line of the fence, leaving a tiny plume of dust in its wake, and Reed was caught in a swift, terrible grip of loneliness, and defensively he shifted his thoughts to Amy. He was somewhat shocked to find his loneliness was not for her. The camp receded slowly past and Reed removed his hat and leaned back in his seat, vaguely sad and troubled, thinking: What ails you? Isn't this what you wanted? You've been reprieved from the gallows, that's all. But no, that's not apt; there never was the gallows' stigma. You're a little moth, Reed, rejected by the candle flame. He shook his head and laughed softly to himself. He was faintly nauseated, and he opened his magazine and tried again to concentrate upon its pages. Poor Amy, he thought senselessly. Poor Amy. Poor old Amy. Gradually the rumble and sway and babble of talk lulled him into slumber.

WHEN the conductor shook him awake for his ticket the sun had slanted over to his side of the car. His forehead was painfully creased from the steel window frame, his mouth hot and dry. He walked the length of the rocking coach and drank a cup of the skull-chilling water, looking down the aisle at the soldiers sprawled sleeping in the seats. He shivered, his clothing clammy from the air-conditioning, then moved around the narrow corridor and brushed his way under the heavy green curtains into the men's room. There in the compartment the sunburned man in the tee shirt sat on the leather bench. Beside him, gazing morosely out of the window, was a red-headed, freckled man in new khakis, stiff and salt-ringed under the armpits from dried sweat, with staff-sergeant's chevrons crudely sewn to the rolled-up sleeves. On the bench opposite sat a slender boy—Reed recognized him as the one who had collected the money at the end of the platform—who wore a religious medal pinned to his olive drab undershirt. His eyes seemed extraordinarily bright, peering at Reed over the rim of the paper cup. His damp shirt hung swaying from the rack overhead. On the filthy, paper-strewn floor, the snout of a bottle protruded from a brown paper bag. The sunburned man slapped the leather seat beside him, staring Reed full in the face.

"Hello," he said, smiling, the teeth shock-

ingly white in the hard dark face, "won't you sit and have a drink with us?" Reed felt an instant urge to refuse, then a moment later was surprised to find himself holding a paper cup while the man splashed whiskey carefully into it. The bright-eyed boy fetched him a cup of water from one of the lavatories.

"Thanks," Reed said, holding up the cup. The boy blushed. The staff-sergeant beside the window grunted a single tired syllable, his freckled chin resting in his red raw hand, gazing forlornly out across the creeping countryside. The sunburned man nodded by way of acknowledgement.

"You're the captain helped us clean the BOQ, aren't you?" he said. Reed smiled, breathless from the sudden jolt of the whiskey, remembering when he had seen the man before, on the day of his arrival, when the group of enlisted men, all in their still clean civvies, had trooped sullenly into the foul pine oven of the BOQ, gingerly bearing brooms and mops. Reed had been unpacking his bag onto the bare mattress of his cot, the first officer to arrive, and his conscience had goaded him into diminishing the hatred in their eyes by lustily wielding one of their brooms. The dark-burned man had been there that day. Reed did not remember the other two. Bread upon the waters, he thought. Your conscience has earned you a drink of hot whiskey.

"That's right," he said.

"Where you bound?"

"Home," Reed said. The red-faced staff-sergeant turned to look at him. The sunburned man folded his hairy dark arms across his chest.

"Bust the physical?" he asked. Reed nodded. The staff-sergeant stared at him for a moment with unspeakable envy, then turned his gaze again out the window. For some reason the boy across the way grinned foolishly.

"I hope it's nothing serious," the sunburned man said. Reed lifted his closed fist and tapped his chest.

"I had pneumonia last winter. I guess it did something to the machine." There was a silence, and to break it he said: "Where you people bound?" He regretted it instantly, knowing they could put him in his place if they so desired.

"The —th, out at Camp ———," the sunburned man said. Reed smiled faintly.

"That used to be my outfit," he said. The boy lighted up.

"What regiment were you in, Captain?" Reed felt the perfunctory usage of the title.

"I had D Company of the —rd."

"No kidding," the boy said, "I was in K Company."

"Oh, did you know Nat Samuels?"

"The tall lieutenant with the glasses? I remember *him*, all right. He slipped on the ice and a tank ran over him outside of Haganau. That was right after I joined them. He was there since Sicily, I think."

"I know," Reed said, shuddering slightly, "we went over in the same packet." For a brief moment, Nat's brutal death was very much with them in the compartment. He lifted his cup to finish his drink, shaking his head as the sunburned man lifted the bottle from the floor. Yet he hesitated about going back to his seat in the coach. Far out across the windmill-dotted plain the black wall of a thunderstorm loomed chillingly on the horizon.

"What do you do in civilian life, Captain?" the sunburned man asked.

"I teach. I teach history at the Normal."

"You like it?"

"Oh yes. Very much."

"Not many men say that about what they do. It's good to hear."

"I was at State when this thing came up," the boy on the opposite bench volunteered, smiling. Exactly, Reed thought; short-haired and bright-eyed and far enough down the curve to preclude deferment.

"What are you doing now," he joked, "going back for more GI time?" The boy grinned darkly.

"I'll have enough time to get a blanking Ph.D. if this goes on much longer." They sat in silence while the countryside rolled by. The staff-sergeant beside the window solemnly lighted a cigarette. After a while the sun-darkened man beside Reed cleared his throat.

"You married?"

"Yes," Reed said, thinking of Amy and feeling a warmth as he said it.

"Any kids?"

"No. One coming in October, though."

"Then I bet I know somebody won't be sorry they sent you home."

The sunburned man laughed gently. Reed

met his level eyes and they both smiled.

"That would have been rough," the man said. "That first one sometimes is. But hell, they're all rough. I got six." He held up as many fingers and nodded emphatically.

"What part of the country you from?" Reed asked, chuckling.

"East Tennessee. I own land up past Sevierville."

"Couldn't you have got a deferment on the basis of that?"

"Maybe," the man shrugged, "but I got a boy of eighteen, liable to the draft. With me gone with the reserves they'll have to defer him to work the land." He stared through the window at the moving flat land. "If the choice is mine I'd a damned sight rather go myself than see him go." His gaze shifted suddenly into Reed's eyes. "Hell, Captain, you know how those little boys are. They're gone before you get a chance to look at them in daylight." Reed nodded thoughtfully. "Then, too, I can't see backing out. They didn't make anybody sign with the reserves. Everybody signed his own self, for whatever cause. There's no point trying to crawfish."

"I know," Reed said.

"Of course, I didn't mean to say . . ."

"I know you didn't."

"My old lady raised seven kinds of hell," the sunburned man said, hurrying to cover his embarrassment. "She claimed I was glad to get away again." He stared at Reed. "Of course I *wasn't* glad, you understand, but then again I couldn't behave like I was sorry, either. She'd catch me whistling, or romping with my boys, and then I'd find her in the corner with her head under her apron, crying, saying I was glad to leave her. It wasn't so, but they're hard to convince." Reed half-smiled, remembering Amy, big as a house, moving with ridiculous, heart-tearing clumsiness to fling herself across the bed, sobbing so violently that he had feared she would miscarry then and there. She had turned the same dark suspicion upon him.

"Well, I know she'll be glad to have you home," the sunburned man said.

"She nearly deafened me over the phone."

"I guess she'll be down at the station to meet you, then."

"No," Reed said, with an odd sense of satisfaction, "she knows I'm coming, but she doesn't know just when."

THEY had another drink from the paper cups and then sat with their arms folded, gazing out across the dark patches of scrub oak to where the rain billowed toward them across the plain. Then suddenly they were in it and the window was blurred and streaked so that they could not see out and the light in the compartment was strangely bright and shifting. The staff-sergeant beside the window stared on as if he could still see through the water-filmed pane. The boy's head lolled on his shoulders and he drooled on the front of his undershirt.

Reed himself began to be drowsy from the motion and the hot radiation of the liquor. He felt an enormous fellowship for the sunburned man at his side. They rode in silence for what seemed a long while. The man sighed and reached to the floor for the bottle. He poured the limp cups full.

"They're funny creatures," he said absently. "They can't seem to see why a man might be content to go on and get it over with." He peered intently at Reed. "Don't think I'm bragging that I can take much more. Lord knows if I can take *any*. What I mean is I'll get a chance to see." And that is what I will not get, Reed thought, feeling again the bright doubt of his own fear. Five long years, he thought, since the last black storm of combat; yet the remembrance of it rasped terrifyingly immediate even now. You don't start over with any fresh load of stamina, he thought. This man knows. You pick up where you left off, with what little you had left then. And suddenly he knew and accepted the truth. It would have crushed you, Reed, like a hollow stone. The first good day would have finished you. The sunburned man leaned across Reed's lap to grip the staff-sergeant powerfully by the knee. "Now old Chester here is going to go professional, ain't you, Chester, so they won't be troubled to



come for you every time." The man beside the window turned his red face to glare at them.

"You got that right," he said, the resentment burning in his pale eyes; "they'll never get me out of this son-of-a-bitch again. They're going to take care of *me*, brother, I can guarantee you that!" He nodded savagely, then turned his tear-filled eyes toward the rain-streaked window and past it to where the wet scrub oaks were whipping past in the gathering twilight. The boy sighed in his sleep and slumped sideways across the leather seat. The sunburned man chuckled and prodded Reed with an elbow. They sat in silence, sipping from the frayed paper cups, staring through the window as darkness enfolded them. Far out beyond the horizon, Venus blinked brightly through the intervening space. Finally the sunburned man spoke again.

"You know, it seems like such a hell of a while, doesn't it? More than any five years.

I could never figure how they were going to get things lined up so quick." He leaned back in the seat and sipped from his paper cup. "But it sure looks like they have gone and done it," he added dreamily.

IT HAD become almost totally dark and in the gloom Reed perceived familiar objects flitting by and he knew he was nearing home. He was ashamed; ashamed to debark upon those peaceful streets, ashamed to stride home beneath the dusty trees to his pregnant Amy, to eat his hot dinner and take his hot bath, and then dress clean and white. And tomorrow disillusion his freshmen with his return. He smiled in the dark, thinking about it. They could gape and stretch and stare into space again, starting tomorrow.

And through the night the train would bear to his old and honored division certain soldiers. This boy sleeping on the leather couch in his undershirt; he might or might not be good, for all that Reed had seen a Bronze Star pinned to the shirt which hung limply from the rack overhead. That could mean something, or it could mean nothing at all. The bright-eyed boys were not usually good, although it occurred to Reed that it was no longer his concern to speculate upon this boy's goodness or his badness. He no longer had that right; some secret murmur in the chambers of his heart had deprived him of that right and that responsibility. As

for the staff beside the window, it was hard to tell. Sometimes such a malcontent could be splendid, if all that bitterness could be profitably channeled. The darkly burned man on his right would probably make somebody the best platoon sergeant in the whole wide Army. And Captain Reed will drink coffee in the commons and love pregnant Amy and water his lawn when the sun goes down.

The first lights of town came gliding past and Reed rose to his feet. The lights in the car came on suddenly and blindingly. The boy rose up on the leather bench and rubbed his eyes. Reed was embarrassed.

"You boys take it easy," he said. "I wish you a world of luck." The staff-sergeant in the corner made a sound that was either grunt or sob, still staring sightlessly out into the night. The boy took his fists from his eyes long enough to grin and flip a half-mocking salute. The sunburned man stood and grasped Reed's hand with strength.

"Good-by and good luck to you, Captain. I hope your wife gets you a fine big boy." Reed held the hand and gazed into the dark level eyes. He knew that this man could endure whatever might come as well as any man. There was no point in undergoing the embarrassment of exchanging names and addresses. In the fitful stream you encountered men of strength, and you drew from them. Then they were gone. And that was all.



Firsthand Report on Dowsing

Brooks Shepard

DOWSING is so fantastic that the devout might regard it as a miracle and the scientist as a lie. It is neither. I am writing about it because the quarrel between Kenneth Roberts and his skeptical critics over his startling book, *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod*, suggests the boxing ring rather than the forum. The matter is too momentous to be relegated to trial by combat; and while I cannot admire the unscientific reluctance of some of his critics to examine and verify his facts, I do not wonder at their skepticism. The body of belief which Galileo affronted by his suggestion that the planets moved about the sun, not about the earth, was not more deeply intrenched than our present scientific conviction that no event takes place which cannot be explained by a known and measurable "force."

For those who have not read the story of Henry Gross, Kenneth Roberts has given us a pugnacious but meticulously documented report of the development of a "dowser" (a man or woman who can locate underground water by the behavior of a forked stick) from moderate ability to bewildering and versatile genius. The writing of this book required more than a year; and during this very active period Kenneth lived so close to the amazing events he was observing and recording that he failed to realize how uncanny and how virtually incredible they would appear in print.

I warned him of this rather early in his project, at the same time that I congratulated him on his courage in risking doubt and perhaps ridicule; for it is the same courage that led him, many years ago, to abandon a very profitable career as a writer of humorous travelogues and to live for years on a shoe-string while he developed, with infinite pains, the talent which has made him eminent as a writer of historical novels. His newest venture, like his shift from easy income to the hazards of novel-writing, grows out of a tormenting New England conscience. He feels that Henry Gross has discovered a wholly new approach to the national water-shortage problem, and as a matter of social obligation he believes that the presentation of Henry Gross is more important than anything else he might attempt to write.

I WAS brought up in a city. When a water problem arises in a city, one doesn't hunt about for the best dowser; one phones the plumber. But when I was ten years old my father bought a country place near Cleveland, and the handyman who looked after our garden told me he knew an old fellow who could find underground water by holding a forked hazel stick in his hands, butt upward, and walking about. If he walked over an underground stream the butt twisted downward.

At that time we were studying Gayley's

Mr. Shepard's article on dowsing reached this office almost simultaneously with Thomas M. Riddick's which we published in July. After reading both we decided to give our readers the same chance. Mr. Shepard, a part-time farmer and writer, has been in Harper's before.

Classic Myths in school. I felt that Mr. Gayley had nothing on our handyman, but I did not say so, for I used to be polite.

Until I went to college I heard nothing more about dowsing. In one of my anthropology courses it was listed among the common folk beliefs of widely different culture groups; but it invited no more credulity than the idea that a corn dance might bring rain—though, as Professor Keller pointed out, a rain dance might bring corns.

A decade later (in the nineteen-twenties) I was startled to hear that Mr. Arthur Baldwin, an able and much respected citizen of Cleveland, had discovered that he could dowse and had used his talent to locate water for his country home east of the city. He disliked demonstrating this ability, partly because he did not enjoy the too familiar greeting of people who had heard of it but not seen it: "Well, Pop, I hear you're a water-witch, haw-haw!"—and partly because of the disconcerting sensation of the forked stick twisting in his hands. It made him feel uncanny and extremely uncomfortable. I did not see him "dowse"; but the persons concerned, including Mr. Baldwin, were so sound that it was impossible not to believe that something very odd had actually occurred. I thought (perhaps rightly) that some unfamiliar psychological process was involved, and I assumed (perhaps wrongly) that it expressed itself through unconscious muscular movement. We shall go into this later.

In 1944 we moved to our Vermont farm in the hills west of Bellows Falls. It became our permanent home, and the problem of an adequate water supply was soon urgent. The family who had owned the house for 132 years depended for their water upon a small spring up the hill. Six hundred feet of lead pipe carried spring water to a copper-lined wooden tank above the kitchen. It was supposed to be a never-failing spring; and this may have been true, for the devastating droughts which have so alarmed New England and other parts of the country were yet to come. We built a 1,000-gallon concrete tank just below the level of the spring, sent the old lead pipe to be made into anti-Japanese propaganda, and replaced it with new and larger pipe, through which we led the water to the house under thirty-five pounds' pressure from the new reservoir. This

happened in 1944, the first year of the drought; but the autumn rains came early, and we did not realize that trouble lay ahead.

THE next year, 1945, was the second year of insufficient rain. Some wells in our neighborhood ran dry and people began to worry. We found that we were drawing water from our reservoir faster than it was flowing in. Fortunately we had a reserve supply in an old well near the kitchen, which had not been used for many years. We installed a small gasoline pump at this well and forced water, twice daily, into our existing water system. We felt very clever indeed, until we discovered one day that we had pumped the well dry and that the reservoir was nearly empty. The autumn rains came at last.

The summers of 1946 and 1947 were even more precarious, and when the summer of 1948 arrived, we knew we had to do something. It is pleasant to retire to the country, but we couldn't think of anybody who would care to retire to a dry water hole, except perhaps a gila monster and his cross wife. A neighbor who was helping us with our plowing suggested that we hire a dowser. "You probably don't believe in dowsing," he said, "and I'm not sure I believe in it myself; but I know an old feller named Tom Tollman who . . ."

It could do no harm, and we were curious to see a dowser at work. We sought out Mr. Tollman, a bit of a hermit who lives not far from us, and he readily agreed to help us out. We brought him to the farm.

II

AT THIS time our son Brooks was home from his university on a weekend visit. He has been exposed to science; and though he has inherited politeness from his father, it was evident that he took a dim view of our dowsing experiment. He consented to walk up the hill with us—his mother and Mr. Tollman and me—but his jaw was set, and he took no part in our discussion.

We explained to Mr. Tollman that if we were to open up a new water supply, we wanted it close to our concrete reservoir and at a higher level, so that we could continue to use our gravity system. He cut a forked twig from an apple tree—"It don't have to be

hazel; any green wood will do"—and explored the region around the spring and the reservoir. He held the fork like an inverted "Y," lightly grasped by the ends and lightly pressed against his chest, with his palms up and his thumbs turned outward. Several times we saw the butt of his fork bend downward. He would then release it, raise it again to operating position, check and recheck as he moved about.

He located the vein which fed the spring. West of the reservoir and a few feet higher he found another vein, flowing at right angles to the first. He thought the two veins probably joined down the hill. He showed us the place where he "felt the strongest pull" from the new vein, and we drove a stake to mark this point for future digging.

Then he asked us if we'd care to try the dowsing fork. "I figure about one person in thirteen can dowse," he said; "you'd be surprised how many people can do it and never know it."

I held the fork as he instructed me—not too tightly—and walked across the new vein. Not a twitch from the rod. Nothing.

My wife tried it. Nothing.

Young Brooks took it, adjusted it to his chest with something like a truculent sneer, and marched toward the vein. As he reached the vein he stopped short, his face a picture of incredulity and horror. "I'll be goddamned!" he yelled, regrettably. The fork had come alive in his hands, and the butt pointed straight down.

He experimented several times. When he approached the vein the fork always dipped. When he tried to restrain it by pinching the ends with his thumbs, the slender fibers twisted like rope as the butt forced its way outward and down. He spent the rest of the afternoon investigating our acres with the dowsing fork. He experienced dips at several places, one of them in the middle of the hay field which occupies a terrace above our garden. Mr. Tollman was not surprised, but his mother and I were shocked. Our egg had hatched into a cuckoo.

WE DID not know then that there is an enormous difference in the abilities of different dowsers; that many and perhaps most dowsers, including Mr. Tollman, cannot distinguish between mere seep-

age and the flow of water through a definite vein or channel and do not know how to estimate the depth of water below the surface. We employed two diggers to excavate a hole at the point where Mr. Tollman had "felt the strongest pull." They encountered moisture at about five feet, and the soil became swampy at a little greater depth. Further digging produced nothing that could be called a flow. Next morning an inch or two of water had collected at the bottom of the hole.

We went for advice to David Stearns, our village plumber. David shuffled around a bit, and said: "I don't know whether you believe in dowsing or not, but you've had a lot of trouble with your water supply, and I've just been wondering . . ." We told him about Mr. Tollman. "It may not seem worth while," said David, "but I know a man in Grafton named Leon Fisher, who has found water for a lot of people. You might get him to check Tom Tollman."

And so we went to Mr. Fisher. He didn't think he ought to charge us anything; it wasn't his trade, and didn't involve any work—but he'd be glad to help us out. He began by checking the vein which fed our spring, and traced it to where it flowed under the spring in the general direction of the reservoir. "You might get more water by deepening the spring," he told us, "but I think you'd do better to dig a new spring a little further down the vein. Make it bigger and deeper." He checked the new vein which Mr. Tollman (and young Brooks) had located with their rods. "There's water here," he said, "but I get the strongest pull about fifteen feet north of where you've dug that hole. I'd dig right here." We dug where he said to dig, and encountered a much stronger flow than we had found at the first digging. We dug a new spring at the point he had indicated. We filled up the first hole, completed the second by walling it up inside with field stones, and piped the new water supply into the concrete reservoir as a badly needed supplement to the newly re-located spring.

LATE that summer the new well ran dry. So did the re-located spring. So did the ancient well behind the kitchen. So did the brook. Like thousands of other New England farmers, we hauled water in milk cans from somebody else's never-failing

spring. (There are such springs.) Rain fell in November.

We limped through 1949, worrying about water and haunted by the dread of fire. The newspapers reported the plague of forest fires, of course, but they did not report the countless little personal tragedies of homes burning for lack of available water while their owners stood helplessly watching the tall flames. Our plumber brought us a third dowser, Mr. H. E. Wells of Walpole, New Hampshire, who had earned considerable respect for his success in finding water during the past five years of cumulative drought. Mr. Wells was not an amateur, like Tollman and Fisher; he was a professional well-driller and owned an expensive drilling rig.

Mr. Wells cut a forked stick and went to work. Our previous dowsers, he said, had entirely missed the main flow, although they had found seepage from a fairly large vein. He indicated the location of this vein, nearly forty feet from the new well and a few feet up the side of a slope. He told us—and this is extremely important in view of what we learned later from Henry Gross—that the vein originated at a point near the crest of the westward ridge, several hundred feet from where we stood and at a much higher level. Since a hilltop provides almost no drainage area for rainfall, this seemed highly improbable; but we refrained from comment. We asked him what he would charge to drill a well and pipe the water into our present gravity system. He thought it would come to about \$1,100—and if he didn't produce the water he would not charge us for drilling. This was beyond our means. We hoarded water, and at last the autumn rains came.

AT THIS point we had come to believe, because of young Brooks's experience with the rod, that "dowsing" was an actual phenomenon, quite inexplicable but as real as ham and eggs; but we had no way of realizing that dowsers differ as widely in the range and accuracy of their "awareness" as an Apache medicine man differs from a skilled diagnostician with the laboratory facilities of a great modern hospital at his elbow. And of course we failed utterly to grasp the significance of our last dowser's statement that the vein we were probing had its origin near the top of the

ridge, and that it came from deep in the earth—from what Henry Gross calls a "dome" or "pipe."

We did not connect this in our minds with what a neighbor had told us of a nearby hilltop well which had been ruined by over-eagerness. A dowser had found and marked the spot; a well was dug and water was found at a depth of about twenty feet. A gasoline pump indicated (by pumping the well dry several times and letting it fill again) that water flowed in at the rate of about six gallons a minute. With the mistaken zeal which has ruined so many springs and wells, the owner decided to open up the underlying rock with dynamite in the hope of securing a larger flow. The dynamite shattered the rock; the water found a new deeper channel somewhere out of reach, and was lost. Note that this was a hilltop, and note that a great many permanent sources of water—those that do not seem to vary with the seasons either in temperature or in rate of flow—have their origin in the high places, where the area of nearby rainfall cannot account for more than an insignificant fraction of their flow. I shall come back to this later.

III

DURING these years of water-worry I had corresponded from time to time with my friend Kenneth Roberts. I knew of his preliminary experience with dowsers, which had startled him by violating some of the geological theories he had learned under Professor Ralph Tarr at Cornell. Kenneth knew of my troubles. Late in 1949 he wrote me from Bermuda to learn whether my water problem was solved. I told him it wasn't solved, not by a jugful; and I suggested that our hillside farm apparently provided too little rain-catching area to furnish us with a year-round supply of water.

Though I did not know it then, he and Henry Gross were in Bermuda for an extraordinary reason. He had ransacked the libraries of Europe and America for all the available material on dowsing, and had put this literature—translated, where necessary—into Henry's hands. "Read this and see what you can do." Henry, an intelligent man, was fascinated by this material, which had never been gathered together before. He experi-

mented with this method and that, learning how to interpret the often puzzling behavior of his rod; and his powers developed from the marvelous to the utterly fantastic. The "awareness" which enabled Henry to say with confidence: "Dig here; you will strike a vein of flowing water—not seepage nor mere moisture—at 11½ feet" was startling enough; but to this talent he had added a wholly new element: a telepathic awareness of the underground water situation in places several miles distant. Henry's "awarenesses," if this be the suitable word, were followed up by trips to the actual locations, where the rod confirmed them; wells were dug and water was found—at the depth and in the volume predicted from miles away. For the details of these experiments the reader is referred to the book. Henry Gross's attitude toward his own powers then, as when I came later to know him, was one of deep humility coupled with keen curiosity. It was an uncomfortable experience, but, by gorry, he was going to see it through.

Henry's "awareness" seemed as confident and as accurate at twelve miles as at two miles. What about a hundred miles? Five hundred miles? Out of this speculation had come Henry's map-dowsing of the supposedly waterless island of Bermuda, eight hundred miles from the Roberts home in Maine, and the subsequent finding of abundant fresh water at points where Henry had said—in Maine—that water would be encountered. For the details of this episode—a painful story of triumph over lethargy and disbelief—the reader is again referred to the book.

I knew nothing of this; and so I was utterly unprepared for the letter which Kenneth wrote me from Bermuda on December 12, 1949. On a hunch that if Henry could dowse Bermuda from New England he could perhaps dowse New England from Bermuda, he had handed my discouraged letter to Henry with the remark: "See what this guy has on his farm." Henry queried his rod, and Kenneth wrote:

Your dry wells showed that you used the wrong dowsers.

Henry Gross, for example, says that you have two veins on your farm; on October 1, when you were having a drought, they came together at a depth of 15 feet. Consequently these veins will flow during the most severe

droughts. No. 1 vein on October 1 flowed 2¼ gallons a minute; No. 2 on October 1 flowed 4¼ gallons a minute. Neither of your wells was on either vein. One of your wells is 18 feet from your No. 1 vein at the nearest point. From the center of your kitchen it's 132 feet to the place where the veins come together. The veins rise from between northwest and west, and flow between east and southeast. 430 feet from kitchen, veins originate in a dome. Five veins flow out of this dome. Water is very good to drink. . . .

I think we can find some way to run over to Saxtons River after I get back in the spring. Keep Henry's long-distance dope on your place, and we'll pinpoint his findings on the spot.

I felt wretched about this. It suggested that Kenneth was indulging in an elaborate joke, in not too good taste, or that something had happened to his mind. Neither he nor Henry had ever visited my farm; they had no topographic map of the region, and no clue to the place beyond my mention of "a hillside farm." I was a little startled by "The veins rise from between northwest and west, and flow between east and southeast," for this was exactly in accord with our local topography; but I was more sad than startled. I wrote a nice sort of "Well, well, well!" letter.

Kenneth replied at once. He had meant what he said, and would bring Henry over next spring to prove it.

THE story of Henry's visit to our farm on June 3, 1950, is briefly reported in *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod*. Certain procedural details, however, may be interesting. I had prepared a letter-size topographic map of the farm, and this I carried with me on a clip-board, marking it with crosses at the points where we drove stakes at Henry's direction, and entering Henry's figures about each vein: depth to top of vein; depth to bottom; width of vein; and flow of water in gallons per minute.

Henry quickly located "veins No. 1 and No. 2" which he had reported from Bermuda, traced their courses for a short distance east and west, and located the point where they "joined at a depth of 15 feet." Just below this junction my son Jack attempted to bore down to water with a post-hole auger. At a depth of 5½ feet he encountered such a concentra-

tion of loose field stones that he could dig no farther. Henry traced the vein farther down the hill, as readily as though he were following a cow path, to a point where he said the vein lay only 30 inches below the surface. Here the digging was easy. At exactly 30 inches (yardstick) the auger struck gravel, and clear water swirled into the hole, rising rapidly to a level 17 inches below the surface.

Describing this in his book, Kenneth omitted an interesting detail. The Bermuda diagnosis included this statement: "One of the veins flows within 18 feet of your old well." When Henry located the two veins north of the house and indicated their courses, we stood about 35 feet from this well. I followed "upstream" what Henry indicated as the course of the nearer vein and drove a stake at the point where it came closest to the old well. Later I measured the distance with a steel tape. It was 18 feet. But Henry did not see the well at all. It was covered at ground level with a stone slab, and the slab was completely hidden by waist-high grass and weeds.

From the standpoint of fire protection the location of these combined veins was at an awkward spot for the village fire department to reach in winter. The Bermuda diagnosis had included the statement: "Five veins flow out of this dome." Our last dowser had also suggested a dome near the crest of the ridge west of the house, and my wife remembered that young Brooks, practising his newly-discovered "gift," believed he had located water in the hayfield which occupied a terrace just above our garden. There was a persistent damp area in this field. So Henry was asked, almost as an afterthought, to investigate. He was keenly interested.

Henry stood at the south end of our house, lifted his forked stick (sugar maple) into the operating position I have described, faced southward down our road, and questioned the rod mentally. "Is there a vein in this direction?"

The rod bent forward and down. This meant "Yes." Passivity would have meant "No." He released his grip, then raised the rod to operating position again. "Where is the nearest point in the vein?"—and he rotated his body slowly to the right, from south toward west. Almost immediately it dipped. "There, huh?"

He faced this direction and raised the rod. "How far from here is the nearest point? Is it twenty yards?" The rod dipped Yes. "Is it forty yards?" No response. "Is it thirty yards?" The rod dipped Yes. "Is it thirty-five yards?" (In artillery parlance, Henry was bracketing his target by shooting over, then under, until he found the range.) The rod dipped Yes. "Is it thirty-six yards?" No response.

"It's thirty-five yards from here," said Henry. He paced it off, holding his rod just above his chest. At thirty-five paces, plus a few inches, the rod dipped. "Center of the vein," said Henry. Note that the rod did not begin to bend downward as he approached the vein, nor did it dip as he reached the edge of the vein; it dipped only when he reached the center. Here we drove a stake.

Standing beside the stake, Henry queried his rod about the depth and width of the vein while I wrote down the answers. He used the same "bracketing" method in finding the answer to each question. As with certain modern electronic computing machines, his questions must apparently be so framed as to permit a yes-or-no answer. This is an attractive analogy, but I have no way of knowing whether its validity extends beyond superficial resemblance—an interesting problem, perhaps, for Professor Norbert Wiener, who finds psychological resemblances between the human mind and the machines he designs. According to Henry's rod this vein had considerably more flow than the combined veins we had tapped with a post-hole auger. It was close to the road, so that the fire department could reach a new well at this point. The vein was about 11½ feet wide. Water would be reached at a depth of 7 feet, and the bottom of the vein at a further depth of 4½ feet—a total depth of 11½ feet. I entered these figures on my map beside the cross indicating where we had driven the stake.

IV

Two months later we opened this vein. On August 9, 1950, Fred Carmen of Alstead, New Hampshire, arrived with his power shovel and bulldozer. I wanted a big hole, which would extend considerably beyond the sides of what Henry had indicated as the width of the vein; for if Henry's

figures were to be conclusively checked, it would be necessary to expose the entire cross section and measure it.

I asked Mr. Carmen, of course, whether he "believed in dowsing." "I sure do," he said. He told me that he had dug thirteen wells for H. E. Wells, the dowser. (Wells owns a drilling rig, but he employs Carmen where digging rather than drilling is indicated. Power digging is enormously faster than hand digging, and is usually much cheaper.) Mr. Wells, he told me, had been exactly right thirteen times out of thirteen. When I told him of Henry's repeated warnings against crushing the vein under the weight of heavy power equipment, he knew precisely what hazards were involved. He maneuvered his big machine into position with utmost caution and delicacy. It was a power shovel of the type called a "back-hoe," which chops down vertically and draws the excavated material back toward the body of the machine before lifting it and throwing it aside. I had my field notes of June 3, and I stood by with a fifty-foot steel tape.

We attacked the "upstream" face of the vein across its width and about two feet beyond it on each side, exposing it quickly in bites of nearly a cubic yard each. Moisture and seepage were encountered at 5 feet; water spurted from the cut at 7 feet and thereafter; and the bottom of the vein, consisting of tough, impermeable "hardpan," was reached at 11½ feet. The vein itself, entirely surrounded and enclosed by this hardpan, consisted of a matrix of slightly porous sand 11½ feet wide and 4½ feet thick. Included in this matrix were three narrow vertical seams of coarser material through which the water flowed freely. I measured the width between the outer edges of the outermost seams. Henry Gross had been correct to the inch.

The mathematical probability that Henry could have guessed correctly at the exact location of this vein, and arrived at its exact dimensions by chance, is of the same order as the probability that a monkey with a typewriter could (all cheating barred) type an article identical with this one by the accidental pounding of keys over a period of a hundred years. In the language of the monkey-lovingest layman, the chances are pretty slim.

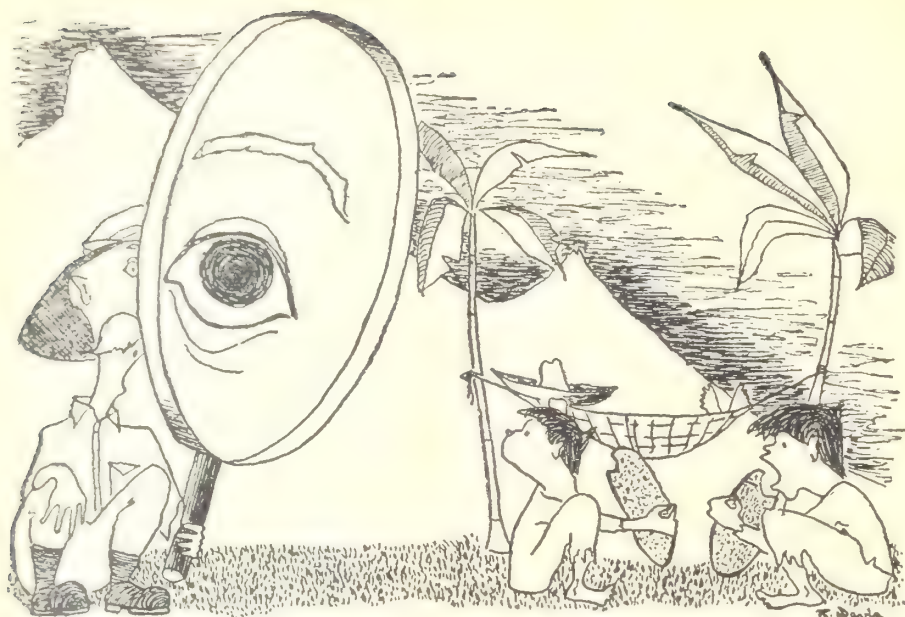
WHATEVER it is that tells Henry Gross about underground water cannot be attributed to any of the forces we know about at present. All the familiar "radiant" forces which act from a distance—light, heat, magnetism, radio, gravitation—share one unvarying characteristic: their intensity diminishes with the square of the distance from which they act. But whatever it is that affects Henry's rod, or Henry himself, is apparently not affected by distance at all. And in several other respects—in its failure to report his approach to water until he is over the center of the vein, for example, and particularly in its answering of questions—it defies any principles familiar to us. Furthermore, his insistence upon "domes" suggests something new to geology. Last November Dr. William W. Rubey of the United States Geological Survey ventured a theory that a small but significant fraction of the water reaching the oceans may not be rain water at all, but water which is constantly being given off by the deeper rocks of the earth's crust. In the vast course of the earth's history the accumulation of such waters must have been enormous—enough, perhaps, to account for most of the present oceans. From such a theory as this one might perhaps speculate that this water may be forced upward at favorable places by pressures in the earth's crust, to emerge in hilltop springs and "domes." But at present Henry's ideas are unpalatable to most geologists.

I do not propose to argue such matters. To me what happens is a mystery. My purpose is simply to testify that I have seen it happen.

I hope that this account of a personal experience may lead my readers, especially scientific-minded readers, to make shamefaced experiments in dowsing to discover if they possess this baffling faculty. Two of my dowsers believed that one person in twelve or thirteen could locate water with a forked stick. Henry Gross believes that one person in ten has the knack to some degree. Certainly a great many persons can dowse but do not know it; certainly the discovery that dowsing is an unexpectedly common talent should give a huge impetus to scientific acceptance and investigation—and to training, for this is evidently possible; and certainly the uncanny feeling of a forked stick when it comes to life in one's hands is worth a year of magazine articles.

Tortillas, Beans, and Bananas

James Rorty



THERE is still no railroad from the wet banana coast of Honduras to the highland capital of Tegucigalpa; hence the astonishing mixed cargo carried by our overworked TACA plane. In the rear are the crated elements of the Diesel power plant for which some candle-lighted Honduran municipality has long been waiting. Packed tightly behind the pilot's seat are big bags of oranges, a crate of pedigreed chicks, and other assorted freight.

In the passenger compartment a spectacled gringo is pouring fluent Spanish into the ear of a nodding old woman whose profile is as authentically Mayan as the beautiful sculptured faces found in the ruins of Copan.

The gringo and the old woman are exchanging the shop talk of their common interest, which is food. As a cook, the old woman represents a food tradition which is at least 2,000 years old and probably a great deal older. As a nutritionist, the gringo speaks for a science that was born only about fifty years ago, but is fully as revolutionary in its potentialities as the conquest of the air that is enabling Juan Laborio, the Common Man of Central America, to leap from the stone age to the atomic age in a few years.

The gringo is one of a team of scientists who jumped the gun on President Truman's Point 4 speech by nearly a decade. The team includes nutritionists, biochemists, taxonomists, horticulturists, agronomists, geneticists, cultural anthropologists, and educators; also physicians, nurses, and laboratory technicians

of various sorts. Incidentally, most of these people are Latin Americans, although many of them were trained in the States, and working relationships with American foundations and universities remain close.

Their objective sounds obscure when stated by one of the specialists in terms of his own specialty; grandiose when its full implications are realized. Ask the biochemist, for example, and he'll tell you crisply that his group has just finished collecting and filing for the future use of science "about \$120,000 worth of badly needed bromatological data for the Central American republics of Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama, for which the United Fruit Company paid the bill."

"Bromatological" means the study of foods in terms of their nutritional values. But that still doesn't explain why the United Fruit Company paid the bill. Perhaps a lay statement will be a little more intelligible.

What these scientists are trying to do is to lay the foundation for far-reaching changes in the whole relationship of man to his environment in Latin America. They are building, brick by brick, the structure of a food economy of at least minimum adequacy and health, to replace one of feudal want, waste, disease, and the accelerating destruction of basic natural resources.

The complexities of the task are infinite. On the other hand, because of the enormous potentialities of science and technology, progress may well be extraordinarily rapid.

It was only eight years ago, in 1943, that Dr. Robert S. Harris, director of the Nutritional Biochemistry Laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, persuaded the W. K. Kellogg Foundation to launch, in Mexico, a long-term study of the nutritional value of the food plants of the underdeveloped areas of the world. The project was pure science. But it was proposed and executed with an eye to its possible practical value. That is presumably what impressed the Kellogg Foundation and later the United Fruit Company and the Latin American governments. Dr. Harris, who had tried vainly to interest our Armed Services and other potential financial supporters, says that it took Sam Zemurray, the seventy-five-year old head of the United Fruit Company, less than thirty minutes to take up the idea with enthusiasm. Himself an ardent amateur nutritionist, Zemurray hoped—rightly, as it turned out—that plants of high food value might be discovered; also that the study would enrich the teaching program of his pet project, the United Fruit Company's tuition-free vocational agricultural school at Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Today the Latin American governments themselves are carrying much of the financial burden of a nutritional program that embodies the Point 4 idea at its best. The program is organized around an expanding group of nutritional institutes, one in Mexico City, another in Guatemala City, and the third in Quito, Ecuador; others are contemplated in Cuba, Jamaica, and Brazil.

"The idea," says Dr. Harris, "is to determine first what a country has in the way of plant food resources. With these data in hand, you are ready to attack the next question: what are these people actually eating? Then you are ready for the final question: what is their nutritional and health status?"

When you have answered these questions, you are ready to make effective use of the soil scientists, the agronomists, the plant breeders, veterinarians, foresters, conservationists, educators, and cultural anthropologists.

Good nutrition [Dr. Harris remarks] consists in obtaining each day adequate amounts of each of forty or more ingredients necessary for the best growth, development, and maintenance of the body. It does not really matter whether calcium is eaten as milk, soya, sesame, or tortilla:

whether iron is taken in liver, malva, or bledo, whether thiamine is obtained in wheat or chipilin, or whether carotene is eaten in butter, chili, laurel leaves, or paterna. . . . There are no exclusive virtues in the foods of the United States. Foods of other nations are likely to be as good, and sometimes even better.

HARRIS and his associates completed their preliminary study of Mexican food plants in 1945 and moved southward. Last year they published in scientific journals eight papers embodying the results of their four-year study of Central American food plants. The findings of both the Mexican and the Central American food plant studies are likely to jolt our North American complacency in more than one respect.

In the United States the standard tables of food composition list only eighty-nine plant foods. In Mexico and Central America, Harris and his associates were able to collect and analyze 224 different varieties of foods; many of them were richer in certain essential nutrients than any of those listed in the official compilation of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. From the Rio Grande to the Canal Zone our good neighbors have almost everywhere a greater variety of more nutritious foods in their backyards than we have.

Nor are the food habits of our tortilla-, bean-, and chili-loving neighbors anything for us to get sniffy about. These and other Central American staples are nutritionally excellent, and their excellence is reflected in the nutritional status of the people. The M.I.T. United Fruit studies showed that, despite their poverty, which is often extreme, the humblest Indians and mestizos often suffer less from malnutrition than does the average middle-class family in the United States.

"The superior nutritive value of the foods," writes Harris, "and the unspoiled dietary customs of the people are two important reasons for their superior status."

As it happened, Harris' earlier studies had provided him with applicable standards of comparison. Before World War II he prepared concentrated food supplements, composed of dehydrated and fortified mixtures of soya flour, yeast, milk solids, and cereal germs, for emergency feeding in war, flood, and famine. These concentrates were tested on a group of 760 school children of middle-class

families living in suburban and rural communities in Michigan. Though they lived in comfortable circumstances, many of these children showed nutritional deficiencies—which the concentrates help to correct.

A year later the same group of technicians, as a preliminary to the establishment of a Mexican school lunch program, conducted a clinical study of a thousand school children in one of the poorest districts of Mexico City. The families of the children averaged seven persons, and they subsisted on a total family income of about sixty-four cents a day.

To the surprise of the investigators, these poverty-stricken Mexicans showed less evidence of nutritional deficiencies than did the Michigan school children. Incidentally, the menu developed for the Mexican school lunch, composed entirely of native foods and fully as nutritious as a made-in-the-U.S. lunch served in another sector of the city, cost about one-fifth as much.

Even more astonishing were the findings of Dr. Richard Anderson and his co-workers of the Rockefeller Foundation, who studied the diets and the nutritional status of the Otomi Indians, dwellers in the arid Mesquital Valley north of Mexico City. The Otomis were found to be spending 75 per cent of their income on food and to be subsisting chiefly on maize, dried beans, and chili peppers—plus almost every edible plant in the desert area. To obtain water, they drank pulque, made from the fermented juice of the maguey cactus. Over 60 per cent of the total proteins, calories, and vitamins in their diet was contributed by tortillas, pulque, and beans.

Analysis of all their foods by Dr. Harris' group showed that the Otomis, like the slum-dwellers of Mexico City, were obtaining nearly adequate quantities of all nutrients except riboflavin; in fact, their nutrition was definitely superior to that of the privileged offspring of Michigan's suburban families. True, the admirably balanced diet of the Otomis was monotonous and sometimes scant. There, as in Central America, the food problem is likely to be one of quantity rather than quality—of frankly "hollow hunger," rather than "hidden hunger."

THE most valuable foods revealed by the Mexican survey were malva, sesame seed, charales, epazote, parota, peanut, quaje seed, calabaza seed—these and the universally consumed tortilla and pulque. Malva resembles spinach and grows wild in abundance on the Mexican plateau. An ordinary portion of about 100 grams of malva contains 40 per cent of the calcium, 90 per cent of the iron, 140 per cent of the vitamin A (as carotene), and 60 per cent of the ascorbic acid recommended as daily allowances for an adult man. It also contains goodly amounts of the other essential nutrients. Malva is, in fact, the most nutritious food plant found to date anywhere in the world.

The high nutritional rating accorded the tortilla, despite the fact that corn in the sifted form now commonly used in North America is by no means the most nutritious of the cereals, is due to the two facts that in Mexico and Central America the germ is not removed from the kernel and that lime water



is used in the preparation of the *nixtamal* or tortilla-mix.

Pulque, which Mexican bluenoses once briefly prohibited—until they found that the health of the people was suffering in consequence—has an important place in the dietary in some parts of Middle America. It is made from the juice of the maguey “cactus” plant and is a rather thick white liquid, rich in vitamins and minerals and protein. It has a sour-milk taste and an alcoholic content of around 4 per cent. It is possible to get drunk on pulque by sustained effort.

Nearly a thousand samples of food plants were collected and analyzed in the course of the M.I.T.–United Fruit study of the edible plants of Central America. The samples were collected and identified by Dr. Louis O. Williams, a botanist resident at the Escuela Agrícola Panamericana near Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Many of them were grown in the school gardens, and a complete file of specimens is now preserved in the herbarium of the school. At M.I.T. the chemical and biochemical analyses were directed by Dr. Hazel Munsell.

This study has provided Central American nutritionists with basic data needed in diet planning and in feeding programs—data more complete in some respects than those published in the official tables of the composition and value of the plant foods of the United States. As in Mexico, it was found that Central American food plants tend to be higher in nutrient content than the same varieties grown in North America. Among the food plants found to be more nutritious than most of the food plants in the United States dietary were cassava leaves, paterna, chaya, laurel, chipilin, bleado, tampala, peanuts, mustard, lamb's quarters, pigeon pea, sweet potato leaves, pumpkin leaves, and pumpkin seeds. Bananas and plantains of many varieties are a major source of calories in all the countries and in addition supply substantial amounts of the vitamin and mineral nutrients.

An important result of the study may be the recognition and use of several edible greens of high nutritive value that are not now being used as food in the Central American area, and the more general use of plants like malva, which is consumed much less in Central America than in parts of Mexico. Another may be the introduction of some of

these varieties into United States agriculture so that eventually they may appear on the shopping lists of North American housewives.

How are our good neighbors doing on food resources which potentially, at least, seem to be in some respects superior to our own? The answers to this question are already in sight.

In 1945 the National Institute of Nutrition of Mexico was built. A year later the government of Guatemala offered a new building in Guatemala City in which to house INCAP, the Institute of Nutrition of Central America and Panama, organized in February 1946 under the aegis of the Pan-American Sanitary Bureau. This supplied the nucleus of institutional apparatus and personnel required to carry the Central American nutritional program into its second and third phases: to find out what the people are eating and whether or not they are malnourished or undernourished.

In Mexico City the National Institute of Nutrition has repeated and extended the analyses of plant foods and has included the study of foods of animal origin. It has also collaborated with the Rockefeller Foundation in its efforts to develop improved breeds of corn and other basic cereals and legumes.

In Guatemala City, INCAP, which was conceived and planned by Dr. Harris, is now in full operation under the direction of Dr. Nevin S. Scrimshaw, who is also chief of the Nutrition Section of the Pan-American Sanitary Bureau. Organized in five divisions and led by men trained in the States, INCAP's team of Central American scientists and technicians has begun a series of systematic, closely integrated nutritional, biochemical, and clinical studies that are needed before the major health problems of the area can be solved.

One of these problems is endemic goiter, caused by iodine deficiency in soils, plants, and drinking water. If INCAP's preliminary findings are confirmed, legislation will be recommended similar to that now in successful operation in Colombia and Canada, which would make the iodization of all table salt compulsory.

INCAP's field teams have also conducted preliminary surveys of the incidence of the parasitic infestations that constitute a major health problem in Central America, as in all

tropical countries. To some extent these parasites neutralize the effects of Juan Laborio's superior food resources.

In their school feeding tests the INCAP teams have stolen a march on North American nutritionists by conducting the first large scale clinical experiments with Vitamin B₁₂, the so-called animal protein factor; and the antibiotics, aureomycin, streptomycin, and penicillin. All of these newly developed substances have been found to increase the weight of growing domestic animals—by as much as 30 per cent in some cases. Vitamin B₁₂ is already an advertised ingredient of many mixed animal-feeds.

Nutritionists in all countries—including those back of the Iron Curtain—are watching these experiments with lively interest. When their results are published—probably within a year—we shall know whether or not B₁₂ and/or the antibiotics have the same effects on children that they have on chickens and pigs. The INCAP clinicians also expect to learn whether or not the traditional tortilla and bean diet of Central America is adequate without supplement by animal proteins or other vegetable proteins. If it is, or if it can be made adequate by the addition of food-stuffs containing the amino acids in which corn is deficient—that too will be big news not only for Central America but for all the over-populated and meat-shy countries of the world.

THE final step in the program envisaged from the beginning by Dr. Harris and his associates will be taken when the plant breeders and the agronomists begin to capitalize on the findings of the biochemists,

the nutritionists, and the clinicians. This step is already in sight. The Mexican laboratories are analyzing varieties of corn and beans to determine which is the best nutritionally as well as in yield. They have found large variations in the protein content of different varieties. INCAP's division of food analysis has been analyzing the new varieties of corn developed at the Iowa State College Tropical Research Center which has been set up near the magnificent ruins of Antigua.

The actual and prospective achievements of the geneticists will mean a good deal to Juan Laborio, who sometimes treks ten miles back and forth to the cornfield he has scratched on the side of a mountain; Juan needs better, more nutritious corn and more bushels to the acre. He will be still better off, of course, when a basic reorganization of land use takes those soil-destroying jungle clearings called milpas down from the hills into the valleys where the yield of corn and other cereals may be trebled.

That too is implicit in the program which sets for its objective the regional self-sufficiency, at a fairly high nutritional level, of the entire Caribbean area. It is not expected that the goal will be attained easily or quickly, for this is Central America, where the twin legacies of Mayan theocracy and the thrall-dom of feudal Spain still lie heavy on an ancient and beautiful land. Lacking roads, these countries have been closed to the twentieth century, but now the airplane has opened them wide to progress. The need is immense; nature is bounteous. Scientists and statesmen may have a chance in this part of the world to realize some of their dreams of health and plenty for all.



Diggings in Baker Street

Ernest Borneman

THE room lies in the twilight of afternoon; the blinds are drawn, but the heavy red curtains are still unshut. In a few minutes, one expects, Mr. Holmes's landlady will come to draw them and light the fire. The season is closing in on us, the days are getting colder. It's been an eventful week; the headline in this morning's *Daily Telegraph* reads VICTORY OF OMDURMAN. The date is September 23, 1898.

The clock strikes five. Dimly, in the distance, Big Ben can be heard echoing the hour, then a church clock nearby, probably at Marylebone. Holmes, as usual, has run out without finishing his tea. A half-eaten crumpet lies on the tea tray so nicely set up by dear Mrs. Hudson; another goes moldering among the willow pattern coffee things laid out for Watson. A half-empty cup has got itself mixed up again with the doctor's test tubes; he's been a bad boy—his stethoscope stands on the dining table and the chemical lamp has been used to brew tea. Still, that's nothing compared to Holmes, who's left his knuckle-duster in the butter dish.

A newsboy cries out the evening papers, an old woman comes by to sell sweet lavender, a barrel organ plays a popular air, silently attended by Watson's top hat and Holmes's deer stalker on two hooks by the door. In the spirit tantalus, locked up but tantalizingly visible to Mrs. Hudson's outraged eye, bottles of vintage port, Madeira, and Beaune shake tinklingly to the beat of a heavy dray horse in the street. A hansom cab approaches with gentler sound and rolls away toward Oxford Street.

Evening deepens among the bisulphate of baryta, the cyclopedes moths pinned to their glass cases, the walking stick fiddles, the sheet music of the "Baker Street Suite for Violin," *Andante quasi Fantasia*. In the street outside a junkman calls for old iron, a horse-drawn fire engine comes rumbling past, hotly pursued by screaming urchins. On the desk lies a telegram. Mr. Holmes will be late tonight.

THAT is what it is like to visit the Sherlock Holmes Room which has been arranged with infinite care—and with built-in sound track—as a Festival exhibit in the building which stands on the theoretical site of 221B Baker Street, London.

How it all came about is a story in itself. Miss Jean Conan Doyle called it "the Extraordinary Case of the Marylebone Town Councilors." These are the facts: Mr. J. E. Holroyd, a senior Board of Trade official during the day and a humble officer of the Baker Street Irregulars in his spare time, had a chat one fine day with Mr. C. T. Thorne, reference librarian at the Royal Borough of Sainte Marie la Bonne, Marylebone to you.

Out of the Chat came a Plan. The Plan was duly submitted to the Abbey National Building Society whose colossus of brick and mortgage now covers the site of 221B Baker Street. Only Sherlock himself will ever know by what dark and secret means the Borough Councilors of Marylebone, the officials of the Festival of Britain, and the solemn loan clerks of the Abbey Society were ever whipped into acceptance and conformity; but miraculously,

out of this and a hundred other underground activities of the Baker Street Irregulars, there arose the recreation of a myth: the world of Sherlock Holmes.

The comedy behind the scenes exceeded even the enormity of the practical jokes that finally took shape on the mezzanine of Abbey House. There was, for instance, the Affair of the Unseasonal Crumpets, deep, subtle, and complex as any problem ever faced by Holmes.

For crumpets, you see, in spite of Mr. Kenneth Gape's fear of having to eat them all year round as punishment for accepting his quarter-million-dollar inheritance in England, are *never* eaten in the spring and summer. In fact, they aren't even *baked* before the autumn. This stymied the Sherlockians before they had even begun; for what was Holmes without crumpets?

At last, however, a baking factory in St. Albans was persuaded, presumably by Professor Moriarty, to start its machines rolling for a day in May. And behold, Holmes had his crumpets—but the instigators of the revolutionary baking spree had to pay for it by adapting their own diet to a solid surfeit of crumpets three times a day for the full duration of the Holmes revival.

Then there was the dubious Case of the Flaking Tobacco Ash. Holmes, of course, could distinguish with ease between 140 kinds of ash. Scotland Yard, however, when challenged to reproduce the Master's feat, had to admit to total failure at distinguishing between as few as two. The old and renowned tobacco company of Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., piqued into rival action by pride and scorn, reached the conclusion, after months of research work, that "the difference between any two kinds of tobacco ash is determined by the rate of consumption (the speed of smoking, to you) rather than by normal chemical factors."

Reminded of the fact that Sherlock himself had smoked Phillips tobacco, Messrs. Godfrey P. succeeded in locating two different brands of their 1898 cigars, burned them without spilling a grain of ash, and then found themselves faced with the almost insurmountable problem of stabilizing the ash in the shape of the original cigar, for "the damn thing kept flaking all over the place." The end result, however, proudly exhibited in a glass case

next to the first edition of Sherlock's essay "Upon the Distinction Between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos" (Cassell, Petter & Galpin, London & New York, MDCCCLXXX), bore witness to the undying tenacity of the British Bulldog Breed.

THE tongue-in-cheek solemnity of the thing caught the fancy not only of the British but of all Sherlockians the world over. Mer cirs, keepsakes, and heirlooms of the Great Man came pouring in from the five continents and the islands in between.

The original of Sherlock's famous "dark lantern" was donated by Mr. K. K. van Hoffen, of Groenekan, Netherlands, whose "grandfather had received it from Sherlock himself." A firm of London jewelers donated the original golden snuffbox "given to Holmes by the King of Bohemia in return for his assistance in the case of the Irene Adler papers." The British Museum loaned engravings of the three famous Vernets from whom Holmes's grandmother traced her descent—Claude Joseph Vernet (1714-1789), Antoine Charles "Carle" Vernet (1758-1835), and Emile Jean Vernet (1789-1863).

Major Pollard and Mr. Robert Churchill, Britain's greatest arms experts, lent Holmes's .201 Bulleted Breech Cap *Pistolet de Salon* (which he used, to Watson's and Mrs. Hudson's annoyance, mainly to adorn the walls of his lodgings with the initials of Queen Victoria in patriotic bullet holes), his .442 Tranter and .320 Webley No. 2 (which he considered "fit for serious use"), Watson's .442/.450 Solid Frame Webley Double Action and .320 hammerless six-chamber Webley, as well as the ivory-handled Smith & Wesson .22 used by Mrs. Neil Gibson in "Thor Bridge," the .410 single-action New Colt used by "Killer" Evans in "The Three Garrides," and the murderous walking-stick air gun used by Colonel Sebastian Moran in "The Empty House."

When Scotland Yard saw this arsenal, they decided that Mr. C. T. Thorne, the sweet-tempered reference librarian of Marylebone, had better take out twelve gun licenses in his own name. Furthermore, all weapons, whether shown behind glass or not, had better be wired down severely.

Mr. Thorne blandly agreed to this on the understanding that the Yard, in exchange,

would search its files of plaster casts for "the prints of a large hound, sometimes known as the Hound of the Baskervilles." The Yard, admitting reluctantly that it could find no surviving trace of the animal in its files, offered by way of compromise to supply the footprints of the largest hound on the Force, *i.e.* the animal guarding Queen Mary at Marlborough House. Whereupon Mr. Thorne, heaping insult upon injury, turned to the Boy Scout Association of Britain and obtained from them without difficulty the authentic footprints of the original hound. Thus research operates among the Sherlockians.

THE cult of Sherlock, from the beginning, has drawn some extraordinary devotees. The first serious essay, "Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes," was written by Monsignor Ronald Knox, then a member of the Gryphon Club, at Trinity College, Oxford. Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy; Mr. S. C. Roberts, Vice Chancellor of Cambridge University; Dr. W. Williams, Professor of Botany at Bedford College; and the Marquess of Donegall among the old aristocracy, have been England's foremost Sherlockians of recent years.

But all of them, with the sense of nostalgia attendant upon the passing of an empire, will now admit sorrowfully that the center of Holmesian studies has moved across the Atlantic. Such enthusiasts as Mr. Edgar W. Smith, Vice President of the General Motors Overseas Corporation, Professor J. Finlay Christ of Chicago, Christopher Morley, and Vincent Starrett have taken over the leadership.

Letters of welcome to Sherlock's new housewarming have come from friends as far apart as the Baritsu Chapter of the Baker Street Irregulars, Tokyo, and the Society of Canadian Baskervilles, Quebec. But most of them came from the United States—the Musgrave Ritualists of New York, the Diogenes Club of Brooklyn, the Baskervilles of Chicago, the Trained Cormorants of Los Angeles, the Sons of the Copper Beeches of Philadelphia, the Creeping Men of Cleveland, the Speckled Band of Boston, the Scandalous Bohemians of Akron, Ohio, and the Dancing Men of Providence, Rhode Island.

Mr. Thorne, a bibliophile of *Holmesiana*,

traces the American influence on Sherlockian research to the fact that American copyright laws in the eighteen-nineties permitted piracy of the Sherlock tales and thus encouraged wider publication in the U. S. A. than in Britain. Conan Doyle was never too happy over this state of affairs—but then Conan Doyle was always dwarfed by Sherlock.

In Sherlock's new home at Abbey House, too, Conan Doyle is well nigh forgotten. His own criminological studies, "The Case of Oscar Slater" and "The Case of Mr. George Edalji," are exhibited, but are too easily overlooked in the surfeit of such works as Holmes's "Upon the Tracing of Footsteps, With Some Remarks upon the Uses of Plaster of Paris as a Preserver of Impressions" (John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, 1912).

Five items only mark the relationship between Doyle and Holmes: (1) the Minute Book of the Portsmouth Literary and Scientific Society, showing entries by Dr. Conan Doyle of Southsea and Dr. James Watson of Portsmouth, (Dr. James, of course, was the precursor of Dr. John); (2) the letters exchanged between Dr. Doyle and Dr. Joseph Bell, head of the Out-Patients' Department at Edinburgh University Hospital, on whose analytic work the figure of Holmes was based; (3) the desk in the Sherlock Holmes room so beautifully arranged by Mr. Michael Weight, the stage designer—sound track of street sounds and all—which is the desk on which Doyle wrote the Holmes stories; (4) the original sketch by Sidney Paget of Holmes's death at Reichenbach Falls side by side with a recent photo of the same scene, "shewing the barrier erected at this spot since Holmes's fall"; and (5) Conan Doyle's test tube with soil from the spot on which Sherlock last set foot alive.*

* *Footnote by Dr. Watson:*

Holmes has pointed out to me two remarkable facts in connection with this occasion: (a) In the caption adjoining the three "holograph letters from A. Conan Doyle to Dr. Joseph Bell, May-July 1892," the word "Bell" has been omitted. The caption therefore now refers significantly to a certain "Dr. Joseph." (b) A hand-written letter exhibited with the legend "My dear Holmes—tomorrow at 5 o'clock. Ever yours, Evelyne" and containing a pressed flower, bears neither explanation nor caption and has no reference to any published episode in Holmes's life. H. points out that he was not given to exchanging *billet-doux*.—*Query: The American influence?*

Night Riders of Northville

A Story by Hortense Calisher

Drawings by Anthony Saris

ON SMOKY spring evenings, from the windows of the commuters' train which rides through the lowlands of Jersey, the little bars, which are seldom more than a block or so from the stations, look like hot coals burning in the thin dusk. Spotted over the countryside, they send up their signal flares, promising the fought-off moment of excitement before you open the door—when it seems as if someone may just this minute have said: "Here is the place—the *place*,"—and the flat, sold feeling after the door is open, and you see that this is just about like any such place anywhere.

If, having missed your usual train perhaps, you stop off at the particular hole-in-a-corner which clings to your station—Joe's Place, or Morelli's, or the Rainbow Tavern—and you sit there over your glass, after your phone call, waiting for the taxi or the wife with the car—then you may find, after the quick rash of one-shot commuters is over, that you are alone, or almost alone, with perhaps a solitary, leather-jacketed baggageman musing over his beer on his stool down at the other end. And you wonder what keeps a joint like this alive.

Down in the thriving center of town, or settled here and there on its skirting streets, are places, certainly, which cater more specially to a man's sudden convivial needs, or to his malaises. Out on the highway which is never far from such a town, the roadhouses, each evening, corral the people who want steak, pizza, chicken-in-the-basket. There is a "good place to take the family and still get

a drink," a haunt for the juke-box babies; a daytime spot which draws the lawyers from the courthouse over at the county seat, even a swank little box of a place where certain rich women of the town gather to sip away time from the huge carafe of it that confronts them each day between breakfast and the arrival of the evening train. And because no man or woman lives his life in just one context, sooner or later you may see a person who more properly belongs in a particular one of these places, seated, explicably or not, in another.

But the nondescript place where you are sitting now—could it be said to have a category? To whom or what could it cater, other than to the casual, modestly sated thirsts of its portion of two trainfuls a day of men homeward bound toward the snow shovel or the garden, or toward the less seasonal dictates of the television, the wife, and the children with egg on their chins? And as you rise, relievedly, to the toot of a horn outside, and exchange diffident nods with the owner, you decide that his reserve with you on this and other occasions is the case, not because you are not a regular, but because there are no regulars here. As you go out the door, you wonder idly how he hangs on here at all, and you imagine him of a Sunday, when the trains are all but stilled, totting up his suppliers' bills and his receipts, and worrying about a better spot for trade.

Should you sit on there for a sufficient number of evenings, however, you might learn how wrong you were. For that place is one

of a circuit of such places which certain men of the town ride ceaselessly, for reasons which neither appear to be simple nor are.

TAKE, for instance, the Rainbow Tavern at Northville, and four of its regulars—James De Vries, Dicky English, Jack Burdette, and Henry Lister. If you get to know the habits of these four, who are sure to appear there singly or in varying combinations almost every night of the week—and if you happen to learn of a minor tragedy which befell one of them—then in the course of time you may also sense, although you may never quite be able to put your finger on it, the nature of that *specialité de la maison* which is served by the Rainbow Tavern.

James De Vries, who is always called "the judge," out of deference to the fact that he was once, for several years, a justice of the peace, is the only one of the four who was born in Northville—and perhaps some of the deference is to this fact too. In a town where most of the men make their living elsewhere, he is one of those vanishing few who subsist on their inherited knowledge of the place and the "connections" in it—a little banking, some law, a few real-estate transactions, and a little politicking. He can tell you the real legend of the old Viner place, and what went on there in the old days, can search a title in his mind before he has to refer to county records, and lives in the ground-floor apartment of the cupolaed house in which he was born—the house bought by his grandfather, who was a minor henchman of Boss Tweed. Although there has never been any suggestion of financial hanky-panky about his own reputation, there still clings to him, somehow, the equivocal aura of the man who turns a dollar because he is in the know.

As he stands at the bar, with his hat brim turned low over his long, swart face, so that if you are near him and fairly tall you cannot glimpse anything but his mouth (for the judge is quite short, and in the manner of many short men, affects hats a little too high in the crown and wide of brim)—he keeps a silence

weighted faintly with an indication that silence is what he has come here for. If he is addressed, however, on a question of local affairs, he likes to pronounce the answers in a measured, monotonous voice, although he will never keep the conversational ball rolling with the added fillip of a question or an opinion. He is at the bar briefly at five, at seven-thirty, and at ten, so precisely that Denis, the owner, often answers a time query from one of the regulars: "Almost time for the judge's last round." He has two drinks at five, three at seven-thirty, and three at ten, always of straight bourbon with a dash of bitters, and always set before him by Denis as soon as he appears. He has probably not ordered out loud for years, never buys or is bought a drink, and has long since managed to convey, by this routine, that for him liquor—something to be accomplished, as it were, as is a meal by a man not interested in the table—is never in any case a specific for some disreputable need. It is ironic, therefore, that in a place where casualness and haphazard spontaneity are part of the mores, the very carefulness of the judge's behavior has made him the oddity he imagines he is not.

For, often, when a man is to be found night after night in the same place, swaying deep in drink, progressing through the stereotype stages of the drunk—from the painful interest in each newcomer, the mumbled revelation to the bartender, down to the final, locked communion with the glass—often a common thing to be heard in the pitying undertones





behind him is: "Nice guy though. They say his wife is a bitch." But in the Rainbow Tavern this is most commonly said of the judge. Not by any of the other three regulars, incidentally, for all the regulars share a solidarity of reticence about their affairs outside, one even stronger than is usual among men perhaps, and peculiarly noticeable, since it suggests that, with them, home may be really the outside, and "inside" is here. No one knows the origin of this rumor about the judge, or any verification for it, for although the other three know each other in another context, the social life of the town—have visited each other in their homes, and even, by prearrangement, have brought their wives here, after the manner of men who twice a year tolerate ladies' night at the club—the judge does not know any of these people socially, and never brings his "outside" here. The rumor arises, possibly, because there is no worse place to hide than among the heightened awarenesses of others who are hiding too.

WHEN a man walks into the Rainbow Tavern, it is often possible to tell his mood, at what stage in the circuit he is, or how full he is or intends to be, from the angle at which he wears his hat. Dicky English's hat is always tipped toward the back of his head. This is true of him wherever he is making an entrance, whether to the Rainbow or others of its ilk, to a party,

to a meeting of one of the dozens of committees on which he is a prime mover, or to the smoker of the morning train. A buzzing, bustling, smart dresser of a man, in whose freshly barbered face, above his bow-tie, the slightly juvenile features are only healthfully obscured by a faintly moony, fortyish fat, Dicky, if not exactly a dream of fair women, is conceivably that of a number of fair typists in the office of which he is manager.

Longer acquaintance with Dicky suggests, however, that in his very trueness to form there is something much too credible. Watching him at first, one is bored or amused by the larger-than-life verisimilitude of the man; later one wonders how, under such a bewildering collection of verisimilitudes, there can be a man at all. Here, one says, as he struts chestily into a conversation, or, his backside wagging in jaunty efficiency, is seen disappearing round the bend in the center of two or three cronies he has marshaled on an errand of pleasure—here is the eternal seller of tickets to raffles, the organizer of poker games and pig roasts; here is the life-of-the-party, in whom, as with so many such, there is just enough of the clown, the simpleton, the butt—so that by his very *bêtises* he breaks down the united ice of others, warming them, even at the cost of ridicule, to that sense of occasion he craves.

To his intimates at the Rainbow, where his invariable greeting is "You're planning to go, aren't you?", his invariable adieu "Be sure to be there, now," Dicky passes for a joiner, a mixer, a man whose compulsion barely escapes buffoonery, but is invaluable to those whose gregariousness is more wistful, less competent. He is sensitive to the needs of the company, too—a Rotarian in Rotary, a father among fathers, a fornicator among fornicators—always so long as he can go on talking. Even his drinking is versatile and somehow controlled; he is good for an elegiac, gossip chat in a corner or for an all-night spree with the boys, but even in the midst of the spree he never seems *personally* drunk. Only when you see him at home, a paterfamilias outdoing all others, or at a roadhouse, perhaps, this time with the wife, to whom he is playing the uxoriously gallant part of the husband on his girl's night out, or in the morning smoker, where he persists

in reading tidbits of news to men whose issues of the same paper are already slack and crumpled in their hands—only then may you realize that Dicky is more than a man who lives for the occasion—he is a man who cannot live without it, however small. Like those little mechanical toy men with the keys in their split, metal backs, he will scuttle around and around only as long as the original impetus lasts—one begins to imagine, behind the truckling rounds of his talk, a gasping prescience that, when he slackens, he will topple over on his side forever. He is a man who convinces himself into humanity only by the ululating sound of his own voice. And because one can imagine him en route to an experience, or possibly from it, but never actually in the middle of it, one forms conclusions as to Dicky's reasons for stopping so often at a place like the Rainbow, which is essentially, after all, en route.

AS FOR Jack Burdette and Henry Lister—there is no need to take up separately two who are almost always together. They roomed together at college, went into business and married at about the same time, bought houses on adjoining streets in that fancy modern development in Northville before it was too evident that their wives would never get along, and refugees now, each from the disapproval of two wives, are ever more closely united in the deep beatitudes of the bottle. Jack is a great beef of a man with a fine nose just beginning to vein, and an extraordinarily sweet smile which, with the cleft in the first of his chins, forms a solitary fleur-de-lis above the others. He is one of those large, deceptively solid men who melt in drink; as the evening advances, the smile grows fixed on a face which recedes behind it like a huge, fair egg, the bottom outline of which has been drawn several times over by a wavering artist.

Seen over his shoulder, in that rich, Rembrandt-colored air of the Rainbow, which is half submerged smell, half expunged light, Henry Lister's face, mouse-sharp and precise, does not change at all. There is no mystery about Henry unless it is the absence of one. He is a neutral common denominator of a man, whose sole departure from the ordinary is his drinking; even the latter seems an effort to fill up the uncomfortable reservoir

of his averageness. He is never out of place in any company he keeps, and never quite of it; he is a man who is always seen over someone else's shoulder—in this case Jack's.

Over the years, the association of these two has effected a likeness quite apart from looks—the kind of dual semblance which occurs in a long, uneventful marriage. Jack, an investment counselor, often surprises his business acquaintances with quite a bookish allusion, and Henry, who is in the trade department of a book house, is considered by his colleagues to be pretty sharp on the market. During the business day, Jack's eye is remarkably clear and shrewd, notwithstanding the night before, and Henry's manner may be a little on the vague side, but at closing time in the Rainbow, after the long, matched session of glass for glass, it is Henry who gently leads the faltering Jack away from the bar and drives him home.

One might think that their wives—both childless, both graduates of the stern discipline of the evasive phone call, the mummified supper, the endless evening in the empty living-room, of which there happens to be a counterpart not half a block away—one would think that they might pool their grievances in a sort of friendship too. Such is not the case, however. They hate each other—oddly enough each of the women saves her invective not for her rival, but for his wife. It is simpler that way perhaps. Or possibly it is easier to bear the onus of a rival than the presence of someone whose grievances are the same.

Once or twice Henry and Jack have been known to josh each other over this quirk of Alice's and Mary Lou's, but only in the clichés with which men refer to women at the Rainbow, where it is generally conceded that the ladies, all of them sphinxes, are worth the solving at times, but blessedly not here and now. Mostly, however, the two men sit in silence, accumulating on the abacus of their bar bill an ever huger total of hours they have spent thus together, two eunuchs sitting in a quietude from which trouble has been castrated, at a comfortable, derisive distance from the harem.

This, then, was the way things stood with the four regulars, when Mrs. Henry Lister, on a pink May evening which contrasted (who knows how fiercely) with her sallow day, cut her wrists.



ON THE Monday night when the phone rang in the booth at the Rainbow, the four men had the bar to themselves. This is often the case on Mondays, for at the Rainbow there is a discernable, taken-for-granted rhythm to the evenings of the week. Sunday is the big night: Denis is rarely able to close the place until four. Tuesdays and Wednesdays are slow; even Henry and Jack may not appear until after ten or perhaps not at all, presumably having gone home for a token dinner and been prevailed upon to stay. Thursdays are pretty normal, and Fridays the bar begins to expand again, with men who drink in a certain propriety, duty-bound, as it were, to honor the inception of the weekend. Saturday is a poor night for the regulars, who are shunted out of their niche by celebrants who come (as the four indicate to each other with faint shrugs) apparently from nowhere, and Denis is kept busy shoosing minors out of the place. But on Sunday nights the bar really hums, with an added group of familiars who arrive gratefully after the dearth of the day. Meeting on the station platform the morning after, the three regulars (for the judge, of course, does not commute) greet one another with reminiscent shakes of the head, eying one another's gray gills and red, granular eyelids, and sit at an understanding distance in the smoker, retiring glumly behind their papers. If a man just makes the train by the skin of his teeth, this is the one morning on which he is not chaffed. Even Dicky English has learned to shut his face on Monday morning.

During this particular first day of the business week, the city streets had been stroked with summer. When the evening train set down its passengers in Northville, it could be seen that the leaves, although still new against the sky, were no longer single and choice. The air had a beautiful, clear expectancy about it, like the inside of a glass bell that was about to be rung. The door of the Rainbow, though not yet screened, had been ajar.

Now, with the bar to themselves, the four were settled restfully on their stools like convalescents from a mutual illness, just able to savor the malted dimness of the place in the safely muted company of their kind. Henry and Jack had been here since train-time, the judge was in the middle of his second round, and Dicky had just breezed in.

"Some night last night, eh Denis?" said Dicky.

Denis nodded. He was a profound listener, with a repertoire of silent assent which ranged from the nod to a look of alert, pained sympathy which came, actually, from varicose veins, but was a great help to his business.

Dicky tipped his hat farther back on his head. "Hear Patterson's still on the town. They say he never did get home."

"In here about four o'clock for a minute," said Denis, polishing a glass.

"Better watch himself lately." Dicky clapped his hands together, raised one to readjust his hat, looked about him minutely as if to search the possibilities of the hour, and let his arm sink around Jack's neck. "Howja do at the office today, pal?"

Jack turned his head carefully within the encircling arm, and smiled his sweet, ponderous smile. "I died," he said.

"How about Henry there? He looks able to sit up and take nourishment."

Henry screwed his eyes shut appreciatively. Down at the left end of the bar, the judge looked owlishly into an empty glass. Denis moved quickly to replace it with the third and last of his round. And the telephone rang.

No one at the bar flinched in notice, although the telephone rings infrequently at the Rainbow. The phone knew better than to call for any of the men here.

Denis shuffled through the archway into the alcove which held the phone booth and the pinball machine. After a minute he re-

turned, gestured at Henry, and returned to his polishing. Henry pointed at himself with raised eyebrows, shrugged, and walked out to the booth. He was there for sometime.

"Da-te-da, da-te-da, da-te-da," said Dicky, falsetto.

Jack hunched himself over the bar, lit a cigarette, dropped the match on the floor before it was quite dead, and rubbed it out with his shoe.

"Jesus Henry what's wrong?" said Dicky.

Henry stood in the archway, his face white, his arms dangling uncertainly at his sides. "The police. They took Alice to the hospital."

Jack lurched to his feet. "Something with the car, Hen?"

"She tried to . . ." Henry turned his head from side to side. "She acted all right this morning," he said on a high note. "She acted perfectly okay."

"Drive you down, fella?" said Dicky.

Henry seemed not to have heard him. He reached out and touched the bar surface. His hand crept along it as if he expected to find a tab there. "They want to type my blood they said." He moved toward the door.

"I'll go with you, Hen." Jack went toward him, weaving a little.

"No," said Henry. His eyes returned to focus. He shivered. "No. Don't do that, Jack." He went out the door.

"Call me here. Call me if you need me." There was no answer except the current of air from the swinging door. They heard the splutter of a motor, its outraged whine and diminuendo. Through the door, which remained ajar, came the dark, stealing scents of May. After a minute, Denis walked over and closed it.

"She have a miss you think?" whispered Dicky.

No one answered him.

The judge coughed, and spoke. "Sold them that house they have. Over on Summit. June '42 it was, just before the rise. Nice little property." He shook his head, as if he could not be responsible for the way people mishandled their lives to which he had helped them attach a property of value. Then, glancing at the clock, he saw that it was time. Pulling his hat brim lower, he nodded and left.

"Well, guess I'm on my way too," said

Dicky. "Drop you, Jack? Well, see you in the morning then." He eased himself halfway out the door, then poked his head back in. "Chilly," he said, shaking his head solemnly, and shut the door behind him.

It can be awkward, drinking alone at a bar. Is the man behind it wholly a servitor at such times, or must recognition be made of the fact that two human beings are together in an otherwise empty room? At such times it is good to be where one is known. Denis sat reading his newspaper, his shell rims far down on his nose, his presence as sane and reassuring as a night nurse. It was a racing final he read; occasionally he made a mark on it with pencil, or rose to freshen Jack's glass. There were no other demands on his attention either from his customer or from the phone. Gradually the room, although it had no fireplace, took on the guttering look of a room in which a fire dies down.

When the late freight chuffed by on her way to Newburgh, Denis went to the booth, called a cabby with whom he had an arrangement, shook Jack by the shoulder, and sent him home.



THE next day, in the smoker, Dicky had the field to himself. Henry, of course, was absent, and Jack did not appear for several days. On the second of these, the smoker heard, as the town had already heard, that Mrs. Henry Lister had muffed it. She would survive. This was received as such news is. The suicide attempt which is successful has an awesome achievement about it, before which we quail, but bow. It is a terrible epitaph, but it is one, and its headstone will sooner or later be obscured like any other. But the incompetent who has botched, who has been retrieved against his will, has committed an indecency. He has brought his nakedness not to the tomb, but to the teatable. Later, his existence will fret us, like that of the invalid whose ailment death refuses to dignify.

On the morning when Jack returned to the train, it was observed that he had the drained, pearly look of dedication of the man who is on the wagon. No comments were made, since it was known how close Jack had been to Henry—too close, it was assumed, for comfort. Not a few of the other men who had been riding the circuit a little too steadily were, over that weekend, unwontedly solicitous of their wives and gardens. But, the following week, when Henry, too, returned to the train, it was plain that the shaft which Mrs. Lister had aimed at her husband had not only struck glancingly at his friend, but had also sheared between the two. Their steps no longer joined naturally, they greeted each other with the creaking tact of constraint, and although they both were avoiding the Rainbow, they did not do so together.

When Henry, taking his month off early, took his wife down to Atlantic City, both the town and the smoker were relieved. It was felt that he had done the proper thing (if there could be said to be any protocol for such circumstances) not only for his wife, but for the community. For a long time, Henry would be a constriction on any company he kept—precisely because he had suffered no conventional loss.

Had he done so, however unusually, one could still have offered him the normal currency of condolence. One could have demonstrated one's fealty at the funeral parlor, or, meeting him at a later date, extended to him, according to the degrees of delicacy and

acquaintance, either the mute clasp of the hand, or one of those basso-timbred remarks with which we acknowledge to one another that we are all as dust. Still later, after his sorrow was a little out of its black, one could have propelled him tenderly toward drink, as one propels a widow toward tears. As things were, however, Mrs. Lister and death, in their brief affair together, had cuckolded Henry; had made of him, moreover, a man whose cuckoldry is known.

DURING the weeks of Henry's absence, Jack returned, little by little, to the Rainbow. Each evening he walked in earlier and stayed on later, until, rosy once more, he was back at the old routine. On those evenings when Denis judged him unfit to drive himself home, the cabman was called. Or sometimes the cabby checked for himself, in a friendly sort of way.

One evening, just after Denis had made the call, Jack put his glass down on the bar with a rap that raised Denis' startled glance from his paper, and leaned intently over the bar.

"Not the same around here, is it, Denis?" he muttered. "Not the same." He looked into the glass which he was swiveling in his hand. After a moment he looked up again. "It never will be the same," he said, in a voice suddenly free of rheum.

Denis, who, in his trade, witnessed few of the soaring denouements of drama, but often administered to its tag-ends and dispersals, kept his own counsel.

On another Monday night, this time late in June, Dicky, the judge, and Jack once more had the bar to themselves. It was again the time of the judge's second round, and Dicky, again, had just breezed in. There was nothing oddly Aristotelian about this unity of time, space, and character; as must be clear by now, the very predictability of the Rainbow, the very reassurance of the way in which evenings spent there tend to blur into one long, continuous evening, is a part of its stock in trade. This night, however, was the one on which Henry Lister chose to return.

When he walked through the door, which was screened now, and had been closed against the humming insect tide of summer, his manner in no way admitted that this was a return, or that there had been, at any time, a choice to be made. Denis, alone of the men

there, was not surprised. On the faces of the other friends there was a momentary flash, like that on a mirror turned once against the light and laid flat.

To the right of Jack, who was farthest down the bar, there were three empty stools. Henry sat down on the middle one of these.

"Evening," said Henry. "Judge . . . Jack . . . Dicky . . . evening."

From the quiet chorus of greetings, Dicky's rose with verve. "Well look who's here! If you aren't a sight for sore eyes!" He walked over and pumped Henry's hand with unction. "Looking fit, boy," he added, in the low, secret tones of allegiance. "Real fit."

Behind him, the others stared into their drinks, but on Henry's face there was a singular look of gratitude. It was as if Dicky, in doing what might be expected of Dicky, had shown him that whatever else he had returned for was likely to be here too.

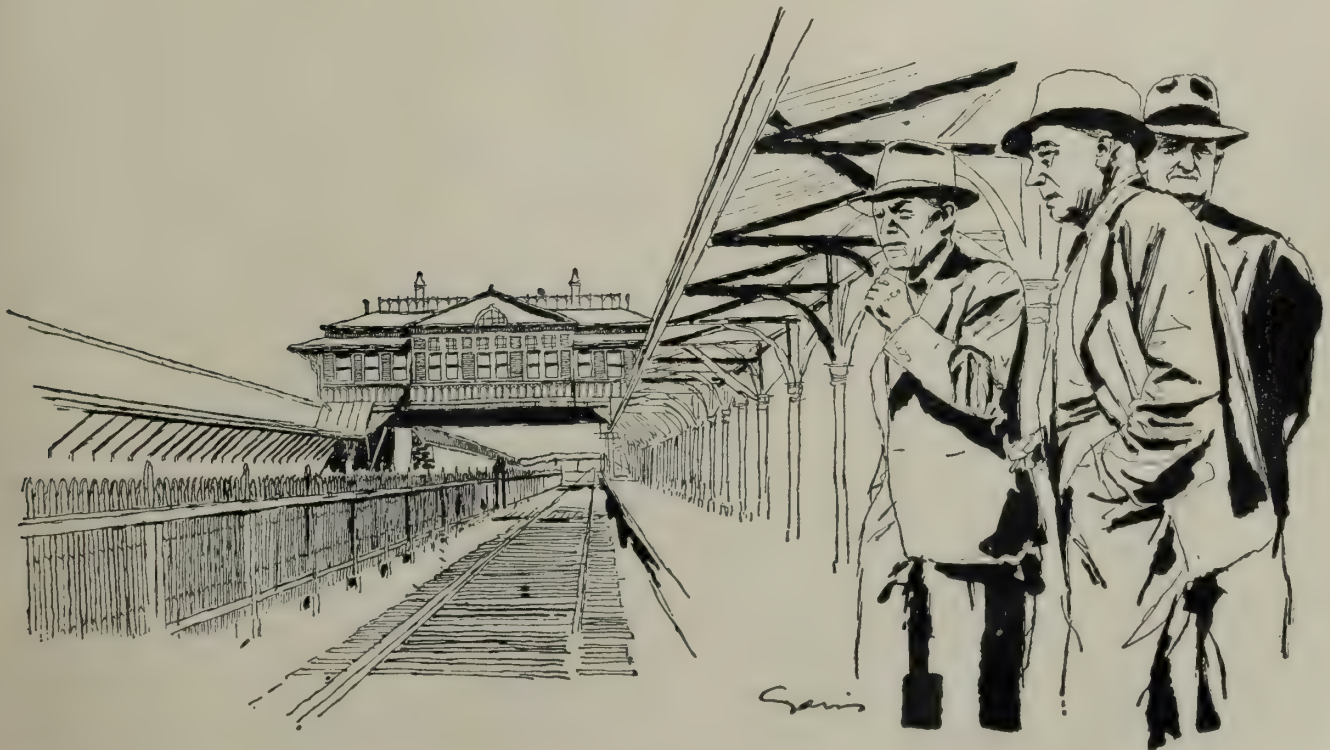
Now the other men began to talk, each punctuating his remarks with helpful arc of his glass. They said little of local affairs, of all that can happen in a town, or a bar, while someone is away. They talked rather of things in the tenor of the times, of the National League and the American, of the price of government, and the probabilities of war. They spoke of the things people have to keep up to date on, no matter what has happened to them or where they have been.

Time passed, enough for the judge to leave and return for his final call. When the judge was on his last drink of the evening, Henry bought a drink for the crowd, sliding down a stool to the one next to Jack's. "How about you, Judge?" he said. "Break down and have an extra?"

This was an old gambit, and the judge made his accustomed response. "Oh no," he said, frowning, made for the door as if frightened, and left. Behind him, the men smiled at each other, taking pleasure in the foibles of their kind. On Henry's face there was again the look of gratitude.

After a while Dicky went into the alcove to play the pinball game. When the cabman poked his head in with an inquiring look, Jack looked down at the floor. "Tell him never mind," said Henry's voice over his shoulder. "I'll drive you home."

It grew late, but the tawny light in the Rainbow deepened and mellowed, as if it, not the whiskey, had the power to turn men rubicund or gray. The silence purred, that silence of the Rainbow which is like the purring of a great tom, resting from the rat cries of reality, from the quest for cream, and the squeaky, flagellant voices of women. From time to time came the ratchety-slat of the pinball machine, than which there is no more aimless sound in the world. And after a while, it was the same.



The Compensations of Deafness

Gerald W. Johnson

CHARLES A. BEARD, the eminent historian, claimed that there is one considerable advantage in being deaf. When he found himself caught in a group that politeness forbade him to leave, if the conversation became intolerably idiotic, a gesture so slight as to be almost imperceptible, a mere flick of the finger, would switch off his hearing aid and allow him to be at peace.

The inventor, Thomas A. Edison, was somewhat more urbane about it, but he made the same point. Partial deafness, he maintained, is an aid to concentration. When he was struggling with a thorny scientific problem, he found that the elimination of irrelevant noises improved his chances of success; and his deafness did it automatically.

Bernard M. Baruch, according to his latest biographer, W. L. White, takes a selective approach to the same goal. He finds it convenient for his hearing aid to break down when certain persons appear in his vicinity, for he knows by weary experience that their conversation is not rewarding. Of one conspicuous politician, he is quoted as saying, "I haven't heard a word he has said in thirty-five years."

At the Paris Peace Conference, following World War I, William M. Hughes, the very tough prime minister of Australia who gave Woodrow Wilson as much trouble as any other individual, had a contraption that some

observers described as resembling a machine gun which he mounted on the table before him (that was over thirty years ago, before good pocket hearing aids had been developed). It was noted that when all was going well and Mr. Hughes was carrying point after point, his hearing was excellent; but the moment some hard character stepped in with a slam-bang argument against him, the hearing aid collapsed and the argument had to be repeated over and over before Mr. Hughes could get it. By the time he did get it, he had usually thought up a reply.

When persons as illustrious as Beard, Edison, Baruch, and Hughes all bear witness to the same point, that point may be considered as established. Very smart men can, and do, turn partial deafness to profitable account.

Unfortunately, this testimony is not equally conclusive for those of us who are not famous, learned, and important, but as deaf as any of the four. No more remains to be said for the highly gifted, perhaps, but everything remains to be said for the mediocre, since what is an advantage to the mighty is not necessarily an advantage to the ordinary person.

And don't think for a moment that the are rare. The deaf number millions, and in any group including millions the ordinary will vastly outnumber the geniuses. Some degree of deafness, indeed, comes close to being a universal affliction among the middle-aged

One of the best arguments for the thesis of this article is Mr. Johnson's own nimble mind, which has already, in these pages, found compensations in the American Communist Party and the villains of American history. His new book, This American People, will appear next month.

and the old; at the Johns Hopkins Medical School they assert flatly that the man whose hearing is as keen after thirty as it was up to fifteen is "extremely rare." In most cases the disability is so slight that the victim himself never notices it; nevertheless, some dulling of auditory perception almost always attends advancing years.

With that fact in mind it is easy for the layman to understand how an adverse factor so slight as to escape attention at the time might push a man over the line into what laymen call deafness. The trouble may be so inconsiderable as not to affect his general health appreciably. Deafness, even early in life, is no proof of impending general collapse; a man at thirty-five may be too deaf to hear a fire siren or a United Nations delegate from Russia, yet live to be eighty-five and then die in an airplane crash.

So if there is any advantage that the undistinguished may extract from dullness of the ears, it is a matter of importance to a great many people. Edison's point about the shutting out of useless noise goes for all of us, and it is an important point. Everyone admits that this modern world is far too uproarious for any good purpose. American civilization is nerve-straining at best, and screeching brakes, back-firing motors, and raucous horns do their part toward keeping the hospitals for nervous prostration cases bursting at the seams. In all the larger cities and in many of the smaller ones there are official commissions working at the problem of eliminating unnecessary noise. To have such nuisances eliminated, or at least subdued, ought to make for a placid, sane existence, perhaps for a long one.

BUT traffic and industry are not responsible for all the useless noise in this world. It may be argued plausibly that they do not contribute the most useless and the most annoying of the rackets that fever and harass us. As measured in decibels, most political speeches, for example, are not especially loud; but in years gone by I have listened to many that were far more useless than a street car with three flat wheels, and no less maddening.

Indeed, a good argument can be made out for a really low-toned buzzing as, on the average, at once the most useless and the most

troublesome of all the sound-waves that men habitually project. I refer to committee meetings. Any American who has reached middle age with unimpaired hearing must have attended dozens, probably scores, and perhaps hundreds of committee meetings at which the total amount of good accomplished was roughly comparable to the proportion of gold in sea water, which is so small that it cannot be recovered, but at which the harm done, if only in the form of useless labor, was considerable. A deaf man has a perfect excuse for avoiding such activities—an advantage that extends to the small as well as to the great.

Deafness, as everybody knows, gives rise to misunderstandings which sometimes disrupt friendships; but not everybody stops to consider that it may sometimes make for the preservation of friendly relations. There is, for example, your pastor, a good man but no rival of Socrates intellectually, Heaven knows. When you meet him on Monday morning, if you are deaf you don't have to tell him what a fine sermon he preached the day before; he knows you didn't hear a word of it, so he expects no comment. He would be justly suspicious if you made any. So you can ignore the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints and discuss the problems of the Children's Aid Society, about which he really knows something; and you leave upon him the impression that you are a sapient and reasonable fellow.

II

THESE *are* advantages that accrue to you and me, as well as to historians, inventors, financiers, and statesmen. But there is another that fine minds do not need, but that may be, to those of us whose intelligence will certainly not be rated above average, more valuable than anything else. This is the mental stimulus that partial deafness sometimes supplies.

At first glance this may seem nonsensical. A deaf man's perceptions are dulled, at least as regards one sense, and to suggest that the dulling of one's perceptions may apply a mental stimulus is an apparent contradiction of all the laws of common sense. Nevertheless, it may be true. In many cases it is true and a little thought will show why.

The Russian people, said Churchill in one

of the great metaphors of our time, live behind an Iron Curtain cutting them off from communication with the rest of mankind. It is statistically true, that is, true as regards the overwhelming majority. Yet among the two hundred millions there must be here and there a Russian who, by means of a short-wave radio set, or the grapevine telegraph, or by some other means, has contrived to learn something of what is going on in the rest of the world. Such a man must have had a fairly alert intelligence to begin with and constant exercise of his ingenuity in evading the restrictions laid upon his mind may be expected to have strengthened and sharpened that intelligence very considerably. The obstacle has stimulated him, no doubt much to his advantage.

We are providentially free of Iron Curtains in this country, but deaf Americans live behind a Cork Curtain that by deadening sound partially cuts them off from communication with their neighbors. Some it stupefies; there is no denying that mournful truth. But a great many, whether by lip reading, or hearing aids, or some other device, contrive to penetrate the Cork Curtain and remain in reasonably close touch with what is going on. They are an improved breed.

With all due respect to technical skills, mechanical devices, and what not, the deaf man's most valuable resource is none of these, but a quick wit. The capacity to catch half a sentence and from that to piece out the rest is what counts; and this is a talent capable of indefinite development by exercise. It is fatiguing; there are few forms of mental exertion more so; but, like any other form of exercise, it tends to build up enormous endurance.

WELL, civilization, says Toynbee, is developed by the process of challenge-and-response. No man alive is more constantly confronted with a challenge to which he must respond than the deaf. Every word spoken to him is a challenge. He cannot be inattentive. Others may listen, as we say, with half an ear; but he must listen with both with an electrical device, with his eyes, and, above all, with his wits; and then he is lucky if he gets half of it. In a split second he must then perform an intellectual operation to which scientists sometimes devote years—he must construct a hypothesis (guess what

the rest of the sentence is); test it by the criteria of experience and the law of probabilities (does it make sense as coming from this speaker?); and, if it seems sound, draw logical inferences and proceed accordingly (answer the fellow).

Talk about your mechanical brain that can work the most complicated problems by electronics in a matter of seconds, if you will. I submit that it is not a whit more miraculous than the deaf man who when asked, "Have you read Lippmann this morning?" hears, "... lip ... s morn ..." and in three-eighths of a second comes up with, "No, I missed him today."

You may object that the comparison fails because the mechanical brain never makes a mistake and the deaf man makes them constantly. But you are talking through your hat. Every time the mechanical brain blows out a tube, that is a mistake, and it is blowing them out constantly. The difference is that when the tube goes the machine stops and makes no answer at all; prudence is built into it. Not so the deaf man; he can blow forty tubes and never know it. He answers anyhow, and great is the mirth of the bystanders.

"Kinda lost track of politics this year," said an ancient Tarheel voter, notoriously hard of hearing, to a worker at the polls one election day. "Who's runnin' for Congress?"

Now the candidate was Thomas Jones, Jr., whose father was the Methodist Episcopal bishop of the diocese, which information the worker tried to convey.

"Tom Jones is running," he roared.

"Tom Jones? Never heard of him. Who's he?"

"Of course you know him," howled the worker. "He's a son of the bishop."

"Oh, well," said the ancient, tolerantly, "all these politicians is, but *who* is he?"

For at least thirty years this yarn has been told to illustrate various points, but I have never heard it cited to illustrate the rapidity of the old man's mental processes. Yet he had heard part of a statement, and almost instantly he had projected a hypothesis to supply the rest, had tested it and found that it made sense, had drawn the logical inference, and had proceeded accordingly. Unfortunately, somewhere along the line he had blown out a few tubes, so the result was to enshrine him in folklore as a comic figure; but that doesn't

disprove the rapidity of his mental processes.

More than that, I protest that it was what Dr. Toynbee would consider an adequate response to the challenge. He holds, you know, that civilization begins to decline when the man or the society can no longer respond adequately to successive challenges. Adequately does not necessarily mean entirely accurately. In a conversation, for instance, an adequate response is one that keeps the conversation going; and no one can deny, in this case, that what the old boy said brought on more talk. The deaf man begins to fail to respond to his challenge when he begins to withdraw glumly into himself, and so discourage those who attempt to converse with him.

THIS danger is greatest at the moment when the victim begins to be aware of his own condition, and it is perhaps greater among Americans than others. The American more than any other national has been indoctrinated with the heresy that there is no question without an answer. This illusion undoubtedly contributed to our success in subduing a continent, but for all that it hinders the attainment of intellectual maturity.

For there are questions that have no answer, and deafness, in most cases, is one of them. A few types are amenable to medical or surgical treatment, especially in the young, but in the vast majority of cases deafness is incurable. If you are beginning to grow deaf—excluding acute infections easily understood—it is a hundred to one that you will get worse and two hundred to one that you will not get better.

The natural impulse of the typical American is to do something about everything, and it is hard for him to realize that there is anything about which there is nothing to be done. But if he does realize it, he will be a wiser and probably a happier man. Refusing to accept the fact is not an adequate answer to the challenge. It is a failure that can lead only to defeat. The surly, suspicious, unsocial deaf are largely those who have refused. They are the ones in whom misfortune has amounted to tragedy. They are the defeated.

"Deaf men," observed Thomas Fuller two centuries ago, "are quick-ey'd and distrustful." They have to be; but if they distrust only the accuracy of their own perception it

is no matter. The plague of it is that distrust is hard to confine; it tends to spread and smear like butter in a bagful of groceries on the back seat of your car. The suspiciousness of the deaf has become proverbial—suspiciousness, not of their own understanding, only, but of all the world.

On the other hand, a man who manages to beat down this natural tendency comes out of the experience stronger. All moralists and most psychologists admit that a man who corrects an undesirable tendency in his own nature develops moral strength that is useful in other ways. A deaf man who remains unsuspicious has not done so easily, you may be sure; so it is an odds-on bet that he has pretty well eliminated censoriousness from his make-up. As the dulling of his sensory perceptions may drive him into increased mental alertness, so the urge toward suspicion, being resisted, may eventually take him beyond tolerance into sympathy. This is an achievement of very considerable proportions.

III

POSSIBLY the strongest force driving the deaf man back upon himself is the knowledge that he is a howling nuisance to his friends. When this is suggested they may protest that it isn't so, it is nonsense to imagine it, but they lie. It is an amiable, generous, and handsome kind of lying and one likes them all the better for it, but it doesn't fool the deaf. On occasion they have to talk to other deaf people, so they know that it isn't easy.

The consolation is the reflection that people do not customarily measure exertion absolutely, but by its achievement. Despite what the advertisers say, I wouldn't walk a mile for a Camel—not for a cigarette, and certainly not for a Ship of the Desert. It would be too much trouble. But if I could gain a million dollars merely by walking a mile, I would say, and would believe, that it was no trouble at all, indeed, a positive pleasure; yet the exertion would be the same.

Talking to the late Ellen Glasgow, as anyone who has tried it will agree, taxed both lungpower and precise enunciation; but when one did get a remark across to her the reply was always original, frequently witty, and sometimes so wise that it took your breath.

People might come away hoarse, but they didn't think it onerous to talk to her; on the contrary, they schemed and labored for a chance to talk to her.

Of course there was only one Ellen Glasgow, and it would be fatuous for anyone else to try to rival her brilliance. But anybody not downright half-witted can be mildly interesting if he really speaks his mind. Insincerity and inanity are the parents of dullness—the mouthing of meaningless shibboleths, the parading of borrowed and half-baked opinions, the gabbling of the moment's cant. This is hard for a deaf man to manage because he can't pick it up rapidly. The making of small talk is pretty well beyond him, and this is certainly an inconvenience; but that it is a real disadvantage is by no means established. Having no nonsense available, he may have to talk sense, and so acquire perforce a reputation for wisdom.

Dull and uncertain hearing handicaps the extension of one's acquaintance. Unquestionably the deaf are at a disadvantage in the matter of making new friends, but if this drives them to the more assiduous cultivation of friendships already established, it is by no means sure that they are worse off in the end. The fluidity of American society, especially in the big cities, is constantly deplored by moralists. One who sees in his handicap a strong reason for solidifying his friendships may be a stabilizing element. In short, it is not the handicap, but what one does with it that determines the issue.

When I was an undergraduate the janitors at Wake Forest College were bossed by an ancient Negro, who was a bizarre and delightful character. Doctor Tom, as he was known to the students, was barely literate, but through his association with scholars he had

picked up a rich and colorful vocabulary which he employed in orations on the campus on all important occasions. At the opening of each school year he always followed the salutatory of the president with an address of his own which at least once contained a pearl of wisdom. "This year," Doctor Tom assured the rejoicing collegians, "I means to co-operate wid the inevitable."

To co-operate with inevitable—there, now, is an attainable and honorable goal for dwellers behind the Cork Curtain. To co-operate is not to submit. It is, says Webster, "to act or operate jointly with another or others." It involves no surrender but an adjustment of one's course to a line that does not bring it into collision with another, in this case with the inevitable. It comes close to being the summation of worldly wisdom.

Let no one try to distort this into the preposterous suggestion that deafness is a happy or meritorious condition. It is not. It is a nuisance, an ever-present, nagging, frustrating, maddening nuisance.

Nor is it intended here to set up any claim that the deaf acquire merit through their handicap. Some acquire demerit; the thing is too much for them, and they sink into apathy, or curdle into vinegary souls. And if others gain in mental agility and in sympathy as a result of the goad of deafness, one must admit that an enforced virtue confers no great merit.

But does it really matter much how they got that way? Intellectual activity is what counts, and when a man gets a move on it matters only to him, not to others, whether his activity is attributable to the gentle sisterhood of Education, Exhortation, and Exposition, or to the fact that ruthless Destiny gave him a swift kick in the pants.



A Special Occasion

A Story by Joyce Cary

Drawing by the Author

THE nursery door opened and Nurse's voice said in the sugary tone which she used to little girl guests, "Here you are, darling, and Tommy will show you all his toys." A little brown-haired girl in a silk party frock, sticking out all round her legs like a lampshade, came in at the door, stopped, and stared at her host. Tom, a dark little boy, aged five, also in a party suit, blue linen knickers, and a silk shirt, stared back at the girl. Nurse had gone into the night nursery, next door, on her private affairs.

Tom, having stared at the girl for a long time as one would study a curiosity, rare and valuable, but extremely surprising, put his

feet together, made three jumps forward and said, "Hullo."

The little girl turned her head over one shoulder and slowly revolved on one heel, as if trying to examine the back of her own frock. She then stooped suddenly, brushed the hem with her hand, and said, "Hullo."

Tom made another jump, turned round, pointed out of the window, and said in a loud voice something like "twanky tweedle." Both knew that neither the gesture nor the phrase was meant to convey a meaning. They simply expressed the fact that for Tom this was an important and exciting, a very special occasion.

The little girl took a step forward, caught her frock in both hands as if about to make a curtsy, rose upon her toes, and said in a prim voice, "I beg your pardon."

They both gazed at each other for some minutes with sparkling eyes. Neither smiled, but it seemed that both were about to smile.

Tom then gave another incomprehensible shout, ran round the table, sat down on the floor and began to play with a clockwork engine on a circular track. The little girl climbed on a tricycle and pedaled round the floor. "I can ride your bike," she said.

Tom paid no attention. He was trying how fast the engine could go without falling off the track.

The little girl took a picture book, sat down under the table with her back to Tom, and slowly, carefully, examined each page. "It's got a crooked wheel," Tom said, "that's what it is." The little girl made no answer. She was staring at the book with round eyes and a small pursed mouth—the expression of a nervous child at the zoo when the lions are just going to roar. Slowly and carefully she turned the next page. As it opened, her eyes became larger, her mouth more tightly pursed, as if she expected some creature to jump out at her.

"**T**OM." Nurse, having completed her private business, came bustling in with the air of one restored to life after a dangerous illness. "Tom, you naughty boy, is this the way you entertain your guests? Poor little Jenny, all by herself under the table." The nurse was plump and middle-aged; an old-fashioned nanny.

"She's not by herself," Tom said.

"Oh Tom, that really is naughty of you. Where are all your nice manners? Get up, my dear, and play with her like a good boy."

"I am playing with her," Tom said, in a surly tone, and he gave Nurse a sidelong glance of anger.

Now Tom, if you go on telling such stories, I shall know you are trying to be naughty. Get up now when I ask you." She swooped, took Tom by the arm, and lifted him up. "Come now, you must be polite, after you've asked her yourself and pestered for her all the week."

At this public disclosure, Tom instantly lost his temper and yelled, "I didn't—I didn't—I won't—I won't."

"Then I'll have to take poor little Jenny downstairs again to her mummy."

"No—no—no."

"Will you play with her then?"

"No, I hate her—I never wanted her."

At this the little girl rose and said, in precise indignant tones, "He *is* naughty, isn't he?"

Tom flew at her, and seized her by the hair; the little girl at once uttered a loud scream, kicked him on the leg, and bit his arm. She was carried screaming to the door by Nurse, who, from there, issued sentence on Tom, "I'm going straight to your father, as soon as he comes in." Then she went out, banging the door.

Tom ran at the door and kicked it, rushed at the engine, picked it up and flung it against the wall. Then he howled at the top of his voice for five minutes. He intended to howl all day. He was suffering from a large and complicated grievance.

ALL at once the door opened and the little girl walked in. She had an air of immense self-satisfaction as if she had just done something very clever. She said in a tone demanding congratulation, "I've come back."

Tom gazed at her through his tears and gave a loud sob. Then he picked up the engine, sat down by the track. But the engine fell off at the first push. He gave another sob, looked at the wheels, and bent one of them straight.

The little girl lifted her party frock behind in order not to crush it, sat down under the table, and drew the book onto her knee.

Tom tried the engine at high speed. His face was still set in the form of anger and bitterness, but he forgot to sob. He exclaimed with surprise and pleased excitement, "It's the lines too—where I trod on 'em."

The little girl did not reply. Slowly, carefully, she opened the book in the middle and gazed at an elephant. Her eyes became immense, her lips minute. But suddenly, and, as it were, accidentally, she gave an enormous sigh of relief, of happiness.

After Hours

It is unfortunately axiomatic these days that if you want to see a successful Broadway play you must either be so forehanded as to buy tickets the minute it is announced (and before you know whether it will be any good or not) or wait until months after it opens. This is especially true of any production touched with the golden names of Rodgers and Hammerstein. It is possible to get around this if you are willing to pay exorbitant premiums to ticket brokers. I am told, but the average playgoer, like myself, is more than likely not to see "South Pacific" or "Guys and Dolls" until it has been around for many months. I did rather better than usual to see "The King and I" only three and a half months after its opening. An enthusiastic friend got a check into the mail the minute the play was proclaimed a smash hit by the New York reviewers. That was the end of March. We saw it in mid-July (while the Shriners' convention was in full swing).

My friend came down from Vermont to see "The King and I," and it was meant to be a sort of mid-summer festival for him and his wife and for me and mine. But that is not how it panned out. The build-up was too much for the play, or so it seemed to us. We sat, as glum a quartet as ever moped through an evening at the theater, hoping that sooner or later the show would get off the ground, that there would be a moment of real excitement, a song with some ecstatic quality, a scene of genuine comedy. We waited in vain,

or nearly in vain, for the show has a few moments of charm and a flash here and there of what it is that has made the reputations of Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein.

Thinking that the heat of the July evening might have had something to do with our disappointment, I got a copy of the play and read it over. Reading has not altered my opinion nor raised my spirits. I still find it dull, pretentious, and unworthy of its authors. Or let me put it another way. I found it dull, considering who its authors are. If it had been the product of a team I hold in less high esteem, I might have thought, "Not bad, not bad at all." I should also say that my disappointment stems from a special bias—a perhaps unreasonable relish for what used to be known as the "musical comedy" and is now (and this is symptomatic) known as the "musical theater." "The King and I" is not musical comedy; it is billed as a "musical play." It might better have been billed as "a sentimental fantasy with music and a message thrown in."

The effect was that of a latter-day "Madame Butterfly," without the song hits. Its setting by Jo Mielziner was routine—pretty in the tradition of the Metropolitan Opera. I don't know what else Mr. Mielziner could have done with a musical laid in Siam which, therefore, had to look like a scene designer's idea of what Siam looks like, but it was conventionalized in a conventional way. Against this backdrop Gertrude Lawrence moved

with dignity and grace in tremendous crinolines (the play takes place in the eighteenth-sixties), hiding her legs and her light under bushel upon bushel of taffeta. Miss Lawrence is a comedienne, but only once, when she was singing out her venom about the King alone in her bedroom, was there a flash, a good brilliant one, of her delicious comical gifts, and even this song (as so many in the play do) dissolved into a paroxysm of social commentary and ended with Miss L. pounding the floor in a tantrum of righteous indignation.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN was taking no chances with his message, which was a sermon on the dignity of the individual and the fallibility of the tyrant. He rammed it home with bulldozer after bulldozer. He spoke it, he sang it, he acted it, he even danced it, and while it is a sermon that can't be preached too often, probably, it can be preached too often in one evening. He made his point early in the first act, and he remade it every few minutes all evening. It has always seemed to me that the best sermon on human dignity is humans behaving in a dignified manner with a free, untrammelled, but responsible spirit. This is precisely what they did in "South Pacific" where only once did Mr. Hammerstein actually climb into a pulpit and preach, in a song the gist of which was "you've got to be taught to hate." It would be too bad to assume that Mr. Hammerstein has so little respect for the intelligence of his audience that he believes they couldn't get the point of his play unless he beat them over the head with it.

But this, I think, is at the root of the trouble with the "King and I." Mr. Hammerstein has got his mediums mixed up. He wants to perform the function of the serious problem-drama (that is, to provide searching insight into the psycho-philosophical stresses of individuals and of society) with the light, but not too light touch. The theater provides two established methods for such delving: the serious drama and high comedy. Drama is only as serious or comedy as high as it is revealing of human character. It is at this point that ham and Hamlet meet. But Mr. Hammerstein by deserting ham has achieved not Hamlet but a fluffy omelette, a dish rather inviting to look at but almost without taste and largely filled with air.

Easy Out

SEVERAL weeks after sitting through disappointment with the King and the Lady, I decided to try a new approach and attempt, by weaseling press seats during the first week of its run, to get to a hit before it had been completely built up or let down by too much talk and tantivy. Luckily, for there are few such, there arrived at this moment a musical of the variety that used to be called a "revue," involving a comic in the high lineage of burlesque, an intelligently displayed selection of female shapes and sizes, and a singing lady on whom the bloom of star-billing is still fresh. Dolores Gray had been until recently the Annie of the London "Annie Get Your Gun"—not to be confounded with the Parisian "Annie du Far-Ouest"—and her torso, truthfully described in the dialogue as "lily white," is no less arresting and flexible than her voice. Miss Gray, in short, is a new addition to the first rank; the humorous gentleman, Mr. Bert Lahr, has been around for some time.

This windfall is called "Two on the Aisle," and though July is the summer slack (there were even empty rows of seats), the word had been circulated that the show was touched with divine fire and would shortly be inaccessible through next April. It has a theme, I regret to say, though not a burdensome one and not too elaborately worked out. There was a time—or at least the legend of it ought to be perpetuated—when a revue did not have to make sense, and the next scene might as easily be Richard Haydn reproducing the inaudible sounds made by fishes as Beatrice Lille seated on a half moon, flinging her garters into the orchestra seats. But now that musical comedies, like "Flahooly," concern themselves with atomic energy and Point IV, with backdrops derived from *Fortune* and the *Architectural Forum*, the heat is even on revues to be thematically organized—like "Inside U. S. A."—around some recognizable center of attention. "Two on the Aisle" mostly bows to this trend and then ignores it, making the theater a subject of itself and setting out to parody other Broadway shows.

Several of the skits, including the usual set-piece of sentimental décor and the inevitable symbolic ballet (why couldn't they parody *this*, for a change?), are side attractions from

the main tent with little to do with it and less to recommend them. Others, like Mr. Lahr's portrayal of a paper-picker-upper in Central Park and Miss Gray's two single appearances, are frankly mountings to set off the star talent and they are adequate to the need, if need there is. But for the most part you will notice that a consistent thread of satire on contemporary entertainments justifies the inclusion of each act. The way they are strung together demands sophistication in the audience to disentangle the cross-references, not to mention attendance at a dozen theaters to pick up the allusions to Ethel Merman, T. S. Eliot, Cole Porter, and Rudolph Bing. The connection is dim enough, one must admit, between these Broadway characters and the Kefauver Committee, around which a mimic with a wide range of timbre named Elliott Reid has built a one-man imitation. This tribute to Messrs. Tobey and Halley as entertainers, however, can be favorably compared with the cost of admission all by itself.

A subsidiary theme is burlesque, which is juxtaposed for purposes of contrast to the Metropolitan Opera and Mr. Eliot's cocktail party. I take the major contention to be that burlesque was better, or so Mr. Lahr manages to imply every moment he is in sight, by no more than knowing how to fill the stage with his presence and deal with the audience on intimate terms, puffing out a cheek or pawing the ground whenever more subtle devices fail. The high point comes at the end of the first act, with a finale that takes off from Mr. Bing's reformations of the Opera and progresses on a gently rising curve into the upper regions of convulsive lunacy. Mr. Lahr is Siegfried to Miss Gray's Brünnhilde in this improvement on Wagner by way of Minsky (would that either the composer or the institution had lived so long). There is an amiably posed forest of naked limbs surmounted by tinsel tree tops, a dragon that spouts seltzer, a fire of red and yellow streamers rising from an electric fan, and a team of agile Rhine-maidens twirling their knee-length yellow braids in abandon. Enter Mr. Lahr in horned helmet, cat fur, and the shortest sword ever to reside in so long a scabbard—and exit, for me, any need to excuse this superlative nonsense by relating it to anything else.

To an extent I can see how the tendency to wrap up a smooth package is an outcome of

professionalism, or at least of the pursuit of a high polish that seems to become more dazzling every year. Perhaps it represents an advance; certainly it requires nerve on the part of writers and directors to try out the instrument of musical comedy on pressing issues—like miscegenation, Perle Mesta's post in Luxembourg, or even a good safe question like the choice of a model for the Statue of Liberty. But "Two on the Aisle" is a danger sign: like "Guys and Dolls" it is a joke about a joke.

Here is Mr. Lahr drawing us back to the revivifying sources of his strength, but with no way of getting through the fog of current customs except by pretending to comment on the stage and to have something to say. Whenever a tour de force as good as this comes off, it is only proper to be grateful to the play-doctors (for this one, Abe Burrows) who have cut and sanded and fitted and shined until it glistens like a new car off the assembly line. But the writing and directing talents are more and more inbred, and the products more like one another, until now we have the ultimate absurdity of a Broadway show entirely constructed around other Broadway shows. Here endeth the sermon to bring back vaudeville, dead or alive.

The General's Grenade

YOUR attention is respectfully directed to the object which may be seen, in newspaper photographs, to hang from the right lapel position on the uniform of General Matthew Bunker Ridgway, the United Nations commander in Korea. It is a hand grenade, apparently wrapped around the middle with a strip of white adhesive tape. It is also quite clearly fastened to a harness, a piece of equipment used to distribute and stabilize the weight of an enlisted man's pack and not normally worn by officers. General Ridgway, even after his elevation from command of the Eighth Army to a higher position in Tokyo, has been pictured in this attire while visiting his juniors, and on some occasions he continued to wear it while the cease-fire negotiations were in progress at Kaesong.

General Ridgway's grenade is, of course, his trademark. It is a remarkably effective one, since no one had ever thought of it be-

fore. The obloid shape, and the white band across it, are recognizable even in the most dim and smudgy tabloid radio-photo. In unequivocal terms it says who this man is and what he is—or wishes to be thought. There are several layers of implication: (1) that this is a combat type who will be found in situations where a grenade might come in handy;

(2) that he is as much unlike General MacArthur as military etiquette will permit him to pretend; and (3) that even if generals do not need grenades—and, in a hypothetical emergency, I should imagine it would take a few moments to unwrap the adhesive tape—this general is willing to include the risk of ridicule in his bravado. It is a fine bit of modern panache, and an improvement—in many respects—on Cyrano's white plume.

With this single device on his banner General Ridgway has swept the board. It is difficult to imagine how his brother generals, confronted with similar needs to establish their identities, will be able to top this ploy in Lifemanship. We find ourselves in a period of subtle adjustment of the amenities in uniform. Wisely appreciating the connotations of maturing years and a more complex assignment than his previous one, even General Eisenhower—who, as Richard H. Rovere once observed, achieved his present stature by appearing "before the high and mighty of Europe in the kind of jacket worn here at home by fastidious gas-station attendants"—has had to abandon it for the dark green blouse of the regular officers' uniform. Field Marshal Montgomery, he of the bulgy sweaters and corduroy pants, has been able to retain no more than the beret, now that he has made camp in the gardens of Fontainebleau. Innovation is permissible only in the informality of battle, and here General Ridgway has both set the style and capped it. His immediate subordinate, General van Fleet, has had to fall back on a pearl-handled forty-five, a second-hand solution rightly associated with the late General Patton and thus of doubtful success.

ON THE other hand, it is possible that General Ridgway himself did not *set* the style. The uniform of American

generals in the Korean war—and I make this statement in full awareness of its treasonous overtones—has shown a remarkable tendency to model itself on that of the enemy. There have been pictures, showing American brass in intimate consultation over military map boards, in which their modest caps and severe patch-pocket and draw-string field jackets made it far from easy to say whether these were friend or foe at preliminary glance. (This was especially true in winter, when both sides featured the fur hat, with ear flaps.) In one photograph several months ago, the UN generals looked like real thugs.

The present army cap appears to be worn by everyone, a revolution in itself, since in the past war I understand steel helmets were obligatory and the lowly cap was worn only by truck drivers in rear areas. The jacket was standard, but not for generals; Simpson of the Ninth Army in Europe, if the photographs I can remember are any indication, was the only exception. But now the division, corps, and army commanders all dress alike, virtually like enlisted men, and disconcertingly like agrarian reformers. It was a shrewd move on our part. At Kaesong it was the North Koreans who turned up, unaware of or indifferent to these niceties, in heavy board epaulets and shiny boots. Some of the Communists revealed how desperate was their last-minute effort to circumvent our tactics. They wore sneakers.

Where this will all end no one knows, but style—of which the Eighth Army has a great deal, in addition to the other admirable qualities described in these pages last month by Colonel S. L. A. Marshall—is bound to become an increasingly potent weapon. With it, moreover, we already have an unparalleled initiative, as a result of getting the idea into circulation that our battles are won or lost, not in the classrooms of West Point, but in the garages of the nation. "The American Army," wrote a Parisian, Jean Galtier-Boissière, in his diary in August 1944, "stupifies the former professional soldier . . . an army of mechanics in which the officers are distinguished from their specialist comrades only by imperceptible insignia."

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Economics Is a Big Omnibus

C. Hartley Grattan

“**E**CONOMICS,” wrote the late Joseph Schumpeter, who was something of a connoisseur of economists, “is a big omnibus which contains many passengers of incommensurable interests and abilities.” It sure is; and nothing brings the point home more vividly than to sit down to discuss a collection of books on economics assembled on no other principle than that they have recently come in from the publishers. A fascinating book could be written about economists who are conceded to be great, discussing them not so much as exponents of this body of doctrine or that, but as *men*—human beings. Schumpeter himself (he died in 1950) left behind him in the professional journals sketches of a number of economists of which ten (plus three brief “notes”) are reprinted in *Ten Great Economists, from Marx to Keynes* (Oxford, \$4.75). Schumpeter was, of course, fascinated by doctrine, but he also liked to savor personalities, and while his book has a definitely academic tone, it gives one nevertheless the great pleasure of reading about remarkable people.

The study of Marx (reprinted from *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy*) is by way of being a classic and must be familiar to many, but the papers on Marshall, Taussig, Fisher, Keynes, and Mitchell will be new to most readers, while those on Walras, Menger, Bohm-Bawerk, and Pareto will, I suspect, introduce as men figures hitherto known to many just as names, save perhaps Pareto who had a “run” in this country a few years back, when our own Bernard was one of his de-

votees. My own choices among the ten for fascination of personality, aside from Marx whose monumental unpleasantness qualifies him for special if invidious mention, are Taussig, Fisher, and Maynard Keynes, and if I am to be reduced to one I’ll take Keynes.

I am rather surprised to find myself choosing Fisher. Up to now I always thought of him as a curious crackpot, and with reason it appears from the record, but Schumpeter made him out far more than that. He emerges as “quite a fellow” and a very savory fellow too. But of Keynes—the man, not the doctrine—I have long been positive. He was as fascinating a personality as ever embraced economics as his particular discipline. I should, therefore, like to recommend Roy Harrod’s *Life*, already noticed here by Charles Poore, not so much to the stray economists who may see this, for they will have read it, as to *Harper’s* readers who prefer to take their economics on faith but like to read about fascinating individuals. Keynes is their dish and the thunders of doctrinal battle should not put them off from reading about him.

From Here on Up

I FIND I have for notice several books that deal fairly directly with current economic concerns. Professor A. G. Hart has put together a study called *Defense Without Inflation* (20th Century Fund, \$2); Professor Sumner Slichter contributes *What’s Ahead for American Business* (Little, Brown,

\$2.75); Professor Lester Chandler, *Inflation in the United States 1940-1948* (Harper, \$4.50); Professors George Lincoln, William Stone, and Thomas Harvey, *Economics of National Security* (Prentice-Hall, \$6.65); Dr. Sherman Adams, *Monetary Management* (Ronald, \$2.50); Dr. Wallace Parks, *United States Administration of Its International Economic Affairs* (Johns Hopkins, \$5); and Professor Charles Kindleberger, *The Dollar Shortage* (Technology-Wiley, \$4).

Professor Slichter takes the longest view and much that he writes is frankly speculative, even though based on trends either recognized by practically everybody or well known to alert students. In general Slichter expects what he has long called our "laboristic" economy to become even more "laboristic"; or, in reasonably straight English, the influence of employee psychology will continue to outweigh employer psychology. That seems to be his general context. Particular prophecies are set in it. They are numerous. Only a few are cited here. Full employment, for example, will he thinks continue to be a compelling idea. Basically, it is an employee idea. It will provoke much controversy, especially when it is realized that it seems always, as thus far translated into policy, to involve inflation. Slichter asks, what can be done about business pricing policy to mitigate this inflation? Can the unions be persuaded, for their part, to think about a national wage policy to mitigate the inflation? To solve such problems will the government be pushed into disciplining both business and the unions?

Slichter, in short, asks questions, suggests developments, which are common property of those who argue that the price of full employment over the long pull will probably be comprehensive control of the economy by the government. He hints in a chapter on defense, written after the body of the book, that the program may change public attitudes toward governmental regulation. At this moment it is hard to say *how*. The resistance to controls by both capital and labor, when what they allege to be their private concerns are involved, is extremely strong. If the finagling proves to be part of the prelude to a sharp upward thrust of the inflationary spiral from the present high levels, then the eventual, unexpected result may be the imposition for political reasons of controls even more drastic than President Truman currently wants and the discrediting of the con-

gressional, labor, and business figures who are now resisting the President's program. Such an upshot would be another important victory for the advocates of controls as a permanent method of central economic management, handed to them on a silver platter. If there is one thing about that body of doctrine favoring permanent controls which is clearer than another it is that it derives its prestige, not from theoretical arguments in its favor—these are extremely weak—but from concrete precedents. World War I is the first great period of precedent making; the Great Depression, the second; World War II, the third; and very likely the period of rearmament will be the fourth.

A Militarized Economy?

WITH Professor Slichter the defense program is incidental, but with Professor Hart and Professors Lincoln, Stone, and Harvey it is the chief question considered. Professor Hart (he teaches at Columbia) defines the objective as the achievement of a "readiness economy." Its outstanding merit is political: it will provide much war matériel for equipping the armed forces currently in being and it will also provide a far better base on which to build a "hot war" economy than existed before either World War I or World War II. The time-lag between the outbreak of war and the realization of full war production will be drastically shortened, if and when. This will strengthen the country militarily and diplomatically, actually and potentially. Dr. Hart accepts as basic the current belief in the utility of fear—fear of American power—as the chief political weapon to wield for peace; and he sees the defense program, successfully executed, as giving dramatic actuality to the fear. As we approach "readiness" the fear will increase and so will the political pliability of the enemy. Mebbe so. I'm afraid we'll find the Russians scare very poorly. But that is by the way.

Hart's true problem is how to get from the trough of unreadiness to a satisfactory state of readiness and then maintain the economy on the achieved plateau of readiness. He draws the standard distinctions between a "readiness" or defense economy and a "hot war" economy, particularly the point that the former requires a more earnest consideration of civilian welfare than the latter. Nevertheless the fact remains that even "readiness"

demands a vast diversion of resources from welfare to the accumulation of goods for destruction, instrumentalities for producing more of them, and personnel to use them. Why, then, does everybody avoid saying straight out that we are aiming over the long run at a militarized economy? Why this lack of candor? For years to come one of the major determinants of the level of economic activity in the United States will be military expenditures of the federal government. As a major factor, this is something new in American life. It promises to be such a big factor, such a determining factor, that the economy will be properly called militaristic. It seems to me we are getting foggy and more evasive about the kind of reality we are confronting every day that passes. We never quite say what we are doing, or what is being done for us, for fear, apparently, that if we begin giving things their right names the beasts will really and truly are us to death. How childish!

Send This to Your Congressman

PROFESSOR HART's policy suggestions for the job seem to me very good. I think he is right to focus his criticism on the American weakness for emphasizing direct controls, as in World War II and the current program, at the expense of fiscal and monetary policy. Direct controls and fiscal-monetary policy do not stand in an either/or relationship, of course, but the record shows that we are prone to accept and even fight for direct controls (often with justification, politically speaking), while failing to understand the importance of fiscal and monetary measures. With one very bad slip the executive at the present time has a better record on these issues than the legislature, in spite of its leaning toward direct controls. Mr. Truman has at least consistently argued for high taxes to go with his controls. His bad slip was to support the Treasury in its protracted row with the Federal Reserve. Professor Chandler's book on World War II inflation, far from being "just history," is a wonderfully pertinent object lesson right now on how not to deal with the situation. His final chapter begins: "In its

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broad outlines the American inflation of 1940-48 . . . was an almost inevitable product of the types of government policies followed during the war and of certain other conditions created by the war, though it was aggravated by postwar policies. The original inflationary impetus came from the government's fiscal policy." Present Professor Chandler's book to your Congressman and Senators.

The great interest of the Lincoln, Stone, Harvey book on national security in its economic aspects is the fact that all three authors are on the staff of West Point. Apparently the book is a kind of index to the state of Army thinking on the economics of defense and war. It is chiefly based on the experience of World War II. It is not distinguished by flexibility or originality of thought, but it is packed from cover to cover with a wide variety of pertinent information.

Outside Aid

DR. WALLACE PARKS does not write as an economist but as one of a breed that always amazes me, the specialist in public administration. In *United States Administration of Its International Economic Affairs*, he deals, however, with some of the great economic problems arising out of the time: the flow of funds out of this country under governmental auspices for this purpose or that; the impact of American economic policy on the world and of foreign economic policies on the United States; and the entanglement of American domestic economic policies and foreign economic policies, to the possible muddlement of both. Dr. Parks examines the existing machinery for dealing with these complicated and interlocked matters and makes what seem to me sensible suggestions for reducing confusion and increasing efficiency. What amazes me about this book, like others of its general kind, is how the public administration boys can keep their eyes so firmly glued on the machinery. I don't see how they do it. I can get momentarily interested in how an organization is set up, but soon I want to think and talk about substantive policy, not procedural matters. But Dr. Parks makes a good

case for the point that the substance can get badly mauled if the machinery is loosely put together. If as James Grafton Rogers says in the foreword, "We enter not a crisis but a new era," then it behooves us to think carefully of Mr. Parks' points lest good intentions disappear down some administrative drain, to our horror and chagrin.

While it is not on Mr. Parks' mind to deal with substantive issues in his book, there are plenty in his field of operations that need debate. I'd like to see a good, critical-as-you-like book—it would have to be a fat one—giving our international economic policies a thorough going over. There is that crack that what we are committed to is a "deficit mercantilism": that instead of calculating policies to draw wealth always to this country, we calculate policies to drain it away. That is probably caricature, but not without merit as a basis of discussion. More seriously, there is the allegation that we are hypnotizing ourselves into trying to make nineteenth-century policies work in a very different twentieth-century world. There's a lot in this, but exactly what? It seems to me indisputable that if the nations suffering from the dollar shortage so-called were forced to reduce their standards of living and cut down their capital investment programs, they could balance their external accounts. I understand that this, in essence, is nineteenth-century thinking.

In the twentieth century, per contra, nations must maintain and improve their standards of living and also invest huge sums to build up productive resources, all the while changing the rules (by taxes) about disposal of earnings and accumulation of savings etc., etc. This sort of conduct, it seems, leads to domestic inflation and deficits in the balance of payments, but no matter. The next move is to get outside aid, mostly from the United States. The United States grants the aid, not on the grounds that we should share our wealth to support foreign standards of living or investment programs, but on the quite different grounds that we should help repair the ravages of a war we did not make but nevertheless helped fight and to help also in getting the vic-

tims ready (not entirely willingly) for the next round, or at least to pay for insurance against the next round. Our aid, it seems, is designed to bolster weakened economies and make them viable. Viable in what terms? We avoid all discussion of that for it might be interpreted as interference with the domestic policies of our beneficiaries! But how do we know we are contributing to viability, or even what viability now is, if the twentieth-century policies followed by the countries suffering troubles make viability as traditionally defined utterly impossible? Surely something is wrong some place. It seems to me that there is a wide breach between theory and reality which it has tacitly been agreed to ignore. I suggest, not the junking of current policies, but a careful redefinition of their meaning in the light of the facts. If we understand better what it is we really are doing, maybe we will be able to do it better. I suspect we aren't engaged in an economic enterprise at all, but a purely political-cum-military one. I always thought it was queer and reckless to discuss the Marshall Plan as *economics* per se.

The new international policy of the United States is often discussed as economics, probably because it has economic aspects of a definable and measurable kind. But really the fundamental rationale is moral. We have assumed a new moral attitude toward the economic condition of foreign nations and of the people residing in them. We "take responsibility" for those conditions, whether the nations are advanced (Marshall Plan) or underdeveloped (Point IV). This represents a moral revolution, as compared with the standpoint of the nineteenth century. But we go right on discussing what we are doing as if it were somehow pure economics. It isn't; it's political economy. The classical economists were political economists and they drew the morality of their politics from the intellectual climate of their own day. Somehow, I think, we must do likewise if we are ever going to make real sense of our foreign economic activities. We aren't reconstructing a vanished world; we are promoting a new, twentieth-century world. We need a twentieth-century political economy to support our position

NEW BOOKS

(These remarks by the way, with no assurance that I am not pointing to a mare's nest.)

Some support for what I am trying to say is found in Dr. Kindleberger's *The Dollar Shortage*. In what he confesses is an academic exercise, he chases the theoretical rabbit of "dollar shortage" all over the lot, trying desperately to make sense of the phenomenon preliminary to incorporating his conclusions about it into the body of economic theory. It is not a treatise for "summer reading," but it is mighty interesting nevertheless. It is the kind of academic book which is needed preliminary to dealing with the ideas I have so tentatively thrown out above.

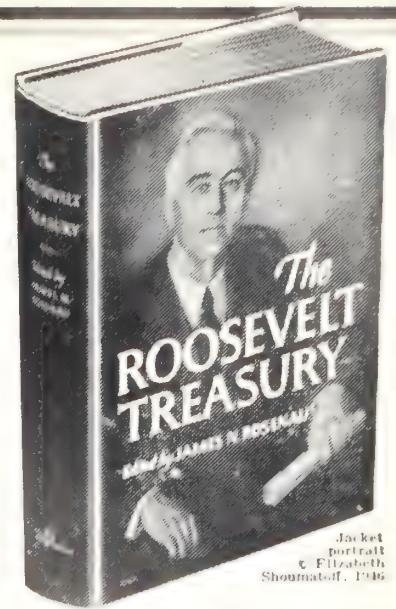
The Russians and "Success"

DR. HARRY SCHWARTZ of the *New York Times* has published *Russia's Soviet Economy* (Prentice-Hall, \$6.65), a book that strikes me as the most illuminating analytical and descriptive account available of the Soviet economic system as it is probably put together today. Dr. Schwartz has been indefatigable in gathering together all the bits and pieces of information about the Russian economy that have seeped to the West in recent years. Keeping his fragments under superb control he has fitted together a fairly complete picture of how the wheels go around and with what results. Of course the economic system is not the whole of Russia, nor even the fraction of it that keeps many awake at nights, but it is the foundation on which the menace rests and from which it must draw the material resources to turn its menace into reality via intimidation and war. Reading Dr. Schwartz's book is of first-rate importance in getting a sensible line on those material resources. They are not as formidable as the apocalyptic writers somehow contrive to imply. Lately I have had to review, with great waste I regret to say, certain phases of Russian history. A point that struck me was that under Peter the Great, Catherine the Great, and the first Alexander, Paul, and Nicholas, there was always a wide discrepancy between actual Russian power and the fear inspired in the West by the Russian machinations, real and

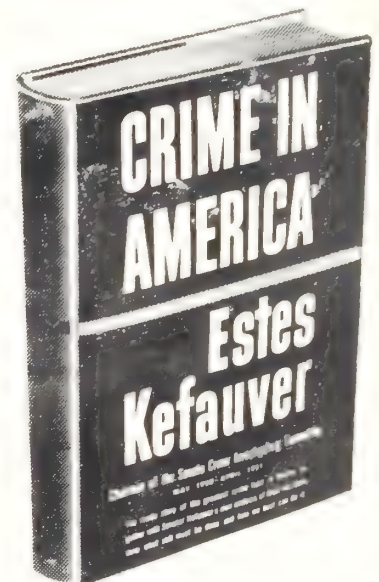
imaginary. Dr. Schwartz makes a notable contribution to cutting our estimates of present-day Russian strength down to size. I hope his book is widely read. He does not minimize the menace of Russia; he does avoid unconsciously using his sense of menace to exaggerate Russia's material power.

Another book on Russia I have lately read, *The Bolshevik Revolution 1917-1923*, by E. H. Carr (Macmillan, \$5), the first volume of a many-volumed history of Soviet Russia, left me with very mixed feelings. I am not without prior knowledge of Mr. Carr's subject and I must say that Mr. Carr's way of writing history gives me the willies. Lately he gave a series of broadcasts over the BBC under the general title of "The New Society" (printed in six numbers of *The Listener*, May 10-June 14, 1951) which gave me the willies too. Mr. Carr goes through the usual motions of discriminating between the subjective and objective factors in history writing, but he seems never to have made clear to himself and his readers that he has adopted the criterion of "success" as the ultimate value in history. (The "bitch goddess, Success," said William James.) That whatever has come to pass is right, is Mr. Carr's implicit assumption. This results in his identification of himself with what has succeeded and relieves him of any need for judging the value and significance of what has succeeded. In doing this, he seems to me to be guilty of the error of hypostasizing *history*, a common error among Marxists (Trotsky's history writing suffers from it to a breath-taking degree) and semi-Marxists. For instance, all who didn't go along with the successful are dismissed to the rubbish bin. All roads not taken allegedly led to dead ends anyhow.

This, of course, is distressing, unhistorical nonsense. History is strewn with careers, distorted or truncated by contemporary circumstances (including the intrusion of somebody else's "success"), which flowered years after when the unhappy chaps were physically dead; and roads rejected at one time are often later on again reached, by devious twists and turns, to the benefit of all the travelers. Carr's kind of history ignores these things and is calculated to ra-



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

tionalize success. It appeals strongly only to those whose vested interest in the "what is" is their only capital. It illuminates how and why what succeeded came to succeed, but it is therefore only history-as-apologetic, a kind of history that is closely related to pamphleteering. Mr. Carr's book is really an elaborate "apology" for the Bolshevik Revolution, full of interesting and valuable data and striking insights, but not, either by intent or character, for the naïve of any age. (It is, in fact, of the same kind as *Stalin* by Carr's friend Isaac Deutscher, also basically an apologetic for a "success.") Applying his infuriating method in his broadcasts Mr. Carr comes up with an "apology" for the current drift toward mass-civilization, a drift which has carried the United Kingdom a great distance already and the United States a considerable distance. Mr. Carr (need I say it) accepts the drift, consigns those idiots who buck it to the historical dustbin, tells us *he* supports several suggestions that will make life infinitely worse, like "direction of labor" (or, bluntly, peacetime industrial conscription), and generally promotes his nauseating idea that whatever has come to pass is right. It may be tall-talk, but I think Mr. E. H. Carr one of the most pernicious writers in England today, the Aneurin Bevan of the intelligentsia. Because he is impressively erudite and never fails to offer valuable data and useful incidental insights, he gets away with it. Somebody should take him apart—verbally, I mean!

Storehouse

HANNAH ARENDT is a German woman who took her doctorate at Heidelberg, majoring in philosophy, theology, and Greek. She has been in this country for some years. Her vast book, *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (Harcourt, \$6.75), really three books in one, seems likely to sweep impressionable intellectuals off their none too steady feet. (One I've seen swept already, Mr. Dwight MacDonald.) Unlike our friend E. H. Carr, Miss Arendt offers no apology for her subject—far from it. Rather she uses the historical approach to try to figure out how it came to pass and what its

denial of the values of traditional Western civilization really means. There is no avoiding the fact that she carries out her task with an impressive display of erudition and an intensity of thought that is rather overpowering. She sensibly modifies many preconceptions one has had on the subject and accomplishes the great feat of tracing many of the irrationalities of totalitarianism to their nasty and obscure beginnings in European history. But she takes in such a vast sweep of data that she constantly irritates by inexact interpretation, especially I should say in economics (in which she is damagingly amateurish) and British imperial history and British Commonwealth relations (of which she entertains amusingly "Continental" misconceptions), so that you begin to doubt that her magisterial manner is really matched with a magisterial mastery of her material. Yet Miss Arendt's book is a remarkable performance on any grounds, insistently demanding to be read by all who are trying to understand the miserable world we inhabit, but not the kind of book that can be read without reservations of a serious kind.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Face of Innocence, by William Sansom.
Mr. Sansom can create from an emotional climate the most overwhelming reality. He exaggerates ordinary moods or fears till one sees with alarm what happens when they get just a little beyond control, and he's never heavy-handed about it. On the contrary. In *The Body* he built from the seeds of jealousy in one man's mind (the reader knows them to be unjustified) such a terrifying world of suspicion of his wife and her friends that even the reader who should have known better, began to share it. And then, of course, the suspicion nearly created the horror it feared. It was a scary, funny nearly tragic, and utterly real book. Now Mr. Sansom has taken as his beautiful heroine a girl whose "real" life has been so unhappy that she

BOOKS IN BRIEF

creates a world of lies which is infinitely more rewarding and exciting. Something nearly everyone does to some degree. But with her it's almost a profession, and with it all she has a certain sophistication and polish. She becomes engaged to a devoted, sensible, gay middle-class man. What her play-acting—as essential to her as breathing—leads her to, and does to her husband and his friend, the narrator, make as credible—and pleasurable—a mixture of tragedy and comedy as we've seen in a long time. Harcourt, Brace, \$3

A Time to Kill, by Geoffrey Household.

All good Householders will rejoice not only that there's this new one while *A Rough Shoot* is still only a month or two old, but that it goes right on where the *Shoot* left off. At least it goes on with the adventures of Ronald Taine and one of the men involved in that lurid tale. But it is quite, quite different. A lot of the excitement this time is sea excitement and although the chase again involves international espionage, Mr. Taine's own charming family, his wife Cicely, and their two little boys, play no small part in the plot, thus adding a newer and richer dimension. Little, Brown, \$2.50

The Limit, by Ada Levenson.

For freshness and unspoiled wit in a novel about the British *haut monde* one must look far to find the contemporary equal of this one, written before 1916 but never before published in this country. Written by a woman who was the friend of Oscar Wilde, Max Beerbohm, and Henry James—Oscar Wilde called her “the wittiest woman in the world”—it makes Henry Green, who sometimes writes in the same vein, seem a pale shadow. There is hardly a page in this story of frivolous affairs that doesn't call for at least one out-loud laugh at its utter and profound absurdity. A delightful commentary on human foibles, completely undated in its wisdom and high sense of non-sense. Norton, \$3

NON-FICTION

The Anatomy of Happiness, by Martin Gumpert.

The author of *You're Younger Than You Think*, a book which addressed

itself especially to the problems of the old, now writes what he himself calls “not a scientific research project . . . rather a diary about happiness.” From a doctor's—not a psychiatrist's—point of view, this involves relating happiness to various bodily as well as emotional states and under a section called “Pathology of Unhappiness” you can find your own problem, whether it is obesity, insomnia, headache, ulcer, diabetes, constipation, blood pressure, gout, or whatever. He gives in his introduction a prescription for happiness consisting of ten challenging rules. He also gives one simple definition: “Happiness is a state of mind which is caused by the release of tension.” And his book is full of amusing and revealing ideas as well. “The physical type of the leader has changed in our time, and not to mankind's advantage. The fatherly, open-minded, cultivated intellectual has been displaced by the fanatic and aggressive ascetic, the gouty personality by the ulcer personality, and history is the suffering victim.” From one who has suffered not a little at the hands of an aggressive ascetic (Hitler) and from life in general, this is a simple, sane, and reassuring book, destined, one imagines, for best-sellerdom in this unhappy world. Norton, \$3.50

White Man Returns, by Agnes Newton Keith.

A large part of the American public has either read *Three Came Home* or seen it in the movies. Many, therefore, are familiar with the family of three—Canadian father, American mother, and son, George, born in British North Borneo, where Mr. Keith was Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture. When war and the Japanese came and took over, the Keiths lost everything and were sent to prison camps—separate ones—for the duration of the war. That was the story of *Three Came Home*. Once at home in Canada the Keiths swore to themselves that they would never go back, would never again be separated. But when within six months it was apparent that there would be great need for people who spoke the native language to help in the colossal work of reconstruction, Mr. Keith headed back again alone, to be followed six

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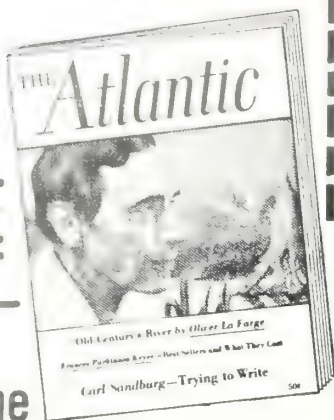
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

months later by his wife and son. This story begins the day they are once more reunited in Hong Kong. It is a very personal narrative, dealing humorously with the problems of living in war-torn Sandakan, North Borneo, with the kindness, loyalty, and whimsicality of the individual Chinese, Indians, Muruts, and Eurasians among whom they lived. It is good to read of life, reduced to personal and understandable size, in a part of the world where the politics seem to become more confusing every day.

Little, Brown, \$4

A Western Journal, by Thomas Wolfe.

This hastily scribbled, nearly illegible diary of a motor trip through the national parks in eight Western states—a trip which the author took with two Oregon newspapermen—seems here to be dignified almost into absurdity. As written the notes made sense—notes jotted down in a notebook, very fast, late at night, simply the basis for something he intended to write, "the epic of a continent," later on. But here are the naked notes, lacking sentence structure and even punctuation, set on beautiful pages, in italics, like poetry, in iambic lines. His impressions are immediate and intense as always, the big mixed in with the inconsequential, pounding on the sensibilities relentlessly. To those who have followed the Wolfe-saga, who love his work, and know the story of his life, this record of his last journey will be a welcome bit of lore. (And to them there will be no puzzle on reading "telegrams there from Nowell and Ed" even though the editors have omitted the almost necessary footnotes.) It is a careful labor of love on the part of the editors, a beautiful little book which allows his friends and followers to fill in a few more of the days just before his death. But in terms of his work it is hardly significant.

University of Pittsburgh Press, \$3

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when connoisseurs were still looking down on them. From this "dictionary" (beautifully edited, illustrated, and printed) they will learn how much wider is the scope of his labor in the vineyards. From Abbotato, "Italian for sweet or semi-sweet when applied to wines"—to Zymase, "the enzyme in *saccharomycetes* (yeast) which breaks down grape sugar into alcohol and carbon dioxide," there is everything you want to know about wines short of having them in the glass in front of you: at what temperatures to serve them, in what glasses, which kinds with which kinds of food, etc., etc. There are also maps, and an index of the official "rankings" of the various vineyards. An attractive and very useful book.

Hastings House, \$2.50

FORECAST

Guide Lines

What is your problem? Living in New York? Mammals, airplanes, guests, politics, drinks, women, children? There's a fall book for your enlightenment. For those hundreds of young people starting on their first jobs in New York, *New York on a Modest Income* (subtitled "Where to Live, Work, Eat and Have Fun") should be invaluable. It is written by William B. Jones and Patricia Cummings and Simon & Schuster are bringing it out in September. . . . Also in September comes *What's That Plane?*—a handbook for ground observers by Lawrence V. Fairhall from Appleton-Century-Crofts; *The Citizen Decides*, a "guide for the independent citizen on how to think about the issues of the day," by Ralph Barton Perry, from the Indiana University Press; *How to Know the Mammals* by Ivan Sanderson from Little, Brown; and (no connection) *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Women*, by Jane Whitbread and Vivian Cadden, which Henry Schuman will publish. The idea of the last book, the women authors say, is "to picture the American woman as she really is, psyche included, and to introduce her to the males of the nation who live with her, talk with her, eat with her, sleep with her, but haven't the faintest notion of what makes her

tick." So? . . . The rest of the "guides" come later in the fall and will be described later in this column, but first here are some notes on the flood of biography and autobiography which is currently coming from the presses.

Personalities

One of the most important biographies of the fall is not about one man but many. It is *The Story of the New York Times*, by one of its best known reporters, Meyer Berger. Simon & Schuster has scheduled it for September 18. . . . September 21, from Duell, Sloan & Pearce, comes Erskine Caldwell's story, *Call It Experience*; September 24, from Viking, *Schnozzola, the Story of Jimmy Durante*, by Gene Fowler; and in the same month Harcourt, Brace will publish *A Walker in the City*, Alfred Kazin's story of his boyhood.

Good Humor

The fall guides to humor represent almost a *Harper's* club. In *The Best Humor Annual* edited by Louis Untermeyer and Ralph E. Shikes (Holt, September) several Harper authors are represented. . . . Each of the other three guides deals (with its author's own special brand of gay wisdom) with a subject dear to the hearts of all good men: children, drink, and hospitality. *I'm Telling You Kids for the Last Time* by Parke Cummings (Henry Schuman, October) is a merry book on the feeding, clothing, entertaining, educating up, and bedding down of children, with thirty illustrations by Robert Osborn. . . . *The Hour*, by Bernard DeVoto (Houghton, Mifflin, November), tells what good whiskey is, what a good martini is (*Harper's* readers will remember), and insists with reasonable sweetness that the hope of America are those who properly cherish these two drinks. The book will have line decorations by William Barss. . . . And in *Guests or How to Survive Hospitality* (Harper, November) Russell Lynes in words and pictures (his own) puts us all gracefully and shrewdly in our places as guests and hosts. (Sample chapter in the August issue.) Note them all for the Christmas list.

EXPOSING

the weaknesses Russia tries to conceal from us

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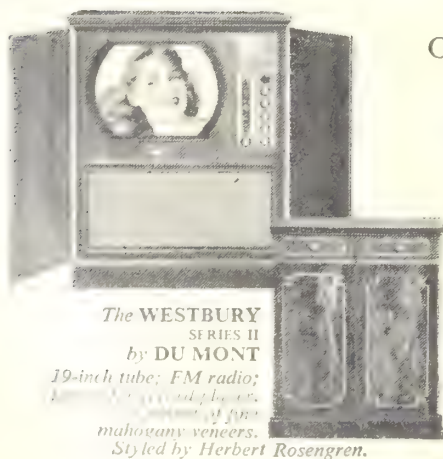
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in next month's

Harper's

MAGAZINE

FROM this distance, our sector of Berlin often appears to be merely an expensive symbol, impossible to defend and of no real value except that of "keeping face." Actually, according to *Martin Flavin*, who recently traveled from the Far East to occupied Germany, "Berlin may be at this moment the most exciting city in the world," and is certainly a city where any foothold is well worth whatever it costs to maintain it. Berlin, he demonstrates in a fascinating article, is an unequalled listening post, extending behind the Iron Curtain but easily accessible; the focal point of expanding resistance to Soviet pressure; and a dramatic illustration of some of the Kremlin's worst mistakes.

ON THE cultural front, *C. Hartley Grattan* has some trenchant things to say about the spiritual and economic problems of contemporary writers—and their effects on current fiction. Publishers, editors, agents, authors, and serious readers take notice. *Louis Cassels* offers a lively picture of the remarkable workings of the Washington law firm of Arnold, Fortas & Porter, which in the past four years has defended, without fee, more than one hundred persons accused of disloyalty to the United States, including Owen Lattimore, and at the same time has discovered the Midas touch.

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB continues his frontier theory of modern history with a description of the "Windfalls of the Frontier" and their relation to capitalism as we know it. And, to show what capitalism can still accomplish, *Paul E. Deutschman* describes the "miracle" ECA funds have wrought in Sardinia.

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NEW OIL FIELDS

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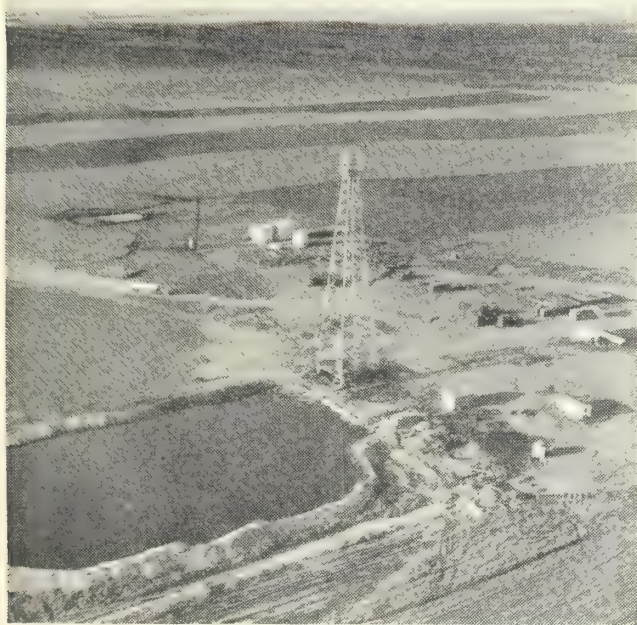
THE ROLE OF THE PROFIT MOTIVE

This editorial appeared recently in one of America's great newspapers. THE NEW YORK TIMES notes particularly the many skills and the great risks involved in the search for oil.

The development of new sources of oil is only one phase of oil company rivalry. The oil must be taken from the ground, refined into finished products, transported by pipeline, tanker, truck or tank car and marketed where and when it is needed. Every step of the way, every day, oilmen try to win more business by doing these jobs better, faster, more efficiently.

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IVERSON NO. 1—When this well, shown with its "slush pit," came in near Tioga in the Williston Basin, North Dakota became America's 27th oil-producing state. It was 29 years ago that a single oil company began the long search for oil in North Dakota. Today many oil companies, big and little, have leased over half the state's acreage for drilling, in the hope that the region will prove to be a major oil producer. Oil companies are getting ready to spend millions to find the answer.

"**W**HAT may well be the beginning of a new major domestic oil source in the northern Middle West is indicated by two recent important finds 100 miles apart, one last April in North Dakota and another in the past fortnight in Montana. For several decades this country has depended heavily, though not exclusively, upon southern and western areas—such states as Louisiana, Texas and California. If these new finds in North Dakota and Montana presage the opening of comparable rich fields they are of great importance.

"The mounting number of cars and oil heaters in this country is steadily increasing our consumption of this material, while from a global point of view the shadows over the future of oil production in the Middle East, particularly Iran, make it most desirable to increase production from more certain sources, as in this country, as rapidly as possible.

"In our gratification over these new finds we should not lose sight of the factors which made it possible for oil to be discovered at depths of 7,000 to 11,000 feet underneath the earth. The contributions of geologists, drilling technicians and related specialists are, of course, of the highest importance, for they make possible the location and then the reaching of this buried treasure. But important, too, are the enterprise and the willingness to bear risks which motivated these efforts. Wells that find oil are well publicized, but the large number which are no more than dry holes in the ground are recorded only in red ink in private ledgers.

"The men and organizations who search for oil at fantastic depths risk millions in such ventures, and frequently lose them. But they continue even after repeated disappointments because on balance profits can be made if a reasonable proportion of successes is attained. In this activity, as in many others, the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."

Personal & Otherwise

IN OUR leading article this month one of the greatest of American historians, *Walter Prescott Webb*, sets forth a fresh viewpoint on modern world history which may well prove to be as fruitful and stimulating as any historical hypothesis since Turner's paper on "The Significance of the Frontier in American History."

In effect, Professor Webb's thesis is an extension of Turner's hypothesis. Just as Turner argued that American development could be explained by the existence—and continuous recession—of an area of free land, Professor Webb argues that modern civilization in the entire Western world must be seen as the product of forces unleashed by discovery at the end of the fifteenth century of the Great Frontier—the empty lands and vast bodies of wealth without proprietors—of which the American West was only a small fragment. Faced with the opportunities and challenges which this Great Frontier presented, the relatively static society of the European world was subjected to strains and stresses which undermined its basic religious, social, political, and economic institutions. And in the four centuries after Columbus new institutions were evolved, founded on what Professor Webb calls the "boom conditions" the Great Frontier provided, which constitute the superstructure of modern civilization.

No one, we imagine, can read Professor Webb's article without being moved by its historical insights, its eloquence, and its scholarly perspective. Surely his thesis will give fresh impetus to historical appraisals of de-

mocracy, capitalism, Protestantism, and the other institutions which have given expression to the "modern" temper. And it will not be easy to dismiss lightly his warning, near the end of his article, that our Western civilization, equipped with a set of institutions and attitudes which are the product of a four hundred year frontier boom, today stands "facing a closed frontier."

SEEN in the perspective of Professor Webb's thesis, two other articles in this issue struck P & O with special force. One is *Robert L. Heilbroner's* piece about "The Socialist Devils of England" (p. 34). Recognizing that, although the United States and Britain are not on the same road, they seem to be headed in somewhat the same direction economically and politically, Mr. Heilbroner is primarily concerned with the unforeseen difficulties inherent in the socialist program. His analysis is based upon first-hand observation during a visit to England this spring, on a grant from the Moskowitz Fund at the New School for Social Research in New York, during which he studied the effects of nationalization upon both industry and labor unions.

Mr. Heilbroner's conclusions are not likely to cheer the old-time socialist. The problems which have emerged in socialist Britain are far more profound than any that were foreseen. And, if we look at them with Professor Webb's thesis in mind, they present us with some formidable reasons for concern about the future of that individual freedom

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which capitalism, like the other basic institutions of modern civilization, has fostered.

As Mr. Heilbroner sees it, under capitalism society is held together by considerations of profit and loss, by competition, and by the threat of unemployment. Under socialism, which abandons these cohesive elements of free enterprise, society can be held together, he says, only by "self-awareness, self-denial, and self-control"—or, failing that, by outright state command and decree, as in Russia. In other words, unless human beings can behave with somewhat less selfishness than history would lead us to expect of them, the individual is unlikely to retain the freedom which he had in the centuries of frontier-induced boom.

Here, then, is one of what Professor Webb calls "the problems now facing a frontierless society." And, to the extent that America's free-enterprise system has been trimmed with socialist interventions, we in the United States are facing the same problem. Here, as in Britain, those institutions which, like big unions and big business, were produced by, and adapted to, the conditions of a four hundred year boom, may well find themselves increasingly under severe strain.

THERE has, of course, been some disposition to see a substitute for the erstwhile frontier in the "undeveloped" or "backward" regions of the world where industrialism has not yet been established. There was some of this in President Truman's Point Four program, and its overtones could be heard in Mr. Luce's "American Century." There is something very tempting about the notion that Liberia, Venezuela, Saudi Arabia, or China is still a kind of frontier region into which we can funnel our energies, building freedom's mansion (with sanitary plumbing) in far lands whence we can in turn bring back tungsten, oil, uranium, and the other contemporary equivalents of furs, spices, and gold.

But this brings us to the other article which relates directly to Professor Webb's thesis. It brings us face to face with the questions *Edgar Ansel Mowrer* discusses in "What Asia Wants" (p. 67). Asia might once have been a "frontier" in the Webb-Turner sense, but it can never be so again. For a frontier region is a wilderness, or a region populated only by

people so alien, so primitive, or so scattered that the invaders can in effect ignore them. Contemporary Asia, on the other hand, is not only one of the most populous regions of the world, but—as Mr. Mowrer reminds us—a region whose inhabitants have put up with all the ignoring, all the stigmas of "backwardness" and "inferiority," that they intend to endure.

Briefly, Mr. Mowrer argues that the "revolt of Asia" is not, as is sometimes assumed, against hunger, or against economic exploitation, or against "the West." It is a revolt, as his observations during a recent trip through Asia confirmed, against what he calls "inequality of status," against any and all Western attitudes and actions which—in fact or in effect—deny the basic equality of human beings.

Mr. Mowrer's argument is not a new one. His article simply restates, in fresh terms which are pertinent to the immediate situation in Indonesia, Japan, Burma, and Iran, a position which Ernest Fenelosa set forth in *Harper's* more than fifty years ago in a piece called "The Coming Fusion of East and West," and which has since been elaborated in these pages by Nathaniel Peffer and others. But in the past decade the problem has become acute as the peoples of Asia have begun to discover their capacity to meet the Westerners not only with a demand for recognition of their basic equality as human beings but also, increasingly, with confidence in their economic, political, and military strength.

For, in Asia as in other non-Western lands, the revolutionary effects of industrial technology, and of its social and political concomitants, have begun to boil. Let a man learn that he can drive—and, what's more, repair—a jeep or operate a turret lathe, and he is no longer content to be anyone's coolie. Man and servant can believe themselves equal in the sight of God, but at the controls of two fighter planes they are equals here and now.

SO WE come back to Professor Webb's thesis that a four hundred year boom has ended and we face a frontierless age. If by a frontier we mean land, and if a boom depends upon an excess of land and capital for diversion among a relatively fixed number of people, he is undoubtedly right (unless the space-ship boys come through). But it

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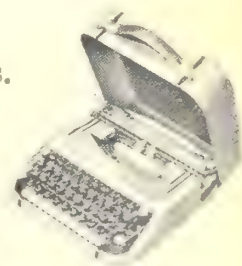
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is perhaps worth noting that the terms in which Professor Webb is thinking are the terms of a commercial and agricultural, not an industrial, civilization. For more than three hundred of his four hundred years of boom, Western civilization rested upon an economic foundation of agriculture and commerce. Only since 1800 at the earliest, and—in many parts of the Western world—only since the frontier finally disappeared, has the modern industrial system dominated men's lives. New institutions have already begun to emerge, suited to the new conditions. Maybe the industrial age is not a "boom," and maybe it has no "frontier." But we are further into it than we sometimes realize, and its character and destiny need not be circumscribed by the factors which produced the civilization which Western Europeans still like to call modern. To P & O it seems possible that, to paraphrase Professor Webb's concluding sentence, the age we have called modern has not been modern for at least half a century, and that—without unalloyed sorrow—we may appropriately join him in recognizing that it was the Age of the Frontier, and "leave it to its place in history."

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB is, of course, professor of history at the University of Texas, where he has been teaching since 1918, with time out for a term as Harkness lecturer in American history at London University in 1938 and for a year as Harmsworth professor of American history at Oxford in 1942-43. In addition to *The Great Plains* he has written other books including *The Texas Rangers* (1935), which Paramount made into a movie, and *Divided We Stand: The Crisis of Frontierless Democracy* (1937).

Professor Webb presented the substance of this article before the Ninth Congress of International Historians, which met (with some 1,400 historians from all parts of the world attending) last fall in Paris. In an article next month ("Windfalls of the Frontier") he will develop some specific implications of the thesis.

Robert L. Heilbroner has written several pieces for *Harper's*, and for

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various business magazines, on economic and social problems. Since serving with the Army in New Guinea, the Philippines, and Japan he has worked for the Radio Corporation of America and for Stein Hall & Co., importers and traders. He is now writing full-time. The Henry Moskowitz Memorial Lecture Fund, which sent Mr. Heilbroner on his English trip, is administered by the New School, and provides public lectures and articles in the field of industrial relations.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, writer and correspondent, writes a widely syndicated column on foreign affairs and is a member of the executive council of the United World Federalists and a member of the board of trustees of Freedom House. He was in France, Belgium, and Germany for the Chicago *Daily News* during and after the first world war and worked as Deputy Director of the Office of Facts and Figures and of the OWI in the second. He has made three trips through the Far East. His book, *Germany Puts the Clock Back* (1932), won a Pulitzer prize, and his most recent book was *The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy* (1948).

The map and chart illustrating Professor Webb's vanishing frontier and boom were made by the firm of *Sigman-Ward*, which has often done technical drawings for *Harper's*. The firm consists of Carl T. Sigman, an engineer, and William J. Ward, Jr., an architect turned illustrator, and, recently added, William Bolin, an artist specializing in architectural illustration. The firm does many how-to-do-it books, with excursions into other fields, such as the end papers for Mika Waltari's *The Egyptian*.

Jackpots or Carrots?

As Professor Webb says toward the end of his article in this issue, he will follow up next month with a piece about windfalls and capitalism—those jackpots which, from Montezuma's gold to the free grazing lands of the Great Plains, made the capitalist adventure such a magnificently exciting one.

Looking backward, over four cen-



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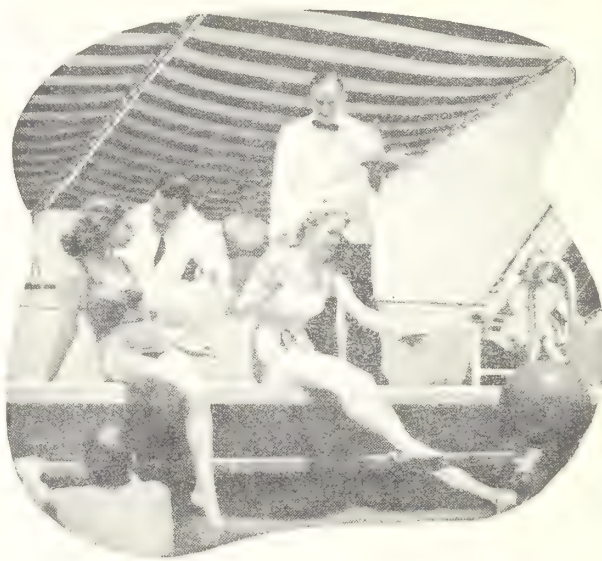
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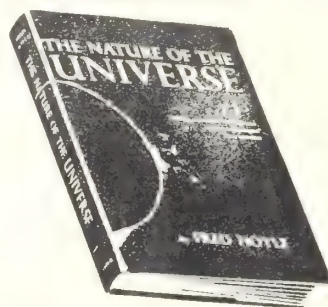
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P & O

turies of history or a single lifetime, it is the exciting windfalls rather than the day-by-day routine that we tend to dwell upon. So it is that the late *Charles P. Everitt*, dean of bookdealers specializing in Americana, suggested the title of his reminiscence article "I Remember the Jackpots" (p. 43). When you have read his piece you will remember them too, and will probably believe—if you are not a bookdealer yourself—that the buying and selling of old books is the very get-rich-quick scheme which the Wallingfords and Colonel Sellers of this world (including you and me) should get in on. You will hurry over that brief sentence in which Mr. Everitt points out that, "Averaged out over a business lifetime, the killings melt down to a living wage, sweetened by the adventure of the chase."

Yet that is a proper sentence to dwell upon, P & O thinks, for it tells us something important about the whole capitalist system, of which the old book business is a not unworthy caricature. It tells us something, too, which Mr. Heilbroner might pass along to the leaders of socialist Britain who are, as he points out, troubled by the fact that men in England are not so readily appeased by a bribe of carrots as are men in America. The key word in Mr. Everitt's sentence is "adventure"—the joy of uncertainty. There is no adventure in working for "overtime" or a bonus—a bunch of carrots held little beyond your normal finish line to tempt you further. That is, as Mr. Heilbroner says, mere bribery. Perhaps after all the secret of capitalism is the jackpot, the clanging shower of coins that suddenly plop into your quickly cupped hands, not necessarily because you deserve or worked for it, but simply because—for a moment—luck and you met face to face.

MR. EVERITT, who died last spring after sixty years in the old book business, was for many years in charge of the Americana department at Dauber & Pine's bookshop on lower Fifth Avenue in New York, where P & O first came to know him. From 1935 until his death he had his own shop, and was known internationally as one of the leading authorities on documents

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and genealogical Americana. This article is taken from his autobiography, *The Adventures of a Treasure Hunter*, which will be published by Little, Brown next month.

And More—

•••Faith McNulty, whose story, "Seventeen Storeys Down" (p. 53), is her first in *Harper's*, tells us that she is proud of having written a story which is not autobiographical. For one thing, she points out, her husband's name is not Matt. It is John. (He is the author of *A Man Gets Around* and other books; you see his work often in the *New Yorker*.) For another, there has been no air raid alert in New York—though the city fathers have promised a realistic surprise drill for November.

The story was suggested to Mrs. McNulty when, one day last winter, she brought her little boy back from an outing and found that her landlord had made a large investment in cardboard signs in a rather alarming yellow with the word SHELTER printed on them. They were plastered all over the lobby and all pointed to the trunk-and-baby-carriage room. At about the same time defense officials began occasional siren tests.

Mrs. McNulty was born in New York City, the daughter of the late Judge Joseph E. Corrigan. She went to "lots of schools," and briefly to Barnard College. Her first job was as copy girl at the *New York Daily News*. Since then she has done editorial work for *Life*, the Office of War Information (London branch), the magazine '48 (now defunct), and *Collier's*.

Dorothy Cole Ruddick's pictures for "Seventeen Storeys Down" also come right out of the New York scene. Mrs. Ruddick, who is married to a psychoanalyst, lives within ten blocks of Mrs. McNulty. She has done illustrations for a number of magazines and books, and has designed fabrics for Hans Knoll, Inc. She was born and grew up in Illinois, studied art in Mexico with Rufino Tamayo, attended college at Radcliffe and at Black Mountain in North Carolina where she studied with Joseph Albers.

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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

●●●Actors in the drama of a tele-
vised Congressional investigation
carry out their various roles ostensi-
bly for moral or social purposes. As
Allen T. Klots implies in "Trial by
Television" in this issue, the whole
business is sometimes regarded as
shock treatment for the public. Whether the shock sustained by the
individual witness is beneficial or
injurious is another matter—he is
there willy-nilly.

In the "legitimate" drama of the
theater, however, few actors dream
that their work will make a hit be-
cause it is judged to be morally
salubrious. Besides, all persons in-
volved in the proceedings are sup-
posedly there because they wish to be
there, and their sufferings are by
choice. Hence they expect and re-
ceive little serious sympathy from
the public when they plunge into
the "neurotic ordeal" of a Broadway
production. Except for occasional
plays or movies or novels about the
theater (see "All About Eve"),
which deal with the subject roman-
tically, the Broadway actor or pro-
ducer or director has fewer de-
fenders than the perspiring witness
before the congressional camera. So
when an informed insider takes time
out from the frenzy of his work to
explain what goes on in the theater
as a business, the result is a fascinat-
ing revelation.

In "The Critics in the Aisle Seats"
(p. 58), *John Houseman* discusses
the role of a handful of New York
newspapermen in making or break-
ing a Broadway production. Mr.
Houseman is an insider in both the
vast popular entertainment media
of radio, television, and movies and
in the small and ever more painfully
exclusive medium of the Broadway
theater. In several articles in *Har-
per's* in the past two years he has
explained the way some of these dif-
ferent kinds of productions work—
with their current problems and
prospects. He is also at work now
on a book on the state of Show Busi-
ness.

Though Mr. Houseman is at pres-
ent in Hollywood on a producer-
director contract with Metro-Gold-
wyn-Mayer, he has recently gone
through the Broadway ordeal and
let the critics take his measure. His
production of "King Lear," which
opened last December, had a consecu-

tive run of fifty-seven performances,
a remarkable record for the most for-
midable of Shakespeare's major
tragedies.

Since the early nineteen-thirties
he has been directing and producing
plays (from "Four Saints in Three
Acts" to "Joy to the World") in the
commercial theater; and he was pro-
ducer in charge of the Negro Thea-
ter of the WPA Federal Theater
Project and co-founder with Orson
Welles of the Mercury Theater.
He has had a number of success-
ful productions in the movies
and on the radio, and has done ex-
perimental work in television. He
taught for a year at Vassar College,
in charge of the Experimental Thea-
ter there, and last spring he lectured
on drama at Barnard College.

●●●*Victoria Lincoln* contributes
"The Snowfield" (p. 77), a new
story in a mood different from that
of her humorous sketches which we
have published before. The author
of several novels, Miss Lincoln is
married to Victor Lowe, a professor
of philosophy at Johns Hopkins.
Their lively household on the out-
skirts of Baltimore has recently been
entranced by the addition of a new
grandson—especially charming to his
seven-year-old Aunt Louise. Miss
Lincoln notes for P & O that "While
our house needs papering, it has a
good telescope, an oscilloscope, and
an electric kiln, and many other un-
usual advantages."

A new book by Miss Lincoln, *Out
from Eden*, will be published by
Rinehart on November 15.

●●●"Recipe with Trimmings" (p.
87) is a rich dish, of known in-
gredients but secret formula. If you
think it's an easy thing to combine
gustatory delights, dialogue in dia-
lect, personal idiosyncrasies, and the
art of hair-cutting in an essay of
cheerful nostalgia, then you had bet-
ter stick to cooking. *Johan Smer-
tenko*, who accomplishes this blend,
perhaps through love of the ingredi-
ents, is usually a more serious writer.
He has contributed a number of
articles to *Harper's*, most recently
"The Emerging Hyphen" in the
August issue, and is the author of a
biography of Alexander Hamilton.
He is working on a book about the
Jewish people, *Triumph of Jacob*,

which Scribner's will bring out next year.

Mr. Smertenko's notes to the artist about the barber shop in Greenwich Village which is the original of Henri's and Frank's place induced **Tom Funk** to visit the establishment. He emerged with ideas for his drawings, well seasoned with conversation. Mr. Funk has made illustrations for *Harper's* in the past and works frequently for the *New Yorker*, *Life*, and other publications.

●●●As John Houseman remarks in this issue, a Broadway drama is a hit or flop according to the published opinions of the critics in the aisle seats. They are judge, jury, and hatchet men, and to them, rather than to the audience, the first performance is directed.

In the drama of many a congressional investigation, the interrogators have a role comparable in power to that of the critics at the play, for, says **Allen T. Klots** in "Trial by Television" (p. 90), they act simultaneously as prosecutors and judges. When television reports the proceedings, the witness must perform also before a jury of millions, becoming, without training or desire, a character in a public drama. Mr. Klots comes to the defense of the witness—and to the defense of the traditional American principle of the rights of the individual.

Mr. Klots is a member of the New York law firm of Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam & Roberts. He was for many years a partner of the late Henry L. Stimson except for those periods when Mr. Stimson retired from the firm to assume public office, and was Special Assistant to the Secretary of State in 1931 and 1932.

He is a member of the Executive Committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, and served on the Association's "Committee on the Bill of Rights," which made a study of congressional investigations in 1948. The recommendations of the Committee were forwarded by the Association to Congress, where they have received favorable comment though the principles have not yet been adopted in legislation.

●●●"Starting from Manhattan" (p. 94) is a new poem by **James Rorty**,

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P & O

a frequent contributor to *Harper's* and the author of a book of poems, *Children of the Sun*. Since his trip to Honduras last spring, he has written a good deal of verse and worked ahead on a new book about food for the Americas.

●●●Back in March 1949 *Harper's* published the results of an informal poll taken by *Norman Lewis* among readers of this magazine and several other groups of people, including high-school and college teachers of English, authors, editors, journalists, radio commentators, and lexicographers. Mr. Lewis sent out a neat little questionnaire listing nineteen sentences and asking his correspondents to indicate whether the controversial grammatical expression in each one was acceptable or unacceptable. The results of collecting the responses on such delightful statements as, "His attitude makes me mad," were entertaining. Perhaps the most surprising discovery was to find that the most strait-laced people of all were the editors of women's magazines—while the most permissive were the college professors. The lexicographers were second only to the professors in liberality (or license—if you will).

Now Mr. Lewis has found out more about the makers of dictionaries and their willingness to let us talk as we please. In "Who's Mispronouncing Now?" (p. 95) he gives news on the latest scandals in the dictionaries and provides a test by which you can measure your own performance. Mr. Lewis is a book man in several senses. This month the tenth book which he has written about words and writing and reading will appear, published by Doubleday, with the title, *How to Get More Out of Your Reading*. Among his other books are *Word Power Made Easy* and two published last spring, *How to Read Better and Faster* and *Rapid Vocabulary Building*.

Mr. Lewis's neighbors in New Rochelle, New York, must regard him with suspicion, for he leaves home to go to the office after ten in the morning and returns home before three. "Unfortunately," he explains, "I write fast and have said all that I wish to say for the day in a few hours."

P & O

••• "The Year in Poetry" (p. 108)
 & Lloyd Frankenberg is presented
 his month in place of Katherine
 auss Jackson's "Books in Brief,"
 which will appear next month as
 usual. Mr. Frankenberg, who did a
 summing up of the year's output in
 poetry for us in 1949, is the author
 of *The Red Kite* and individual
 poems in this magazine and others
 which have won him a place of re-
 spect in any year's output for more
 than a decade. He has also pub-
 lished a volume of critical essays on
 modern poets called *Pleasure Dome*.
 In the coming season, Mr. Frank-
 enberg will arrange a third series of
 readings by American and British
 poets at the Museum of Modern Art.

Back Home

••• In Korea, we are told, "survival
 the one unbeatable argument."
 The use of blood plasma in for-
 ward areas is a major factor in the
 reduction of the number of wounded
 who die. In World War I, 8 to 11
 per 100 died after reaching the most
 forward surgical hospital; in World
 War II, the number was 4.5; in
 Korea, it has been reduced to 2.6.
 The Department of Defense has
 asked the Red Cross to collect nearly
 three million pints of whole blood
 between July 1, 1951, and July 1,
 1952. To give blood involves making
 an effort, and we all tend to slacken
 off. But because many people are
 insured to be donors, those who
 can be, must. For the soldier has no
 choice.



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LETTERS

High Living—

To the Editors:

Mrs. MacInnis' article ["Living High on a Low Income," August] brings back fond memories, but there is nothing unusual about the material it contains. Any man who has been through the academic mill under the "slave wage" system of our graduate schools could write more startling truths.

While in pursuit of my doctorate, I was employed as a full-time instructor by a large Midwestern university from 1940 to 1945 at an average annual salary of \$1,700. On this I married, fathered two children, bought the furniture, paid my tuition continually, bought the books I needed, and dressed and entertained in keeping with my "position." . . .

R. I. BRIGHAM
Eau Claire, Wis.

To the Editors:

As one of those people who expect to have to live on a low income in the near future, I was interested in an ad I saw in the *Flint Journal* telling of the article on "Living High on a Low Income"—and paid fifty cents for the August *Harper's*.

I would be willing to pay another fifty cents to see an article from this same writer giving her menus for thirty days—three meals a day on \$30.

This certainly caused a lot of comment in our small town. What must it have caused in a large one?

ANONYMOUS

Holly, Mich.

To the Editors:

The best thing I have read in years is "Living High on a Low Income" by Katharine Crosby Mac-

Innis. I wish it might be read by the millions of people who lament their fate with the words, "I can't live decently on so-and-so." With the example of those noble Americans, Katharine C. MacInnis and Mac, perhaps what they ought to say is, "I can't live decently period."

More power to Katharine and Mac.

F. W. BRADLEY
Columbia, S. C.

To Know the World—

To the Editors:

Mr. Becker's Chinese story, "To Know the Country," in the August issue had a moral, but I wonder how many readers realized what it was. The point is not how exceedingly ceremonious and hospitable the Chinese are, but how stupid Americans are. The demise of the dog was due to the American's wanting to show off his mastery of flowery Chinese.

The poor old man, addressed as if he were the Emperor, had to try to act the part by outdoing himself in hospitality. Had the American spoken to him plainly and simply, as one farmer would speak to another, the old man would not have felt obliged to serve meat, and everybody—the American, the family, and the dog—would have been happier.

JAMES D. HOOVER
New York, N. Y.

Eager over "Eager"—

To the Editors:

It is a rare thing that will stir enough enthusiasm to force me to write a letter, but Glen Haley's "I'll Call You Eager" [August] is without question a rare and beautiful thing.

This writer deserves encouragement—he's got to go places. It is not one of the usual psychological absurdities that have no plot or direction—furthermore the personalities of the characters show through in their own words and actions, without any help from descriptive paragraphs by the author. The story "held" from beginning to end.

You did a wise thing in publishing this story, both for the author and for *Harper's*.

BERTRAND BRADSHAW
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors:

Liked the story "I'll Call You Eager" by Glen Haley very much. Hope to see another soon.

MARGEE PHILLIP
Whittier, Calif.

Word Trouble—

To the Editors:

As to Mr. Wood's use of the word "Shambles" ["The Shambles Around the War Plant," August] to describe an undeveloped or disordered region, it seems a pity to rob the word of its real and powerful meaning when used in such a way.

A shambles is a place for slaughtering animals; abattoir. (Webster *Collegiate Dictionary*, Fourth Edition. I don't know what the Fifth Edition says.)

Shambles has been most frequently used to describe a place or room where there has been a massacre, and is associated with the idea of spilled human blood—a bloody confused place.

It is so often now used to describe mere confusion or disorder that, alas, this may be good usage.

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LETTERS

On the Record—

To the Editors:

I have just been reading the verbatim report of the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), and have come upon the following: "*A Stockholder*: I have in my hand a copy of *Harper's Magazine* for June 1951. An article appears here entitled, 'Big Business Manager: Eugene Holman.' It is a splendid article, and I would recommend it to every stockholder of this Company. In support of the resolution before the house, I would like to read two or three short paragraphs from this article.

"[*The stockholder read selections describing the Company's position among industries in the United States, the essential qualifications for its successful management, the responsibilities of directors, and the salaries paid them.*]"

Many of us subscribers become obsessed from time to time with an impulse to read aloud passages from *Harper's*, but I'll bet you don't often hear of their succumbing to this impulse at a meeting of the stockholders of a major corporation.

HENRY J. RANDOLPH
New York City

Letters Wanted—

To the Editors:

Your June issue extends that wonderful idea you published in March—a letter from India suggesting subscribers forward *Harper's* to extend understanding between India and the United States. We'd like to expand this idea still more.

Many members of Youth of All Nations write not only how much they learn about this country from our magazines, but how much they wish they could "thrash out" in personal correspondence. . . .

We know many people in many countries who would like to correspond with *Harper's* readers. . . . Details happily mailed to anyone who sends a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

CLARA LEISER
Youth of All Nations, Inc.
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Mild Complaints—

To the Editors:

I think I detect a suggestion of contradiction in some of the statements made by Bruce Bliven in his fascinating article, "The Case of the Radioactive Snail" [July]. . . .

In the second paragraph I find:

Shortly the answer came back: this village was the oldest inhabited place that had thus far been discovered anywhere in the world, dating back 6,700 years, plus or minus 300 years or so.

On page 92, first column, fourth paragraph, one reads:

In Denmark, a summer dwelling of a prehistoric family has been unearthed, and hazelnuts were found among the ruins. They were collected about 9,900 years ago.

Now the summer dwelling was presumably an inhabited place and the implication is that the inhabited place was inhabited 9,000 years ago which makes it an older inhabited place than the oldest inhabited place of quotation #1 above.

R. G. G. BOUSFIELD

Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.

To the Editors:

In Major Eliot's essay on NATO "What Eisenhower Is Up Against" [July], he states flatly in the first column that "Wars of coalition have yet to find their Clausewitz or the Mahan to digest and clarify the principles which govern their conduct." . . .

If Major Eliot would read pp. 28 and 29 and 30 in General Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* (which he has doubtless read), he would see that the opening chapters are but an introduction—call it a *précis*—of the subject Coalition Warfare, which is the book itself. Eisenhower writes:

"For three years, soon after the first world war, I served under Major General Fox Connor. One of the subjects on which he talked to me most was allied command. . . . Again and again General Connor said to me, 'We cannot escape another great war. When we go into that war it will be in company with allies. Systems of single command will have to be worked out. . . .'"

JESSE CORE, Vice Consul,
American Consulate General
Madras, India

What Is a "Private" School?

The headmaster of Lawrenceville, Allan V. Heely, is the author of a new book, "Why the Private School?" (Harper & Bros., 1951). The fourth of a series of brief excerpts appears below.

It is commonly supposed and frequently implied that a "private" school is a school conducted under private ownership for private profit. Though such schools do exist, they are a small minority of the whole group, and their number is decreasing. In such a school the proprietor might conceivably be under a peculiar temptation to give the customers what they wanted, as any other business does, in order to make money; and he might be disposed to cultivate the well-to-do. It is extraordinarily unlikely, however, that the well-to-do would continue to cultivate him if he ran a poor school.

By far the greater and a steadily increasing number of private schools, whether they be day or boarding schools, are chartered by the state as educational corporations not for profit. That is to say that they are licensed by the public under the terms of public law. Such chartered schools must meet the requirements of state statutes, and therefore they carry a specified public responsibility. Their ownership is vested not in individuals but in a board of trustees, whose number and qualifications are described in the charter and who bear a precisely stated legal obligation in their operation of the school. If such a school has an operating surplus, it must by law be applied to school purposes, and none of it can accrue to the benefit, let alone the profit, of any individual.

Many of the best of them charge a fee which is less than cost, counting on income from endowment and on annual giving to meet deficits. In such schools every student has a partial scholarship.

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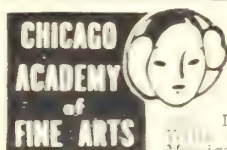
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That's why you pay more for sirloin than for most other cuts. The price of each cut, you see, is determined largely by how much there is of it and how much people like it.

Economists call this the law of supply and demand. Women call it "shopping." They compare, pick, choose. In a free market, their choice sets the values.

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Reflections on the Age of the Frontier

Walter Prescott Webb

IT is difficult to discuss the frontier with an American audience because the literate American assumes that he knows what you are going to say in advance. It is difficult to expound the subject to a foreign audience for the opposite reason: the foreigner knows little about the subject, and because he cannot see that it touches his life, he is pretty indifferent to it. My purpose here is to show the American a phase of the frontier which he has not yet considered, and show the European that the frontier has for more than four centuries affected his life and well-being most profoundly.

The concept of the frontier as a factor in history was developed in the United States and has been applied primarily to American history. Though the word appears in similar form in nearly all European languages, it has a meaning and a set of connotations in the United States entirely different from those which obtain elsewhere. As used in Europe, it means the boundary between two nations and it is represented on the map by a thin line. That line is one to approach with cau-

tion, equipped with passports and permits. It is a place to stop at or to pass at national peril—"the sharp edge of sovereignty."

In America the word frontier is hardly used to indicate the nation's limits. No American would refer to the line separating the United States from Canada or from Mexico as a "frontier." The American concept holds that the frontier lies *within*, and not at the edge of the country—not a line to stop at, but an area inviting entrance. In Europe the frontier is stationary and permanent; in America it was (note the past tense) transient and temporal. It is this American idea which we shall be concerned with, and which we shall apply to the enormous region that may be called the Great Frontier.

The American concept of a moving frontier can be applied where a civilized people is advancing into a wilderness, an unsettled area, or one sparsely populated by primitive people. It was the sort of land into which the Boers moved in South Africa, the English in Australia, and the Americans and Canadians in their progress westward across North

The future of the individual, of democracy and capitalism, are involved in the disappearance of the Great Frontier. This is the first of two articles by Professor Webb of the University of Texas, author of The Great Plains and other books.

America. Likewise it was the land into which the Spaniards moved earlier in the New World. The frontier movement is an invasion of a land assumed to be vacant, as distinguished from an invasion of an occupied or civilized country. In view of the fact that from 1500 to about 1900 the European peoples were taking such lands on just such terms, it seems strange that the concept of the frontier as a force in human affairs should have hitherto been considered an American phenomenon. Actually the process was Western-world-wide.

It is not strange that the expanded concept of the frontier should have had its origin in America because here history and circumstance conspired to present the frontier factor in clear outline. The American experience with home-making in the wilderness began very early, and went on continuously because the Americans were virtually sole proprietors of an unsettled and contiguous territory of enormous extent. Always, for some three centuries, to the west of the settlements there stretched an empty country inviting entrance, luring the venturesome toward the sunset. Of the immediately adjacent territory the United States usually had undisputed possession. When no foreign power contended for it, it did not present a problem of sovereignty, and movement into it was predominately civilian, not military. The territory was adjacent to the settled area, and the journey there did not involve a sea voyage, a long trek, or any considerable outlay of capital. The settlers were citizens moving into territory owned by the nation. It was understood on all sides that the status of the individual as a citizen was unchanged, and that within a short time the new territory would automatically become a state in the Union with rights no different from those of the oldest member.

The absence of the military, the proximity of the new land to the old, the ease of migration, and the absence of any attempt on the part of the government to regulate or control the process made the American situation the last word in simplicity, so simple that it might seem to be chaotic. In these respects the movement of the American people into the frontier was unlike the movement of people from European nations into their equivalent frontier, and no doubt the simplicity of the American process explains why the historic force

of the frontier was discovered first in the American context. Yet the American frontier was but a fragment of the Great Frontier, and the American process was but an example—the simplest and clearest, it is true—of a parallel but more complex development that was going on wherever European people were appropriating lands in the New Worlds.

SINCE America led the way in evolving the frontier process, and leads the world in the study of that process, we have no choice but to examine the American experience and to note briefly how scholars came to attend it as a field of study. American historians assume that the frontier process began with the English settlement at Jamestown in 1607, and the year 1890 is usually taken to mark the date when there was no more frontier available, when the new land was no longer new. There may be some quibbling about the dates, but they do bracket the three centuries of American frontier experience and experimentation.

It was the magnitude and the unbroken continuity of the experience that gave the frontier major importance in American life. It made no difference what other tasks the Americans had on their hands at a given time, there was the additional, ever-present one of moving into and settling new country. They did it while they fought for independence, before and after; they did it while they hammered out the principles of a democratic government shaped to the needs of frontiersmen; and they did not cease doing it in the period of civil strife. They never reached the limits of the vacancy they owned before they acquired another vacancy, by purchase, by treaty, by conquest, and in every case the frontiersmen infiltrated the country before the nation acquired it. Like locusts they swarmed, always to the west, and only the Pacific Ocean stopped them. Here in this movement beat the deep overtone of a nation's destiny, and to it all kept step unconsciously.

To say that the people were unconscious of the force that moved them, and of the medium in which they moved, is to state a fact which is easy to prove but hard to explain. It may be said that they were emotionally aware of the frontier long before they were intellectually cognizant of it. People

could not have as their main task for three centuries working with raw land without getting its dirt under their nails and deep into their skins. The effects were everywhere, in democratic government, in boisterous politics, in exploitative agriculture, in mobility of population, in disregard for conventions, in rude manners, and in unbridled optimism. Though these effects were present everywhere they were not understood anywhere by the people who felt and reflected them. The frontier still lacked its philosopher, the thinker who could view the whole dramatic experience and tell what was its meaning. This philosopher arrived three years after the experience ended and told the American people that from the beginning the American frontier had been the dominant force, the determining factor, in their history thus far.

This hypothesis was presented to the American Historical Association in a paper entitled "The Significance of the Frontier in American History." The date was 1893 and the author was a young and then little-known historian. That paper made Frederick Jackson Turner a scholar with honor in his own country; it altered the whole course of American historical scholarship, and it is recognized as the most influential single piece of historical writing ever done in the United States. The key to his thesis is found in this sentence: "The existence of an area of free land, its continuous recession, and the advance of American settlement westward, explain American development." The general acceptance of this frontier hypothesis, and the fame of its author, came about because the people in America were emotionally prepared to understand this rationalization and explanation of their own long experience. Turner's pupils—many of whom became disciples—flocked to the diggings and have worked out in every cove and valley the rich vein which he uncovered, but not one of them, not even the master himself, took the next step to point out or at least to emphasize that the American frontier was but a small fragment of the Great Frontier. On that Great Frontier was also an area of free land; it was in continuous recession; and the advance of European settlement into it should explain the development of Western civilization in modern times just as the American advance explains American development.

II

WHAT happened in America was but a detail in a much greater phenomenon, the interaction between European civilization and the vast raw lands into which it moved. An effort will be made here to portray the whole frontier, to suggest how it affected the life and institutions of Western civilization throughout the modern period; and as a basis for this exposition four propositions are submitted for consideration:

(1) Europe had a frontier more than a century before the United States was settled.

(2) Europe's frontier was much greater than that of the United States, or of any other one nation; it was the greatest of all time.

(3) The frontier of Europe was almost, if not quite, as important in determining the life and institutions of modern Europe as the frontier of America was in shaping the course of American history. Without the frontier modern Europe would have been so different from what it became that it could hardly be considered modern at all. This is almost equivalent to saying that the frontier made Europe modern.

(4) The close of the Great Frontier may mark the end of an epoch in Western civilization just as the close of the American frontier is often said to have marked the end of the first phase of American history. If the close of the Great Frontier does mark the end of an age, the modern age, then the institutions designed to function in a society dominated largely by frontier forces will find themselves under severe strain.

If we conceive of Western Europe as a unified, densely populated region with a common culture and civilization—which it has long had basically—and if we see the frontier also as a unit, a vast and vacant land without culture, we are in position to view the interaction between the two as a simple but gigantic operation extending over more than four centuries, a process that may appear to be the drama of modern civilization.

To emphasize the unity of western Europe, and at the same time set it off in sharp contrast to its opposite, the frontier, we may call it the Metropolis. Metropolis is a good name, implying what Europe really was, a cultural center holding within it everything pertaining to Western civilization. Prior to 1500 the

Metropolis comprised all the "known" world save Asia, which was but vaguely known. Its area was approximately 3,750,000 square miles, and its population is estimated to have been about 100 million people.

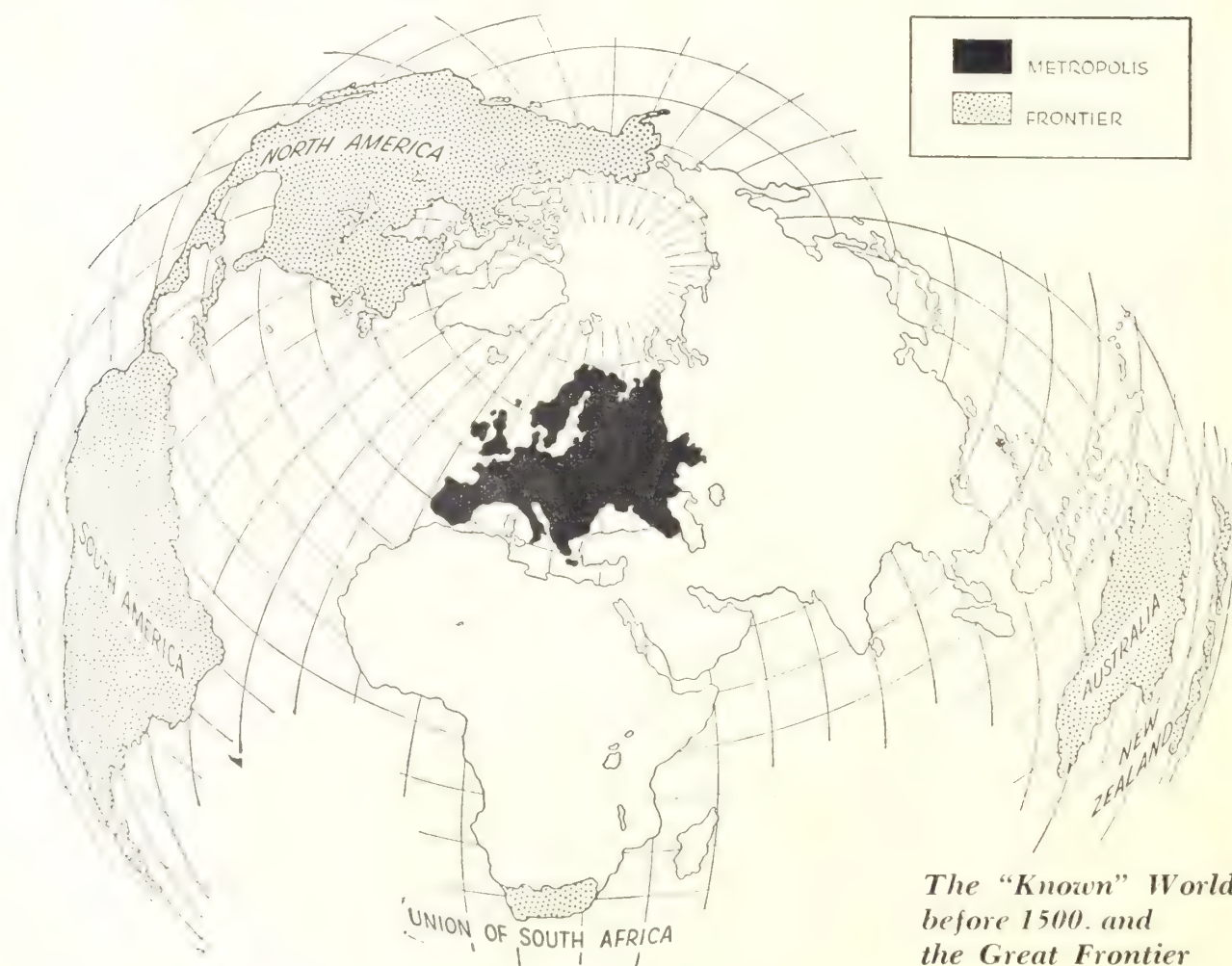
There is no need to elaborate the conditions under which these people lived, but it should be remembered that by modern standards the society was a static one with well-defined classes. The population pressed hard on the means of subsistence. There was not much food, practically no money, and very little freedom. What is more important, there was practically no means of escape for those people living in this closed world. The idea of progress had not been born. Heaven alone, which could be reached only through the portals of death, offered any hope to the masses of the Metropolis.

Then came the miracle that was to change everything, the emancipator bearing rich gifts of land and more land, of gold and silver, of new foods for every empty belly and new clothing stuffs for every half-naked back. Europe, the Metropolis, knocked on the door of the Great Frontier, and when the door was

opened it was seen to be golden, for within there was undreamed-of treasure, enough to make the whole Metropolis rich. The long quest of a half-starved people had at last been rewarded with success beyond comprehension.

Columbus has been accepted as the symbol, as the key that unlocked the golden door to a new world, but we know that he was only one of a group of curious investigators, Portuguese, Spanish, English, Dutch, and Scandinavian, men of the Metropolis and not of one country. Within a brief period, as history is told, Columbus and his prying associates pulled back the curtains of ignorance and revealed to the Metropolis three new continents, a large part of a fourth, and thousands of islands in oceans hitherto hardly known. They brought all of these—continents, oceans, and islands—and deposited them as a free gift at the feet of the impoverished Metropolis.

The Metropolis had a new piece of property and the frontier had a new owner. The Metropolitans were naturally curious about their property, and quite naturally began to ask questions about it. How big is it? Who lives on it? What is its inherent worth? What



*The "Known" World
before 1500, and
the Great Frontier*

can I get out of it? They learned that the frontier had an area five or six times that of Europe; that it was practically vacant, occupied by a few primitive inhabitants whose rights need not be respected; that its inherent worth could only be guessed at. As to what can I get out of it?, the answer came in time clear and strong: You can get everything you want from gold and silver to furs and foods, and in any quantity you want, provided only that you are willing to venture and work! And more faintly came the small voice, hardly audible: Something all of you can get as a by-product is some measure of freedom.

The Metropolitans decided to accept the gifts. Instantly the divisions in Europe were projected into the frontier as each little European power that could man a ship seized a section of the frontier bigger than itself and tried to fight all the others off. Each nation wanted it all. The result was a series of wars lasting from 1689 to 1763 and from these wars England, France, and Spain emerged as chief owners of the frontier world. Their success was more apparent than real, for a spirit of freedom had been nurtured in the distant lands, and in less than fifty years England had lost her chief prize while Spain and France had lost practically everything.

But their loss, like their previous gain, was more apparent than real. True, by 1820 the Metropolis had lost title to most of the new land, but it had not lost something more precious than title—namely, the beneficent effects that the frontier exerted on the older countries. The political separation of most of North and South America relieved the Metropolis of responsibility and onerous obligations, but it did not cut off the abundance of profits. Europe continued to share in the riches and the opportunity that the opening of the golden door had made visible.

III

WHAT was the essential character of the frontier? Was the direct force it exerted spiritual, intellectual, or was it material? The frontier was basically a vast body of wealth without proprietors. It was an empty land more than five times the size of western Europe, a land whose resources had not been exploited. Its first impact was mainly economic. Bathed in and invigorated

by a flood of wealth, the Metropolis began to seethe with economic excitement.

With all the ships coming and going, the wharves of Europe were piled high with strange goods, the tables were set with exotic foods of delightful flavors, and new-minted coins of gold and silver rattled in the coffers of the market place. The boom began when Columbus returned from his first voyage, and it continued at an ever-accelerating pace until the frontier that fed it was no more. Assuming that the frontier closed about 1890, it may be said that the boom lasted approximately four hundred years. It lasted so long that it came to be considered the normal state, a fallacious assumption for any boom. It is conceivable that this boom has given the peculiar character to modern history, to what we call Western civilization.

Assuming that there was such a boom and that it lasted four hundred years, it follows that a set of institutions, economic, political, and social, would in that time evolve to meet the needs of the world in boom. Insofar as they were designed to meet peculiar conditions, these institutions would be specialized boomward. It is accepted that a set of institutions has developed since 1500, and we speak of them as modern to distinguish them from medieval institutions. Therefore we may well inquire whether our modern institutions—economic, political, and social, constituting the superstructure of Western civilization—are founded on boom conditions.

The factors involved, though of gigantic magnitude, are simple in nature and in their relation one to another. They are the old familiar ones of population, land, and capital. With the opening of the Great Frontier, land and capital rose out of all proportion to population, of those to share it, and therefore conditions were highly favorable to general prosperity and a boom. What we are really concerned with is an *excess* of land and an *excess* of capital for division among a relatively *fixed* number of people. The population did increase, but not until the nineteenth century did the extra population compare with the extra land and capital that had been long available.

For example, in 1500 the Metropolis had a population of 100 million people crowded into an area of 3,750,000 square miles. The population density for the entire Metropolis

5008 per square mile. For each person there was available about twenty-four acres, a ratio that changed little from 1300 to 1650. The opening of the frontier upset the whole situation by destroying the balance that had been struck between land and man. A land excess of nearly 20 million square miles became available to the same number of people, reducing population density to less than five, increasing the average area per individual to 148 acres instead of 24.

Capital may be considered in two forms, as gold and silver and as capital goods or commodities. The Metropolis was short of both forms of wealth throughout the medieval period, and the dearth of coin prior to the discoveries was most critical. It has been estimated that the total amount of gold and silver in Europe in 1492 was less than 200 million dollars, less than two dollars per person. Certainly there was not enough to serve the needs of exchange, which was carried on by barter, or to give rise to erudite theories of money economy. Then very suddenly the whole money situation changed.

By 1500 the Spaniards had cracked the treasure houses of the Great Frontier and set a stream of gold and silver flowing into the Metropolis, a stream that continued without abatement for 150 years, and that still continues. This flood of precious metals changed all the relations existing between man and money, between gold and a bushel of wheat or a *fanega* of barley. That changed relationship wrought the price revolution because temporarily—so fast did the metals come—there was more money than things, and so prices rose to the modern level. This new money was a powerful stimulus to the quest for more, and set the whole Metropolis into the frenzy of daring and adventure which gave character to the modern age.

SINCE our concern here is with the excess of wealth over population, we may examine with interest the rise in the quantity of gold and silver. Taking the 200 million dollars of 1492 as a base, we find that by 1600 the amount had increased eightfold, by 1700 it had risen nearly twentyfold, by 1800 it stood at thirty-sevenfold, and by 1900 at a hundred-and-fourfold over what was on hand when the frontier was opened. Obviously this increase of precious metals was out

of all proportion to the increase in population. If we grant that an excess of money makes a boom, then here in this new treasure was the stuff a boom needed. It is safe to say that out of each \$100 worth of precious metals produced in the world since 1493, not less than \$85 have been supplied by the frontier countries and not more than \$15 by the Metropolis, including Asia. The bearing of these facts on the rise of a money economy, of modern capitalism, is something for the economists to think about.

The spectacular influx of precious metals should not obscure the fact that they constituted but the initial wave of wealth rolling into the Metropolis from the Great Frontier. Wave followed wave in endless succession in the form of material things, and each deposit left the Metropolis richer than before. Unfortunately the quantity of material goods cannot be measured, but we know it was enormous. South America sent coffee, Africa, cocoa, and the West Indies sent sugar to sweeten them. Strange and flavorsome fruits came from the tropics. From primeval forests came ship timbers, pitch, and tar with which to build the fleets for merchants and warriors. North America sent furs for the rich and cotton for the poor so that all could have more than one garment. The potato, adapted to the Metropolis, became second to bread as the staff of life. The New World gave Indian corn or maize, and the rich lands on which to grow it, and in time hides and beef came from the plains and pampas of two continents. Everywhere in Europe from the royal palace to the humble cottage men smoked American tobacco and under its soothing influence dreamed of far countries, wealth, and adventure. Scientists brought home strange plants and herbs and made plant experiment stations in scores of European gardens. In South America they found the bark of a tree from which quinine was derived to cure malaria and another plant which they sent to the East Indies to establish the rubber industry. No, it is not possible to measure the amount of goods flowing into Europe, but it can be said that the Great Frontier hung for centuries like the horn of plenty over the Metropolis and emptied out on it an avalanche of wealth.

At this point let us turn to the growth of population, the number of people who in a

rough sense shared the excess of land and of precious metals. As stated above the population in 1500 stood at about 100 million, and it did not increase appreciably before 1650. All the people of European origin, whether in the Metropolis or in the Great Frontier, had a little more than doubled by 1800. Not until the nineteenth century was the increase rapid. By 1850 the increase was more than threefold, by 1900 more than fivefold, but in 1940 population had increased eightfold over that of 1500. The significant fact is that between 1500 and 1850 the quantity of both land and capital stood high out of all proportion to the quantity of population. Equally significant, and somewhat disturbing, is the fact that the excess of land incident to opening the frontier disappeared in the world census of 1930. By 1940 the enlarged Western world was more crowded than the small world of Europe was in 1500. It was the observation of this fact which led Dean Inge to remark in 1938 that "the house is full." Much earlier William Graham Sumner commented on the man-land ratio: "It is this ratio of population to land which determines what are the possibilities of human development or the limits of what man can attain in civilization and comfort." To put the matter in another way, if the boom rested on a four-century excess of land over population, the land base of the boom disappeared in 1930.

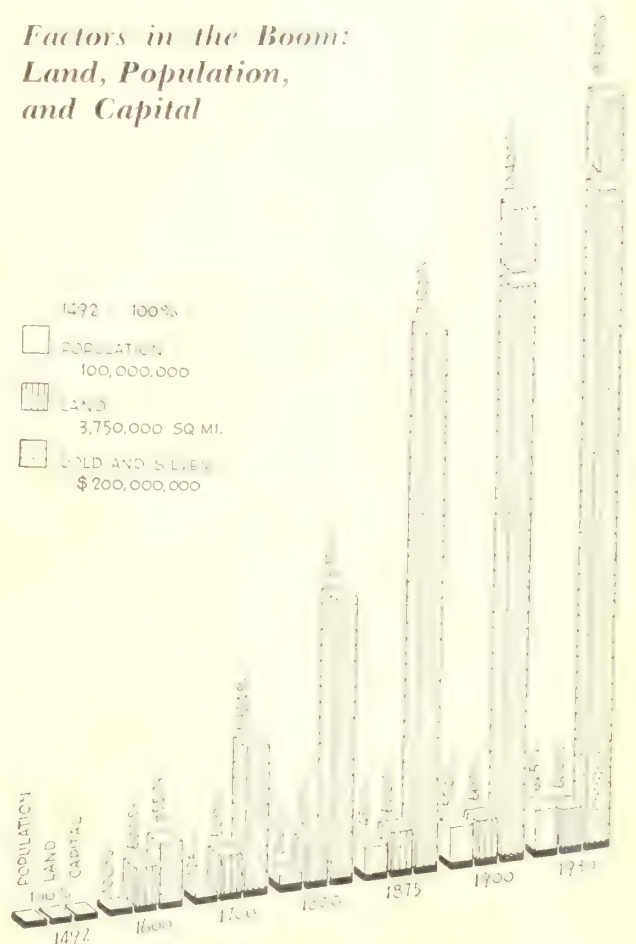
The boom hypothesis of modern history may be summed up by stating that with the tapping of the resources of the Great Frontier there came into the possession of the Metropolis a body of wealth consisting of land, precious metals, and commodities out of all proportion to the number of people. The situation may be presented graphically, as in the chart on this page, by a series of columns representing each of the three factors. If the reader will study these columns, he will see why we have had a boom, why land was practically free, and why the whole age was predominantly capitalistic, concerned primarily with money and commodities.

IV

IF THE opening of the Great Frontier did precipitate a boom in Western civilization, the effects on human ideas and institutions must have been profound

and far-reaching. In general such a boom would hasten the passing away of the ideas and institutions of a static culture and the sure appearance of others adapted to a dynamic and prospering society. There is no doubt that medieval society was breaking up at the time of the discoveries, that men's minds had been sharpened by their intellectual exercises, and that their spirits had been stirred by doubt. The thinkers were restless and inquiring, but what they lacked was room in which to try out their innovations, and a fresh and uncluttered soil in which some of their new ideas could take hold and grow. Their desires had to be matched with opportunity before they could realize on their aspirations, however laudable. The frontier offered them the room and the opportunity. It did not necessarily originate ideas, but it acted as a relentless sifter, letting some pass and rejecting others. Those that the frontier favored prospered, and finally matured into institutions; those it did not favor became recessive, dormant, and many institutions based on these ideas withered away. Feudal tenure, serfdom, barter, primogeniture, and the notion that the world was a no-

*Factors in the Boom:
Land, Population,
and Capital*



...to five or six examples of things untenable in the presence of the front-

Since we are dealing with the modern age, it would be very helpful if we could discover what it emphasized most. Where was the chief accent of modernity? What has been its focus? *Who* has held the spotlight on the stage of history since 1500? There can be little doubt, though there may be enough to start an argument, that the answer to all these questions is: the Individual. It is he who has been emphasized, accented: it is on him that the spotlight has focused: it is his importance that has been magnified. He is—or was—the common denominator of modern times, and an examination of any strictly modern institution such as democracy or capitalism will reveal an individual at the core, trying to rule himself in one case and make some money in the other. Not God nor the devil nor the state, but the ordinary man has been the favorite child of modern history.

Did the Great Frontier, which was his contemporary, have any part in giving the individual his main chance, the triple opportunity of ruling himself, enriching himself, and saving his own soul on his own hook? These three freedoms were institutionalized in Protestantism, capitalism, and democracy—whose basic assumption is that they exist for the individual, and that the individual must be free in order to make them work. •The desire for freedom men surely have always had, but in the old Metropolis conditions prevailed which made freedom impossible. Everywhere in Europe the individual was surrounded by institutions which, whether by design or not, kept him unfree. He was walled in by man-made regulations which controlled him from baptism to extreme unction.

Then the golden door of the Great Frontier opened, and a way of escape lay before him. He moved out from the Metropolis to land on a distant shore, in America, Australia, South Africa. Here in the wild and empty land there was not a single institution: man had left them, albeit temporarily, far behind. Regardless of what befell him later, for an instant he was free of all the restrictions that society had put upon him. In short, he had escaped his human masters only to find himself in the presence of another, a less pica-

The character of the new master, before whom he stood stripped of his institutions, was so in contrast with that of the old one as to defy comparison. Man stood naked in the presence of nature. On this subject, Alexander von Humbolt said, "In the Old World, nations and the distinction of their civilization form the principal point in the picture; in the New World, man and his production almost disappear amidst the stupendous display of wild and gigantic nature." The outstanding qualities of wild and gigantic nature are its impersonality and impassiveness. Nature broods over man, casts its mysterious spells, but it never intervenes for or against him. It gives no orders, issues no proclamations, has no prisons, no privileges: it knows nothing of vengeance or mercy. Before nature all men are free and equal.

The important point is that the abstract man we have been following did not have to *win* his freedom. It was imposed upon him and he could not escape it. Being caught in the trap of freedom, his task was to adjust himself to it and to devise procedures which would be more convenient for living in such a state. His first task was to govern himself, for self-government is what freedom imposes.

Of course there was not just one man on the frontier. In a short time the woods were full of them, all trained in the same school. As the years went by, they formed the habits of freedom, cherished it: and when a distant government tried to take from them that to which they had grown accustomed, they resisted, and their resistance was called the American Revolution. The American frontiersmen did not fight England to gain freedom, but to preserve it and have it officially recognized by the Metropolis. "Your nation," wrote Herman Melville, "enjoyed no little independence before your declaration declared it." Whence came this independence? Not from parliaments or kings or legislative assemblies, but from the conditions, the room, the space, and the natural wealth amidst which they lived. "The land was ours," writes Robert Frost, "before we were the land's."

The other institution that magnified the importance of the individual was capitalism, an economic system under which each person undertakes to enrich himself by his own effort. It is only in the presence of great abundance that such a free-for-all system of wealth-get-

ting can long operate. There must be present enough wealth to go around to make such an economy practicable. We have seen that the tapping of the frontier furnished just this condition, a superabundance of land, of gold and silver, and of commodities which made the principle of *laissez faire* tenable. In the frontier the embryonic capitalists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries hit a magnificent windfall which set them up in business by demonstrating that the game of wealth-getting was both interesting and profitable. For four hundred years, to paraphrase Bernard DeVoto, "men stumbled over fortunes looking for cows." (This subject of windfalls and capitalism will be treated in a second article.) Free homesteads in Kansas, free gold claims in California, and free grass on the Great Plains are examples of windfalls coming at the tag end of the frontier period, windfalls which come no more. In the larger sense the Great Frontier was a windfall for Europe.

THERE is an unpleasant logic inherent in the frontier boom hypothesis of modern history. We come to it with the reluctance that men always have when they come to the end of a boom. They look back on the grand opportunities they had, they remember the excitement and adventure of it, they tot up their accounts and hope for another chance. Western civilization today stands facing a closed frontier, and in this sense it faces a unique situation in modern times.

If we grant the boom, we must concede that the institutions we have, such as democracy and capitalism, were boom-born; we must also admit that the individual, this cherished darling of modern history, attained his glory in an abnormal period when there was enough room to give him freedom and enough wealth to give him independence. The future of the individual, of democracy and capitalism, and of many other modern institutions are deeply involved in this logic, and the lights are burning late in the capitals of the Western world where grave men are trying to determine what that future will be.

Meantime less thoughtful people speak of new frontiers, though nothing comparable to the Great Frontier has yet been found. The

business man sees a business frontier in the customers he has not yet reached; the missionary sees a religious frontier among the souls he has not yet saved; the social worker sees a human frontier among the suffering people whose woes he has not yet alleviated; the educator of a sort sees the ignorance he is trying to dispel as a frontier to be taken; and the scientists permit us to believe that they are uncovering the real thing in a scientific frontier. But as yet no Columbus has come in from these voyages and announced: "Gentlemen, there is your frontier!" The best they do is to say that it is out beyond, that if you work hard enough and have faith enough, and put in a little money, you will surely find it. If you watch these peddlers of substitute frontiers, you will find that nearly every one wants you to buy something, give something, or believe in something. They want you to be a frontier for them. Unlike Columbus, they bring no continents and no oceans, no gold or silver or grass or forest to you.

I should like to make it clear that mankind is really searching for a new frontier which we once had and did not prize, and the longer we had it, the less we valued it; but now that we have lost it, we have a great pain in the heart, and we are always trying to get it back again. It seems to me that historians and all thoughtful persons are bound by their obligation to say that there is no new frontier in sight comparable in magnitude or importance to the one that is lost. They should point out the diversity and heterogeneity, not to say the absurdity, of so-called new frontiers. They are all fallacies, these new frontiers, and they are pernicious in proportion to their plausibility and respectability. The scientists themselves should join in disabusing the public as to what science can be expected to do. It can do much, but, to paraphrase Isaiah Bowman, it is not likely soon to find a new world or make the one we have much bigger than it is. If the frontier is gone, we should have the courage and honesty to recognize the fact, cease to cry for what we have lost, and devote our energy to finding the solutions to the problems now facing a frontierless society. And when the age we now call modern is modern no longer, and requires a new name, we may appropriately call it the Age of the Frontier, and leave it to its place in history.

The Socialist Devils of England

Robert L. Heilbroner

SOME things in England made an indelible impression last spring. I remember the grim gray rows of miners' houses, not the new ones built by the National Coal Board, but the old ones, a hundred years old and older. They brought to mind a quotation I had seen somewhere uttered by the emperor of Russia when he visited the minefields in 1830: "Ah, my God!" he said, "it is the mouth of Hell. None but a madman would enter there."

I remember sitting in the shuddering, shaking cab of a crane and swinging out over the hold of ship in the Victoria and Albert docks in London. The crane was unloading manganese, dropping a big formless basket into the hold where a gang of dockers shoveled it full. The controls were operated with a kind of vicious savageness by a swart, thickset man who, a scant fortnight ago, had stood in the dock in Old Bailey and been accused by His Majesty's Government of fomenting a conspiracy on the docks. He and six others had been freed when the jury was unable to come to a straightforward decision about the case; the government had thereupon thrown up its hands in disgust. "You were asking your audience to do things that might become unconstitutional?" asked the prosecution. "If we had to." "Illegal?" "If we had to." Now he sat at the controls of the crane and told me that what the union needed was "mili-

tancy" but that the official union leadership, "the £3,000-a-year boys," were no longer on the same team as the men in the ships and on the quays.

A slip of paper on my desk brings back a newspaper office where I sat and chatted with an old-line socialist, the industrial correspondent of one of London's leading dailies. He was slightly tight and very voluble. "Well, old boy (slap on my knee), I suppose you have a low opinion of the workers' paradise. But let me tell you, old boy (nudge of the elbow), what you see here is a bloody blooming miracle. Don't think that I mean that it's all peaches and cream, old boy, 'cause I don't (poke in the shoulder). The miracle is that if it weren't for the ruddy English character, this country would be splattered all over God's creation. And there are times, old boy, when I sincerely wonder if it isn't going to explode, character or no."

A few other things. Mr. Churchill in Commons, old and corpulent, immensely dignified, and speaking on Persia with the authority that comes of knowing so well the age-old struggle between ruler and vassal. A labor conciliation officer in the coalfields with blue scars on his hands who went into the pits when he was twelve and climbed out when they put up a plaque saying, "This Colliery Is Owned by the National Coal Board and Operated on Behalf of the People." And a

Mr. Heilbroner, who has studied the devils of the American economy as a business man and journalist, went to England last spring to study industrial relations under the socialist government. His conclusions have significance for both countries.

merry solicitor who said quite seriously: "I'm urging all my friends to get divorced. Why, the tax savings are immense."

But vivid as these impressions are, they are only surface highlights, reflecting the underlying realities of British life in 1951. And what is to me the most absorbing and challenging phenomenon lies well below the surface. This is the presence of socialist devils in the British economy.

ONE does not have to look very far in Britain to become aware of devils, and if by any chance one should fail to spot them, the Conservative press will be only too glad to point them out. There is the devil of Utter and Complete Mismanagement, by which the Tories mean that they could do everything Labor has done, only better. There is the devil of Inefficiency in High Government Circles, by which it is implied that the Labor Government, being composed of people with no Business Background, has difficulty in doing small sums of figures. There are the devils of Bureaucracy, of Controls, of Ineptness, and a whole coterie of smaller ones.

But on second look, these devils—real and exasperating as many of them are—have little about them that is specifically socialist in nature. Some of them—like the aggravation of controls and rationing—spring from a waning empire and an antique industrial apparatus. Some—like the planning that has backfired and the commercial negotiations that have worked out badly—are examples of what happens when ramified and complex problems are cut down to the size of neat type-written files. These are problems and failings that would beset *any* government which had to guide Britain through a radically altered and still fast-changing world.

And still other British problems—like the difficulties of administering bigness and the constant need to cope with pettiness—are equally universal rather than purely socialist shortcomings. In our own country, for example, there is boondoggling on relief and boondoggling on corporation expense accounts, there are the maddening complications of adjusting a bill from a big department store, and the frustration of being a man with independent notions in the fifteenth echelon of a giant corporation. Bigness of any

sort commands a price in deliberateness and in an agonizing refusal to depart from the well-trodden path. And the license to dip into a large pocketbook, be it public or private, will always tempt those who, as Oscar Wilde said, can resist anything but temptation.

The true problem-children of socialism spring from what is unique and different about socialism itself. Not that Britain, it should be noted, is strictly speaking socialist: there has been no wholesale transfer of ownership into public hands, there have been no volcanic upheavals in the social structure. What marks Britain as a socialist community is not so much that she is committed to full employment, welfare provisions, state control over large economic decisions, and a core of state-run enterprises, as that she is turning away from an economy of automatic and self-generated stimulus and response to one of autonomous decision and conscious control. So while the institutions of socialism are still only a fraction—although an important one—of the total British picture, the *consequences* of socialism are inextricably mixed into the British economy. And with these consequences have come social problems—socialist devils, if you will—of a new and perplexing sort.

All this gives what is going on in Britain a special significance to us in the United States. For although we are not exactly headed toward socialism, we too are accepting or contemplating government intervention in many spheres of our life. To put it another way, we in the United States are marching up the Avenue of Free Enterprise with Socialist Trimmings; Britain is marching up the Avenue of Limited Socialism. The two avenues do not run parallel, but they head so nearly in the same direction that when we reach a cross street we would do well to take a careful look at the way the marchers on the other avenue are faring. The traffic snarls they are encountering may well be facing us only a few blocks further along.

II

IT is in the coalfields that one catches a glimpse of the first of the socialist devils. It is the old heckler's question so many of us impatiently shrugged off in college debate: who does the dirty work under socialism?

There is no dirtier work than coal: it is physically dirty, spiritually depressing, and dangerous. Every day one or two Englishmen die somewhere in a tunnel in the earth. And above the ground, gray elephants of slag in the quiet countryside are a constant reminder of the threatening present, while dour villages recall the looming past: only a hundred years ago children began work in the mines at the age of four, underground in the dark and often alone; and men and women worked side by side, half-naked and sometimes reduced by the misery to a whimpering half-human state. At the Royal Commission hearings in 1842, one Lancashire woman testified: "I have a belt round my waist and a chain passing between my legs and I go on my hands and feet. The water comes up to my clog tops and I have seen it over my thighs. I have drawn until I have the skin off me. The belt and chain is worse when we are in a family way."

Such a history is not lightly shed. It has resulted among the miners in a fierce sense of solidarity and an immensely powerful union. But it has also left a deep-seated and burning resentment of the pit itself. "Pit is a devil," said one miner to me.

And because pit is a devil, men are leaving the pits. There were over a million miners before World War I; there were three-quarters of a million before World War II (the drift away had already started). Now there are less than 700,000, despite an all-out effort at recruitment, top-level wages, and a great deal of long-overdue public appreciation. And the process of attrition is still going on: thirty years ago there were 170,000 boys and young men under twenty in the mines; now there are less than 50,000.

And because pit is a devil, absenteeism is rising, too. In the thirties some 6 per cent of the working force would fail to show up on an average shift; last year this percentage had doubled: some 12 per cent—one man in eight—was absent from each turn at work. Hence despite the fact that more than three-quarters of British coal is now mechanically cut (as compared with only about half before the war) output per manshift is far from satisfactory.

All this has been no mere matter of economic curiosity to the British: Britain is acutely and uncomfortably aware that her

existence as an industrial nation literally hangs on the willingness of enough men to descend into the dark underworld and bring up the coals they blast loose from the rock. For as long as Britain is an industrial nation, she will need power, and until some cheaper or more plentiful fuel comes along, coal must provide it. As the miners have trickled from the mines, the flow of basic power has grown thin and thready; more than once British industry has been forced to throttle down—to throw men out of work—for pure lack of motive energy.

HENCE it is hardly surprising that the Labor Government has spared no pains to keep the miners at the pits. But somehow its efforts have failed to bring results.

For example, a Ring Fence was put around the industry so that once a man became a miner he could not leave his job without permission from the Ministry of Labor. But fences have two sides: while the Ring Fence deterred old miners from leaving, it hardly acted as an incentive for outsiders to give mining a try. After a while the Ring Fence was pulled down: compulsion did not seem to solve the problem.

So incentives were tried. Coal mining wages, which in the thirties were as low as *eightieth* on the scale of industrial pay, were hiked up to head the list of British industry. A face-worker in the pits could easily make £15 a week—two to three times what he might have earned in other occupations. But rather than work an extra shift and make more money, the miner chose a day off in the sunlight and the country. Incentives helped, but they didn't seem to solve the problem either.

Amenities were tried—and exhortation. Training programs and safety measures and recreation facilities and a constant flow of solicitude from the press and from the government turned an old and neglected industry into a praised and pampered favorite. But for every miner's son who chose to go into the pits, there was more than one who decided he'd have "now't of it." The amenities and the praise were appreciated—but they failed to get the miners.

In the end there was recourse to an age-old last resort: mercenaries. Reluctantly, England took foreign workers for the mines, men for

whom life in Britain—even in the pits—was a step up from what they had known before. But it is not an easy matter to adjust Poles to Englishmen and Englishmen to Poles. There was resentment at the pits and old suspicions flared; the mercenaries were not welcome.

And so the problem is not yet solved. This year it took a personal appeal from Clement Attlee to bring forth the extra 3,000,000 tons—*the one and a half per cent*—that spelled the difference between enough and not enough. When all else had been tried in vain, the miners pitched in to help out “their” government. But how long can British industry scrimp along on the thin edge of 1½ per cent? How many times will an appeal for help be heeded? And what will happen when there are simply too few miners to whom one can appeal?

IT is difficult to find a culprit on whom to blame this mess. The Labor Government officials are not at fault: they have not hesitated to try policies—like compulsion and mercenaries—which the Tories might never have dared to use. Nor is the National Coal Board responsible: it has acted vigorously and imaginatively in an attempt to make mining an attractive occupation. And no one can accuse the miners of loafing on the job: they still come up the pit-cages black and tired from more perils than most of us would care to face; just this spring eighty-one men perished in a single fearful catastrophe.

Rather than in any of these, the blame seems to lie in the forces which socialism has unleashed. For it is not just in the mines that men are leaving dirty work. What is going on there is acute, dramatic, and desperately important. But at a slower pace it is happening all over Britain. The railroads are having trouble recruiting young personnel. The busses have signs out advertising for drivers and conductors. Stores need delivery boys. People can't get servants. The answer to the old heckler's question seems to be: nobody wants to do the dirty work under socialism.

Nobody, of course, has ever wanted to do the dirty work. But in the past the question largely solved itself. A miner was a miner because he had no choice: it was work or go without—and so he worked. If he wanted to leave the mines he lacked the money or the

education, or even more important, he lacked a job. And so the dirty work got done: the old capitalist society sailed its ship not because men chose dirt and danger, but because the iron taskmaster of unemployment sent men aloft to the rigging and drove them down to the hold. It was not, of course, quite so brutal as that, or quite so black and white. Tradition, inertia, the natural differences of men all played their roles. And yet, when we stop to ask ourselves, what *did* give us a society where there was always “somebody” to do the rotten jobs? The pressure of unemployment may not have been the only factor, but it was certainly a critical one.

But under socialism things are different. For as we go up the scale, from feudalism to early capitalism and then into welfare capitalism and the socialized economy, we find that the willingness to accept one's lot in life diminishes. Four centuries ago one sweated because one's lord and master so ordained it; two centuries ago one sweated because the prison factories of primitive capitalism ran on the desperation of landless, moneyless, hungry souls. Today in the fully employed economy of Britain (and to a lesser extent in the United States) the pinch of circumstance has almost disappeared: there is no urgent necessity for most people to take any job at any price. And as further progress is made toward the avowed social goals of socialism, that pinch will become weaker still.

All this may be admirable; it has enlisted the sympathies of social reformers for decades. But for all our sympathies, the heckler's question still insists upon an answer: what will lead men to choose the right kind of work (from society's point of view) if they are freed from economic pressure? The real difficulty is that socialism has no built-in spurs.

III

OF COURSE there are substitutes for the capitalist game of musical chairs in which there is always one chair too few. You can put men into uniforms and instill them with a kind of martial enthusiasm; you can point a gun at a man's head or deprive him of a basic ration card if he does not do the task to which some social planning board allots him. Russia has tried both of

these and successfully from the point of view of pure results.

But the socialist—as opposed to the communist—recoils from the naked use of force. For socialism has a moral bias toward democracy and voluntarism as well as a material economic goal. No self-respecting British socialist would countenance the permanent use of the bludgeon to keep people at their toil. No, the socialist still pins his hopes on the lure of rewards and the drive of personal initiative. He has thrown away the capitalist stick, but he clings to the capitalist carrot. In the long run, he says, men will be tempted to the proper job by the proper wages. If Englishmen won't mine coal, he insists that the only trouble is that the carrots aren't yet big enough—surely at *some* price men would be eager to come into the pits.

But the real paradox lies in a different aspect of the question. For while it would be no small matter for society to adjust itself to a world where dirty work was suddenly paid the highest wages in the shop, doubtless the transition could somehow be made—at least there would always be the possibility of eliminating impossibly high-priced work by mechanization. But while the devil of dirty work can be appeased by a bribe of carrots, there is still another devil in the way.

Someone has to decide just how big a carrot society can afford.

TAKE what has happened on the railroads in Great Britain. The great majority of the 600,000 men and women who run the famous trains of Britain belong to the National Union of Railwaymen, an old and powerful industrial union that has fought its way up from the locomotive sheds and the shunting yards to its present impressive offices on Euston Road. There, in a building called Unity House (about as fitting a name as Friendship House would be for the United Mineworkers of America), it decides on the arguments and strategies with which it will fight for better wages and better conditions for its members. Upstairs in Unity House is the office of the General Secretary, a big, bluff man with the Dickensian name of Figgins. Mr. Figgins is as well known to the British public as John L. Lewis is to us, and for the same reason: he likes to get his way.

In the old days the NUR fought out its

battles with the big four railway companies, huge enterprises afflicted with some of the attributes of senility and with a singular incapacity for making money. When times were good, the union won raises for its people; when times were bad, it took cuts. In between times it raided other railroad unions and engaged in the well-known game of featherbedding.

But today things are changed. The member of the nationalized Railway Executive who deals with Mr. Figgins is the erstwhile head of another large railway union. And the man who sits above him, on the British Transport Commission itself, is the former General Secretary of the NUR itself. So when Mr. Figgins talks about railway wages and conditions, he is no longer dealing with flinty-hearted capitalists; he is talking to men who used to sit on his side of the table.

But Mr. Figgins, as I have indicated, is a man who likes to have his way. Just before the rails were nationalized the NUR put in a demand for an across-the-board increase of twenty shillings for its membership. It got about a third of this, which was all that a government Court of Inquiry adjudged the old private companies capable of paying. Whereupon the roads were nationalized and Mr. Figgins asked the new Railway Executive for the rest of the twenty-shilling raise. But the financial abracadabra which makes a vast enterprise a public trust does not turn losses into gains. The Executive sympathized with Mr. Figgins but it turned its pockets inside out and showed him that the money simply wasn't there.

Mr. Figgins would not be stopped. He asked for arbitration. It turned him down. He appealed to the Minister of Labor, who referred him back to the Railway Executive, and again he was rebuffed. Whereupon Mr. Figgins, undeterred by the fact that he was working for his government, that the rails were losing money, and that the public was perturbed, called for a slowdown of the railroad workers.

A harassed Minister of Labor finally prevailed on him to abide by the findings of a special board; and to Figgins' astonishment, the board proceeded to find against him. But he went right on making request after request for a general raise. In one instance, the very next day after he received a limited award,

he came right back with a demand for more.

The result of Mr. Figgins' zeal is that from its inception in early 1948 to 1951, British Railways has constantly been up against a bid for higher wages. In that same period of time, its accumulated deficit has totaled slightly more than £50,000,000.

THE moral of this tale is neither to justify nor to condemn the indomitable Figgins. The lesson to ponder is that Mr. Figgins had Britain by the throat, and there was no way to stop him from squeezing until it hurt.

It is certainly true that under capitalism, too, we are sometimes at the mercy of a union leader. The spectacle of John L. Lewis defying the government is not too different from the case of Mr. Figgins. But what seems to be an occasional inconvenience for us—a tight corner in which we sometimes find ourselves—looks like a rather more permanent feature of the new society. For in addition to the power given to unions everywhere by the leverage of full employment, the special political power given to unions under socialism serves to magnify immensely their potential disruptive influence: governments do not, after all, willingly bite the hand which feeds them.

But it is not just the accretion of power into union hands under socialism which is disturbing, for there is no more reason why union men should not wield power than churchmen or nobles or capitalists. What makes the power problem dangerous for socialism is a central and unresolved issue which means bread and butter to the union leaders themselves: who will measure out the carrots in a socialist economy? For society has just so many carrots to distribute and the question of how to dole them out among rival claimants is not an easy one to answer—particularly when any one of the claimants can stop society cold in its tracks if it is not satisfied with its portion.

What socialism lacks—as the case of Mr. Figgins has amply illustrated—is an automatic carrot-distributor in the natural earnings of an industry. Under capitalism, by and large, a company can pay out no more than it takes in. But the payroll of a nationalized enterprise need not be tailored to its earnings; behind the public trust lies the huge and inviting public purse. Hence the problem of

a socialist economy is to provide a mechanism by which the demand for carrots will not outrun the supply. For it is apparent that if this demand should ever degenerate into a pure tug of war, the social cost could be disastrous.

In Britain the carrot problem has never quite exploded. For so far British Labor has been curbed by one seemingly frail restraint: the astonishing self-discipline and self-denial of the British unions (Mr. Figgins as the exception to prove the rule). And yet this discipline is really not so much to be wondered at as to be observed and marked. Union discipline is an *indispensable* part of a working socialist economy, for just as capitalism hangs for better or worse on the good behavior of its capitalists, so socialism will succeed or fail in large part according to the actions of its union leaders.

IV

NOW the third devil of socialism pops up in the conflicting pressures which impinge on the central personage of the union leader himself. For the trade unionist who plays the socialist game and holds the lid on wages may lose his union as a consequence.

In the old days a union leader had a fairly simple function: he fought the bosses. Even when the fight left the streets and plants and moved around a conference table, the weapons changed, but not the end: a union leader was still a man who got more for his people from the profits of a very human adversary.

But in the new order all that is changed. There is no boss, at least not in the old-fashioned sense of the word; there is only an impartial and impersonal national board. And there are no profits to be bargained for: everything that a public industry makes goes out in wages or in necessary reserves or back to the public itself. There is no more fighting to be done; in fact there will probably be ex-unionists on the other side of the table from the union leader. If mutual trust prevails—and why should it not?—a union can become a sort of unofficial partner in the management of a concern, a partner whose job it is to administer the human side of production.

In Britain some of this new spirit of co-management has actually taken place in one

or two of the nationalized industries. But what is interesting is that the new atmosphere of working together at the top can seem suspiciously like "selling out" when looked at from below. For one of the bitter realities of nationalization is that to a nationalized employee at the bottom of the ladder there is not too much difference between working for the new bosses and the old. Conditions may be a little better, wages a little higher, there may be a good deal more security on the job. But the worker is still the "man" and he still has his master. In the old regime, the man-master struggle had an emotional outlet through the channels of the trade union battle with the boss. But now the fight is over; in union meetings the officials no longer talk about wages and conditions; they make pleas for higher productivity. And yet the old hostilities remain; in industry, too, privates don't like sergeants. But rather than direct their animosities against a remote and vaguely well-meaning board, the man at the bottom may focus on a brand-new target—the union leader who gets along so cosily with the big boys at the top.

All of this has actually happened on the London docks.

THE London docker stands between England and starvation. He is the link between ship and shore—if that link were severed, England could not long sustain herself.

But for all his pivotal position in the scheme of things, the docker has always been a social outcast. His lot in life has been a mean one, crowded into the stinking East End London slums. His earnings have been low. It was not too many years ago that a docker found each day's work by scrambling for a tally-stick—sticks that were thrown into a waiting mob which tore itself apart for the privilege of a shift in some ship's hold. Little wonder that the dockers, like the miners, have become aloof, inbred, and resentful of society.

But as with the miner, things have changed for the London docker. Since the war he has had a higher scale of earnings than almost any other worker in Great Britain. On top of that he has a guaranteed wage. He has the beginnings of civilized amenities on the docks—they recently installed the *first* decent first-aid stations—and the vociferous spokesmanship of

several members of the House of Commons.

But with his new-found comfort have come unexpected and galling responsibilities. For the old system, with all its horrors, had certain compensations. A man who found work for a few days running could afford to go off and get drunk. Now he is expected to show up at the dock call stands twice a day, five days a week, like a bloomin' bloody factory worker. In the old days it was his union, right or wrong, against the bosses. Today he is expected to obey the discipline of a Dock Labor Board where his union officers sit side by side with the enemy. And in the old days it was union solidarity—one out, all out. Today he is expected to ignore the man on the soapbox because his union asks him to.

Small wonder that the docker finds this a tough world to adjust to.

And small wonder that there is trouble on the docks—the sort of trouble that boils up when men are filled with a kind of social bitterness and know no way to vent it but to strike.

FOR example in 1947 there was the matter of one shilling eightpence for Coe's Gang. The eleven men of the gang contended that the piece rate for unloading zinc oxide was inadequate: it was three shillings fourpence and should be raised to five. The union sent down one of its oldest and most trusted representatives who watched the work in progress and decided that the rate was fair and that the men had no legitimate complaint. But the gang was adamant, and since they could get neither more pay nor union support, they simply struck in protest. And when Coe's Gang struck, nineteen thousand men struck with them.

In April 1949, the union-management Dock Labor Board scratched thirty-three men from its payroll for reasons of physical incapacity or ill health. No one doubted that the men were unable to handle heavy stevedoring tasks. But fourteen thousand men struck in protest anyway.

In June 1950, two Canadian ships pulled into London with the label "black"—that is, manned by strikebreakers. No one knew exactly how that label was attached—for the docker's own union called them white, the Labor Government called them white, and an MP in Commons who was highly sym-

pathetic to the dockers called them white. Only the Communists were sure the ships were black.

But the dockers—the vast bulk of whom are no Communists—stayed off the docks until soldiers had to move cargo to keep London a going enterprise.

And these are just a few incidents. Hardly a day passes without its little flare-up: at one dock the men walked out because a latrine was to be moved to a new position.

What lies behind this steady turbulence is a steady press of many deep-seated discontents. There is the discontent that comes from changing a casual mass of men into a disciplined labor force, and the discontent that stems from a violent and not too distant history. There is the discontent stirred up by Communists. But all these discontents point up and emphasize one fact: what the dockers need is leadership. And leadership is exactly what their union does not give them.

THE dockers belong to the Transport and General Workers union, the biggest and most powerful union in all of Britain and the largest trade union in the world: 1,300,000 members. But the dockers are only one small section of the union, and the union, because it is big and powerful, is imbued with a sense of political and economic responsibility. Each of the many sections of the parent union—the dockers' included—is headed by a man who can be counted on for the soundness of his views. And sound views, these days in British labor circles, are hardly very revolutionary: hold the lid on wages, discourage strikes, encourage overtime, boost production.

All that is well and good. But it is meaningless to the docker. To him the world is still a jungle, except that he is now a lion instead of a lamb. When his union tells him that militancy is unpatriotic, he looks about in other directions for guidance.

And guidance there is aplenty. Early in the dockers' unrest, an unofficial portworkers' committee sprang into existence. Today, supported by the Communists, it is the real power on the docks. For what the Transport and General Workers Union is not, the Portworkers Committee is: it has a mission—the Dockers Charter, a program of higher wages and pensions which the official union has

quietly shelved during the present economic crisis; and it has an enemy—the Transport and General Workers Union itself. When the seven key members of the Committee—including the man on the crane—were brought to trial for conspiracy, their defense was that they were not striking against the government or against their employers, but only against their own union. And as the strike statistics show, the Committee has a following: when the jury finally let them go, the seven were carried off on the shoulders of a crowd of cheering dockers.

Of course it would be absurd to claim that every union which follows in the path of common sense must open itself to such internal stress: there are plenty of other reasons why the dockers should be unruly. But what has happened on the docks shows what *can* happen to a union once its impetus is gone and its mission lost. As one top mining union official said to me: "In the old days the lads followed any leader any time, for they were all going in the same direction. Today a union leader has to tell the lads things they do not like to hear. Unless the men trust him personally and implicitly, he's wide open for any rabble-rouser—Commie or just hothead—who gets up and says, 'Boys, the old leadership is tired. They're in cahoots with the managers and what do they care for you? Throw them out and follow me.'"

V

NATURALLY the impact of all these problems on England is different from what it would be on America. One reason why men don't respond to the appeal of the carrot in England may be that many Englishmen are socially class-bound; they are not spurred on, as workers are in the United States, by visions of refrigerators, washing machines, Buicks, trips to Florida, and a more acceptable social status; such things are "not for the likes of us." It must be remembered, too, that the problems are accentuated by the fact that the socialist experiment has been undertaken at a time when personal luxuries can't be bought anyhow, being earmarked for export or otherwise unattainable, and when the need for economic discipline in the national interest is exceptional, for reasons for which socialism is certainly not wholly to

blame. Nevertheless one cannot shrug these socialist devils aside as being wholly English and of the moment.

For in all this welter of strikes in dockland, intransigence on the railroads, and desertion from the mines, two central facts stand out. First, socialism is a far more *difficult* system to operate than capitalism was. And second, socialism may require a more radical kind of social surgery than the mere grafting of public ownership onto the old structure of private enterprise.

It has always been quite apparent to clear-minded socialists that the new society would bring its quota of headaches and difficulties; socialism as a panacea for all of mankind's malaise has appealed only to the woolly-minded. But the problems that socialists have anticipated are not those which have concerned us here. The socialists have worried about the *mechanics* of socialization—like the administration of national enterprises—and they have wondered about the *economics* of the ordered economy—like the dovetailing of a national plan. Both of these are monumental problems. But they are not new: General Motors is also a vast enterprise and even steel cartels take a lot of planning.

What is new and most difficult of all under socialism is really a *political* problem. For once society has turned its back on the immutable "laws" of free-enterprise economics, once it has discarded the regulator of profit and loss and the impetus of the scramble for employment, it is forced to find a new source of social co-operation and new barriers against economic excess. In freeing themselves from blind obedience to the rules of the capitalist game, the socialists are left with the problem of finding a new glue to bind society together.

For a society—above all a society whose components compete for their shares of the total social output—must have internal bonds if it is not to fly apart like a wheel that is run too fast. In capitalism that bond is provided by considerations of profit and loss and by competition and by the threat of unemployment. But under socialism, the bond must be built of different stuff—and if it is not to come from outright state command and decree, it will have to arise from self-awareness, self-denial, and self-control—a large order, indeed.

This leads to our second main conclusion:

that socialism may require a more thoroughgoing overhaul of society than the mere transfer of ownership from private to public hands. For once the transfer has been made, once the shakeup is complete, there may be nothing so very revolutionary about the revolution, after all. To be sure, production may be organized differently, a different set of interests will be paramount, a different level of incomes will appear, and undoubtedly a different notion of fairness will prevail. But for all the change—and perhaps the improvement—what will remain will be mostly the same. For factories are factories and jobs are jobs, no matter what the system may be called. Industrial *life* itself—its tempo, texture, lacks, and satisfactions—will still be there.

And the persistence of industrial life poses these questions to socialism: will men be content to continue in a mechanized economic climate, once their social and political climate has been changed in the direction that the socialists wish? In a word, can the industrial way of life continue without economic spurs? And if men do choose to run the factory system, will it generate more economic pressure than a socialist government can withstand? Can huge aggregates of men and machines exist without huge unions, and can huge unions exist without placating their members by constantly pressing for higher wages? And can socialist society withstand a dozen Mr. Figginses?

All this suggests—and it is rankest conjecture—that socialism may be forced to turn away from the old goals of economic betterment toward other goals. It suggests that guilds and smaller-scale—even "inefficient"—productive units may be necessary substitutes for large-scale production, making up in greater human satisfaction and improved social manageability what they lose in sheer weight of output. A society where everybody is furiously scrambling up the ladder may be too dynamic a society for socialism to hold in line.

All this we may safely leave for the future. Meanwhile, however, as we Americans find ourselves traveling an avenue which at times looks to some of us as if it were about to run parallel to the English one, we may do well to stop, look, listen, and consider just how much of a paradise the socialist paradise really is.

I Remember the Jackpots

Charles P. Everitt

THE last Saturday afternoon of September 1890, at seventeen years of age, I was up in a haymow in Scarsdale, New York, forking away the hay as my father pitched it up to me. It had been a bad day. When I came out of the haymow, I said to my father, "I'll milk my stint of eight cows tomorrow morning, and after that I'm finished. I'll never milk another cow nor pull another weed."

As was always his way, he said that was fine with him.

After services at the Methodist church Sunday morning, I asked the minister if he could find me a job.

The very next day he took me down to New York and introduced me to Wilbur Ketcham, in Cooper Union, who dealt largely in religious books. At that particular time it made no difference to me whether it was a grocery store or a bookstore. At first the work was pretty much the same, too. Ketcham paid me five dollars a week for lugging in any books he bought and lugging away others he had sold, plus twenty-five cents if I worked until 9:00 P.M. One of his standard fast-moving items was the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, in twenty-five quarto volumes. He had a rule that within eight blocks I could walk or pay my own transportation. Beyond that radius he paid my carfare one way.

One of my almost daily calls (no carfare) was a book-bindery run by an old German over east of Third Avenue. One day the binder shoved a tattered bundle of old almanacs at me.

"Somebody left these here so long ago I have no idea who it was," he said. "Give me a dollar for them."

I happened to have a dollar on me, and I handed it over.

My boss told me with considerable severity that I was hired as an office boy, not a buyer; but he finally returned my dollar.

A few days later Bishop John F. Hurst, the great collector of Americana, was in the store, and the boss (as I later heard from his secretary) improved the opportunity to sell the almanacs. They were *Poor Richard's Almanacs*, and Ketcham felt pretty cute to get \$250 for them. (He did not live to see the same almanacs fetch \$3,200 at Bishop Hurst's auction.) As you may imagine, I was left wondering how long this had been going on. I started reading catalogues and everything else about the subject that I could lay hands on. Then a customer of Ketcham's—I wish I could remember his name—advised me to read volume one of Justin Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*. That was, and is today, the best reference book relating to the discovery and early exploration of America.

Charles P. Everitt, who died this past March, was for nearly sixty years a book dealer specializing in Americana. From 1935 to 1949 he had his own establishment in New York City, which was always a meeting place for book lovers and collectors.

As I read Winsor, I stacked him up against all the catalogues I could find. Little by little I discovered that the books in his bibliographies were ones that you never see. I doubt whether I have handled a dozen of those titles in sixty years. But I did make a beginning at learning what to look for.

In October 1891, at the end of a year's service, I found six dollars in my Friday pay envelope. My boss (being a clergyman's son) had taught me how to swear, so I walked in and said, "What the hell does this mean?"

He asked if I didn't want my salary raised.

I said yes I did, to twenty-five dollars a week.

"Get the hell out of my office," observed Mr. Ketcham.

I asked him if he wanted two weeks' notice, and he answered yes.

Two minutes later he was down at my desk, flinging down two five-dollar bills. "Get the hell out of this place," was his parting benediction.

Next day I went to Summerfield MacLean, who was a bookseller next door to Ketcham's. "Mac," I said, "how about hiring me for twenty-five dollars a week?"

"Sure," he said. "Come in Monday."

On Sunday Mr. Ketcham drove over with a team of horses from Yonkers to Scarsdale. He said he thought he had been a little bit hasty, and would be glad to give me twenty-five dollars a week. When I told him I already had a job, he smiled and said, "Well, I'm wrong again." He was my friend for the rest of his life, something for which I have always been extremely grateful.

II

AMERICANA is a word that has been thrown around very freely and very carelessly in the last twenty years, so that it may mean the Mayflower Compact or a hoop skirt or a whiskey label or just nothing in particular.

When I first devoted my life to the subject, fifty odd years ago, Americana was the name for a restricted class of rarities dealt in by a few slightly eccentric booksellers. Even fewer and even more eccentric dealers were gathering American furniture by the wagonload; Currier & Ives prints were still things the cook might be forgiven for admiring.

In passing through the first half of this century I have finally reached a definition of Americana^e that seems all right to me. Americana means to me anything showing how and why people came here, and how they lived after they got here. In booksellers' catalogues it generally covers printed material alone, but I see no reason for any such limitation.

For instance, in 1922, when I appraised the contents of the office of Henry Bacon, the man who designed the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, I found in one portfolio a letter from Royal Cortissoz, written at 3:00 A.M. of a morning when the entire committee was busy trying to find the right inscription for the Lincoln Memorial. The letter read:

DEAR HENRY:

I couldn't sleep last night and at three A.M. I wrote out the following words, hoping you would find them suitable:

IN THIS TEMPLE
AS IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE
FOR WHOM HE SAVED THE UNION
THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IS ENSHRINED FOREVER

In the same portfolio was a note from President Taft, who was chairman of the committee. He suggested a change of one word in the inscription. Still in the same portfolio was a second note from Mr. Taft: "I completely fail to understand how I thought I could improve on a perfect thing."

In other portfolios were a number of letters from Abraham Lincoln's son Robert to Bacon, describing his father's ears, nose, and chin, with sketches. I saw all this material where it still is, in the Henry Bacon Room at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut. Cortissoz's note, hardly more than a scrap of paper, I consider the most inspiring bit of Lincolniana I have ever seen—although I have been quite carefully through many large collections of Lincoln letters and documents.

UNQUESTIONABLY the world's finest collection of another sort of Americana, of material relating to the American Indian, as well as the finest collections of Frederic Remington and Cowboy Russell paintings and sculptures, is the Thomas Gilcrease Foundation in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Thomas Gilcrease is an Oklahoma Indian.

The majority of the Oklahoma Indian oil millionaires profited by the discovery of oil on the Indian reservations. Gilcrease, however, went down to Texas and found his own oil. He is extremely conscious of his Indian heritage, and his one interest in life is the assembling of material that will serve to inspire the Indians of the present day. The collections at the Gilcrease Foundation, therefore, portray the Indian from his own point of view, not as an anthropological curiosity.

I first heard of Thomas Gilcrease through an air-mail request for a copy of my catalogue. No one had ever asked me for a catalogue by air mail before, so I reciprocated by air mailing my catalogue of the Putnam collection of anthropology. This was the first time I had ever spent thirty cents to send out a catalogue.

Most such high-pressure sales efforts are wasted, but Mr. Gilcrease sent by return mail an order for several hundred dollars' worth of books. He kept on ordering from successive catalogues, and finally a bronzed stranger walked into the store and said, "I'm Gilcrease."

He had with him a list of books he wanted for his library. As he handed it to me, he said, "Mr. Everitt, I want you to remember that when you sell me a book, it must be not only a first edition but a fine copy."

I said, "Mr. Gilcrease, evidently you don't know very much about books."

"Just what do you mean by that?" he asked bridling.

"Well, Jonathan Carver's *Travels* is one of the great books of Western American history. The first edition is of no consequence at all. It's only when you get to the revised and enlarged third edition that you have a real cornerstone book. Or take Kendall's *Santa Fe Expedition*. You know the book, of course?"

"Yes, naturally."

"All right. The first edition is a fine book, but the seventh is worth ten times as much to anyone who looks past the price mark."

"I guess I shouldn't have said first edition. I should have said best edition," Mr. Gilcrease admitted with a smile.

One of the great Western paintings is Carl Wyman's "The Buffalo Hunt." The picture has been famous for many years, and has been many times reproduced. Finally it turned up in the window of a 57th Street art gallery, marked \$5,000.

After some argument, I bought it for \$800. I sent Mr. Gilcrease a photograph of it, and a quotation for \$1,250.

He happened to be in town a few days later, and handed me a check. As he was turning to leave, he said, "This may entertain you. I saw that painting in the gallery for five thousand, and was just about ready to buy it when the salesman got nervous and said, 'Possibly I can get this for you for three thousand.' I kind of lost interest then, not knowing what kind of place I might be in. Anyhow, I'm delighted to have the picture, and I hope you made a good commission."

SOMETIMES the only dependable rule I know about the *values* of Americana is that there is no rule of thumb. Perhaps the greatest delusion of all is that age has a bearing on value. Or that rarity has any relation to cash value.

A very large proportion of the earliest printing in America consisted of sermons and religious controversy, with an occasional school-book. Almost none of it has more than its scrap-paper value, and the few exceptions are valuable because the author, or perhaps the printer, was important, not because the text is worth reading.

I hope (though not very confidently) that you will not come to one of my fellow book-sellers with a pamphlet "printed in Boston in the seventeen hundreds, with the *s*'s like *f*'s," and feel aggrieved at an actually generous offer of twenty-five cents.

As for rarity, single copies of most old newspapers are excessively rare, because people seldom take much care of last week's paper; they are also practically worthless in the rare-book trade, because they do not form a connected whole. Complete "runs" of newspapers are the prime examples of the rule that any collection is worth considerably more than the sum of its parts.

In this as in everything else about the rare-book business, the rules are like French irregular verbs—an inch of rule and a yard of exception.

I once paid a brother dealer a decent price for a John Adams letter, and he, perhaps partly relying on the rule about old newspapers, handed me a copy of the *Boston Newsletter* for November 6, 1710, and said, "With my compliments." I did not throw it away

because it had twelve pages instead of the ordinary four, and was entirely devoted to a British expedition against Canada. These oddities made me curious enough to write to a great authority on American newspapers for information.

He replied that he lacked this particular issue but that he made it a principle never to compete with a leading neighboring institution, which also lacked this issue. He suggested that his neighbor might be glad to pay as much as ten or fifteen dollars for the paper.

So I sat down and catalogued the *Boston News-letter* quite elaborately at \$85.

The morning after the catalogue went out, Michael Walsh of Goodspeed's, Boston, telephoned to be first with his order. Once this formality was safely out of the way, he told me that the only other known copy was in the Public Record Office in London. It contained the first printing of Francis Nicholson's *Narrative of the Expedition against Port Royal*, which in itself is so rare as to be unrecorded.

Even the rule that you should collect Americana for the interest to be found in reading the books has many exceptions. I have had a lot of fun, and a lot of money, for example, out of imprints.

The "imprint" of a book is the information at the bottom of the title page—the publisher's name and the place and date of publication. In the book trade, imprints are books whose interest lies in the circumstances of their publication. Imprints are the basic and often the only foundation stones for the history of printing in America. The first publication in each state, territory, city, or even hamlet is interesting on its own account, and often very valuable as well.

The slow westward spread of printing in this country produced what seems like a fantastic disproportion in the values of imprints. Many New England imprints of 1750 are common as dirt, and not worth a quarter unless you want to hollow them out for a cigarette box. Southern imprints, which came somewhat later, were mostly laws and newspapers. Philadelphia imprints of 1800 are almost innumerable, yet those from Pittsburgh of that date are extreme rarities. But the real rarities don't begin until you get past the Mississippi.

BUT remember, there are still no rules. West longitude alone does not account for all really rare imprints. One day in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, I saw a store with a sign: ANY BOOK TEN CENTS, THREE FOR A QUARTER. Not wishing to be extravagant, I bought three. One of these was an unexciting-looking pamphlet called *Miles' Overland Expedition to California*, printed in Chambersburg in 1851.

As I read the pamphlet on the train going home, I found it an exciting original narrative; and then I began to wonder why it was not listed in any of the bibliographies of Western narratives. Then I remembered from my Civil War reading a book on the burning of Chambersburg. The place was entirely destroyed by the Confederates. I now think that Miles' pamphlet must have been stored in the back room of some printing shop, and practically all the copies must have gone up in smoke. Only two others have ever been found.

I sold my first copy to Henry R. Wagner (who described it for the first time in his famous bibliography, *The Plains and the Rockies*) for a thousand dollars.

I was still feeling quite pleased with myself for my discovery when I got a letter from Baltimore, offering me a long list of trash. Tucked away in the list, as casually as you please, was *Miles' Overland Expedition*.

I need hardly say that I was in Baltimore as fast as the first train would carry me. I went solemnly over all the books on the list, and then, pointing to the Miles book, remarked as casually as I could, "By the way, I don't see this thing here."

"Oh," said the owner, equally casually, "that's in the safe deposit vault." After some hours of high-level negotiation, during which I ceased to feel quite so smart, we settled on fifteen hundred dollars as a fair price.

I have very little patience with people who say that all the killings and all the discoveries in the book business have been made. But I must admit that the collecting of imprints has grown up like a mushroom in the last twenty-five years; you could hardly do now what my partner Adolph Stager and I did at the old Stan V. Henkels auction rooms about 1925. A bundle of forty-five pamphlets, worth from five to fifty dollars each, was up for sale. Stager nervously telephoned me just before the sale

to find out how much money we had in the bank, in case we should have to reach for this prize.

Right after the sale he telephoned again, almost equally nervous with relief: he had bought the lot for forty-five dollars.

We thought it was a pretty good haul until the morning after, when we really began scrutinizing our loot. Then we found that it included a copy of the first Mormon Constitution, printed in Kanesville in 1849. This, like the Green River Ordinances, was printed on a migratory press, and not only the press but the town had long since ceased to exist.

After some digging around, I priced the pamphlet at a thousand dollars. George W. Cole, the librarian of the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, thought the price was ridiculous; but when I put the pamphlet in the American Art Association's auction soon afterward, Mr. Huntington's agent bought it—for \$1,010. Counting the buying agent's commission, it cost him \$111 not to have bought the pamphlet from me in the first place.

III

A LETTER came in one day from a perfect stranger in Brunswick, Maine, with a list of books he wanted to sell. He had a three-volume Bishop's *American Manufactures* (worth \$30 or \$40) for \$3.00; Hodge's *Handbook of American Indians* (a \$15 book), for \$1.50; and twenty or thirty other books of about the same grade, similarly priced.

I wrote back and said I hoped he had not sent out other copies of his list, but in any case I would be happy to pay him \$15 for the Bishop; \$7.50 for the Hodge; and so on through the list. My offer was about double his total.

He answered that this was the only list he had sent out, that he felt a bit uneasy about it, and that he would gladly accept my offer, or his own original prices. So I sent him the full amount of my offer.

Not long afterward he telephoned me from the Plaza Hotel in New York. After telling me that I had paid for his visit, he went on to say that he had some old letters he wished I would look over. When I got there, he had a sort of sea chest full of thousands of letters and manuscripts from the first American mis-

sionary to Persia. There were manuscripts of the first translation of the Bible into Persian, and heaven knows what else.

"I paid a dollar for these," he said. "Do you want to give me a hundred?"

I said, "Fine, how do we get them to the store?"

"I'll take care of that."

He hoisted the sea chest on his shoulder, tipped someone a dime to help him into a cab with it, and off we went.

Going over in the taxi, he said, "There's one stamp in this envelope that I think is pretty good." The stamp was a New York Provisional of 1845. Later one of the largest stamp dealers in town dropped in, looked the stamp over, and exclaimed plaintively that it had been folded. The most he could pay for it was thirty dollars.

A friend of mine who does not share my detestation for stamps took this one down to Nassau Street, went to fourteen dealers, and emerged triumphant with \$57.50.

The box of missionary letters I catalogued at \$450. The Library of Congress asked to see them on approval. This was before my little private lobby had finagled through a law prohibiting them from keeping approval items more than seven days, and their habit was to hang on to things from six months to two years. So I said no thank you to the Library of Congress. Some weeks later the librarian of a theological seminary in New England telephoned, asking if she might have the letters on approval for sixty days, until the Oriental scholars on the faculty came back from vacation.

Some two months later she phoned again to say that their scholars all agreed on the great value of the material, but with all their efforts they had not succeeded in raising more than four hundred dollars.

"I think it is so important for the right institution to have these letters," I told her, "that I should like to contribute a hundred dollars to your fund myself. The letters are yours for three hundred."

FRANK DOBIE once very truly remarked that luck consists in being ready for the chance. He also remarked that 90 per cent of all the great discoveries are made by pure accident.

Among my closest bookseller friends is

John Scopes of Albany, one of the greatest dozen living Americana dealers in the world. On one occasion I spent several hours with him and turned up a number of very nice rarities. As I was catching my breath, I glanced idly at a ten-cent counter near the door, something I know is always a waste of time—but something I can't always resist, as I've already indicated. For some reason or other I picked up a little 16mo entitled *Life of Louis Tarascon*. It said nothing to me, but I riffled the pages with one motion, as I always do, and the word "Oregon" jumped out at me.

I solemnly handed John Scopes a dime. "Oh, the hell with that," said he.

"No," I said, "the price is a dime, and a dime it is."

On the train coming down the Hudson I was finally reduced to reading my ten-cent book. It developed that Louis Tarascon was a man who lived in Louisville before the Civil War, and he had a land scheme for colonizing Oregon.

On my next visit from Henry R. Wagner, the great bibliographer of the West, I had brother Tarascon lying on my desk.

His eyes lit up with no attempt at concealment, and he actually seemed rather relieved when I consented to sell him the book for \$250.

As I was pocketing his check and he was pocketing his book, he remarked condescendingly, "Of course you'll never see it, but Tarascon put some of this stuff into a broadside that was printed at Louisville the year before the book was."

Gratuitous insults like that, particularly when linked with bits of information, have a way of sinking into my mind. Possibly six months later I was canvassing my friend Liebschutz's bookstore in Louisville. He had a bound volume of pamphlets that excited him very much because it contained three presentation sermons from Ralph Waldo Emerson.

To me, these were just good standard merchandise, but I gave the volume my customary riffle, and caught a flash of a broadside signed by Louis Tarascon. For the sake of appearances I chaffered with Liebschutz, but finally gave him his thirty dollars.

I broke up the volume, sold the Emerson pamphlets for twenty-five dollars apiece, and

lay in wait with the broadside for Wagner.

I fear my face was not altogether free of a smirk when I spread out the broadside before him. And I am sure I have never seen Wagner so mad as when he finally gave me a thousand dollars for one sheet of paper.

Mr. Wagner was not given to passing out free information if he thought it could ever be used against him. I have often wondered since whether he should have been annoyed that his parade of knowledge had cost him money, or gratified that it resulted in my finding the broadside at all.

IV

IF THE rare-book trade seems to you a fabulously profitable calling for a strange breed of adventurous yet profoundly learned beings, I can tell you why.

Every dealer who does not die broke (say one in five hundred) makes occasional big killings. Like me in these pages, he remembers and tells about the jackpots. Averaged out over a business lifetime, the killings melt down to a living wage, sweetened by the adventure of the chase. The adventure is there, no doubt of it.

And the learning is there, too, much of it or little, depending on its possessor. Fundamentally a bookseller or any dealer in antiquities has no capital, no equipment, nothing but his knowledge. A Philistine friend of mine once remarked that the only difference between Poe's *Tamerlane* in the original wrappers and a slightly defective copy of *Poems of Passion*, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is in the knowledge of the book-hunter who discovers them.

A bookseller who does not know what he's got has nothing—unless he knows where to find out. I have made money sometimes out of things I knew nothing about; but I used the jujitsu trick of taking the things to customers who did know, and letting the customers sell themselves.

When people talk about business and start proclaiming that you don't need any capital, it is very easy—and usually correct—to suspect them of living on an income. And if Dr. Rosenbach lays out \$38,000 for a small piece of paper, it may not seem very helpful for me to say you can go into the autograph business tomorrow with fifty cents.

But you can. If you know enough, you can even stay in business. The only obstacle is the cost of learning. In a pinch you can always find someone—a brother dealer or possibly a customer—to lend you the money for a sure cinch. All that's required of you is to recognize a sure cinch when you see it. You may not have a building as big as the Parke-Bernet Galleries, but neither will you have their payroll to meet.

The old-book business is rather like an iceberg: the shining peak is only a fraction the size of what's under water. The American dealers with mahogany-paneled shops and grilled bookcases containing *Pickwick* in the original parts can probably be counted on your fingers and toes. For every Rosenbach or George D. Smith there have to be a hundred feeders to keep those grilled bookcases full.

Suppose I start at the beginning. Where do old books come from? Where do they go to?

They come from the publishers as new books. Sometimes the publisher purposely makes or pretends to make them rare right then by issuing a limited edition. During the twenties there were dealers and "collectors" who simply bought the new limited editions indiscriminately as they were issued and turned them over like stock shares.

Much more likely the new books are not rare enough—the publisher prints too many. When he has sold all he can at the original price, he goes to a "remainder man," a wholesaler who lives on publishers' mistakes. The remainder man probably buys a thousand copies of *History of Corn County, Iowa*, a five-dollar book, for thirty-five cents apiece. He then sends out a catalogue to thousands of drug and department stores and a few second-hand bookshops, listing *Corn County* at seventy-five cents, along with two or three hundred other flops and ex-successes.

Then one of two things happens. The first is practically nothing: little by little copies of *Corn County* trickle away until the remainder man has four hundred left, which he sells for wastepaper.

The second is that some smart Americana man in Des Moines or Cedar Rapids (who has read the book, but of whom the original publisher has never heard) sends in an order for a hundred copies, and another hundred,

and another, until bingo, no more copies of *Corn County* are to be had. The smart Americana man has been sending out catalogues too, but not to department stores and not with a blurb saying, "Was \$5, now \$1.50." His catalogue goes to librarians and specialist booksellers (not secondhand stores) and Midwestern collectors. It says, "Among the finest of Midwestern local histories. Contains first printing of the pioneer journal of Gabriel Hornblower, a stranded Mormon emigrant. Out of print, but I can still supply clean copies at the original price of \$5."

If our man is very smart indeed, he quietly sits on the last ten copies, hoping he will live long enough to get \$15 each for them. He may not have to grow so very old at that. The WPA guide to North Dakota is worth that much right now, just because nobody wanted it at the time.

Well, some of the copies of *Corn County* have reached the bookshelves of private citizens in Los Angeles who want a memento of home, and a good many more have landed in bookshops and public or institutional libraries.

The bookshops—barring our Americana friend—soon tire of giving up shelf space to a dingy gray book with no jacket, and *Corn County* goes on the two-bit table. This is one chance for the hypothetical you to start in the rare-book business on limited capital. Supposedly you know that *Corn County* contains a Mormon narrative; you know where to find a copy for twenty-five cents; and you know someone in Salt Lake City who simply has to have every Mormon narrative in print. Percentagewise your profit will be a great deal larger than if you could afford to slug it out with Rosenbach for a Gutenberg Bible.

As for the library copies of *Corn County*, you can get those with a flashlight, a dust cloth, and a copy of *The Case of the Shoplifter's Shoe* as trade goods. For that much in trade you are rightfully entitled to a Howe's *Virginia Historical Collections* as well—published before the Civil War, and hence quite out of date.

That there might be anyone fool enough to pay \$25 for a copy is not the librarian's lookout; she knows about the real values of books.

The copies belonging to the Angelenos from Iowa also gather dust, and probably

don't get back into the book trade until half a generation later, when the daughters-in-law of the deceased call in the junk man to clear out the attic.

Obviously the mahogany-paneled book potentates can't search either Los Angeles attics or two-bit counters. For perhaps thirty years it won't be worth their while having a copy of *Corn County* on the premises anyway. But once it has aged on the shelf, they can pull in their needs through one of the most completely disorganized and smooth-working business structures in existence.

Since the machinery is smooth-working only when you know what button to press, I will take time to describe it.

THERE are a number of magazines, led in America by the weekly *Want List* and *Antiquarian Bookman*, that provide a sort of exchange and stock market. For ten or twenty cents a line you can run a list of books you happen to want.

Theoretically this sends the entire old-book trade scurrying to its shelves, thereafter to deluge you with post cards offering good, bad, and dilapidated copies of *Corn County* at prices from one to twenty dollars. (In case you should ever want to send out a quotation card, remember that it should carry the author's name, the title fully enough to avoid any possible confusion, the edition number if you know it, the place and date of publication, publisher, the condition with note of any appreciable defects, and the price you want for the book. Sometimes the size and number of pages are important.)

Actually the scurrying by the trade will not be so brisk. Books in want-list ads fall into three classes: the rarities, which the boys would rather sell to their own customers; the mildly out-of-the-way, three- to ten-dollar books, for which you will actually get some quotations at prices running from the afore-said one to twenty bucks; and the common, which are not worth a man's labor to find on the shelves, because he can't ask more than fifty cents for them anyway.

In the middle category you will have some offers and can pick the most advantageous—if the quoters have told you enough about the state of the book to allow a comparison.

At the back of the weekly trade magazines, also, are lists of books for sale. So far as I

can tell, these are much more eagerly scanned than the want lists. Every so often you find something you have long wanted, offered by someone who doesn't know or can't get what it's worth. However, the Books for Sale lists are always much shorter than the Books Wanted lists.

Behind the pages of the book-finding organs are a bewildering variety of book traders. Not only are there dealers who specialize in every subject you can think of—I don't mean just medicine or science or literature, but specialists in chess books, in weight lifting and strong men, in Utopian communities, in doll books, in government documents, in cigarette cards—but there are men who pursue these specialties in a dozen completely different ways, honest or dishonest.

First in the chain of distribution are the "scouts." They are the footloose book-hunters who actually dig in people's attics, paw over other dealers' ten-cent counters, and put up with the officiousness of librarians. A scout has no store, possibly at most an attic or shed, and in many cases no stock. He is the most conspicuous example of a bookseller with no capital but knowledge.

At first glance you might think he is purely parasitic; but far from it. Except for him, the books he finds in attics and libraries would mostly sleep like the dead. As for his purchases from other booksellers, he is famous for uncovering "sleepers." A sleeper is a fifty-dollar book priced at a dollar. Most sleepers occur just because no bookman, except Wilberforce Eames (who began life as a bookseller's clerk), can hope to know everything.

If I have spent sixty years learning to spot the word "Oregon" in Mexican pamphlets, I won't have had much time left to discover what books on archery command premium prices. Suppose I buy a library on hunting because it has some Western *Emigrant's Guides*; I needn't be unhappy when a scout pulls out the archery or the fox hunting at a dollar a volume. I could no doubt go to Ernest Gee myself and get five dollars each, but I am—or should be—too busy figuring out how to realize five hundred apiece on the *Emigrant's Guides*.

If I let the scout live, furthermore, he will come back to me with the Northwest Territory manuscripts he takes off some junk cart.

And I needn't be afraid he will go straight to my customer and cut me out, because 98 per cent of the time scouts sell only to booksellers and to each other. Having no capital, the scout can't afford distribution costs: he buys, cheap, whatever he knows a bookseller friend will buy from him. And he expects the bookseller to get at least twice the scout's price for what he buys. Of course there are exceptions.

On a thousand-dollar item both the scout and the bookseller may be glad to make a quick hundred bucks for little work. A \$25 book leaves little enough margin for anyone even if the scout gets the book free, considering the many days when he sees no book worth five cents.

Some scouts operate through the book-finding magazines entirely, guiding themselves by the books wanted, and periodically cleaning house with a long for-sale list.

Next after the scouts are the mimeograph booksellers. They very often have no shop except the back room at home; they may serve as their own scouts (which I and many others have had the time of our lives doing). Their chief asset is a mailing list of customers, to whom they send out mimeographed lists or catalogues periodically. That kind of business means some specialization—so that one customer will eventually buy more than one book—and it generally means a considerable share of library sales. The mimeograph dealer can afford to quote rather lower prices than a man with high rent or expensively printed catalogues.

At the same time, really fancy rarities are not constantly appearing on his horizon. The good, serviceable, mildly uncommon books that libraries want make up a large part of his store.

The catalogue dealer is one step up the social ladder. With the present-day price of printing, any book he catalogues at less than a couple of dollars must be regarded as a loss leader, even if he got it for nothing, as he very probably did, tossed in with some tidbit that he paid good money for. Furthermore, in setting his catalogue prices he must take into account that even a catalogue made in heaven will hardly move more than 40 per cent of the items it lists. Each book sold has to pay for the cataloguing of one and a half books still on hand.

V

THAT, roughly, is how the trade operates. As to how a trader should operate, what I consider the very foundation of successful rare-bookselling may seem to you a rather childish attainment. I mean knowing the mere physical appearance of wanted books. With all the reference volumes in the world but without a trained eye and a keen memory, you had better sell coal instead of books.

Even in my old age I can call titles off a bookseller's shelf (unless, of course, they have been rebound) from at least twenty feet away. Between sheer memory and an eye for physical appearance, you can go a long way with almost no other equipment.

It's a long step from scouting to appraising libraries, but if you stay in the business and work at it as I did, the time does come. Not infrequently I am called in to appraise, instead of buy, a library and my appraisal on the collection of Vilhjalmur Stefansson was beyond all comparison the longest and also the most interesting one I ever made.

If I simply say that Stef has made the world's greatest collection of material concerning the Arctic and the northern countries, I shall probably give the impression that he has a lot of stories about ships frozen in the ice. Actually the collection covers the entire social, physical, and economic life and history of nearly a third of the globe. Stef has kept himself poor for most of his lifetime by unremitting devotion to those books.

I once heard him say to one of his secretaries, "I've got to go on a trip. Will you cash me a check for two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"But, Mr. Stefansson, we haven't got two hundred and fifty dollars."

"How can that be?"

"Don't you remember that you told me yesterday to pay the back book bills? I drew out twenty-five hundred for that."

I found a shelf of books on falconry, and asked Stef why he had bought them.

"Well," he explained, "in the days when the nobility hunted with falcons, they used the white falcon, which was a royal bird for kings, secular princes, and their opposite numbers in the Church. . . . the white falcon of Iceland and Greenland was so valuable

that generally it was not sold but was given as a princely gift, a recognized and proper kind of bribery. Falcons were also used for kingly ransoms."

The contents of the collection are enough to take your breath away, but the real expense, and the real value, come from the fact that Stef has cross-indexed every page in every volume he owns. You look in his card index under "whales," and you can turn to the right page in more than three hundred different books or magazines. I am sure this indexing has cost more than the books did.

(The New York Public Library used to figure that it cost them \$2.50 to shelve any book that was given to them free. And I remember once seeing Alfred Potter at the Harvard library tell an accession clerk to order the entire contents of some German catalogue. This was just after World War I, during the German inflation, but even so I was somewhat startled. "Why," said Potter, "it's cheaper to buy them than to check the catalogue and see if we have them.")

The collection has some thousands of magazines, normally worth a nickel apiece, each containing some sort of article on the north. On the strength of the indexing, I decided arbitrarily that each magazine was going to be worth a dollar.

Occasionally Stef would come in and look over my shoulder while I was at work. I put down two little German books on whaling at \$250.

"Charlie, that's ridiculous," he objected. "I paid fifty cents apiece for them."

"All right, can I have them for three hundred?"

"Oh, I can't win an argument with you! Get on with your work."

I look back on this job with considerable satisfaction, because I do not think there are three other people alive who could have done the job so well. Even so, I would have been utterly lost without Stef's wife Evelyn, whose knowledge of languages made it possible for me to tell what I was doing.

About every half-hour during the twenty-two days I spent on the appraisal, I was shocked by the discovery of some item quite unknown to bibliographers. I remember one

twenty-four-page pamphlet in Latin, printed in Germany, which was undoubtedly the first doctoral dissertation on the Northwest Passage. Then again there was a Russian atlas, one of the rarest in the world. Stef's copy, however, was accompanied by a second volume showing sailing routes. This kind of thing kept me in a state of perpetual amazement.

I don't like to mention my final, total appraisal, partly because I am afraid it may be much too low. I have always considered it an axiom that any reasonably good collection is worth at least 20 per cent more than its component parts, but Stef's collection may easily be worth twice as much.

LOOKING back over five decades of scouting, buying, selling, appraising, I find the net result is a few hundred old books and glorious memories. When I stop to wonder about the money that poured through my hands, I guess it must have been the landlords and the printers and the promising friends that took it.

The best I can do is let Frank Dobie write my epilogue:

We all met in your office at Dauber & Pine's in March 1931—Dellenbaugh, Stefansson, Hodge, and myself. I don't recollect so much of the conversation, but the geniality and warmth of the company, led by our host, remains with me so vividly that my spirits rise now remembering it. . . .

Never was a merrier host than you, Charlie. When I read 'Master Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson,' I think of that company.

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that
have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life . . .

And, when we were gone
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the next two companies
Right witty.

Frank.

Seventeen Storeys Down

A Story by Faith McNulty

Drawings by Dorothy Cole Ruddick

AT 10:45 on a bright, cold Tuesday morning Margaret Robinson, twenty-seven-year-old housewife, took the sterilizer containing the bottles and paraphernalia for her baby's formula off the stove in the kitchen of her apartment on East 72nd Street in New York City. She placed the sterilizer on the kitchen table to cool and put a pot of water over the gas flame. She thought of making the bed during the few minutes before the water boiled, but instead lit a cigarette and walked to the window in the dinette just off the kitchen.

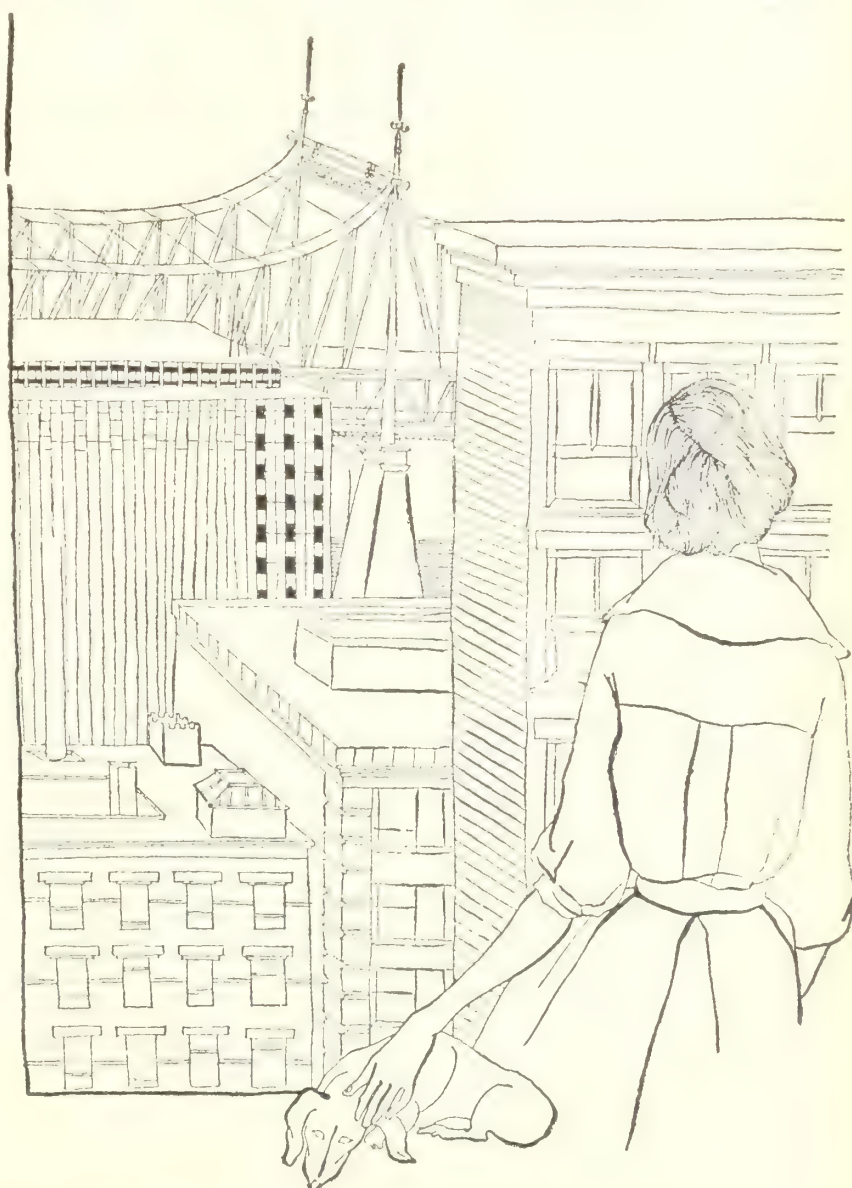
Timmy, the dachshund, followed her and jumped up on the low window seat. Together they looked down on the street, seventeen storeys below.

"Too cold to take Johnny out," she thought. "People are holding their hats and bending against the wind . . . bits of paper flying around. I must get Johnny a better cap . . . one that won't slip over one ear."

The view was so familiar she could see it with her eyes closed and yet she often stood and gazed out the window, as she was doing now.

To the left she looked across the black tar rooftops of tenements for half a mile or so till her eye came to a high brick building, a new hospital. Be-

hind it rose the towers of the Queensboro bridge and beyond that she could glimpse the roofs of low buildings on the other side of the river in Queens. Directly opposite her, on the other side of 72nd Street, was a high



apartment building like her own, blocking her view, but to the right was another clear stretch of low roofs ending in apartments somewhere in the sixties. One of them had a roof garden with a tree, a real tree, growing on top of it. Looking down she could see



the sidewalk, the liquor store, the movie house, the canopy of the apartment building opposite, the flower shop, the laundry. A Department of Sanitation truck was parked by the laundry and its crew was dumping barrels of ashes into the truck while clouds of ash swirled like smoke over their heads.

Timmy was looking down at the street. Now he whined and rubbed his nose on the windowpane. He hated Department of Sanitation men and at this height he was at his most courageous. Margaret rubbed his neck affectionately.

The windows of the dinette and of the adjoining living room were wide and high and, because the apartment was on the top floor, they caught the sun for more than half the day. The long, distant view gave Margaret a feeling of isolation from the life of the city below, like living in an eagle's nest, she sometimes thought. She had come to love the days of sunny solitude with Johnny and Timmy, days in which she worked easily and productively while they waited for Mat to come home. Standing at the window Margaret felt again the satisfaction in her home for which she was so grateful.

Something, perhaps it was the tree growing so weirdly on the skyline, made her think of the country, and how much she wanted to take Johnny there next summer. She longed to see him sitting on clean grass, his fat little body bare and brown in the sun. Would he be too small for the beach, she wondered. No, he'd be a year in August and he could crawl in the sand. Mat would love taking him to the beach.

Johnny made a talking sound in his room at the back of the apartment. It reminded her of the pot on the stove, the formula to be finished, and his lunch to be made. She walked back to the kitchen. Timmy followed, his nails clicking on the linoleum. Margaret looked at her watch. It was 10:52. She was pouring canned milk into a graduate of boiled water, counting the ounces, when she first heard the siren.

THE sound was a wailing, up-and-down sound like a fire engine. Her first thought was not alarm, but puzzlement. Were they testing the signals today? She hadn't seen any notice in the papers. The sound grew, wailing more and more urgently. She finished pouring the milk and stood still for a moment listening.

Margaret felt a tremor of fear, not real fear, but the fear which springs from the imagination, the sort of fear one feels at a movie thriller. "How horrible," she thought, "some-day to be standing here like this and hear that sound and know it's the real thing."

She walked quickly to the window and pushed open the casement. The high, thrilling siren scream rushed in at her. It came from everywhere and filled the sky. She looked down and saw that people in the street

below had stopped walking and were looking up at the sky. A man's hat blew off and he didn't turn to look after it. Then a man started to run. He dashed into the entrance of the apartment building. A car stopped abruptly and two people ran into the laundry leaving the car doors open behind them. Suddenly everyone on the street was running. A woman fell down. People ran past her. A new sound was added as a police car came shrieking through. The policemen were leaning out and waving their arms, motioning drivers to pull up at the curb.

Margaret turned from the window and ran through the kitchen to the baby's room. Timmy started to bark and ran beside her yapping, his feet drumming on the polished floor.

Johnny lay on his back in his crib, his cotton night dress rumpled up under his arms. He smiled and waved his arms when he saw her. Margaret snatched him up and held him. "Oh God, he's soaking wet," she thought. She stood beside the crib with the baby in her arms and realized she didn't know what to do next.

In here, with the windows closed, the siren was fainter, but she could still hear it; mechanical, disembodied, terrifying. The room seemed peaceful, still. The bathinette with neatly piled diapers underneath, Johnny's blue sleeping bag folded on a chair, a doll made of blue beads hanging from a knob on the dresser, all were calm and reassuring.

The voice of the siren was sinking and as she listened the sound diminished to a sort of sobbing and trailed off to a silence.

Margaret thought: "This could be a raid. It's possible. If it is, we have eight minutes. Eight minutes before they get here." She looked at the window and the blank, white sky beyond.

In her mind's eye she saw a tiny speck in the sky, a tiny speck somewhere in the stratosphere, growing bigger and bigger, bearing down relentlessly, rushing at her. She pictured the glass shattering and the walls of the room flying apart and the floor disappearing beneath her. She clutched the baby's warm, damp body. "We've got to get out of here," she said.

She ran to the hallway and pressed the elevator button and stood there with the baby heavy in her arms. She thought of Mat.

Where was Mat? Was he at the office? Had he gone out on a job? If the bomb fell and New York was half a ruin, streets blocked, buildings tumbled down, how would they find each other again? Where was her sister? Was she in that rickety apartment or out someplace where she could get into a good, solid basement?

The elevator shaft was silent, the green doors blank and impenetrable. Timmy sniffed at the crack between them. Margaret felt the dampness of the baby against her arm and realized suddenly that he was wearing only his cotton nightgown. Suppose she had to go out on the street. He'd freeze to death. She had no coat. She had on high heels. They'd make it difficult to walk any distance. She ran back to the baby's room and grabbed two blankets from his bed.

Then she thought of Johnny's food. Suppose she couldn't get back to the apartment. In a few hours he would be screaming with hunger. She ran to the kitchen, Timmy clicking along behind her. She held Johnny clutched against her with her left hand and with her right began pouring the formula into the bottles.

The elevator rattled and she heard the doors clanking open. She recognized the voice of old William, the elevator man. "Mrs. Robinson!" he shouted. "Mrs. Robinson! Air Raid! Come quick!"

"I'm coming," she shouted back and fumbled with the nipple and cap for the bottle. It was impossible to screw the cap on with one hand and she bent down and put the baby on the floor. His head banged as she released him. His eyes widened in surprise and then he began to howl.

"Mrs. Robinson! I can't wait!" William screamed. His voice was almost breaking. "It's orders. I can't wait!"

"I'm coming," she shouted and bent to pick up Johnny. As she straightened up she heard the doors clang shut and the whir of the descending elevator.

IN HER arms Johnny stopped crying. Silence filled the apartment. No street sounds came through the wide casement windows. Through them she saw again the blank, white sky and a sob of panic rose in her throat. She caught Johnny around the middle with her right arm and with her left hand

grasped the blankets and a bottle. She turned to the kitchen door and, half-balancing Johnny on her hip, managed to open it.

The stairway was silent too. She saw steep iron stairs leading down, lighted at the landing by a high window of frosted glass that shed a cold, dusty light on the olive-green paint of the stair well. Margaret started down the stairs. "How long to go down seventeen flights," she thought. "Five or six minutes. But even halfway down it will be safer than up here."

Halfway down the first flight she heard the telephone ringing in her apartment. She slowed her step and almost came to a halt. Mat? A picture of Mat rose in her mind. It was so vivid he was almost tangible. She wanted intensely to hear his voice. As the ringing came again she felt as if he were pleading with her to speak to him. She reached the landing, stopped, and looked up. The ringing stopped. She realized her vision was blurred and tears were running down her face. She started down the next flight.

She found it very difficult to go down with any speed. Her arms were too burdened to hold the rail and her high heels scraped on the stairs. At the next landing she paused and kicked off her shoes before going on. In her stocking feet she was surer-footed, but the corrugations of the stair treads bit into the soles of her feet.

Her descending steps began to take on a rhythm and she found herself growing a little calmer. How much time had passed, she wondered, since the siren sounded. Seven minutes? Eight minutes? Surely more than that. If it was coming it should be here now. Or any second. She looked at the high, blank window on the landing below her and pictured it shivering into glittering needles of glass. If it came while she was approaching the window, the glass would come straight at her. And Johnny. If it came as she turned past the window she would get it in the back. But if it came just before she turned the corner to go down the next flight she would be protected.

At the next corner, as she turned her back to the window, her shoulders hunched a little and her back prickled with fear.

She went on. With the jolting of her steps Johnny was slipping down on her hip and she had to keep hitching him up. Her right arm

ached from his weight. At the next landing she glimpsed a number on an apartment door. Twelve. She had gone five flights.

The thought of Timmy came to her. He wasn't with her. She must have shut him in when she bolted from the kitchen. She felt a wave of pity and guilt. Dear Timmy. She pictured him in the empty apartment running from door to door, sniffing at the cracks and whining.

The tenth floor landing was next. Her burdens were slipping and the ache in her arms made her stop. She shifted Johnny to her left shoulder, draped the blankets over her right and held the bottle in her right hand against Johnny's back. She started again and with her left arm free to hold the rail the going was easier.

Approaching the eighth floor she heard a metallic, mumbling voice below and as she reached the landing realized it came from a radio inside the apartment. She heard the words ". . . an attack on New York City. A general alert was sounded at ten. . . ." The voice became a mumble as she left it behind and she couldn't get the rest of the sentence.

Seven. Six. Five. She was doing well. The tears were dry on her face. Her heart pounded steadily with exertion, but the tightness of panic was leaving her. She became aware of a drumming sound in the stairwell below her. A moment later she realized it was the sound of other descending feet. She hurried her step. She wanted to reach the people below.

Four. Three. Two. My God, I'm almost down, she thought. And it hasn't happened yet. Nothing has happened. By now she could hear voices below. Relief came over her. I'm a fool, she thought, a panicky fool. I almost went to pieces.

She was at the bottom of the stairs. They ended in a small landing and a heavy green door. A man was holding the door open. She could see a mass of people in the lobby beyond and hear a clatter of voices.

At the last step she felt her legs giving away and she sat down suddenly on the stairs.

The man holding the door glanced at her and smiled. She recognized him dimly as a tenant with whom she had occasionally shared the elevator.

"Have a long trip?" he asked.

Margaret nodded. "Seventeen," she said.

"Quite a walk," the man said sympathetically.

Her leg muscles were vibrating with the release of strain. She shifted Johnny to her lap and put the bottle of milk on the step beside her. Her hands were shaking too.

"You'll have a Charley horse tomorrow," the man said. He seemed perfectly composed and suddenly Margaret felt safe.

"What's happening?" she asked.

The man shrugged. "Nobody knows," he said. "Maybe something's coming. Maybe not this time. Radio said it was the real thing. That's all anybody knows. Good practice anyway."

He paused. "Say, would you mind moving into the lobby? I'm not supposed to let people gather on the stairs."

Margaret nodded and gathered up Johnny and the bottle and the blankets. She got to her feet painfully and unsteadily and walked through the door into the lobby. It was jammed with people. Everybody she had ever seen in the apartment building was there and many who looked strange to her. She pushed through the crowd toward the elevator. A fat woman sitting on a bench against the wall rose when she saw the baby in her arms and motioned her to sit down. Margaret sat down. She was too tired to look around. She just held Johnny and sat.

A few minutes later she heard the clatter of voices around her grow louder and the pitch higher. She lifted her head and faintly heard the sound of a siren. It grew louder, the note high and steady. "All Clear!" voices called, "All Clear!" Margaret half rose. She started to laugh and then sank back on the bench.

THERE was the bustle of movement in the crowded lobby. People were surging past her into the elevator. The doors clanged and the machinery whirred. The siren still sounded its steady triumphant note. A moment later the elevator returned, the doors opened and a voice cried "No rush now. Take it easy. Women and children first." Someone grasped her arm. She got up and was pushed into the elevator.

The doors closed and the elevator rose. As

it passed the first floor she realized with relief that it was going straight to the top. She was jammed against the wall behind the operator. She recognized William's narrow head and sparse grey hair. The memory of his slamming the doors, calling out, "I can't wait, Mrs. Robinson," filled her with sudden resentment. In front of her she recognized Mrs. Randall, the woman with four boys. The children were pressed against the gate, all holding onto each other, as close as sheep in a fold.

The elevator reached the top and the doors opened. She shoved through onto her landing and opened the door into her apartment. Timmy leaped at her, wriggling and barking. Margaret stood at the entrance to the living room and looked around her with a sense of amazement as if she had been away on a long trip. Everything was as it had been, serene and unchanged. The newspapers on the table, the pillows rumpled on the sofa, sunshine coming in the big windows. All familiar, all hers, the only home she had, and all of it unsubstantial, fragile, as precarious as a swallows' nest clinging to a crevice in a cliff. It came to Margaret, as she stood there, that never would this, her home, feel safe to her again.



The Critics in the Aisle Seats

John Houseman

THAT criticism comes easier than craftsmanship is an axiom as old as human culture. Little love has been lost through the centuries between the creative artist and the "criticizing elves" who undertake to judge his work for pay. Nowhere has this tension run higher than in the theater, for nowhere is creative work so directly or so materially affected by the impact of critical opinion. And seldom, in theatrical history, has the cry of "Foul!" sounded as shrilly or as frequently as it does on Broadway today.

Our theater is strangled in a bottleneck. That bottleneck is made up of a group of men who are hired to report the events of our stage and who more and more are acquiring powers which, as a group, they are not qualified to exercise—either by their training or by their taste. And it is increasingly becoming the case that these men are deciding what plays are given hearings, what plays make up the institution which is our theater, and what plays are never given a chance to find their audience. . . .

More than five years have passed since these words appeared, one morning, in a paid advertisement on the drama page of the *New*

York Times. Since its signatories, Elia Kazan and Harold Clurman, are today among the most consistently and generously appreciated figures in our theater, they have had little occasion, lately, to repeat their protest. Other smarting producers, though sharing their indignation, have not emulated their audacity.

The deathbed of an unsuccessful play is not the most propitious platform from which to launch a reform movement against the current structure of show business. The practical effects of the "Truckline Café" manifesto were nil. Yet its point is as valid and its charges are, in some respects, even better founded in 1951 than they were in 1946: (1) on Broadway today, the critics' authority is absolute; (2) their verdict is virtually without appeal; (3) such despotic power in the hands of so few men, no matter how honest or competent they may be, endangers the health and jeopardizes the future of the American theater.

IN MOST metropolitan societies there have existed certain accredited individuals, supposed experts, whose published judgments have tended to predispose their readers, for better or worse, toward newly presented

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works of art. In the theater, especially, critics have been perpetually active and frequently potent. Yet theatrical history abounds with instances of plays that either ignored or defied their disapproval. In recent years on Broadway, there have been a number of such rebels—not only “Abie’s Irish Rose” or “Hellzapoppin” or even “Tobacco Road” (which has a very peculiar economic history all its own), but also plays of serious content and artistic pretension.

Such a play was “The Old Maid,” adapted by Zoë Akins from a novel by Edith Wharton, which opened at the Empire Theater under the management of Harry Moses in the first week of January 1935. With one exception, the next morning’s reviews ranged from mediocre to poor.

This adverse reception was soon translated into meager business. From \$10,500 the opening week, receipts fell to around \$9,000 the second, and below \$8,000 the third. But the producer of the play was an obstinate man who had come into the theater by way of the ladies’ garment business. Besides his natural loyalty to the production of his bosom, he had a passionate faith in “The Old Maid” as a Woman’s Play. He had some experience in merchandising and, above all, he was risking his own money.

So he persevered.

Around the end of the first month, his faith was rewarded by a 30 per cent jump in business. For the next ten weeks receipts hung between \$10,000 and \$12,000 a week. At this figure the show could live. Then, one spring morning, “The Old Maid” received the Pulitzer Prize as the best American play of the year. The gross immediately leaped to \$16,000 and continued that way into the dog days. The critics’ indignation over the award, the cries of “absurd” and “incredible,” all left the happy producer quite unmoved. With a record of over three hundred Broadway performances and a substantial motion-picture sale on his books, Harry Moses found himself, in the fall of 1935, not merely vindicated, but also richer by many thousands of dollars.

That same year offered another, even more striking instance of survival: that of a poetic drama by one of America’s best-known playwrights. Following an opening night which, according to the *New York Times*, “did not communicate the beat and heat of glorious

drama,” the critics were of two minds, and the reviews of “Winterset” were decidedly mixed.

A fortnight later, genuinely concerned with the future of poetic drama on the local stage, a number of critics reviewed the play a second time, more favorably than before. (This reversal was based, admittedly, upon a reading of the script with which a thoughtful management had meantime supplied them.)

“Winterset” ran at the Martin Beck Theater for many months and its backers received a substantial profit on their investment. But more was to come. In April of the following year, when the newly formed New York Drama Critics’ Circle met in an upper room of the Algonquin Hotel to bestow its first annual award for the best play of the year, the choice of these same critics fell, by a clear majority of fourteen to three, upon “Winterset.”

Author Maxwell Anderson, in his speech of acceptance, “criticized the Pulitzer Prize as lacking the authority of the Critics’ Award,” thus helping to set up that very bottleneck of “critical authority” which the producers of his own play, “Truckline Café,” were so bitterly condemning ten years later.

DURING the late thirties and well into the early forties a producer could, with courage or luck or skill, defy a measure of critical condemnation. But within the decade 1935-1945 a drastic change was taking place in the economy of the Broadway theater. By 1945 the critics’ verdict had become absolute, irrevocable, and almost instant in its execution. The records of the past five years reveal no single significant example of a Broadway management’s successfully challenging a predominantly adverse critical verdict.

II

THE sources of the critics’ present formidable power are not mysterious. They fall into two distinct yet related categories:

(1) *Economic*. With theatrical costs at their current extravagant level (both production and running costs having risen out of all proportion to potential receipts), no play can expect to live long on Broadway unless, on

the morning after its opening, it is formally received into the small but blessed company of the hits. Mixed notices are hardly less difficult to survive than all bad ones. "If it's not a hit, it's a flop" is a repulsive maxim; but the canyons of Broadway are littered with the whitened bones of those who have tried to disprove it.

Musicals might seem, at first sight, to be in a class by themselves. With a pre-opening sale of over a half million dollars—acquired through the established fame of its component parts—a big-name musical may coast along for a while in the face of almost unanimous critical disappointment. But this appearance of prosperity is illusory. Half a million dollars' worth of presold tickets represents a lot of paying customers—but not enough to keep a Broadway musical running for long. No matter how strong the initial impetus may be, it is still impossible, without substantial critical support, to generate and sustain the titanic enthusiasm required to get the present-day monster musical off the ground.

Time was when the average drama could survive if it played to only a few thousand people a week. If it played to 75,000 customers in all, its chances of paying off were good. Today the audience required to get a production out of the red is nearer a quarter of a million for a drama, three quarters of a million for a musical. And since the total number of New York theater-goers has shrunk rather than grown in the past twenty years, the current Broadway pattern has assumed this curious shape: on the one hand, fewer theaters, fewer shows, fewer theater-goers; on the other, smash hits of a magnitude and runs of a duration unknown to earlier times.

Today, with good reason, the entire Broadway mechanism (be it "Guys and Dolls" or "King Lear" that is in the works) is geared to the concept of the Big Gamble—its outcome dependent upon one single factor: the impression made upon a handful of newspapermen on the night of the show's first Broadway performance.

(2) *Cultural*. This is a time of centralized power and surrendered authority. "Never before have so many people searched so desperately for guidance as today" is true not only of science, religion, and politics. The

same "anxious turning to guides and oracles" characterizes most recent developments in the realms of business and culture. The consumers' concentration upon the publicized *product* and the nationally advertised *brand* finds its cultural counterpart in the pre-selected *best seller* and the *smash hit* of Show Business. In the theater this audience inertia coincides with a shrinking market; two evils which grow by feeding on each other.

Gone are the days when New York theatergoers had seventy playhouses and more than two hundred productions a year to choose from. Today there are fewer than two dozen theaters in Manhattan, and an average of seventy productions a season. The social habit of regular, selective theater-going has all but vanished from our city's cultural life.

It is a safe guess that of the three-quarters of a million persons who paid to see "A Streetcar Named Desire" during its New York run, less than half were regular theater-goers. The rest were in there "catching a hit," from motives that have more to do with herd behavior than with individual theatrical curiosity. In the great spiral of success that culminated in a national attendance of over two million, what was the prime mover? What set off the original explosion from which this great chain reaction ultimately developed, and turned a modest opening on the stage of a shabby Manhattan playhouse into an international enterprise? The hurriedly written reviews of nine New York newspapermen!*

III

IT WAS the frequently expressed opinion of George Bernard Shaw that the critic should pay for his own theater tickets.

* Not all the dramatic criticism in America, of course, is written on the banks of the Hudson River. Boston has a number of respectable critics; so does Philadelphia. But theirs is usually the unenviable job of reviewing either road companies of established New York successes or half-baked, loosely-basted productions in their try-out stages. Chicago, once a theatrical center with high critical standards, has today a whirlwind, one-woman dictatorship of the city's musical and theatrical taste in the person of Claudia Cassidy of the *Tribune*, who takes legitimate pride in asserting her independence of Broadway opinions. But, since almost all commercial production nowadays originates in New York and is intended primarily for Broadway showing, it is with the New York critics first and last that the authority lies.

This is not the practice on Broadway. With every show that opens some three hundred seats are set aside for the press. (Each critic receives not one, but a pair of seats, presumably on the assumption that he will be more serene and benevolent if accompanied by his wife or other companion of his choice.) Fifty-four names figure on the first-night press list. The *New York Times* has a total allotment of seven pairs of seats. The *Herald Tribune* and the *Daily News* get five apiece; other important dailies, four or three. Among those on the list are four wire services, two Newark papers, George Jean Nathan, *Cue*, *Time*, *Retailing*, the *Morning Telegraph*, the *New Yorker*, *Vogue*, *Women's Wear Daily*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the two major radio networks. The second-night list carries between ninety and one hundred names.

Yet of these three hundred persons who receive free admissions to Broadway shows, the number of those who exert a direct and immediate influence upon the economic (and artistic) destinies of the productions they cover does not exceed two dozen.

This roughly coincides with the membership of the New York Drama Critics' Circle which, as its main public function, bestows annual awards in three categories for the best drama, musical, and foreign play of the season.

Further proceedings of the Critics' Circle are described thus by one of its founders and leading members*:

Members of the Circle ask only two things: (1) to have the full right to personal opinion and, (2) not to have to associate socially. After the votes have been taken in a workmanlike manner, one member proposes that the Circle meet regularly once a month at luncheon. A feeling of panic sweeps across the room. The prospect, not of talking to a critic, which is enviable, but of listening to a critic, which is unbearable, alarms everyone. The motion is voted down with a roar of horror and outrage.

For balloting purposes each member of the Circle has an equal vote. This equality does not apply to their reviews, however. Between

the weight of Brooks Atkinson's notice in the *New York Times* and that of Thomas Dash in the *Daily News Record*, the ratio is, at a conservative estimate, one thousand to one.

HERE, in their most general categories, are the various types of notices that follow an opening: First, in a power-class by themselves, are the nine accredited reviewers of the metropolitan dailies—the five morning and four evening papers.

The morning papers are the most important. They are read first and they have, by far, the larger total circulation. Dominating the field is the *New York Times* with the largest "quality" circulation in the city: half a million on weekdays, one million on Sundays.

In the same class, but of lesser circulation, is the *Herald Tribune*. A show with both of these in its favor is off to a good start.

In recent years they have tended to disagree wherever disagreement seemed possible and often where it did not. This has given an additional weight to the verdict of the *Daily News*, with its monster circulation of in excess of two million on weekdays and four million on Sundays. As a tabloid catering to an audience of somewhat lower cultural and economic standing than the *Times* and *Tribune*, the *News* cannot, by itself, assure a hit. Combined with either of them, it is a potent force.

Of the other influential papers, the *Brooklyn Eagle* has a limited coverage, and the *Compass*, with a distinguished critic in the person of Arthur Pollock, has a somewhat special and diminutive circulation.

The tabloid *Mirror* has a critic of small personal influence; it is read in the main by non-theater-going people. The same is true of the city's other Hearst paper, the *Journal-American*.

Among the afternoon papers, the most potent is the *Post* with a circulation of almost four hundred thousand and a critic with a substantial personal following: Richard Watts. The merged *World-Telegram and Sun* has a large circulation but its readers are likely, by afternoon, to have had their minds made up for them by the *Times* or *Tribune*, and its critic, William Hawkins, is unlikely to change them.

* *Once Around the Sun* by Brooks Atkinson. Harcourt, Brace, 1951.

Next to the dailies in point of time are the wire services which carry word of important openings to hundreds of local papers the country over. They tend to reflect the aggregate opinion of the metropolitan press. So do the radio reporters who actually get the first word out to the public of New York and its environs, but whose influence is fairly negligible.

Not so that of the leading weeklies, which either by virtue of their vast coverage (*Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, etc.) or through the quality of their writing (*Saturday Review*, *New Yorker*, *New Republic*, etc.) play a considerable part in shaping national opinion. Since their reports are somewhat delayed and scattered, they do not immediately affect a play's business; their final effect, that of broadening the base and consolidating the massive edifice of a Broadway hit, is potent but indirect.

Columnists, too, contribute to this process of consolidation. Though they are, collectively, under suspicion of egomania, backscratching, and frequent irresponsibility, it remains a matter of historic record that Walter Winchell successfully championed "Hellzapoppin" against the unanimous contumely of the city's drama critics.

Last but not least are the "trades" (especially *Variety*) whose theater reports, although unread by the general public, are of

high quality and of vital importance to the professional elements involved.

IV

IT is true, then, what they said about Broadway: That the power of theatrical life and death is today vested in those nine newspapermen who, in any particular season, happen to occupy the positions of drama critics on the principal daily newspapers of New York City.

What manner of men these drama critics are, and how they exercise an authority which economic circumstances, rather than their own ambition, has thrust upon them must be the subjects of our next inquiry.

We might begin by dispelling three major fallacies:

First—that the New York drama critics are venal.

They are not. While their victims and detractors may claim and adduce evidence to the effect that certain critics, on certain occasions, have shown themselves to be ignorant, stuffy, prejudiced, vindictive, bigoted, somnolent, guilty of log-rolling, and under the influence of alcohol, it is simply not true that a good notice on a New York daily can be acquired by bribery, direct or indirect, or through influence, or by pressure upon the

For a more statistical understanding of the Broadway reviewing system, the following parlor game is suggested—for amusement only. Anyone may play, with between \$75,000 and \$300,000 of other peoples' money.

"HIT OR FLOP"

Scoring: For unequivocally good notices, ADD, for middling-to-bad notices, DEDUCT, the number of points indicated below.

<i>New York Times</i>	50 points
<i>Herald Tribune</i>	35 "
<i>Daily News</i>	35 "
<i>Post</i>	20 "
<i>World-Telegram and Sun</i>	20 "
<i>Mirror</i>	10 "
<i>Journal</i>	10 "
<i>Compass</i>	6 "
<i>Brooklyn Eagle</i>	6 "

For Weekend Follow-ups—depending on whether the critic's considered opinion is more or less favorable than his original notice—ADD or DEDUCT:

<i>New York Times</i> (Sunday)	20 points
<i>Herald Tribune</i> (Sunday)	10 "
<i>Sunday News</i>	10 "
<i>Post</i> (Weekend Edition)	3 "
<i>Journal-American</i> (George Jean Nathan's Monday column)	1 "

Results are computed as follows:

125 or higher.....SMASH
75 or higher.....TECHNICAL HIT
50 or higher.....PRETTY HOPELESS
Anything less.....CLOSE SATURDAY

For confirmation check with next week's *Variety*.

"Hit or Flop"—A Parlor Game

advertising department. That sometimes, on one or other of our more arbitrarily conducted papers, the critic may have been subjected to some form of editorial pressure is possible—but difficult to prove.*

Second—that the critics, directly or through their women, forgather in the lobby between acts and compare notes.

They do not. (*Vide* above: "Proceedings of the Drama Critics' Circle.")

Third—that members of the New York Drama Critics' Circle are malevolent theater-haters, cawing like gluttoned vultures over a stricken field of ruinous failures.

This is the silliest of all. To a man, the New York critics are desperately anxious to promote the impression of glamour and excitement emanating from their journalistic beat. Every fall as the new season comes limping onto the Broadway stage, the critics lean forward in their seats, with bated breath and fingers itching to welcome the season's first theatrical thrill. Similarly, after a long mid-season stretch of gloom and ineptitude, at the faintest glimmer of theatrical quality, the drama critics behave like Eskimos greeting the sun.

Now and then, of course, the temptations to malice are irresistible. But the plain truth is that the critics dread the prospect of a bad play and hate to sit through it, just as sports writers hate to witness an ineffectual prize fight or a crime reporter loathes a dull trial. The drama critics love the theater—if only in self-protection.

Consider their schedule. In the thirty-odd weeks of the theatrical season, the critics normally cover between sixty and eighty productions. At the peak of the season they may be seeing between three and five shows a week, ranging from dramas and comedies to "experimental" ventures and musical spectacles.

Each of these must be attended between 8:00 and 10:30 P.M. After that, within less than an hour's lapsed time, from portal to portal, they are expected to produce a piece several hundred words long, written in some

kind of style, conveying with some clarity the subject matter, the artistic quality, the individual elements, and a general personal impression of the work just witnessed. Is it any wonder that the notices turned out under such conditions sometimes fail to compare favorably with the major works of critical literature?

INDEED, applied to this particular operation, the word criticism is a misnomer. The function performed by these men, under such conditions, is less that of critics than of reporters—reporters of artistic occurrences if you will, but of news events nevertheless. Several attempts have been made to postpone the publication of theatrical reviews until the second morning after the première, thus allowing the men who cover the show to prepare a more cogent estimate of the work in question. Every such attempt has been blocked on the grounds that last night's opening is a news event, and that news delayed for so much as twenty-four hours is stale news and therefore unacceptable both to the editor and to the readers of a metropolitan newspaper.

What the reader of the drama page of a New York daily paper is looking for is not a well-documented aesthetic evaluation of a dramatic performance which he has not seen; he wants to be told in terms that he can easily understand what last night's show was about, how it looked, how it was acted, and whether at six dollars a ticket he should take his wife—or anyone else—to see it.

The New York drama critic is his readers' chosen representative in the playhouse on opening night. Brooks Atkinson, for a quarter of a century drama critic of the *New York Times*, misses no opportunity of restating this point of view. "A play-goer of this generation"; "this theater-goer"; "one theater-goer who does not understand"; "a speculative theater-goer"; "a reluctantly churlish theater-goer"; "a literal-minded theater-goer": these are phrases culled at random from his notices over the years. Rarely does the personal view assert itself until after this initial reportorial task has been accomplished. "Having duly rendered a report, this column would now like to make a few grave remarks. . . ." Thus the critic reconciles his personal integrity with a scrupulous discharge

* One instance that comes to mind is the evident bias with which certain productions of the Federal Theater were reviewed in the extreme anti-New-Deal papers. Yet here, too, there were clear cases of drama critics refusing to conform and continuing to judge the WPA shows by purely theatrical standards—and not being fired.

of his professional assignment on New York's most important daily newspaper.

Within recent years, the drama critics have found themselves charged with a further and not always welcome function. They are expected to prognosticate a show's success; they must inform their readers whether it is a "hit" or a "flop." So accepted a part of their office has this become that *Variety* some years ago set itself up as a self-appointed "police service" to expose what it termed "doubtful" or "double-talk" notices and to record mathematically, at year's end, the critics' success in picking the season's winners. This compilation was known as the Critics' Box Score. For the season of 1948-1949 it looked like this:

S.R.—Shows Reviewed

R.—Right

W.—Wrong

O.—No opinion clearly expressed

CRITIC	S.R.	R.	W.	O.	PER- CENTAGE
Atkinson (<i>Times</i>)	57	52	5		.923
Morehouse (<i>Sun</i>)	54	45	8	1	.833
Barnes (<i>Herald Trib.</i>)	58	48	10		.828
Chapman (<i>News</i>)	60	48	11	1	.800
Watts (<i>Post</i>)	60	48	12		.800
Coleman (<i>Mirror</i>)	60	47	13		.783
Garland (<i>Journal-Am.</i>)	60	47	12	1	.783
Hawkins (<i>World-Tel.</i>)	60	44	13	3	.733
<i>Variety</i> (Combined)	61	57	4	0	.934

The critics resented this tabulation. "A mugg's hassle," one of them called it. And with good reason. A reviewer or even a reporter does not enjoy seeing his function frankly reduced to that of theatrical tipster. And for the conscientious drama critic this type of mathematic computation brings up grave ethical and professional problems which tear him between his personal taste, his reportorial integrity, his anxiety to guess it right, and his desire to promote better things in the theater. No wonder the suppression, this spring, of *Variety's* gratuitous "policing job" was greeted with general exclamations of relief.

V

THE average age of the New York drama critics is slightly over fifty. In the scale of newspaper salaries, theirs run moderately high. Their tenure, once established, is likely to be of some duration; an accepted drama critic "of whose personality his readers

are conscious and whose opinion they are anxious to hear" becomes an accumulating asset to a metropolitan paper. Recognizing that the assignment is primarily journalistic, editors tend to favor men with no specialized theatrical knowledge or training. Of the scattering of men and women in America who write with scholarship and perception about the contemporary theater, few hold, or have recently held, the position of drama critic on a New York daily paper.

Stark Young, long our most brilliant and sensitive connoisseur of theatrical values, lasted a bare season on the *New York Times* before he retreated to the more tranquil pages of the *New Republic*, in the post now worthily filled by Harold Clurman. George Jean Nathan, a man of increasingly erratic theatrical tastes, but for many years a most perspicacious judge of plays, today writes drama criticism for a small-circulation monthly and a weekly column syndicated in papers that are virtually unread by theater-going people. John Mason Brown, after some years of service on the *New York Post*, now writes a weekly essay for the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Eric Bentley, author of the most provocative theater book of recent years (*The Playwright as Thinker*), is off in Europe, writing another. Rosamond Gilder, long critic and editor of *Theatre Arts Monthly*, is teaching and writing books. So are John Gassner and Joseph Wood Krutch.

Now let us briefly examine the background and professional histories of a few of the current occupants of the Seats on the Aisle.

John Chapman (*aet.* 51) has been with the *New York Daily News* since 1926, first as a reporter, then as drama editor and second-string critic under Burns Mantle. For nine years he conducted a Broadway column and continued with a two-year stint as Hollywood correspondent. Upon Mantle's retirement, Chapman assumed his job. His writing and his opinions both reflect his many years of apprenticeship under a man who professionally and personally loved the theater. He writes with easy efficiency and without pretension or distinction of style. His long experience of show business, including a first-hand working knowledge of motion pictures gives his pieces a valuable perspective.

Richard Watts (*aet.* 53) was for some years motion-picture critic of the *Herald Tribune*, with a Sunday column that frequently wandered into general considerations of an aesthetic and social nature. He became drama critic in 1936. During the war he was Dublin representative of the U. S. Office of War Information and Special Assistant to the American Minister to Eire. Later he represented the OWI in Chungking. Five years ago he became drama critic of the *New York Post*. His style and viewpoint are more personal than most; he is one of the more literate and cultivated of our critics, yet it is felt by many that he has never quite realized the high hopes set up in his earlier, more purposeful writing on the *Tribune*.

His successor on the *Herald Tribune* was, until this spring, Howard Barnes, a man who will be remembered mainly for his energy. As drama and motion-picture critic for the *Tribune*, during about a decade, he covered nearly all theatrical openings and most of the major film-runnings in New York. He was an efficient reporter when not overtired, but he started and ended with no particular viewpoint or sensitivity about either of the art-forms he covered.

A recent addition to the fraternity is John Maclain, former ship reporter on the *New York Sun*, Hollywood screenwriter, member of the U. S. Navy, columnist and critic, last spring on the *Journal-American*.

IT is a common and distressing sight, on opening nights, to see producer, director, and press agent, together with a number of others connected with the production, defying the fire laws by pacing the rear of the theater, stopping occasionally to stare not at the stage, but into the auditorium, trying to gauge, from the faces of the gentlemen on the aisles, how the show is going. It may be noted, on these melancholy occasions, that the spot at which they stop, and from which they peer, most frequently, is that offering the clearest view of the couple occupying seats D 101 and 102. Each detail of expression, rictus, or evidence of emotion on the face of the man sitting in D 101 is carefully studied and estimated for ultimate translation into the world's most important single theatrical review: that of Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times*.

With one four-year hiatus, while he served as foreign correspondent, first in China, then in the Soviet Union, Brooks Atkinson has been drama critic of the *Times* for twenty-five years. Before that he was editor of its book section. He is the author of several books himself and an essayist of considerable charm. He has shown himself, as a drama critic, to be a man of earnest integrity and continuing passion. His journalistic style is forthright and lively, with occasional evidences of that forced energy that comes of staleness or fatigue. He is a man of decided personal opinions, veering sometimes into sharp prejudice when confronted with tendencies which he considers unhealthy or otherwise noxious to the American theater, whose chief guardian he feels himself to be. His approach is basically literary; his artistic tastes incline to the conservative; he shows incomprehension, amounting to allergy, in the presence of any pronounced form of theatrical style; of music and the graphic arts he reveals only a limited knowledge. Nevertheless, with few exceptions, the vital and ambitious ventures in our theater—both the single productions and the burgeoning organisms—have found him a generous and constant ally. And, alone of his whole fraternity, he has devoted much time and thought to the social and economic problems which confront our stage with ever-growing urgency.

Deeply conscious of the responsibility which his great power lays upon him, and using his Sunday column as his pulpit, he has supported with unflagging zeal and frequent eloquence those causes which he considers in the best interests of the American theater.

He is second to none in his enthusiasm for the Broadway vernacular and in his admiration for the efficient vitality of the American musical. Yet none sees more clearly or has tried harder to extend the realization that our theater's best hope of survival lies, not in lavishness of production or in the massive triumphs of show business, but in the textual quality and artistic energy of its work.

After a quarter of a century on the shrinking Broadway beat, who can blame him if occasionally, at season's end, there creeps into his column a sense of frustration or a note of despondency? But never fear, it is nothing that a summer in the Catskills won't fix. Come next Labor Day, or before, he'll be

back in D 101, as strong as ever, his faith miraculously restored in the essential soundness of the taste of that average educated American theater-goer whom he so conscientiously represents.

VI

THERE is a natural tendency, in considering any form of entrenched and arbitrary power, to assume that it is all evil. In the case of the drama critics such a judgment would be doubly unjust: not only is their present power not of their own choosing, it has been exercised, on the whole, fairly sedulously, if not always expertly, for the public good.

It is in their relation to the Theater itself, to those who make their living and their life within it, that the drama critics stand on more doubtful ground. In a profession subject to such extremes of fortune, it is only natural that the apparent arbiters of this fate should be regarded with a special kind of awe and terror. In the "neurotic ordeal" of Broadway production, the moment of culminating shock is opening night. In this grim test whose outcome spells sudden triumph or consuming disaster, the Men on the Aisle are both judge and jury—and hatchet men. It is to them, rather than to the audience, that the first performance is directed.

Theatrically, this habit of performing for a jury of a dozen men, rather than within the living organism of a crowded playhouse, is an evil and dangerous thing; already it has bred special vices and recognizable faults in

the contemporary theater. It is particularly unfortunate that these special performances should be given for the benefit of men many of whom never really function as critics at all. After they have fulfilled their reportorial function, their tipster function, and, maybe, their guardian-angel function, there is little time, space, or energy left for genuine theatrical appraisal. What appear are, at best, block notices: general impressions rather than skilled evaluations.

Since most of the New York drama critics are professional writers of one sort or another, they are least insecure when judging the subject matter or even the texture of the play under review. In almost every other theatrical department they are generally lacking in technical knowledge and devoid of consistent or considered artistic standards. Direction is judged pragmatically, rarely in terms of its theatrical qualities and vices; scenery and costumes are judged by their initial impact upon the eye rather than by their final validity within the mood and action of the production they are intended to serve; acting, in the absence of any serious frame of experience or reference, is judged almost entirely on the "I know what I like" principle of personal attraction or revulsion.

The artist whose fate depends upon these judgments takes an ambivalent view of the critics. They are men before whose material power he trembles but whose artistic opinions he finds himself unable or unwilling to respect; he resents their human and professional frailties all the more since, economically, he hears them speaking with the voices of gods.

And Now Twenty-three Years Have Gone By

LAST year the Harvard *Crimson*, the student newspaper at Cambridge, decided not to overemphasize athletics, decided to give them the space they deserved and nothing more. . . . At about the same time the Yale *Daily News* came out with a series of intelligent proposals regarding football, the principal one being that the game should be put on much the same basis as in England, with student coaches as well as players. The important thing about these expressions of undergraduate opinion is not that they may lead to any immediate results, but that the undergraduates dare to make them. Twenty years ago these sentiments would have been considered heretical. In another twenty years they may be considered old-fashioned.

—John R. Tunis in "The Great God Football," *Harper's Magazine*, November 1928.

What Asia Wants

Edgar Ansel Mowrer

IN A world in ferment, Asia is bubbling most furiously. From the Suez Canal and Iran to Indonesia and the Philippines, what was once the Imperturbable Orient now comprises most of the trouble spots of the planet. Violent emotional forces are at work: on that, all observers agree. We Americans should understand them in order to be able to discharge intelligently our vast world responsibilities: that, too, has become a truism. The trouble is that we have great difficulty in comprehending just what these emotional forces are that bring about the malaise of Asia, and the diagnosticians notoriously disagree.

Some trace the trouble primarily to Japan, arguing that the Japanese, with their wartime demonstration that Asians, under favorable circumstances, could defeat the invincible West, and with their Eastern Monroe Doctrine, "Asia for the Asians," started a movement that is now out of control.

Others trace it primarily to Moscow. According to their theory, the ferment in Asia is wholly the result of the Communist crusade. Master minds in the Kremlin, these people claim, have been able, by a mixture of force and fraud, to stir up the vast swarming caldrons of the East and bring some of them to a boil.

A few outraged Europeans (and some Asians) admit this but insist on adding another influence—the U.S.A.—arguing that the

Russians would not have succeeded in stirring up Asia but for the help they got during World War II from the American White House.

I shall not soon forget a hot night in a garden at Bangkok when, at the close of a peaceful dinner, the diplomatic representative of a major power, calmly sipping his brandy, remarked:

"After all, you Americans should never forget that if your boys are now dying in Korea, if Frenchmen are dying in Indochina, if Englishmen are dying in Malaya, if communism is threatening the Indies, it is entirely your fault. During the war your President and his fellow-traveling advisers not only pampered the Soviet Union and aided its tragic expansion; you seemed more interested in robbing your democratic allies of their legitimate overseas possessions than in crushing your enemies."

Here the argument became hot. For there were others in the group who were convinced that, as Professor Hans Morgenthau has put it, "The revolutionary situation in Asia has developed independently of Russian communism, and would exist in some form, owing to the triumph of Western moral ideas and decline of Western power, even if Bolshevism had never been heard of."

Personally, I am sure that revolution in Asia has not "developed independently of Russian communism." It has been fanned

Since the first world war Edgar Ansel Mowrer's articles from abroad and books on foreign policy have acquainted American readers with the world scene. This analysis of Far Eastern problems comes out of his latest investigative journey.

and is still largely directed by communism. I am, however, persuaded that "it would exist in some form even if Bolshevism had never been heard of."

Whatever the explanation, the "revolt of Asia" is a fact. Furthermore, this revolt is so formidable that if Moscow succeeds in capturing it, Asia may tip the world balance of power against freedom.

Asia's choice between communism and freedom is, however, not going to be made in a vacuum. Unless the continent is forcibly taken over piecemeal by alien Communist armies, its choice may well depend upon how the West reacts to its revolt—whether with sympathy or with hostility. Moscow advocates the liberation of all colonial peoples (save those within the U.S.S.R.). To match this, the Western peoples have as yet developed no common program or policy toward the new Asia. Until they do, their divided efforts may well cancel out, as they have come tragically close to doing in China.

It is my conviction that Westerners cannot work together until they agree on what it is that the peoples of Asia really want.

With this question uppermost in my mind, I recently made a new long trip—my third—through a large part of that continent. I traveled only by air, yet slowly enough to collect the opinions of many persons, native and foreign, best qualified to know—or to guess. As I went along, I analyzed each theory in turn, trying to see just how far it was applicable to all non-Communist Asia.

At the end, I was left with *just one that seemed to meet this test*. I put it before you as one man's groping toward a solution of the Asian riddle.

BEFORE we get down to argument, let us remind ourselves of the immense diversity—spiritual, intellectual, political—which is to be found among the peoples of Asia. There is no such thing as an Asian mind; the mind of the modern Lebanese is as different from the mind of the Hindu or Filipino, as the mind of the Norwegian is from that of the Romanian. Most of Asia's millions are "pre-political"; but among the politically-minded groups in non-Communist countries there are extreme contrasts, as between the theocratic Pakistanis and the Moslem Turks who put nationality ahead of religion. As for

temperaments, the Japanese love of order is infinitely removed from the Iranians' joy in anarchy, and the mania for hard work which has enriched the Chinese wherever they have gone seems madness to the play-loving peoples of southeastern Asia—Filipinos, Indo-chinese, Thailanders, Indonesians.

Yet that there is a common denominator in the unrest which is to be found among these remarkably divergent peoples seems very clear.

Let us—as seems fitting when we are studying a revolt—try to figure out what the new Asia is *against*. Here it will, I think, be useful to proceed by elimination.

II

IS THIS revolt—as so many Americans are saying—a revolt against hunger? Not primarily. There is appalling hunger in Asia, permanent hunger of a kind most Americans have never seen. Hundreds of millions of Asians would like to eat oftener and more. Moreover, they have begun to suspect that such a great dream is—or ought to be—possible. Communists and other reformers are using the fact of hunger to transform latent discontent into active rebellion. But in most places they have not succeeded—for the simple reason that most Asians are not yet revolting against underfeeding. If they were, popular discontent would be greatest where hunger is greatest, and least where there is little or no famine.

It is not so. Among the chief foci of rebellion in Asia are Burma and the island of Java, two places where hunger is virtually unknown.

Where hunger is worst, it is still taken for granted. In Calcutta, a mother and naked female child lay dying of hunger on the sidewalk before one of the great banking houses. I watched for many minutes, and the only passers to pay the slightest attention were—two Americans!

In New Delhi, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru said to me: "We Indians would rather starve for two hundred years than yield to outside political pressures!" A brave statement—but can one imagine a democratic politician saying such a thing if his voters were in revolt against chronic undernourishment?

In sober truth, most Asians look upon famine fatalistically. Hunger and premature death disturb them far less than they do Westerners.

IS ASIA's revolt directed against "economic exploitation"? Communists and their friends like to think so. Economic-minded Westerners tend to go along. And they all greatly exaggerate.

There is, to be sure, a great deal of vocal protest against "exploitation" almost everywhere. Nobody can deny that one of the best cards the Communists have had has been their promise of "land reform." By this they mean killing landlords and dividing their land without recompense among "deserving"—i.e., pro-Communist—peasants. Obviously such gifts appeal to landless farmers. In China this propaganda unquestionably helped Mao Tse-tung and his friends to get control. A similar land hunger is behind the revolt of the Huks in Central Luzon. It accounts, too, for much of the pro-Communist feeling in the Red River Delta of Viet-Nam where people are overcrowded and hungry.

But actually, in most of Asia the desire for land reform has failed to become overwhelming. Perhaps it is because the peasants—unlike many of the outraged foreigners—realize that with so little land to divide among so many people, mere division of the estates would not solve their problem. I am inclined to attribute it to something else: to the fact that few peasants can imagine a condition, even an improved condition, which they have not seen. Asia still takes its poverty—in land and in everything else—more or less for granted.

Visiting India, a country where food consumption has been falling for half a century, where scores of millions are permanently unemployed and labor is meagerly paid, one cannot but wonder at the weakness of the popular protest. If economic exploitation were disturbing the Indian voters, how explain the fact that the wealth of industrialists, landlords, and billionaire ex-rajahs has hardly been disturbed, while the discontented Indian vents his spleen on, of all things, Wall Street?

In Indonesia, where most of the former Dutch tycoons have left or been forced out, there is loud protest against the "new Dutch." These "new Dutch" are none other than the

local Chinese, many of whom have lived there for generations but are still considered foreigners. They have bought up many of the former Dutch properties and are increasingly disliked. In contrast, popular indignation at the rich Indonesians who now run formerly Dutch estates remains surprisingly weak.

Viet-Namese complain bitterly of French-owned businesses in their country and, except for the Communists, hardly at all against the native capitalists.

Even in the Philippines, where Americans are generally popular, there is more outcry against American "exploiters" than against the Filipino "first families."

Investigation seems, therefore, to show that revolt against "economic exploitation" really has bitten deep only where that exploitation—as in Iran—is manifestly foreign, and preferably Occidental.

SHOULD we then conclude that Asia is in rebellion against the West? Robert Payne says so. In *The Revolt of Asia* he claims that "the world is now clearly divided into two—Asia and the West."

This explanation does not accurately fit the facts.

To be sure, Asian newspapers and radios systematically blame the Occident for everything the editors and speakers do not like in the world. Uncle Sam, in particular, has become southern Asia's "whipping boy." Great masses of Asians take it for granted—as we observed when the American Congress hesitated to send "neutral" India two million tons of American grain—that the West owes them amends for former mistreatment.

Yet no Asian non-Communist leader—not even Mossadegh of Iran—is basically anti-Western. America is widely admired and even liked, even when specific American acts or policies are being blamed. In Burma, for a time, the name of America was synonymous with racial oppression; today, the United States enjoys the particular trust of the Burmese leaders.

As for the Indonesians, their resentment against America seems to be based on nothing more serious than a refusal to forgive the United States for having helped Indonesia to become independent!

In other words, resentment against the West seems to exist in Asia to the precise

extent that the West can still be pictured as the headquarters of Western imperialism. Westerners as such are not hated. Throughout non-Communist Asia they are received not only with traditional hospitality but with friendship.

Prime Minister Nehru (who probably embodies Asia's "revolt" more fully than any other non-Communist) once stated that India would never tolerate the presence of foreign—e.g. United Nations—armies on its soil. But in Calcutta, where I happened upon a riot of Hindu refugees from East Pakistan, the rioters were being kept away from the Provincial Parliament Building, the goal of their Communist leaders, by Gurkha soldiers. Gurkhas, despite the prominent part they played in the former British Army, are not Indians; they are Mongolians (Chinese) from neighboring Nepal. India's Prime Minister not only "tolerates" foreign troops on Indian soil, he hires them to police his own people.

Filipinos generally approve the presence of American soldiers in their country; and Iraqis, Jordanians, Pakistanis, and Burmese are relying upon their former British rulers for various sorts of assistance.

Chief of State Bao Dai and Prime Minister Tran Van Huu, both of Viet-Nam (the largest part of former Indochina), seem almost pathologically fearful lest France violate its promise of full independence. Yet once they are fully reassured, they will, in my judgment, increasingly solicit French advice and make public show of their French education. Meanwhile, they are counting heavily upon French military forces (and American supplies) to save them from being taken over by the Soviet puppet, Ho Chi Minh.

III

WHEN, as I did, you ask hundreds of leaders from Pakistan to Korea just what they and their people want most, you get an all but unanimous reply. They say they want the end of colonialism.

This includes the other answers but holds them in a specific frame of reference. So far as one can see, every Asian people, including the "protected" Malaysians and the still unrecognized and divided Kurds, intends to become united and independent. In fact, each of them is interested not only in indepen-

dence at home but in securing it for all other colonial peoples, no matter where located. Free Asia has also taken up the cudgels in defense of colonial Africa, of the supposedly "Yankee-ridden" Indios of Latin America, and particularly of the American Negro.

Pakistan, for instance, a country that would like to side with the West in the struggle against communism, is deterred not only by the unsettled dispute with India over Kashmir, but by things like the limitations on the sovereignty of the Sultan of Morocco imposed by "white imperialism."

Leaders in Jakarta, Indonesia, could not understand my lack of interest in a press conference held there by a delegation of protesting Tunisians from French North Africa. And I found the Indonesians more interested in grabbing Dutch New Guinea, "Irian," than in restoring public order or putting an end to galloping currency inflation. Now "Irian" is inhabited by head-hunting Melanesians who have no more in common with the Javanese than with the Dutch. The Dutch are certainly better able to give the Melanesians proper care. Yet Indonesian politicians insist that Dutch rule over part of Asia is criminal "colonialism," while Indonesian rule would be a democratic trusteeship.

In short, the villain of our time in Asian eyes is not interference with the lives and destinies of other peoples, but interference by Western colonial powers.

IV

WE APPROACH an answer to our question: Against what is Asia revolting? Asia, I believe, is revolting against *inequality of status*—revolting in the name; not of dialectical materialism, but of human dignity.

This revolt becomes economic wherever an economic fact is seen as discriminatory. It does not entail the claim of each people to live as well as all other peoples but to have a chance to; it need not entail the right of an individual to high wages, or even, so far, to enough to eat. It does include the right to own and operate their own means of production, and the right to earn the same wages as any other fellow doing the same job in the same place receives, or would receive.

Asia's revolt becomes political when a peo-

ple or an individual is denied equal rights because of some alleged natural inferiority. Thus Iran stands on the same right to nationalize industry as Socialist Britain. Egypt feels it is as justified in controlling the Suez Canal as the United States is in controlling the Panama Canal—indeed, more justified, for the Suez Canal cuts Egyptian territory.

Why are Japanese leaders reluctant to link Japanese rearmament with the re-acquisition of full independence? Most Japanese are anti-Communist. Hardly any can envisage national independence without a powerful armed force. Yet rather than have such a force imposed upon them by foreigners they would rather get along without it for a while. It is inequality of status, I believe, that repels them. (In this respect their attitude seems identical with that of many Germans, to whom equality of status, *Gleichberechtigung*, has been a mania since 1919.)

What really confirmed many anti-Communist Viet-Nameese (Indochinese) in their suspicion that France did not intend to grant them full independence? It was the refusal of the French to move out of the former Governor General's palace in Saigon. This vast structure (I myself spent a night there) is large but not beautiful. Yet to the people of the young state it is a symbol of sovereignty that means far more than the realities of rule actually accumulating in their hands.

The acute national sensitivity of recently emancipated states like Indonesia, Burma, India, and Pakistan is a perfect example of craving for equality. In fact, the government of Indonesia recently went so far as to protest against having to receive any notes at all from foreign governments on the ground that they violated its sovereignty!

THIS should surprise nobody. The fifteen-year-old daughter of a friend of mine recently—after long efforts—persuaded her parents to buy her a party dress (which she liked to call a “formal”). Somewhat to their astonishment, she expected from then on an entirely different treatment—no longer as a child, but as a woman and an equal.

The easiest way to show that one is grown up is to cease to follow one's parents' advice and strike out on one's own. This is what the young states of Asia are trying to do. Here, I believe, is the origin of their dangerous

insistence upon “neutrality” in the midst of a world-wide struggle for freedom. Between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., the independent thing to do is to go it alone. Their desire to be regarded as a “third force” is a sign of youthful uncertainty. Most of their leaders (President Sukarno of Indonesia, Prime Minister Nu of Burma) know in their hearts that it will not work. And still they must persist in it until they feel themselves adequately recognized as adult equals.

It would not occur to the always independent, once conquering Turks that anyone was slighting them. They naturally accept outside assistance in the co-operative spirit in which it is being offered.

Nor are any such misgivings to be found in Thailand, whose people have never known colonial status under a Western power or suffered under personal discrimination.

Burma, too, is gradually moving toward co-operation with Britain and the United States. As its anti-Communist majority are coming to see that “Wall Street” is not planning their “economic exploitation” (it is hard to see an American firm investing a fifty-cent piece in such a troubled spot), they are increasingly relying upon these two nations for the protection which their neighbor India is unwilling to provide.

Insistence upon an equality which they have failed to sustain in battle is feeding the ferments in Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, and Egypt. The defeat administered to their joint armies by little Israel was a psychological shock to the Arab rulers. Hence Egypt's desire to break the existing treaty with Great Britain and annex the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Hence the assassination of no less than three successive Syrian premiers in a year! Hence Iraq's convulsive expulsion of its Jews, some of whose families had been dwelling there since the Captivity beside the waters of Babylon.

An almost perfect illustration of Asia's revolt against inequality has been furnished by Iran. In expropriating the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, the Iranian leaders gambled their all. The Cabinet took a potentially suicidal course of action with the apparent approval of the vast majority of citizens.

Why? Not for profit. The Anglo-Iranian Company offered, against reasonable compensation, transfer of ownership to the Iranian state and a bigger share of the profits.

Not for national security. In their defiance of Britain, in their repudiation of the World Court, in their reckless willingness to invite internal financial breakdown, the Iranians risked letting the local Communists take over.

They did so in a frantic bid for equality—as a nation and as individuals. Though they charged the company with “robbery” and the squandering of their national resources (which they lacked both the capital and the ability to exploit themselves), the real source of their anger lay deeper. It lay in the contempt for Iran which they saw in the company’s belief that it did not need to pay higher royalties. It lay in the company’s failure to place a couple of Iranians on its Board of Directors and in its refusal to submit its books to the Iranian government. Above all, it lay in the habitual segregation—hence discrimination—of employees riding in company busses, one kind for “whites,” another for “natives.”

V

MANY Americans are puzzled to know what makes the U.S.S.R. attractive to many Asians, attractive despite its lack of democracy, its open cruelty, and its tyrannical—if disguised—colonialism. Generally speaking, the darker peoples are not yet ready for democracy. They are more or less inured to cruelty. (Given a chance, they can be cruel themselves.) They do not see clearly the colonial structure of the Soviet Empire because the Kremlin’s tyranny over its many peoples is indiscriminating and relatively equal. What attracts them to the U.S.S.R. is its promise to end political colonialism, foreign economic control, and racial discrimination—everywhere. It is Moscow’s claim to have abolished discrimination at home. It is Russia’s constant harping upon the theme that the United States in particular, and the Western world in general, still practice discrimination.

That, I believe, is why many Asians who are not by any means Communists look to Moscow for guidance and deliverance. They are not much impressed by its frantic screams against capitalism or economic exploitation. They are not (yet) deeply resentful of their penury and periodic famines. They have not

gone very far in embracing any form of collectivism. But they feel that the U.S.S.R. is against inequality of status.

Each time a Negro gets summary punishment (even deserved) in the United States, the Moscow radios go to town.

Each case of personal discrimination against dark-skinned foreigners in the United States is worth an army division to the Kremlin. Whether it is a refusal to serve a meal to a dark Egyptian in Texas or the arrest of the wives of Pakistani officials from the United Nations in a New Rochelle, New York, department store, the result is equally disastrous for the West.

The very explanation given by the New Rochelle police—that they had taken the Pakistani women for Gypsies—only made matters worse. We may be sure that the answer of the indignant wives echoed around the world: “And what’s wrong with Gypsies?”

Dark-skinned persons attuned to this sort of story readily absorb the most fantastic Moscow lies. One of the most effective has been the charge that the United States used the A-bomb only against “colored” people (Japanese, not Germans). As a direct result of this charge, in my opinion, the only Eastern countries to contribute armed men to the defense of the Republic of Korea were the self-confident peoples—Turkey, Thailand, and the Philippines.

Now we know that some of the charges against us are untrue and the others exaggerated. The American people have made real headway against race and color prejudice in the last decades. Our dark-skinned friends everywhere follow the blazingly successful career of a Ralph Bunche with passionate attention, for it helps justify their faith in us.

Yet if we are to end Indian neutralism and Iranian hysteria, Japanese pseudo-pacifism, and the in-growing nationalism of Indonesia—if we are to help the free countries of Asia to resist communism—we Americans may have to add something to military, economic, and informational support abroad—namely, a refresher course in those truths which Thomas Jefferson held to be self-evident. At the very least we must recognize that in any and all dealings with the peoples of Asia, we must put aside arrogance and substitute for it the respect that one equal shows to another.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

Two Points of a Joke

WE DEVOUTLY believe many things about the American sections and the people who live in them that mean nothing in particular. What is "a real Southerner" or "a typical Middle Westerner"? Everybody knows, everybody specifies in detail, and for the most part everybody is just talking. There must be differences or at least differentiations, but they are hard to isolate and harder to define. An old cliché, not often heard any more, held that Boston was a state of mind. It was probably true: the differences are to be found, if anywhere, in the habit of thought. But they must originate in faint shadings or colorations, and probably they exist rather below thought than in its conscious processes. Though minute, they must be complex for they are products of many forces. A good place to look for them may be the stories people tell about themselves.

Everybody knows that the West is the Land of Little Rain, the arid country, where land will not grow crops unless it is irrigated, where water has exactly the value of blood. So the West begins where the annual rainfall drops below 20 inches, roughly the 100th meridian. East of 100° is something else but west of it is assuredly West. Well, North Platte, Nebraska, and Pierre, South Dakota, are both west of that line; they get about the same amount of rain and ship about the same number of steers. But Pierre is West and North Platte isn't. A large area of Washington gets 80 inches of rain, some of it gets 120 inches, but it would be injudicious to tell the people who live there that they are not Westerners. What about the western slope of California, that fascinating state of mind

which tries so diligently to be an improved Texas? San Francisco gets 30 inches of rain: are its people Westerners? All Montana, whose people certainly are, shouts "No!" in concert. But, aware that many favors of providence set it apart from other towns, San Francisco nevertheless counts as foremost among them the fact that it is West. It is thinking accurately. For, stranger, San Francisco is West as all hell.

The West is the largest and the youngest of the sections—and the most paradoxical. Like this: Mount Whitney is the highest place in the United States and from its tip you can look down into Death Valley, the lowest place. Or take that adjective "youngest." To any candid mind New Mexico is not only younger than, say, Pennsylvania, it is younger than Oregon or Colorado. Yet it has a continuity of more than three hundred years; it was traversed by white men long before Cape Ann was, it was both massacring and Christianizing Indians long before the Plymouth Company ever saw one, and it was producing scholars and old families long before Virginia ever bred up a single one. Or this: the South is not the section most imprisoned in its own history, the West is, and yet it has less history than any other section.

SUCH as it has is pretty violent. History is a social expression of geography and Western geography is violent. The West has all the deserts in the United States and most of the mountain ranges, all the big ones. They are all mixed together. Snow-capped peaks rise from alkali or greasewood plains, an hour's climb will take you from lizards to

lichens, an hour's drive from sunstroke to a blizzard. Or look at it the other way: an irrigation canal runs along a hillside and fifty feet above it you are in cactus and fifty feet below it in an orchard growing better peaches than Georgia ever knew. It follows that the climate is violent. All the places in the United States where temperatures below -60° have been recorded are in Montana, all those where temperatures above 120° have been recorded are in Arizona. It is a country of blizzards, cloudbursts, northers, chinooks, every kind of sudden storm, of floods, of landslides, of mudflows, even of earthquakes, and the U. S. volcano is Western. Watch out when you cross a dry gulch. You may be fifty miles from a spring with the sun drying the marrow from your bones, but the arroyo may be about to bury you under an advancing wall of water thirty feet high, from a storm so far away you didn't hear any thunder. On the north side of this valley, carefully inspect your body for ticks; on the south side never mind, the ticks don't carry Rocky Mountain fever.

From the beginning the American pioneer was an adaptable person—he had to be—but till he got to the West he had never had to meet such contrasts and intensities as these. "Hardship" is a subjective word, and it had not been fun to die of starvation at Roanoke or of "the milk sick" at New Salem. But the West was the hardest country to bring in. It was actively, not passively, hostile to men. To trust it was always foolish and usually fatal. One fixed condition of life there was the constant threat of destruction by natural cataclysm. You certainly could love such a country but you were bound to hate it too—and the splits in the Western soul begin right here. With finding water before we can camp tonight. With a blizzard getting the herd and a freeze getting the apples. With corn ceasing to grow at twelve inches because there has been no rain since April 28. With billions of crickets coming down out of the foothills and settling on the wheat.

Moreover, it was a long time before anyone got into the West who intended to stay there. If it was a violent country, it was treated violently. It was raped more brutally than any other section. Clean out the beaver and go back to the States. Clear-cut the timber and move on. When the grass here is

gone, there'll be plenty somewhere else. Beaver, timber, grass were all wealth and seemed inexhaustible. So it was a bonanza country, so it was a boom country, so it was always a country going broke. The true Western stampede is not the thundering herd but the placer miners—frenzied, dreambound, and nightmare-led, herd-minded, violent, and at the end of the grubstake. You might make a strike—so take a chance, back your hunch, shoot the moon. . . . Hell will be more beautiful and more productive than the valley of a stream that has been placer-mined. So a dredge comes in and makes it worse.

The boom-or-bust psychology is not specifically the miner's, it is Western. Beef is down and you're in hock to the bank (till a few years ago 12 per cent was the usual interest on loans, 20 per cent not uncommon) but next year beef will be up, so slap on another mortgage and buy yearlings. This drought can't last forever, so raise a loan somehow and plant more wheat, and next year we'll be riding in Cadillacs. Back your hunch, you'll be able to get out before the bust—and a Western proverb remarks that it takes three bankruptcies to make a farm. A drought makes the Dust Bowl out of wheat farms that should have been cattle ranges, and everybody goes broke. The East bails out the West, the Soil Conservation Service teaches the farmers how to stay solvent through the next drought, everybody gets religion—and when the wet half of the cycle coincides with the war boom in farm products, the Soil Conservation Districts get voted out of existence and everybody backslides and plants wheat. That's Western, pardner, but not so Western as the satchel-farmer who under the same stimulus plowed ranges that never had been plowed, knowing that the unstable soil so loosened would soon blow away but counting on getting out before another Dust Bowl formed.

All men find out they are fools. In the West, necessarily, they made that discovery with the dramatic violence inherent in the country. The by now tired symbol is the covered wagon that heads west lettered "Pike's Peak or Bust" and comes back lettered "Busted, by God." But make the white top an emigrant wagon and see it stalled in some stretch of red-rock desert, the wheels buckled, the tongue snapped off, and two of the three

ox teams bloated and dying from alkali water. Or transpose it into the crumbling shacks of a ghost town where the last dust has been washed from Bonanza Bar and a few veterans too broke to move on are panning the worthless gravel once more. Or think of Pete, Jens, or Emil with nothing but a foreclosure-notice in his wallet watching one more set of false rain clouds pile up above the peak before loading the kids in a borrowed wagon and driving off down the road. An indigenous Western idiom is an expletive, "Well, I'll be go to hell!" We arrive at one of those faint colorations: part of the Western consciousness is the self-derision of a man who has shot the moon and missed.

PRESENTLY that exasperation got a second edge, for the West turned out to belong to the East. The Westerner had been so intent on chasing his mirage, on filling his straight and cashing in, that more realistic people had jumped his claim. Westerners were just hired hands, principals in a gaudy drama that might be called "The Rapers Raped." They were in hock not only to the bank but to the railroad, the grain elevator, the water company, and a lot of shrewd gents who borrowed Eastern money at 3 or 4 per cent, lent it to them at 12 or 15, and took over. They were cutting a corporation's timber, running a corporation's herd, mining a corporation's ore, harvesting a corporation's wheat. Eastern corporations, which piped the West's wealth east and thereby earned the nation's applause as Empire Builders. Already aware that he had missed the moon, the Westerner now understood that he had shot at it with a blank cartridge. What recourse has a doubly self-exposed sucker got? He can make himself the butt of his own sardonic joke, and he can seek compensation in acting out gaudy dramas in which he plays a heroic role. With the first he can immunize himself against the laughter of others, and though the second will not take in the local residents maybe strangers will fall for it.

The pulp stories mass-produced just off Broadway, in which the cowpoke shoots it out with someone, have nothing to do with the West but are right in one respect: gunfire is violent. In the stories which the West has always told itself, the shading or coloration that makes them Western is usually twofold.

Usually there is an element of violence, which may be not overt but latent or perhaps only conceptual, and usually there is an element of fantasy, which may be apparent at first glance but is just as likely to be hidden deep down at the roots. The Western story tends to depersonalize man, and why not?—drought, blizzards, scalping do, the vast and empty Western landscape does. Or it tends to cut him down to size—quite a way down. It tends to be a joke on the protagonist, though there is no requirement that the joke be funny. The Westerner lives in the West, and a man seen making his way across a sagebrush desert rimmed by mile-high peaks lacks stature. If he can't see himself in scale the story-teller can and has been there himself. A tragic figure, this thirsty, sun-baked wanderer in barren space? No, not tragic; on so small a scale there can't be tragedy.

HUMOR is a good index. In the humor of all other sections one basic situation is the sly yokel outwitting the city slicker who had taken him for a simpleton. For generations this fable has caressed the self-esteem of rural populations, but it does not often turn up in the West. There are no Western yokels—I should have said earlier that this is also the most sophisticated section—and if there were they would still be Westerners—that is, men who have found out that both nature and the United States sold them a salted claim. Western humor is thus self-depreciatory. It is also extreme, bizarre, grotesque—or understated, oblique, ironical, and paradoxical. But violent and out of fantasy. The liquor that was called forty-rod farther east is tarantula juice or Taos lightning here—extreme, from nature's hostility, with a tinge of remorselessness. Or take the judge's sentence at the end of a traditional yarn that is four-sevenths historical fact: "Alfred Packer, you black-hearted Republican cannibal, stand up. I sentence you to be hanged by the neck till you are dead. Why, you man-eating enemy of society, there was only six Democrats in Hinsdale County and, by God, you've et five of them." It has impact and it ought to, for it originates in murder and cannibalism. But observe that the punishment is for political activity.

Both strains were strengthened by the inheritance from the Indians. They were the

earliest Westerners, and the firstcomers from the East, setting the pattern, treated them in precisely the way they themselves were to be treated by the East when their time came. They took the country away from the ones who had thought they owned it, with more bloodshed than the East was to inflict on them but hardly with greater violence, and felt superior to the suckers they had displaced. There is much cruelty in the Indian's stories, cruelty as a force of nature and the condition of life. And an Indian story is always fantasy: dream and reality are the same substance, no distinction can be made between them for no difference exists. That is perfectly harmonious with the Western setting—vindictive toward mankind and, if beautiful, so fantastic, so improbable, that it may well be dream.

See this literature and sub-literature, then, as the discharge or resolution of strains so great that they can only just be borne. Feeling his personality shrunk to miniature size by the enormousness in which it must exist, surviving his country's hostility only in a battle that may be a tie to date but goes on under constant threat of annihilation, aware that all the con-men in the United States have sold him gold-bricks and all the note-shavers have defrauded him, aware that he will never lick his inborn compulsion to pursue mirages which he knows are false but just this once may be the real bonanza—the Westerner has shaped his literature to a therapeutic purpose. In outline it is confession by avoidance, and usually it is self-derisive. If any of it appears to be simple, do not be deceived. The consciousness it expresses is complex, the basic pattern is intricate, the symbols are convoluted. The violence cannot be separated out from the fantasy, nor either of them from the inner derision. No doubt it is an admission of defeat but what literature is not? And the self-scorn with which the admission is made is at the opposite pole from self-pity. A man who is laughing at himself is secure against the cruder indecencies of fate, and if he is not a tragic figure, he has dignity.

AND there remains a satisfaction very solacing to Westerners, who have paid high to become connoisseurs of the double-cross. Presumably Texans would not consider it ridiculous but only their just due if the

United States at large were to accept at par their tireless advertising of their own virility. They miss the second point of a joke that the West greatly relishes. Of the symbols of American experience that are heavily charged with emotion and capable of instantly arousing it, a disproportionate number are Western. List some of them: the trapper (the West's variant of the man in buckskin), the Forty-Niner, the prospector, the cowboy—always and especially the cowboy. That Hollywood has sentimentalized them is unimportant—but serious literature has romanticized them. It has made them stand for innumerable magnificences which the West knows all too sardonically never existed. They do not fail to rouse emotion in the Western soul, but it is an emotion associated with a desperately hard way of making a living.

Those batwing chaps (seldom worn now since we don't often run steers and when we do, use a Ford) were just a pretty good means of protecting your legs from brush, but if the dudes want to believe them symbolic of the gallant caballero's adventurous life, well, I'll be go to hell!

It reverses the joke. In addition it creates an opportunity to cash in, to get back some of the money that was so efficiently funneled east. (Irrigating is desperately hard work too, but if a billion-dollar dam symbolizes American Achievement to dudes willing to pay for it, we sure Achieve Miracles out West.) But most of all, the dude's eagerness to romanticize Western trades and businesses is emancipating. It sanctions the Westerner to act out his dramatic fantasy not only artfully, not only derisively, but with the heady knowledge that he is getting away with it. He can put on his picturesque costumes, get out in front of his improbable backdrop, and be admired as the gallant caballero while he knows in his heart that he is just a hired man. For the duration of the drama, or at least of the dude's illusion, he can carry Sam Colt's equalizer on his hip, swagger as one ready to spit in any man's eye, and bid you smile, stranger, when you say that. As a rule you can't talk that way to a stranger who owns your horse and batwing chaps and holds a chattel mortgage on the equalizer, but if he succumbs to your private fantasy, shoot the moon.

The Snowfield

A Story by Victoria Lincoln

IN A room of hideous disorder composed largely of tangled wires, apple cores, mateless socks, and small parts of disintegrated machines, Todd Davenport lay upon his bed. One of his hands, big as a truck-driver's, at sixteen, and dirty, held a quarter of a pound of American cheese, the other a battered book. His square jaws worked steadily as he read, his square brow, beneath the rough black shock of wiry hair was serene. It was a Saturday morning, and Todd was enjoying himself.

"The two-quantum state of linear oscillation in any direction," he read joyfully, "will be represented by the following eigenfunction. . . ."

He sighed gently, breaking a large chunk from the cheese. His eyes continued down the page to the happy ending.

"It is easily verified," they rejoiced, "that the angular momentum has the values $2h$, 0 , and minus $2h$ for these three states respectively."

Todd closed his eyes. His square, dark face grew still, but with a stillness strangely qualified, like the thin alabaster mask of a boy lighted from within by the leaping and shifting of a wild flame. Pure intelligence possessed him, clothing and capturing each lovely vision of congruence or incongruence, of necessity.

The still mask broke suddenly to a broad grin.

"Neat," said Todd aloud. "Ve-ry neat."

His mind, with an exquisite sense of satisfaction, now closed itself to speculation. He

turned upon his side, his eyes coming to rest upon his mountains, Everest, Chimborazo, the Jungfrau, Ranier, torn roughly from old copies of *Life* and the *National Geographic* and thumb-tacked to the wall beside his bed. He sighed, allowing the wordless images, the sensations to overcome him like an amorous dream.

Chimborazo . . . above the timber line, across the snowfields, into the unclouded, brilliant, bitter world where powdered snow stung on lips and eyelids . . . and up . . . and up. . . .

TODD sprang from his bed and ran down the stairs and out to the barn. He walked back into the dark box stall where, a week before, immediately upon their arrival at this new place, he had stored his tackle. His father was a painter, and a man of restless disposition; they were always moving about but Todd had developed a gift for preserving, in those departments of his life which were most important to him, a certain continuity.

Ropes and blocks, steel hooks, a pair of the spurs worn by telephone linemen: two covered wooden feed boxes and a line of harness pegs held it all in exquisite order. Todd, indeed, led two separate lives. The cluttered bedroom housed his mind, and his mind supplied its only order. But the box stall was different. It belonged to his body, and in a very practical sense. His life depended upon its adequate functioning.

He now strapped to his left wrist his latest

invention, a small grappling hook made from a three-pronged cultivating fork. He adjusted his lineman's spikes, his tree surgeon's safety belt. He lifted a coil of rope over his shoulder, tested its weight, and exchanged it for another; and grave, his face serious with a still, animal rapture quite unlike that stillness of the alabaster mask before the flame, he walked out into the yard and circled the house slowly.

"I'm a bird," he said aloud. "I'm a plane. I'm super-Todd. Up, up and away."

The arm with the claw swung high.

"How'd I have managed on a house without lintels?" he reflected, pausing for a moment, flylike, at the level of the second story. He cast with a light rope to the gutter, ten feet above him, remembering to distribute his weight between rope and rain-spout. . . . the gutter wasn't any too darn strong . . . and horribly, like a sequence from one of the old Harold Lloyd movies, he continued his ascent. Now the uppermost ridgepole was within range of his vision.

"The peak," he said.

He stood upright on the sheer drop of the roof, feeling the ridged soles of his sneakers cling. He walked up the shingles and sat against the ridgepole, his back against the chimney.

He was slightly winded, just enough to find it pleasant. He stretched his body in the sun and closed his eyes.

"Everest," he thought. "Chimborazo."

He felt wonderful.

IT WAS around noon when Todd swung down from the roof and replaced his tackle neatly in the box stall. He walked into the kitchen. His mother was standing by the stove. Her hair was quite gray and her face quite middle-aged, but she was still a beautiful woman and his father's only model. Todd smiled at her fondly.

"Listen, it's too nice to stick around for lunch. I'm going to make a sandwich and walk around."

He thrust the sandwich into his pocket and went out through the orchard and over the open meadow. The sun was hot. He felt the heat on his skin like a nervous quickening.

More and more, he thought. Three times now this week, I've got it. This feeling of

something terribly important going to happen to you. . . . Something going to happen beginning right now.

He climbed a stone wall, pushed between bushes, and found himself on a path descending onto the ravine which separated their house from the farm on the further hill. Directly before him a fair, plump girl was walking very slowly, moving in the same direction as he, her head bowed.

She thinks she's all alone, his lips said soundlessly. She thinks she's all alone.

And again the extraordinary sensation swept over him, the sensation of importance, of time pregnant and inexorable.

Crazy, he said to himself. He quickened his step. Crazy, his lips said again.

And still, as he moved quickly forward to the girl's side, the same curious sensation persisted in his chest, like a cold air passing over his heart, as if, in so moving, he was compelled, and knew that he was compelled, to sorrow. And, in a moment, it was gone.

"Hello," he said, and his voice was as he felt, friendly and matter-of-fact.

The girl turned her head, a startled animal motion.

"Didn't you hear me?" he asked. "I broke through the hedge like a cow."

At once she smiled, a soft-lipped, open, childlike smile.

"I must have been thinking. You the boy that moved in up at the other place?"

They faced each other on the path. She was tall, a shade taller than he, and except for the straight, fair hair wound in a heavy braid about her head, she was not pretty. Her nose was too small and shapeless, her upper lip too short, her teeth uneven. And still there was a grace about her, a softness that was more than the soft parting of her lips, the soft fullness of her body, the soft, infantile freshness of her skin. Todd regarded her gravely.

He never observed personal detail. If he had been asked to describe her in that moment he could have said nothing more than, she's tall, sort of a little fat, she has yellow hair. And still, he was conscious of a grace, a softness, a recognition. He spoke almost as if he were speaking to himself.

"You must remind me of someone," he said. "I keep having a feeling that I've seen you somewhere before."

The girl's blue eyes, still with that startled, suddenly awakened look, lifted to his own.

"That's funny," she said. "I felt the same way when I looked at you. Only I knew it wasn't so. You being city people, I mean."

THEY began to walk along the path together. The small brook that flowed down the ravine beside them widened, became a small, shallow pool, flowing very slowly over brown sands an inch or two beneath its surface. The leaves had not yet begun to fall from the trees above them; the sunlight came through in thin, bright shafts that broke and rippled on the water.

"This is the best place down here," said the girl. She sat upon a flat rock and indicated another near it. "Let's watch the skater bugs."

He settled himself, seeing the light shift and change upon the water.

"Watch their shadows on the bottom when they go across the bright patch in the middle." They were comfortably silent.

"I saw you out of my window," she said, after a little. "With a pair of old field glasses we've got. What were you doing up in the roof, fixing a television or something?"

"I just like to climb things."

"Honestly?"

"Sure. To keep in practice for mountains."

A curious excitement flared in the blue eyes. The girl leaned forward. "Did you ever climb a mountain? A real one with snow on it?"

"Once. In the Sierras, a couple of years ago. I was with my father and he doesn't care about it so much, and of course I was just a kid, fourteen. We didn't do anything fancy."

"You're my age, then. Sixteen."

"Almost seventeen, a few weeks. Are you in my class? I haven't seen you. Are you in the county high?"

"I'm not in school." The words short. "I've been sick."

The words, the voice so changed, become at once so dull and so abrupt, disturbed him unpleasantly. He pushed the uncomfortable feeling aside, questioning her without tact, like a young child. "What's the matter with you?"

"I had rheumatic fever. I have to be careful not to tire my heart."

He was surprised at the strength of his response; it was shocked, repelled, almost angry.

"Well, you're getting better, aren't you?"

"I guess so. I don't have to stay in bed much, ever, any more."

Her voice was withdrawn, flat and chill, nearly indifferent.

"Well, that's good."

But she spoke again. And once more her voice was changed, become joyful and urgent.

"Tell me about the mountain," she said.

"What was it like when you got to the top, in the snow? Have you got any special one you want to climb? Go on, tell me. . . ."

He was overwhelmed by the bright, leaping life of her face. He stared into it and heard his own voice begin to speak, very slowly.

"Well," he said, "it's in South America, my particular one. It stands by itself, right up into the sky. . . ."

We could climb it together, he thought suddenly. When she got all well, we could climb it together. Her eyes, bright as the sky behind the peak drew his voice on.

". . . Then you come to the snowfields. . . . The glacier comes down over there, and you think you can see the summit, but it's only a shoulder, and another comes up behind it. . . ."

Quiet, not touching, they sat together in the place where before he had always been alone. The snows of Chimborazo lifted their untrodden stillness above them.

IN THE days that followed, they fell, casually and comfortably, into a way of setting a new meeting time at each parting.

"See you tomorrow aft, if it doesn't rain." Or, "I'm sticking around school tomorrow to see the game. Want to come down Thursday, same time?"

The sky had looked misty one day when they had known each other for less than a week. "S'pose I won't see you for a while if we get a wet spell," Ellen had said.

And when he answered, casually, "I'll stop off at your place," a veil fell over her face and she replied, "I guess not this week. No, I don't think it would be such a good time for you to come by, this week."

And once, a little later, he said, "Why don't we go up to the house, and I'll show

you my climbing stuff?" And again, the veil fell.

"Well, it's a pretty far walk," she said.

But neither time was it really important. Maybe, Todd told himself, her family were the kind that were cautious about having much to do with strangers; some farm people were like that. Maybe she was just shy. It didn't really matter. They could see each other all they wanted to the way it was.

It was late in October when they sat by the side of the pool on a Saturday morning. They had been talking about horses. Ellen loved them the way he loved mountains. The old white horse that he had seen wandering about on the slope by her house, she told him, was really hers. Her father had always said so. "Her name's Polly. I used to ride her bareback before I got sick. It wouldn't do me any hurt now, she's so old and good; but they won't let me."

"Bologny. You traipse up and down hill, don't you?"

"They don't know that. I sneak around. I go awful slow, anyway. Even before. . . . Well, I always hated it up on the flat. Everything up there all looks just the same."

"Well, isn't there someplace you could take the horse where they wouldn't know it?"

But Ellen's face changed at the question. It turned heavy, with that same look of petulant withdrawal that it had worn on the first day, when he asked her why she did not go to school.

"I don't know," she said. "There might be something to it, what they say. It might set me back. And I'm in such a hurry. To be real well, Todd, I mean, not just all right. I'm in such a hurry."

And as she spoke, the look of apathy, of withdrawal, was lost in another, a look which Todd's mind unwillingly clothed in words. Like someone running down the platform in a station, he thought; running, still running, when the train's already gone.

His heart constricted and his mind snapped shut like a spring lock. His voice jerked with anger. "Nuts. They've just got you scared to breathe. Let's talk about something that makes sense, for a change."

A ray of light passed between the moving leaves, shone upon the crown of her head, the crossed braids of her yellow hair. She looked directly into his face for a moment,

and then she smiled. "Chimborazo," she said. "Tell me about Chimborazo, like the first time. I love its name."

"So do I." He lifted his head, thinking. "Well, look. First we'll take pack ponies and go quite a way up the base. And then. . . ."

Her face followed the direction of his eyes, as if they turned together toward the peak. They were quiet and at one again, lifting their faces to the high, distant reaches, to the regions of snow.

BUT when he had left her, when he was alone again, the picture that he had forced from his mind returned. Again and again, through the rest of the day he thrust it from him and again and again it came back with a wretched persistence. Ellen had looked at him, and her face had been like the face of someone running, running for a train that is already lost.

Just before dusk he walked once more through the orchard, down the slope, and into the ravine. He walked quite to the end of it, although he knew that she would not be there, and twice he called aloud as if she might be somewhere ahead of him. "Ellen! El-len!" Then he turned back, following the ravine on to the break in the hedge where she always said good-by.

He had no intention of going to her house, of seeking her out; the walking, the calling had been no more than an odd, half-unconscious pantomime of his unrest. And still, he pushed through the hedge, and stood for the first time upon the Tucker land. At the foot of the pasture slope, an old white horse was standing near the hedge. One of its eyes was milky, and its head hung as if it were nearly asleep.

"Polly?" said Todd gently. "Polly?"

It let him approach, indifferently. It let its soft muzzle be stroked, its neck scratched. Its coat, surprisingly, was well curried, smooth to the touch, though a little dry with age.

He was startled when a man's voice spoke, almost beside him.

"Evening."

"Good evening, sir."

A thin, middle-aged man stood beside him. He wore jeans and a denim work shirt, and he carried a lead-rope in his hand.

"Boy from the other place?"

"Yes," said Todd. "You're Mr. Tucker?"

"Yep." He clipped the lead to the horse's halter. "I stick her in the barn, nights it looks like rain. She's like me, not gettin' no younger." He spat on the ground, absently. Then his hand went to his pocket and returned with a plug of tobacco and a knife.

"Dirty habit," he remarked. "Took it up because it don't smell on you like smoke. The wife's pretty strict on smoking and like that." He hesitated and then cleared his throat. "Guess it ain't much like that, over to your place?"

Todd was puzzled. "How do you mean?"

Mr. Tucker spat again, rather shyly. "Artists," he said. "I always understood they had a pretty easy way of looking at things. You know, free to come and free to go, and parties with the models and stuff like that." His sad eyes lighted from within as he spoke with a strange, selfless lighting.

Todd laughed. "Only in books," he said.

Mr. Tucker was clearly depressed. "The models, too?" he asked. "They kind of strict, too?"

"I don't know. Father never has anyone but Mother. Right now he's painting her lugging a tub of water."

"You don't say," said Mr. Tucker. "You don't say. And me and the wife thinking there was high old times just over the way." He sighed. "Guess life ain't ever much like the books, is it?"

Todd opened his mouth and closed it again. He could think of nothing whatever to say.

"Well," he murmured after an instant, "I guess I ought to be heading home."

Mr. Tucker expectorated his tobacco, picked a swatch of grass, wadded it, and stuck it in his mouth.

"Takes off the smell," he said. "Wasteful to chew so short, but it's better than nothing. Well, nice to of met you."

HE TURNED away, leading the old horse. But before he had taken many steps he turned back.

"Say . . . say, wait a second, would you?"

Todd pushed back through the hedge, startled.

"It's about Ellen," said Mr. Tucker.

Todd caught his breath.

"She told me about it, talking to you up

on the road," said Mr. Tucker. "She knows I'm not strict on boys and stuff like that, the way her Mom is."

Still Todd could not speak.

"She don't have much fun, Ellen." The wad of grass turned between the yellowed teeth. "I . . . I'd like her to have as much pleasure as she's capable."

"Yeah," said Todd. "Yeah, I know."

"Well, I got this idea. . . . And now I've seen you and found out something about you, you might say . . . well, it's like this. Ellen mentioned you was great on algebra."

"What?"

"That's what she can't keep up on herself. We had a woman to tutor it, but it come too high. Suppose I was to let on to the wife your teacher or someone told me you was willing to do it for thirty-five, fifty cents an hour, what would you say to that?"

"Ellen . . ." said Todd. "Mr. Tucker . . . I . . ."

"She don't aim to be superstitious of people, the wife," said Mr. Tucker. "If I told her we'd got a wrong idea of painters . . . and a bargain and all . . . with bad weather coming on. . . ." He jerked the halter and the old horse lifted its well sleeked neck. "Well," he said, "don't get your hopes too high."

He spoke almost as if he were talking to himself, and walked off without waiting for an answer, his body moving at a curious, shambling gait, a sort of slow trudge.

Todd stood perfectly still where he had left him. He did not know what he felt. He only knew that in a queer, unpleasant way this sad, half-ludicrous man who was Ellen's father had made her real to him in a way that she had never been real before, in a way that he was not yet prepared to face; and he was conscious of a desperate longing to run after him, to shout, "No! No, Mr. Tucker, I can't do it. I won't come!"

After a long time he passed his hands over his face in a queer clumsy gesture more like that of an unhappy man than of a boy. Then he shook his head. "Nuts," he said. "What's the matter with me? I'm going to go home and read."

He walked quickly back to the house, as if he had a sufficient but limited time to make an appointment, and went directly to his room. He threw himself down on his bed. "Oh, damn," he said to the empty room,

"I left that everlasting book out in the barn."

He turned upon his side so that his eyes rested upon the picture of Chimborazo tacked to the wall. But it was not Chimborazo that he saw.

A HEAVY autumnal rain set in the next day and continued into the day that followed. By afternoon it had turned to a light, blowing mist.

She won't be down there today, Todd told himself all the way home from school. Not in all this wet.

He had crossed the field and walked almost the length of the ravine before he saw her standing by the edge of the pool and knew that he had known, all along, that she would be there. She was not looking back along the path by which she had come. Under the thick, pale crown of her hair, her face was soft and empty, the parted lips slack, the eyes wide and undirected.

She came, his mind said; but she thought I wouldn't come.

He spoke quietly, not to startle her. "Hello, Ellen."

She did not start, but in an instant she was changed, the life leaping into her face. "I didn't figure you'd be here," she said. Her voice was warm, her head high and proud.

"It's nice out now." He spoke vaguely, his eyes on her face.

"Mom went to Archerville, or I couldn't of got out in this damp," she said. She paused, then spoke again, her voice abrupt. "My Dad knows I come. He let me."

"Yeah?" The word drew itself out in a queer sound, reluctant, slow, almost indifferent.

"He told me about he saw you and the idea he had."

Words that he did not expect burst from him.

"Listen, aren't things all right the way they are? Just the two of us, down here, without a lot of people messing in?"

"I guess so." But she turned her head from him as she spoke. "Only for winter coming . . . and . . . and wanting to keep up in school . . . and the hill being sort of a far walk. . ."

Her voice, humble and uncertain, disturbed him. Women! he thought furiously. Women!

He stared at the fair head, the averted

cheek, hating that humbleness, that shocking vulnerability.

"Okay, okay," he said. "It's all right with me."

She kept her face turned away, and her voice was still low and hesitant. "Could you come tomorrow night, Todd? After supper and time for the dishes?"

"Sure."

As if they had met to conclude a business matter briefly and the business was now done, they turned and began to walk back along the path. They did not speak again until they came to the break in the hedge.

"Well, tomorrow night," he said then. "Around six-thirty, quarter to seven."

"Todd?"

"What is it?"

"I don't know. It was nice, wasn't it, just us here, like you said, and nobody messing in?"

"Sure. I guess you're right, though, it's all to the good, snow in a couple of months, and all."

"But we'll come down here, too, won't we, and talk about the same things? Chimborazo and all?"

"Oh, sure."

"When it's nice out, I mean. Well, good-by."

He smiled at her, jerking his head in a gesture of farewell, and made as if he would turn away, but he stood still, his eyes following her, until she had gone halfway up the hill, walking slowly as she always did.

There's just one thing we've got to do, he told himself slowly: stick to the algebra up there and keep the ravine for really seeing each other. If we do that it will all stay the same. It won't mess anything up.

He drew a deep breath.

That's all we have to do, his mind repeated. Perfectly simple. Should have thought I'd have seen it from the start.

STILL, when he walked up the steps of the Tucker house, that next evening, there was a nervous tension in his arms and chest. He blew out the hurricane lamp that he carried and rang the bell. Almost immediately, Ellen answered the door.

"Hello," she said. "Are you the boy to teach me? I'm Ellen Tucker."

Her voice was loud and rapid, without

meaning, as if she had been rehearsing the words too long in her mind.

He had been forewarned, but it was not what he expected. He was always oddly surprised by deceit.

"Yes," he answered. "I'm Todd Davenport."

His discomfort brought the words shy and strange. A born actor and intriguer could not have bettered the effect. A curious look flashed across Ellen's face, a look of surprise and relief, but not of happiness.

"Well," she said. "Come in."

She turned her flushed face over her shoulder. "Mom," she called. "The boy's here."

There was a firm, heavy step behind her. Todd lifted his face and looked at Ellen's mother.

She was not as he had imagined her. She was taller and heavier than he had expected, and her hair was not dark and graying but smooth and fair, like Ellen's, and, like hers, wound about her head in a braid. Her face was even featured, the eyes still, the lips unsmiling.

"Evening," she said. Her voice was a little flat, without warmth but not unpleasant. She turned her head toward the back of the hall and spoke, increasing the volume of her voice without raising the tone. "The boy's here, Dad."

Mr. Tucker came into the hall. He was taller than his wife, but beside her he looked wispy and unstable, and his sad eyes shifted uneasily from Todd's face to Ellen's.

"Well, hello there," he said. "All set to be a teacher?"

The false heartiness of his voice accented both the restless eyes of amateur conspiracy and the odd, powerful impression of his wife's quietness.

"Lem," said Mrs. Tucker, "you sure you got it fixed with this boy about his pay, thirty-five cents an hour? So he understands from the start?"

Mr. Tucker's leathery skin darkened above the cheekbones and he avoided all eyes.

"Thirty-five, fifty, something like that," he murmured. "Sort of left it to the boy."

"Thirty-five," said Mrs. Tucker. "That's what we can afford." She spoke toward, rather than to, Todd, and exactly as if Mr. Tucker were not there. "He'd leave a tip in a

cafeteria if you didn't watch him," she said. "Just to make himself big. More scared of what folks think than he is of debt, that's what it is with him."

Ellen, like her father, had a flushed, averted face. Todd, alone of the three, was oddly unembarrassed. This was as he had made up his mind that it should be, a business arrangement. Neither was he, despite his own gentle feeling, disturbed by Mrs. Tucker's rudeness to her husband, so impersonally was it spoken, so without malice.

"I'll take thirty-five cents," he said clearly. "It's my first job of teaching and I don't have far to come."

"Come into the parlor then," said Mrs. Tucker. "No need to waste any more time. Lem, you may as well stay in the kitchen and hear the radio. Keep the door shut on it."

She walked before them without glancing back, her step heavy. Todd followed her, deeply struck by that curious impression of her moral certitude. His own character, so direct and directed, responded to it, not in friendship but with the steadiness of a well-armed peace.

She seated herself squarely in the middle of a hard sofa backed with a frame of carved roses. She indicated the golden-oak table beneath the chandelier. An ornamental lamp on an embroidered mat had been pushed to one side of it to make room for the textbook, the pencils, and the paper which had been ranged upon it with the order of an operating room.

Todd sat down, and for the first time since Mrs. Tucker had approached him, he looked directly at Ellen. Her face was unevenly flushed and her blue eyes looked frightened. Mrs. Tucker appeared to have no further interest in either of them, but she made no motion either to relax or to busy herself. She merely sat, erect and quiescent, as if she were waiting for a train, with her hands, which were coarse and formless like Ellen's, but without their softness of texture, splayed open upon her lap.

The blood flickered beneath Ellen's cheeks, and her uncertain eyes, turned from her mother's view, lifted to Todd's as if they begged for recognition. Todd lowered his own to the table, fingering the pencils before him, feeling his heart suddenly fill and ebb. A prison silence was in the room. The situa-

tion was distasteful, alien to his temperament. He was physically conscious of the girl as he had never been before, while at the same time he felt a cold, undirected anger.

He turned it from Ellen as best he could. That fool Tucker, said his mind. Why couldn't he leave well enough alone?

He cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "where do we begin? Suppose you tell me how far you've got."

She pushed the book toward him. "About half," she said. "Only I was in and out a lot, and part of the time the teacher was a substitute, and maybe I don't understand any of it good."

She doesn't like this either, thought Todd; and on top of it all she's afraid I'll think she's dumb.

He hesitated, looking down at his hands. He felt an absolute necessity to reassure her, to communicate with her; but they were watched, attended, and he had no subtlety. He was surprised beyond measure when suddenly he knew just what he must say.

He lifted his face and smiled at her, directly, for Mrs. Tucker to see. "Well, then," he said, "I guess we'd better start at the beginning. It will be like climbing a mountain, won't it?"

He was startled by the beauty of light that flooded her face.

"You tell me, now," he said, "what's algebra about?"

"I don't know. . . ." The words soft, stumbling, confused. "It's . . . it's like numbers, only you use letters. It's . . . it's to get into college. . . ."

"That's right." He spoke slowly, careful to betray no disappointment. "Why do you use letters?"

"I . . . I don't know."

He began to think, not of her, or of Mrs. Tucker, or of the three of them together and their anomalous position, but of the problem in hand. He felt a freeing in himself, a quickening. The muscles of his face relaxed and his look became neither kind nor careful but still, and lighted from within, as it was when he lay upon his bed and visualized the italic symbols on the printed page in his mind.

"Ellen." His voice was happy and remote. "What is a proportion?"

She knew the answer to that. The words

rattled. "The product of the means is equal to the product of the extremes."

"I don't mean that. Suppose you say that things are out of proportion. What do you mean?"

The first gleam of intelligence came into her face. "Why . . . I mean they aren't all littled down the same amount."

He moistened his lips, thinking. "Suppose you were making a picture of a man and a girl, half size. How big would they be in your picture?"

"Three and two."

"Six is to three as four is to two?"

"Why, yes."

He pushed a pad and pencil toward her. "Write it down and see if that piece you said for me is so."

She did as he said, obediently. Suddenly her face shone with childish surprise and pleasure. "Why, it is! The middle ones and the outside ones comes out just the same, twelve!"

Todd laughed. "Now," he said, "about those letters."

HE WAS startled when Mrs. Tucker rose from the sofa. "Is it an hour?" He glanced down at the table littered with scribbled sheets of paper. "I guess it is, at that."

She was almost smiling. "Well, I will say you earn your money, young fellow. The woman we had never kept her at it like that."

He turned his eyes to Ellen as if he had not seen her for a long time. "I tired you," he said abruptly. "You look tired."

She was white, and her face, bent down above the shining golden-oak table, had a queer, frightened, unguarded look of weary disappointment, like a child's. "I'm not tired," she said. "I learned an awful lot."

I forgot her, he thought; and she knew it.

And again the new, sharp, physical awareness of her body stung his body, and the prison atmosphere thickened in the room. He felt Mrs. Tucker's eyes upon him and controlled his face. His mind formed words: You've got to the foot of the mountain, now. They would comfort her, they would warm her cold cheeks, but he did not trust his voice to speak them.

"Well, cheer up," he said, "no homework till we get a little further."

Mrs. Tucker went to the mantel and took down her purse. "Here's your thirty five cents," she said. She hesitated, regarding him with that strange, unsmiling, almost child-like look, as blind as justice and as assured.

"I thought of raising you to fifty," she said in her flat, rather loud voice. "There's no nonsense to you, and I could see what you were getting over, even if I only took commercial. But I figured it would be better to have you oftener, say three, four nights a week. You willing, that is."

He took the money in his hand and stood looking down at it a minute before he pocketed it. He heard Ellen behind him, pushing back her chair and standing up. It was a clumsy, tired sound. Everything had gone as he had intended that it should, as he had planned it; and yet he knew that everything had gone wrong.

He felt tired himself, and stupid, as if the thick, cold prison air had slowed his blood and his mind. He was conscious of Ellen standing behind him, of her soft body, her weary, disappointed face.

"It's up to you," he said helplessly. "Only . . . only I wouldn't want your daughter to get discouraged with too much work right at the start. I . . . I get so interested myself, I tire other people out, I guess."

"She ain't lazy," said Mrs. Tucker. "I guess you want to go to college, don't you, Ellen?"

She did not speak unkindly, but it was clear that the decision rested with her alone. "Same time, then, day after tomorrow," she said.

She walked into the front hall and opened the door. "Good night."

"Good night, Mrs. Tucker," said Todd. "Good night, Ellen."

He did not look at either of them again. He walked quickly down the front stairs, the unlighted hurricane lamp in his hand. The clicking of the spring lock in the door behind him sounded like the springing of a trap.

He made his way to the road and walked along it.

She expected that it would be different, he thought. She knew I forgot her.

His mind turned back to Mrs. Tucker.

I don't believe she'll stay in the room after this, not all the time. She thinks she's got my number. She's not suspicious the way they think she is. It's something else. As if

she had ideas of good and bad in a terrible way that left people right out of it. They're crazy if they think they could ever put anything over on her. They're crazy to try to fool her the way they do.

A shudder ran through his shoulders and he jerked his head.

"The thing is," he whispered, "that Mrs. Tucker's more like me than they are, and I hate to know it."

Suddenly he began to run, stumbling, along the dark road. Ellen, he thought. Ellen, Ellen.

He saw her fine hair in its loosening braids, the flushing of the delicate skin, the soft lips loose-parted above the small, uneven teeth, the body soft with adolescent hunger and too little exercise. He saw her as if she stood before him in daylight, clearly, painfully, without softening of phantasy. Ellen, Ellen, and he ran toward home as if he ran into her arms.

He did not tell himself that she was beautiful. Mrs. Tucker had shown her to him that night as she was, weak, unstable, clouded in mind and in purpose, helpless as a child; and Todd ran down the dark road, all love and all desire, as if he ran into her arms. The world would never be the same for him again.

BUT she was not in the ravine the next day, or the day after that, and when Todd walked down the dark road that evening carrying the lamp, his face was set.

Even if Mrs. Tucker stays in the room, he thought, I'll have to find some way to make it different. It's not anything I can do, or say either, like that thing about the mountain. It's a way I've got to be in myself, knowing what she's like and not forgetting her. If I really feel it, she'll know, without my trying to find ways to tell her. She'll know, because she cares about it so much.

He stumbled in the dark, seeing the soft face with its intense, unbeautiful changes of color, the flushing, the pallor. He saw the anxious, vulnerable eyes.

Why do I have to know she cares about it so much, he thought wearily. I never knew things like that about people before. Why do I have to know she cares about it so much?

He blew out the lamp as he turned in at the gate. He set it down upon the steps and

rang the bell. He could hear it sound within the house harsh and raw. Then there were several seconds of silence before it was followed by a heavy footfall. The door swung sharply inward, and Mrs. Tucker stood framed in it, blocking his entry.

"Ellen's sick," she said.

Her loud, flat voice was empty of expression, but her face was somewhat diminished from his memory of it, less full of inhuman certitude.

"Sick?" He heard his voice flat and empty like an echo of her own.

"Oh, not bad. Just so's to need bed-rest a couple of days. That's why she don't go to school, you know. She's doctorin' for her heart."

He could not keep the shock from his face. Mrs. Tucker laughed shortly.

"I'd ought to learn better than mention what ails her," she said. "Don't know why you can't never say a heart condition without everybody's got her dug right under. Long's she don't shove herself, it ain't nothing. Getting better all the time."

Her voice grew louder as she spoke, but the same oddly diminished look was on her face, and her thick fingers straightened and flexed by her sides as if they had a life of their own.

Todd looked at her, the icy knowledge moving quietly into his blood. It's worse than Ellen thinks or Mr. Tucker thinks. The doctor tried to fool them all, but he couldn't fool *her*. She knows.

He stared at the smooth braids, the flat, white brow, the immobile features, the cold, strong face; and suddenly, fiercely, he was aware of a strength that was greater than this woman's strength, hot against her chill, an extraordinary surplus of life, a power of out-flowing love.

"Okay," he heard himself say. "Will you let me know when to come back?"

An odd half-smile of approval moved Mrs. Tucker's lips.

"I'll be by or send Lem," she said. And

then, with uncharacteristic awkwardness, as if the act of paying a compliment were foreign and surprising to her: "I like to see a kid that don't make a song and dance out of nothing."

Still the hot, flowing strength upheld him.

"Okay. Thanks." He nodded and turned down the stairs. He struck a match to the lamp once more.

"Too bad you had the trip for nothing."

The words came after him with an unfinished sound, as if there were something more that she would have liked to say, but when he turned his head she had shut the door without further farewell.

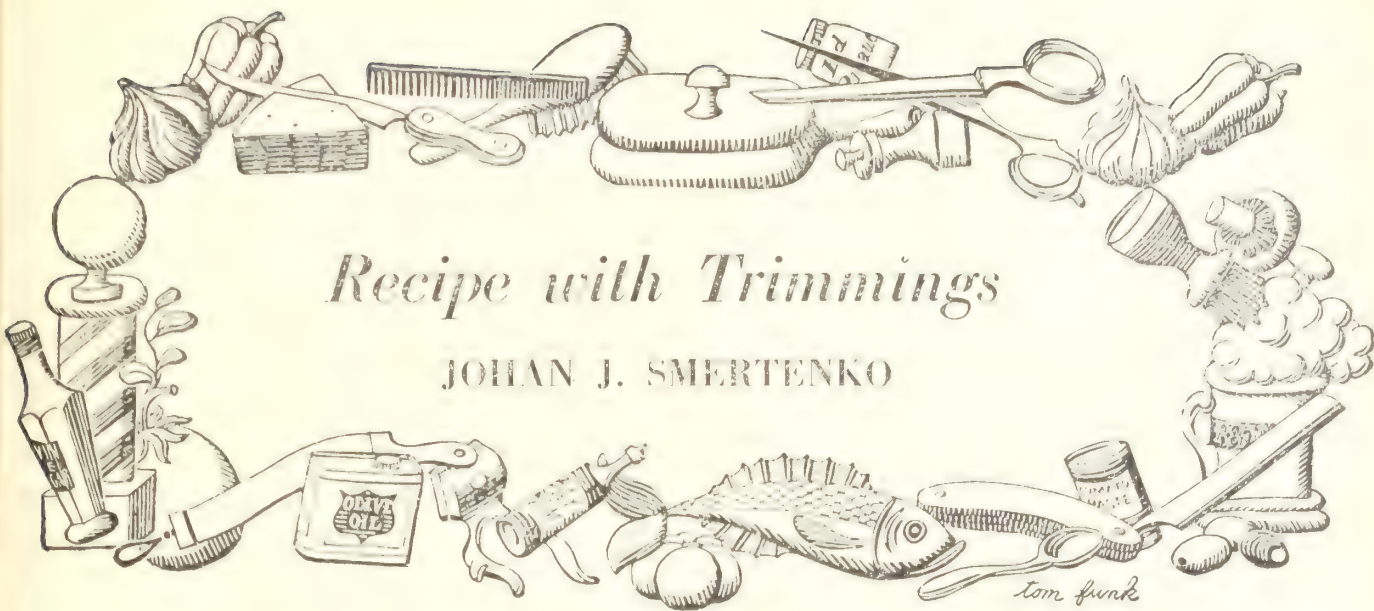
HE WALKED out into the road and along it. The muscles of his face were set, and his hand tightened upon the ring of the heavy lamp until the metal bruised his fingers, but he did not feel it. The strange, fierce emotion still poured from him in a living openness more terrible than grief or joy. He thought only of Ellen, with an intensity of realization so consuming, so overwhelming that he had no identity with his walking body, no future and no past. It was as if the knowing that Ellen might die had brought him only a total realization of the present, and of her alive.

Ageless, neither a boy nor a man, simply a life opened to a life, he moved in his undirected and stumbling body through the darkness. It was not until he had gone for some distance that his mind wavered, his face broke, and he was no more than himself again, a boy barely seventeen, apt for no tragic greatness, uncertain and unarmed.

His lips moved, forming silent words. She'll be all right, they said. Of course she will.

He began to run in the dark. As he ran, he remembered Mrs. Tucker in the doorway, her restless fingers, her immobile face. Words broke from him aloud, aimless, angry words.

"The old bat," he gasped as he ran. "The damned old bat."



Recipe with Trimmings

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

“You joost usa dis recip’ like I say,” said Frank. “Then da neighbor nexta door, he joost take somma bread and a glassa wine. Then he smella da dish and’a he’s gotta good meal.” Though my next-door neighbors are a long city block away, if the wind is right when I use Frank’s recipe, they gather on the terrace and sniff the breeze like a pack of drooling beagles. It’s a good meal.

Frank is my barber now, the last active survivor of the four artists who have cut my hair for more than a quarter of a century. Henri is dead, Auguste gone, Giovanni practically retired, and Francesco is “da boss” now. I reached him in slow, uneven stages and I shall stay with him until either he or I depart this world. “When I quit,” says Frank with convincing simplicity, “all da good barbers is’a gone.”

I brought my unruly mop into that shop in 1922, was greeted in French and waved majestically by Henri to his own chair. This honor, I learned later, I owed to his curiosity. He wanted to know whether his master hand could correct in one haircut the mischief which nature and bad barbers had done to my head.

Henri was an old, gray-bearded, temperamental Frenchman who nagged his assistants and bullied his Greenwich Village patrons. The latter took it without complaint. For he

had cut the hair of Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and Oscar Wilde, of Stanford White and Harry Thaw, of General Grant, Teddy Roosevelt, and other celebrities. It was considered a privilege to hear him talk. Whenever he could, Henri abused the privilege. For despite some sixty years’ residence in this country, he spoke little English. When he found someone who understood French, it was something else again.

In an unguarded moment I disclosed that I had spent some time in the Armagnac region. From that moment, Henri made a rite of my haircut. He would usher me into his cubbyhole of an office, pour me a glass of his native brandy, and talk in Gascon patois about his famous customers. If I hinted, however tactfully, that I had no more than an hour to spare for reminiscences plus haircut, he would put me in his chair and snip in sulky silence. He was too great an artist at heart ever to do a bad job, but the quality of his creation was in direct ratio to the length of his preliminary conversation. Once I listened to him for three hours and was trimmed to look like one of the more comely inhabitants of Olympus.

THAT’s when I switched my patronage to Auguste. Gus was an Alsatian who had also been christened Henri. But the old man had obliged him to adopt another

name. The world, he declared with Gascon modesty, knows only one Henri and would consider it well peculiar if another and inferior artist of that name suddenly appeared in his shop. Gus's resentment at this indignity seethed without abatement for thirty-two years and increased, if possible, after the old man's death because by then it was too late to change Auguste back to Henri. This and other personal troubles, communicated in German, and his Alsatian hatred of the Germans, expressed in guttural French or English, formed the chief topics of his conversation.

After eighteen years in his chair, the Alsatian problem and the lives and loves of a barber hold no mystery for me whatsoever. In 1942, Auguste-Henri gave up barbering to work in a munitions plant.

Then Giovanni cut my hair expeditiously and well. His talk was limited in time and theme. He expressed no opinions on the affairs of Sicily, America, or the world. His sole interest lay in his innumerable offspring. Invariably he asked after my daughter and,

as soon as I replied to his gambit, moved on to his "boys," the youngest of whom was past forty.

Each haircut was accompanied by one episode in their progress from bootblack to benedict, composing altogether an Americanization saga of no little interest. At the age of seventy-five John suffered his first illness, a heart attack which forced him into virtual retirement. He now lives with his only unmarried—tsk, tsk—son and comes to work only on Saturdays.

THAT'S how Frank became my barber. He talks more than Auguste and John combined, in a mixture of dialect English, French, and Italian. Unlike the others, he keeps to his task while he talks. The more interesting his conversation is to himself, the less hair I have on my head at the end of the haircut. His subjects are varied, ranging from astrology and baseball through comedians, politics, and sex crimes to war and women. His method is didactic; his stock of misinformation enormous.

Frank's pet aversion is modern medicine. As a "real" barber in the old country, he had a flourishing practice in cups, herbs, leeches, and mustard plasters; and he regards all this business of X rays, hypodermics, oxygen tents, and "leetla pills" as dangerous quackery. His great enthusiasm is food. He speaks of it with love and longing in the metaphors of a poet and with the precision of a scientist. For Francesco all roads lead to the kitchen. Both the situation in Korea and the Dodgers' progress toward the pennant somehow end up in a recipe.

The particular "recipe" which I am about to impart to the patient reader came to me by way of a discussion of Einstein's new cosmic formula. Frank is greatly impressed by the fact that Mist' Einstein does not rest on his laurels but continues to work after winning fame and fortune by means of the theory of relativity.





Frank explained that theory. "Everyt'ing you see is'a different dependsa where you look. Peepla on da sidewalk is'a beeg. Looket'a same peepla from Empire State building, and dey is'a small." Frank said that now this theory seems very simple but it took a smart man to figure it out in the first place. Just like Columbus. After he had shown the way, it was easy to get on a boat and just go to America.

"Mist' Einstein," Frank concluded, "is'a smarta man. My oncle was a smarta man, too. Joost like Mist' Einstein, he was profess' of mat'ematika in a school at Taranta. He had lotsa brains." It is a well known fact throughout Italy, Frank informed me, that all the people of Taranta have lots of brains. This is due to their diet of fish and pasta. Fish, he said in Italian, especially carp and fresh tuna, is good for the brain. "You eata much feesh?" he asked in a tone which implied I did not.

I admitted the impeachment. I do not like fish.

"You no liket da feesh because you no cooket right," Frank explained. "That'sa why. You cooket lika me. I tell'a you da recip' dot'sa mak' you eat feesh." He told me.

He itemized the ways of cooking fish hot, fish cold, fish marinated, and fish stuffed. His voice rose and fell in musical Italian rhythm as he expounded the virtues of garlic, cheese, and tomato sauce.

SINCE I had no intention of using these recipes, my mind wandered. I thought of the dualism of the modern scientist, so dramatically illustrated by Einstein the

pacifist and progenitor of the atom bomb. When I again became aware of Frank's voice, he was talking about eggplant.

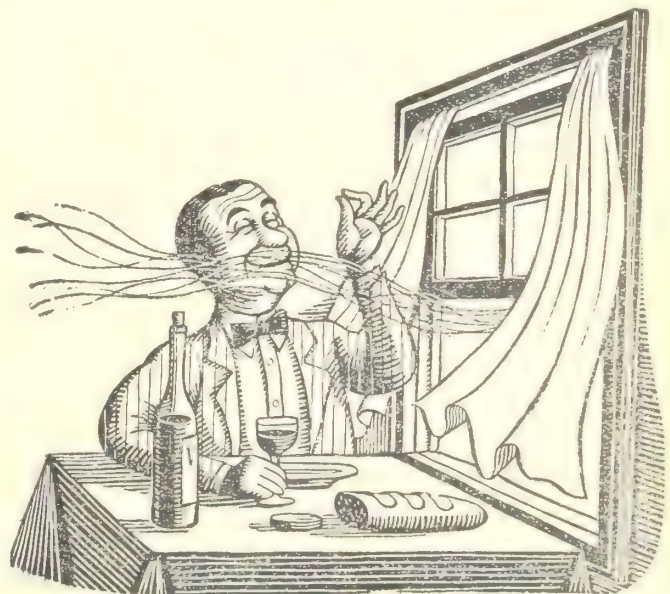
Feeling the need to redeem myself, I offered my recipe for eggplant parmigiana which includes chopped beef. Frank dismissed it obscenely. "*Je m'en fout' de cette recette*. That'sa for poor peepla. I tella you a good recip' wid-da veal cutteletta."

So here it is—for rich people who can afford to use da veal cutteletta:

Cut unpeeled eggplant in slices $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch thick, cover with heavy weight, and put to soak in cold water for two hours. Squeeze and dry slices, salt and dust with flour, then deep-fry in olive oil. When crusty and brown, remove and drain on paper. Using $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup of this oil in fresh skillet, sauté 3 cloves of garlic, 2 large green peppers, 6 mushrooms, and a dozen olives, finely chopped. When done, add 12 ounces tomato paste, 2 jiggers of wine vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Let simmer for 15 minutes, stirring vigorously.

Pour enough of this sauce into casserole to cover bottom; then place a layer of eggplant slices, a layer of mozzarella cheese $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick, and a layer of thin, lightly-browned veal cutlets. Cover with sauce and Romano cheese, and top off with layers of eggplant, mozzarella, and remainder of sauce. Bake in medium oven for one hour.

"You joost usa dis recip' like I say. Then da neighbor nexta door, he joost take somma bread and a glassa wine. Then he smella da dish and'a he's gotta good meal." So have you.



Trial by Television

Allen T. Klots

THE television show conducted last March by the Kefauver Committee was greeted almost universally with cheers and acclamations. Here, one heard on all sides, is an important new feature in the political and social life of this country. Only occasional and isolated voices have cried out in dissent to express their doubts as to the unqualified merits of the whole proceeding. One metropolitan daily newspaper expressed its approval in the following terms: "Here is the perfect combination of information and entertainment. Every bit of it is exciting stuff and deserves all the presentation it is getting." The same editorial then went on in almost ecstatic terms to expatiate on the "solid virtue" of thus educating and informing the people as to the nature and extent of organized crime and incidentally the guilt of the individuals involved. Innocence apparently is no longer to be presumed until they are found guilty by some recognized judicial process; instead, their guilt is to be taken for granted. Not a word of caution was suggested. Not a doubt was expressed.

Now that the excitement aroused by the entertainment has somewhat cooled, many of us in our more sober moments have had misgivings as to the solid virtue of this method of achieving the ends in view. We take for granted the desirability of an informed citizenry; we recognize the need of an

aroused public to meet widespread social evils; but we wonder if this is the way to accomplish these commendable purposes. Some of us question whether, after all, the information and education handed out to the people in the form of a public show is likely to be sound, well balanced, and reliable. Others question whether the stimulus to reform by this sort of shock treatment has sufficiently enduring effects to outweigh the dangers involved. Still others are alarmed at the affront to what we in America have come to regard as traditional rights of the individual in a free society, and at the danger of introducing into our national life practices which—innovent and attractive though they may seem at first—may lead to the violation of some of the most sacred of these rights.

II

THE first and fundamental question is whether this method of approach is really an effective way of arriving at the truth. In any proceeding where the power of the state is invoked to compel witnesses under penalty of contempt to testify before a legislative tribunal or a court, the sole justification is the search for truth. The primary and clearly legitimate purpose of a congressional investigation is to obtain facts which will help the legislators in drawing up legisla-

Mr. Klots, a member of a well-known New York law firm and former Special Assistant to Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson, here examines the vexing question of the rights of the individual, in the light of the all-seeing television camera.

tion. Another probably legitimate purpose is to inquire into the operation of executive departments with the aim of exposing misconduct or inefficiency. A possible although more doubtful right of Congress may be to conduct examinations for the purpose of disseminating information to the public. It must be clear, however, that whatever the purpose of the inquiry, its guiding principle must be the elicitation of facts so that the truth may be arrived at. Certainly its purpose is not to make a Roman holiday to amuse and entertain the populace.

Is the method of a public show broadcast over television really calculated to result in a reliable and factual appraisal of any situation? First of all, the witness suffers a psychological ordeal which must make it impossible for him to give accurate and careful testimony, however disposed he may be to do so. Many of us suffer stage fright when merely confronted with a microphone. As for television, few of us are movie stars. The very thought that millions of people are watching and observing every expression and gesture would induce in many of us a state of panic. Everyone is naturally at a disadvantage on the witness stand and automatically becomes self-conscious and easily confused. When we add the heat and glare of klieg lights, cameras, microphones, and all the other paraphernalia that usually go with television and radio broadcasting, the experience becomes for most people a species of torture. Indeed it is much too close to the familiar methods that totalitarian rulers use to elicit "facts." The analogy is an ugly one but it is inescapable. In most instances the embarrassment and confusion which confound the witness in such surroundings contribute not to the search for truth but to a distorted and wholly inaccurate picture.

The whole procedure of investigation by congressional committee as ordinarily conducted, moreover, is not calculated to result in an impartial, complete, and objective presentation of the facts. No investigation, whether it be scientific, judicial, or legislative, can arrive at a true and accurate factual conclusion unless all sides of the question are presented and explored. To broadcast an unfair or incomplete proceeding by television serves only to disseminate whatever distortion and error may be involved.

Take the simple matter of time, for example. Neither the witness nor the accused has anything like a full opportunity to present his side of the case; he has no opportunity to produce witnesses of his own, nor the right to cross-examine other witnesses. Seldom, if ever, can more than a fraction of a whole investigation be broadcast by television and this partial picture merely serves to magnify the distortion. The ultimate impression that the public receives is not the truth, but the preconceived and prejudged version of the interrogators themselves.

The interrogators in many legislative investigations act both as prosecutors and judges. The temptation to use the hearing for political and propaganda purposes is almost irresistible. The fact that their performance is seen and heard by the great television audience serves to increase this natural temptation. The members of the committee in their own minds become actors in a great drama, and the temptation to show off by bullying or otherwise abusing their advantage over witnesses is all too likely to displace the judicial and dispassionate attitude which can be the only effective one in a tribunal that is genuinely interested in getting the facts.

If the search for truth is the primary purpose of an investigation, ordeal by television hardly seems to present the best way to achieve it.

III

WHAT about the propriety of this performance from the point of view of the rights of individuals who are summoned to the witness stand? What about the rights of those whose names, if not their faces, are brought into the hearings? Certainly the whole question involves the spirit if not the letter of our Constitutional guarantees of justice and fair play. In the Kefauver hearings the violence done to these rights was at least partially obscured by the notorious character of many of the men and women who were examined as witnesses or were otherwise involved. One is likely to believe that such people are entitled to little consideration. But this should not blind us to the fact that all persons are equally entitled to the protection of our Constitutional guarantees. The real danger is that once this method

of proceeding is sanctioned and established it will be applied to anyone irrespective of his character and good repute if the investigating authority chooses to involve him in the proceeding.

Now you may ask what rights, in the nature of Constitutional guarantees, may be violated merely because a witness is called by a congressional committee to testify before a television or broadcasting setup? Fundamentally it is the manner in which these investigations are usually conducted which does violence to these rights. Television and broadcasting serve to magnify and disseminate the evil. A first article of our creed is that no person shall be convicted without a fair trial. The Sixth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides that in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall, among other things, be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation against him, be confronted with the witnesses against him, and have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor. Due process guaranteed by the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments certainly involves the right to cross-examine one's accusers. To be sure, the Sixth Amendment by its terms applies specifically to criminal prosecutions and due process to the deprivation of life, liberty, or property. But whether or not the rights with which we are here concerned come strictly within the legal purview of any Constitutional guarantee, certainly these provisions stand as a pattern for our American concept of justice and fair play. The Supreme Court will decide one of these days in cases already pending whether our Constitution has a more specific application.

IN A legislative hearing as now conducted, the witness or other person involved is being tried and convicted before the bar of public opinion and is being as effectively deprived of his good repute and fair name as he would be by the judgment of a court of law. In a court of law, however, the accused is given every opportunity to testify in his own defense, produce witnesses of his own, and cross-examine the prosecutor's witnesses. An impartial judge presides and sees to it that only competent legal evidence is introduced. Members of the Un-American Activities Committee of Congress frequently referred to their proceedings as a court and

boasted that the witnesses were being tried before the bar of public opinion. Yet that committee made no bones about trying to obtain a conviction at that bar often without regard to the most elementary features of due process.

One of the most conspicuous examples of this, of course, was the treatment which that committee meted out to Dr. Edward U. Condon, the Director of the National Bureau of Standards. A subcommittee report described him as "one of the weakest links in our atomic security." There was no basis of fact whatever to support this public slur on his reputation. For months the committee refused his requests that he be allowed to appear, be heard, and be given an opportunity to refute the accusations.

According to our American concept of justice, such proceedings violated another one of our most fundamental rights—the right to be presumed innocent until found guilty. Here again our Constitution provides us with a standard. The Fifth Amendment requires that no person shall be held to answer for an infamous crime unless indicted by a grand jury. One of the main reasons why the proceedings before a grand jury are held *in camera* and the grand jurors and everyone else concerned are sworn to secrecy is to protect the good name of persons who become involved in the inquiry unless sufficient evidence appears to warrant an indictment. For the same reason a conscientious prosecutor will not present evidence even to a grand jury unless he believes he has ample proof to procure an indictment.

Yet a person or his name may be dragged before a congressional committee and treated as if his guilt rather than innocence were to be taken for granted. His good name and reputation can be irreparably destroyed on most inadequate and incompetent evidence or no evidence at all, none except the assertions or charges made by individual members of the committee or their counsel. To broadcast such a travesty of justice by television or radio magnifies the conviction and intensifies the penalty and suffering which any injured person is forced to undergo.

I do not mean to suggest that there should be no congressional investigations. I do not mean to imply that inquiry by Congress or any legislature in a proper case is not essential

to intelligent performance of the legislative function. Nor am I so naïve as to assume that all congressional investigations can be conducted with the same ritual and with the same regard for rules of evidence and legal technicalities as in a trial by court of law. Many of the evils of such a proceeding are unavoidable and inherent in the legislative process in our democratic form of government. But this should not obscure the fact that there are certain rules and principles which could be adopted and followed in most cases which would tend to minimize the risks of injustice and personal harm. At a meeting of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York in December 1948, for example, the members there convened unanimously resolved to recommend to the Congress certain principles to govern the conduct of committee investigations. They recommended, for example, that any person whose good name was adversely affected by what went on at a hearing should be entitled to testify personally, to file a sworn statement, to cross-examine other witnesses within limits, and to call a reasonable number of witnesses in his own behalf. They further proposed that no photographs, moving pictures, or television or radio broadcasting of the proceedings should be permitted while any witness is testifying. Those recommendations—offered more than two years before the Kefauver hearings—have not yet been embodied in the law of the land, but they are as valid as ever today.

IV

THE first flush of enthusiasm over the Kefauver show stimulated the suggestion that the practice of broadcasting by television might also be applied to court trials “of broad and legitimate interest.” To anyone brought up in the tradition of high respect for the dignity of judicial proceedings this suggestion is abhorrent. It can be argued, of course, that to broadcast court proceedings by television may be less objectionable in certain respects than to broadcast legislative hearings. In a judicial proceeding there is a chance for both sides to present their case, to cross-examine witnesses, and in most instances to expect an objective and impartial conduct of the proceeding by the presiding judge. It can be further argued that in view of the fact that

court proceedings are, and should be, open to the public, broadcasting them by television merely gives a larger section of the public a chance to participate and observe what goes on. There are those who say that newspaper accounts of trials are now often inaccurate, incomplete, and misleading—that the opportunity for the television public to see the proceedings would tend to neutralize the bad effects of slovenly reporting. If the newspaper reporters, they say, were conscious of the fact that the whole world had as good a view as they have of what goes on in the courtroom, the result would be much fairer reporting.

Yet it is difficult to understand how any cogent argument can be made in favor of permitting television or even radio broadcasting, as now conducted, at a court trial or how a judge with any sense of decorum could permit it for one moment. To expect witnesses to give accurate and complete testimony in face of all the present-day television or broadcasting equipment and the self-conscious, embarrassed state of mind that it promotes, is to expect the impossible. No search for the truth can be genuinely successful under such conditions.

And even if the art of broadcasting were so improved that the klieg lights disappeared and the microphones and other equipment were inconspicuously located so that they were hardly visible, the fundamental objection would remain. A judicial inquiry as a result of which the state may ultimately exercise its power and authority to deprive a human being of his life, liberty, or property still would be turned into a public show; the judge, jury, counsel, parties, and witnesses would become actors in a drama offered for public consumption. Justice cannot truly be dispensed under such circumstances.

Judicial proceedings, of course, cannot be conducted in secret; they must be accessible to the public for the protection of those on trial as well as for the protection of the public itself. Newspapers, for example, must be free to report the proceedings and the conduct of the trial—at least after the event. But history has long since proved that justice can be hoped for only in a proceeding that is conducted in a sober, restrained, dispassionate, and objective atmosphere. Television and broadcasting would serve to remove trials from the atmosphere of the courtroom to that

of the market place. I hope that the time never arrives in the administration of justice in our country when such a retrogression takes place.

V

THE Kefauver Committee hearings demonstrated without a doubt that television, as an instrument of publicity, can be very potent and effective indeed. The possibilities of its beneficial employment for public education and enlightenment are unquestionably very great. The practice of televising legislative debates or proceedings such as those of the United Nations may well prove to be of great educational and informative value. Public officials debating public policy in public forums should perhaps subject themselves to this sort of public scrutiny. It is impossible to predict the various fields in

which this medium may be most usefully employed.

But we Americans are an imaginative and enterprising people and we are always zealous to extend the use of our new discoveries and inventions. This national trait is highly commendable and responsible for much of the speed with which we make progress, particularly in material things. With this tendency on our part, however, we must not forget that certain rights and institutions which vitally affect our moral, spiritual, as well as material well-being have been hammered out in the process of history by the slow and laborious method of trial and error. Before our enthusiasm over a new toy is allowed to entrench unduly on these, let us hesitate and weigh each step carefully. Let us make sure that the fun we are having is not resulting in irreparable damage to precious parts of our national heritage.

Starting from Manhattan

JAMES RORTY

RIDING the neon surf of the city, sucked
By Friday's riptide pouring out
From the hot center, over the bridge,
Into a limbo of BEER and EAT,
Each in his moving cubicle alone
With Bing and Benny . . . Silence
The electronic voices, snap out the lights, and see
What panic would grip these schooled and fated fish!

This could be Jersey or Jericho, watch the signs—
How strict, how ordinated this hell!
(Pull over . . . Sorry, officer. Name, D. Alighieri O'Halloran. Age,
Sixty. Hair, gray. Destination, Heaven via Hackensack.)

Heaven is where the heart is and the heart
Yearns ever backward. After the neon surf, the long
Land swell of the continent, the sparse
Hearth lamps of cottage and farm
Rocked like ship lights on the blowing dark.

Charon, put by your automotive oar, our Styx
Is passed. Cut now the electronic nerve,
Snap out the lights . . . In this owl-haunted cove
Breathe deep the wild grape and the pine and hear
Cricket and katydid anciently chanting.

Who's Mispronouncing Now?

Norman Lewis

THERE is no less than a revolution brewing in American pronunciation. Never before in the history of our language have the scholars kept such close tabs on what we the people say, nor been so ready and willing to admit, realistically, that any pronunciation is "correct" if it is consistently used by a sufficient number of educated speakers.

In short, official attitudes to pronunciation are becoming more sensible, more liberal every year. The dead hand of tradition is being lifted, and the new crop of dictionary editors are eager to face the facts of life.

It was once possible, not so many years back, for speech teachers to pontificate that such and such a word was "almost universally mispronounced," and to point to the pages of the dictionaries for complete and unequivocal support. "Do you, like almost everyone else in the United States, say *toon* (tune) and *STAT-us* (status) and *in-kog-NEE-to* (incognito)?" the teachers could demand accusingly and more than a little contemptuously. "Well, you're wrong! You must say *tyoon* and *STAY-tus* and *in-KOG-ni-to*." The pedagogues failed, myopically, to see the absurd illogic of their statements, for they had the dictionaries to back them up; and the dictionaries, at least theoretically, contained an up-to-date record of what educated people were saying. Indeed, it became an amusing game to discover in what respects the dictionaries were

at variance with popular speech habits—and of course in such a dispute the people were always wrong, no matter how universal their number.

THAT was, as I have said, some years ago. Since the end of World War II most dictionaries have become, in fact as well as in theory, up-to-date records of what educated people actually say; and as new and authoritative dictionaries are published (recently there have been some excellent newcomers in the field: the 1947 Random House *American College Dictionary*; the 1951 Grosset and Dunlap *Words*; the 1951 New American Library *Webster Dictionary*; and the 1951 Doubleday *Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionary*), interested citizens can learn, with vast relief, that many of the popular pronunciations once darkly frowned upon are now fully sanctioned for educated use.

For example, we may now legally say, if we are so inclined, *STOO-d'nt* (student) and *IN-kwi-ree* (inquiry) and *DRAM-ma* (drama) and *AD-dress* (address) and even *shick* (chic) and *click* (clique), although there was the time, well within the memory of people still young, when only the erudite forms *STYOO-d'nt*, *in-KWYRE-ee*, *DRAH-ma*, *a-DRESS*, *sheek*, and *cleek* could be found in the sacrosanct pages of the contemporary reference works.

And there is even more relief for the guilt-

Norman Lewis is the man who asked "How Correct Must Correct English Be?" in March 1949, and we suspect that the question he now raises will be just as controversial. His new book, How to Get More Out of Your Reading, is his tenth.

ridden speaker who was once confronted by the dilemma of pronouncing certain words as the lexicographers ordered, and thus being unquestionably "correct," or of saying them in such a way that his friends would not become alarmed, and thus being indubitably "incorrect." Here is a random selection from the hundreds of words whose popular pronunciations have now been accepted by one or more of the new dictionaries.

Column I will show the older, scholarly pronunciation which is still entirely current but which is no longer claimed to be the exclusively "correct" one, and column II will indicate the recently accepted popular pronunciation. These popular forms are no longer considered an insult to educated American speech and in some instances may, in time, push the older pronunciations right off the pages of the up-to-date dictionaries.

WORD	I		II
1. <i>exquisite</i>	EKKS-kwi-zit	or	ekks-KWIZ-it
2. <i>inexplicable</i>	in-EKKS-pi-ka-b'l	or	in-ekks-PLIK-a-b'l
3. <i>coupon</i>	KOO-pon	or	KYOO-pon
4. <i>coupe</i>	koo-PAY	or	KOOP
5. <i>adult</i>	a-DULT	or	AD-ult
6. <i>acclimate</i>	a-KLYE-mit	or	ACK-li-mayt
7. <i>aspirant</i>	a-SPYRE-'nt	or	ASS-pi-r'nt
8. <i>bouquet</i>	boo-KAY	or	bo-KAY
9. <i>culinary</i>	KYOO-li-na-ree	or	KULL-i-na-ree
10. <i>diphtheria</i>	diff-THEER-ee-a	or	dip-THEER-ee-a
11. <i>amateur</i>	am-a-TURR	or	AM-a-choor
12. <i>incognito</i>	in-KOG-ni-to	or	in-kog-NEE-to

Typical of the trends in the new attitudes to "correct" pronunciation is the sudden and long-merited loss of caste of what some linguists like to term the "school-teacher" or

"radio-announcer" pronunciation of words containing the letter "u." For example, we are now permitted by the new dictionaries to say:

WORD		I		II
For <i>attitude</i>	<i>either</i>	AT-i-tyood	or	AT-i-tood
For <i>assume</i>	<i>either</i>	a-SYOOM	or	a-SOOM
For <i>duty</i>	<i>either</i>	DYOO-tee	or	DOO-tee
For <i>during</i>	<i>either</i>	DYOOR-ing	or	DOOR-ing
For <i>tune</i>	<i>either</i>	TYOON	or	TOON

And full recognition is accorded, also, to the American preference for the flat "a" (as in *hāt*) as against the broad "a" (as in *father*)

or the long "a" (as in *fate*) in a large number of common words. We may now say, for instance:

WORD		I		II
For <i>plaza</i>	<i>either</i>	PLAH-za	or	PLAZ-za
For <i>almond</i>	<i>either</i>	AH-m'nd	or	AM-m'nd
For <i>khaki</i>	<i>either</i>	KAH-kee	or	KACK-ee
For <i>patio</i>	<i>either</i>	PAH-tee-o	or	PAT-ee-o
For <i>aunt</i>	<i>either</i>	AHNT	or	ANT
For <i>data</i>	<i>either</i>	DAY-ta	or	DAT-ta
For <i>gratis</i>	<i>either</i>	GRAY-tis	or	GRAT-is
For <i>gala</i>	<i>either</i>	GAY-la	or	GAL-a
For <i>aviator</i>	<i>either</i>	AY-vee-ay-ter	or	AVV-ee-ay-ter
For <i>apparatus</i>	<i>either</i>	ap-a-RAY-tus	or	ap-a-RAT-us
For <i>strata</i>	<i>either</i>	STRAY-ta	or	STRAT-a

(In many of these words, the newer forms are listed in second place in some dictionaries, and the die-hards will attempt to derive what consolation they can from this order. However, the lexicographers generally make a point of emphasizing that the "second listing" does not necessarily mean that a pronunciation is less preferable or less current, but only that it is historically more recent, and hence less aged and venerable than the "first listing.")

BUT the wheels of progress still grind slowly. No American dictionary, not even that arch-liberal of them all, the Thorndike-Barnhart, has given an inch on certain words which are frequently "mispronounced" (*i.e.* not uttered according to dictionary standards) by educated speakers. I offer, in a test below, ten examples of such words—words of which only the scholarly, traditional pronunciations have so far won any

dictionary approval. When (and if) the lexicographers and their advisory speech editors feel it safe to claim that the "mispronunciations," though they have no historical basis, are nevertheless common enough in literate usage to merit a listing, you can be sure they'll be recorded as current and acceptable. But the time apparently is not quite yet.

For each word the dictionary-approved form and the popular "mispronunciation" are offered, in no particular order. Check the form which you naturally would, or do, use in your less guarded moments of everyday speech. Your score will tell you absolutely nothing about how "cultured" you are, how "effectively" you speak, or how high a position you do, or should, occupy in American industry. What it will tell you, however, is whether you follow traditional lines in respect to these words, or whether you are some years ahead of the times.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| 1. <i>human</i> | YOO-m'n or HYOO-m'n? |
| 2. <i>formidable</i> | FOR-mi-da-b'l or for-MID-a-b'l? |
| 3. <i>impious</i> | im-PYE-us or IM-pee-us? |
| 4. <i>gaseous</i> | GASH-us or GASS-ee-us? |
| 5. <i>acumen</i> | ACK-yoo-m'n or a-KYOO-m'n? |
| 6. <i>flaccid</i> | FLACK-sid or FLASS-id? |
| 7. <i>to frequent</i> (verb) | fre-KWENT or FREE-kwint? |
| 8. <i>manufacture</i> | man-a-FACK-choor or man-yoo-FACK-choor? |
| 9. <i>zoology</i> | zoe-OL-o-jee or zoo-OL-o-jee? |
| 10. <i>plebeian</i> | PLEE-bee-'n or ple-BEE-'n? |

(To check your performance, see page 101 for KEY.)

Housing Shortage

IN NO considerable, thoroughly settled city on the civilized globe is material living attended with so many difficulties as in New York. Even in London, to which alone we are second in commercial importance, it is not hard to find a house or rooms within the municipal limits at any season. The same may be said of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg—of any of the Old World capitals, or of any social center in the Western Hemisphere. But one of the greatest troubles of the average New Yorker is to secure a roof to shelter him and his. He has no expectation of a home—anything like a home is reserved for the very prosperous few; the most he dares to hope for is a sojourning place for six months, or a year or two at furthest. The effort he makes to this end, the anxiety he suffers, are incalculable. Where and how he is to live is an ever-present, carking thought.

—"The Problem of Living in New York" by Junius Henri Browne, *Harper's*, November 1882.

After Hours

Luxury Crossing

AS WE stepped off the gangplank on to the deck of the brand-new American Export liner, *Constitution*, bound for Naples, and turned into the stair corridor leading to our stateroom, my wife said: "Just like the Museum of Modern Art. Shall we go have a look at the permanent collection?"

The ship is like that—stairways with brushed aluminum handrails, flat surfaces in post-impressionist blues and rusts and grays; trim, and, of course, shipshape, but in a new nautical tradition. This is not a floating Waldorf, no Peacock Alleys here, no golden *putti* or flounces. That is not to say, however, that the decoration is severe. There are murals by Refregier and Feininger (the Modern Museum note) and luxurious textiles by Dorothy Liebes (at least they look like Liebes), thick carpets, and lounge chairs you could lose a baby in. The cabins are planned with seagoing economy of space but with uncommon ingenuity in providing convenience and comfort. There are, to be sure, cabins (or should I say "suites"?) in which space is used with a lavish hand—suites with their own glassed-in verandas, penthouses high on the superstructure. But straight down through the ship, which has three classes (a notion that seems to me obsolete), the cabins and the recreation and dining rooms have style (and air conditioning) in the current mode, comfort in any mode, and the luxury of a Statler. This is America's bid for luxury tourist trade—with a vengeance.

Vengeance is, to be quite truthful, at the bottom of it all. More politely it might be called the competitive spirit. There has long been a conviction, based in the most solid fact, that American ships were no proper transportation to Europe for anyone who

could get passage on a British or French or Dutch or Italian ship. If you wanted service and good food (and could afford it), you booked passage on a line that had a long tradition of service and famous chefs. Furthermore, during the era of prohibition, you got on a ship with a bar that, once you were twelve miles out to sea, made you forget the speakeasy cards in your wallet and the watered whiskey you were accustomed to drink out of teacups. You stepped from a pier on the Hudson River into a foreign country, from barbarism into mellow civilization. So, anyway, it seemed in the twenties. Only the stodgy preferred to travel on American ships. The *Constitution* and her identical twin, the *Independence*, are our attempts to avenge a long tradition of transatlantic inferiority.

The officers of the *Constitution* are acutely aware of this. There is an "If we only could . . ." air to their conversation, which means that they are not satisfied with the way things go on the ship—a good sign. There is no smugness, no patronizing self-satisfaction. The ship on this its third crossing is still a challenge, and there is a determination to make each passage better than the last one.

More than any of the officers I met, Mr. Cooper, the Chief Purser, exemplifies this attitude. He is an erect, slim man with a precise but amiable manner of speech, and is the passengers' intermediary with the world of engines, iceboxes, galleys, and air-conditioning machines that whir in places out of sight. Under his aegis, as he put it, is "everything on the inside of the ship," which he defined as "the entertainment, welfare, and accommodations of the passengers, and the payroll of the crew." Mr. Cooper, who has been twenty-five years at sea, very nearly missed the boat on this voyage—not that it could have left without him. The ship sailed at eleven

and at nine-thirty he went to the bank to pick up \$60,000. The bank wasn't expecting him until the afternoon and didn't have as much cash as that in the right denominations lying around and had to send out for it. "We, that is two armed guards and myself," said Mr. Cooper, "made it from lower Broadway to the pier in just seven minutes. We got aboard at one minute of eleven." It is obvious that Mr. Cooper is a good man in a crisis, but his business on shipboard is to see that the passengers never encounter a crisis that he can anticipate. It is he who, so far as complaints and compliments are concerned, is the "ultimate recipient of the buck."

THE high gloss on the smooth surface of luxury-ship life conceals a vast ant hill of activity that most of the passengers never see and few of them ever think about. With Mr. Cooper to open doors for me, I made it my business to get behind as many marked "Crew Only" as I could. There are no accidental pleasures on a ship; everything is planned. You may think, for example, that you met that attractive couple by pure chance, but if you look a little further into the scheme on which a passenger ship is built, how its public rooms are designed and disposed, and its entertainment arranged, you will realize that there is scarcely a chance in a hundred that you would not have met them sooner or later.

The *Constitution* is 29,500 tons of ship built in Quincy, Massachusetts, by the Bethlehem Steel Company with interiors designed by Henry Dreyfuss, who, you may remember, is the man who said that the American woman is a "gadget-conscious mammal." This (like the *Independence*) is Mr. Dreyfuss's biggest gadget, and when she is loaded to capacity carries 978 passengers and a crew of 593, or a total of 1,571 mammals, male and female, all of them, by the necessities of shipboard life, gadget-conscious. It takes, of course, a great many fewer members of the crew to service the ship than it does to keep the customers happy. The engine department, for example, gets along with sixty-four men; the steward's department needs 435. There are thirteen pursers, two doctors, three nurses, two hospital attendants, a movie operator, a photographer, and three printers, who get out a daily paper (news by UP) and

elaborate menus for each class including the crew. The deck crew has sixty-three men, and it takes five to operate the radio and ship-to-shore telephone.

Mr. Cooper calls it "almost a city in itself," but it would be a curious city in which roughly a third of the citizens did all of the work and the other two-thirds had nothing more onerous to consume their time than making their way to a deck chair to take a nap. Some of the two-thirds take their leisure with fearsome seriousness and make life miserable for the members of the crew. These are the chronic complainers, an interesting species because, it seems, those who are least used to good service are the most likely ones to find some aspect of the service to complain about. I asked Mr. Speitel, the Chief Steward, a man who has had many years of both hotel and ship experience, whether he encountered more complainers at sea or ashore. "More on a ship," he said. "They have less to do. As a matter of fact you have fewer complaints on a cruise than on a transatlantic ship. The passengers go ashore and see what kind of service they get, and they're glad to be back on the ship." He considered that for a moment and added: "They are ready to kiss the deck. That's why we run this ship as much as possible like a cruise ship; we give them lots of entertainment; keep them busy. Would you like to see the storerooms?"

I said I would and Mr. Joyce, Mr. Speitel's assistant, took me below into the iceboxes where milk is stored in bricks at zero degrees Fahrenheit. There are vegetable and fruit boxes, boxes in which meat is kept frozen (the beef, incidentally, is plentiful and excellent), boxes for flowers and for cheeses. The ship is provisioned in New York with 1,319 different items of food (64 kinds of fresh fruit, for example, 18 different kinds of ice cream, 147 different cuts and kinds of meat) in order to serve upward of 85,000 meals before its return to its home port. In addition to about 400 items of "sundry" stores (everything from tin pails to wooden theatrical razors) on my voyage, the ship carried Igor Stravinsky, General Pat Hurley, and eleven widows from Louisville off on a spree.

A PASSAGE to Europe is not usually considered a cruise, but the *Constitution* considers itself a species of cruise ship

port and ball seasons. There are the horse races in the evening and the usual Captain's dinner with balloons and noise. There are two swimming pools and daily movies (new ones, not old ones), bingo games, turtle races, children's parties, cocktail parties (drinks on the house), and a bevy of tournaments and other diversions for those on whose hands leisure time hangs heavy. I asked Miss Gallo, the social director, to move unobtrusively but gracefully among the passengers seeing that they have a good time, what she was asked for most often, and she said, "Men, of course."

Men are not only Miss Gallo's major supply problem, they are the principal worry of the officers of the ship as well. Their problem is of a quite different nature; theirs is to find the quality of crews that they need to make the *Constitution* the luxury ship they mean her to be. "If only we could get the kind of men we want," they say, and I heard it from Captain Jacobsen, who commands the ship with thirty-five years of experience and an agreeably calm and friendly firmness, and from many of his subordinates. That is not to say that there are not excellent men in the crews—deck, engine, and steward's departments—but there is a different tradition of service between the stewards of American origin and those on foreign ships. Personally, I found everyone with whom I had any dealings—cabin stewards, dining room stewards, deck stewards, and many others—uniformly agreeable, polite, and friendly, and I mentioned this to Miss Gallo. "It's probably because you were nice to them," she said. "The difference between the stewards on foreign ships and ours is that ours are likely to snap back at the people who are disagreeable to them." As anyone knows who has ever traveled on a British or French ship, no one can be more rude in a more elaborately polite way than one of their stewards.

American service should be no cross for Americans to bear. It is those Americans who do not understand the difference between service and subservience who make the trouble. There is nothing the matter with the attitude that I could see. Intentionally arrogant subservience should travel on other lines. The *Constitution* is an American ship from stem to stern, from keel to crow's nest, and it is, along with the *Independence*, something

new on the high seas of the Atlantic—a genuine luxury liner in the American tradition of craftsmanship, efficiency, friendliness, and good humor.

The Emily Post Road

WHEN the definitive edition of the etiquette of the automobile is finally written, I trust a subsection can be set aside for the proprieties of the parkway, the many customs that have grown up on the green avenues which lead from one urban congestion to another. Parkway driving is a social act, a prerogative of status, a minuet of natural skills and acquired habits, an endurance test, a soporific roller-coaster to the nerves, a nightmare, and a power vacuum. Like a roomful of strangers at a party, the cluster of cars that find themselves together on the parkway must face an indefinite period of enforced proximity, sharing increased comprehension and horror of one another's characters, gradually segregating the reasonably courteous from the hopeless boors, and building up a gnawing anticipation of the exit. It takes manners, so manners are beginning to be formalized to deal with it.

Parkways may be defined, as the road maps do it, by their multiplicity of lanes, their favoritism of fast cars over slow, their tendency toward landscape gardening on the edges, and their exclusion of commercial vehicles. They represent class engineering, pure and simple, and any city that builds six-ply concrete boulevards out from its center of density signs a warrant of capitulation to its suburbs. The parkways exist nominally to relieve congestion and stimulate business in overcrowded downtown areas, but in fact they serve the needs and vanities of the minority that can afford high-powered engines and a country house, or those parasites who borrow splendor and abet the traffic insanities of the summer weekend.

One's presence on the parkway, in other words, implies that a commitment has been made. Whatever rank of values it is that requires obeisance before a blonde baroness in a black Cadillac convertible, who goes flying past at twenty miles an hour above the speed limit when you are only going ten above, or causes you to growl with satisfaction when a lane-jumping cowboy makes a bad

guess and gets caught behind a 1928 Pierce-Arrow with an ill-adjusted carburetor—whatever it is, you are stuck with it before you start.

Parkways are to be entered, if not with hope abandoned, at least with abandon. The accelerator moves to the floor, the grip on the wheel tightens, the chassis sways gently from side to side as the dance begins. No turning back. Parkways vary one from another; some stimulate the wolf pack in you, others inhibit it; but all involve a vertiginous forward lurch. Perhaps the bank of the next curve has been inaccurately surveyed, or the calculus or your acceleration is not matched to it; you can already hear the scream and sizzle of the tires as they deposit a layer of rubber on the hard-top. No matter: you are one of the boys. A glance at the rear-view mirror, revealing a long line of set jaws behind grinning chromium grilles, confirms your intuition that the world is waiting to get by.

There are, to be sure, ways and more ways of passing or being passed, and what may appear as monumentally arrogant jockeying in one driver is gracious deference to the unalterable facts of horsepower in another. If only from the angle of his door handle, one judges each new arrival the moment he merges with the group. There are those it is pleasurable to follow, whose pace is educational, whose signals make sense, and whose reaction-times are fast. I shall not soon forget driving up from Georgia a year ago behind a sunbrowned lady from Hawaii and her two tanned children, whose light-blue Studebaker led one squad of cars reliably for many miles. She and her like are the aristocrats; whenever they want the left lane and I can give it, it is theirs. Lamentably they are not legion. My recollection of the lady is matched by that of the sensitive novelist and poet (no fault of his that he could model, in voice and features, for the truck-driver of all

time) who arrived in a New York office announcing that he was just learning to drive and had come to town on the parkways. "Nothing to it," he said. "If you have any trouble, you just lean out the window and tell them to move over or you'll bust their mother's elbow." Such nuances as these no future arbiter of the *Autobahns* can decently ignore.

BUT will he exist? How long can a nation fight off sleep at seventy miles an hour? After the Pennsylvania Turnpike, which has an accident rate of 12.4 fatalities per hundred million vehicle miles as opposed to 10.5 for the entire rural United States, what next? Can the parkways survive their gradual abandonment? Today no weekend is complete without the expert discussion which customarily gets under way at about 2:30 Sunday afternoon, of the hypothetical merits of leaving immediately and taking Route 35 through East Hangnail, or the cut-off over Quonset Mountain, or the tow-path of the Erie Canal—anything to avoid the traffic on the parkways. Last weekend Peter, a sharp-eyed adolescent who operates a reconstructed Model-T without fenders, made it to Times Square in under four hours by waiting until 3:00 A. M. and driving down Route 317, but of course you have to get to the office bright-eyed in the morning.

Even the commuters, whose initial mistake in leaving the city the parkways were intended to rectify, are beginning to desert them for sophisticated little back roads with atmosphere and originality. The fact that we are becoming conscious of parkways, beginning to complain about them, and behaving on them everywhere within a common frame of understanding—all this testifies to their maturity as an institution and the need for further documentation. It's time to finish that manual.

—Mr. Harper

Key to Pronunciations on Page 97:

The dictionary-approved forms are—(1) HYOO-m'n, (2) FOR-mi-da-b'l, (3) IM-pee-us, (4) GASS-ee-us, (5) a-KYOO-m'n, (6) FLACK-sid, (7) fre-KWENT, (8) man-yoo-FACK-choor, (9) zoe-OL-o-jee, (10) ple-BEE-'n.

NEW BOOKS

New Works from Old Hands

Charles Poore

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S smoke-cured, bourbon-flavored prose in *Requiem for a Nun* (Random House, \$3), a play within a novel, somber and magnificent—his first long book since he won the Nobel Prize and, in many ways, his best—sent me back to *Harper's* Centennial Issue, published just a year ago, to see what developments there had been in Faulkner's slow-swirling, gumbo-rich, parody-inviting, punctuation-squandering (except for periods: the spreading scarcity of periods is penurious; alarming; incommendable) way of writing (Eudora Welty says he should be read like music—she's probably right) between the original publication, appearance, dry-run, of the story I was looking for ("A Name for the City," remember?) in this magazine and its incorporation: its "inevitable" coalescence, Faulkner might say: in *Requiem for a Nun*, which continues, several years later, the story of Temple Drake (who was, you will recall ((and, ineluctably, unswervingly recollect)) and rediscover), the heroine, indomitable and undefeatable: ravished but unvanquished: beautiful and damned of *Sanctuary* (which Faulkner wrote to shock, to sell, to scandalize—and wrote better than he knew), published in 1931, that well- and ill-remembered ballad of betrayal now securely and incontestably made a part of the vast and illimitable and incomparable *Harper's* Centennial Issue.

The story in *Harper's*, I found, had been Faulknerized to serve as prelude to *Requiem for a Nun*. It had become, with its remorselessly symbolic padlock, the setting, the background, peopled with increasingly legendary Faulkner characters, that gives Temple Drake the place, I think, unpremeditated, place as a leading tragic heroine in the

Faulknerian Ring of Light in *August, Absalom, Absalom!*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *The Unvanquished*, and the rest.

In the play within the novel of *Requiem for a Nun* Faulkner is principally concerned with dramatizing the redemption of Temple Drake. Many things have happened to her since we left her in the Luxembourg Gardens in the bright, ambiguous twilight of the nineteen-twenties. That sad, sadistic sack, Gowan Stevens of *Sanctuary*, has married her and wrung from her the last lees of gratitude. Now she is deeply involved in the death of her own child, circled within the circles of a hell of her own devising.

The play lends itself to the inquisitorial form that has become, in life and in art, such a devouring trend in our Q-and-A-struck time. It remains to be explained, I think, why readers of novels and seers of plays should be expected to believe it is a certain pathway to ultimate truths when they know how inconclusive it can be before the microphones.

In *Requiem for a Nun* the answers seem to be right because the questions seem to be right. And because Faulkner is a great storyteller. We should never forget that, no matter how maddeningly his circumlocutions go beyond the limits set, say, by Joseph Conrad—or Rabelais. He always has a story to tell that illuminates the squalor and splendor of life. While many a more facile novelist skims pleasantly along, Faulkner shakes the human heart.

Répétition Générale

The Centennial Issue turned out to be a prelude to several other outstanding books up now for review. It presented the credo of

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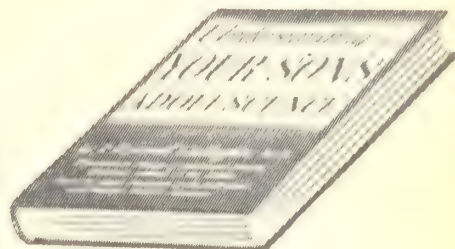
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**THE MARK OF GOOD BOOKS
SINCE 1837**



**Atlantic Monthly Press Books*

Thomas Mann, whose latest novel is a parable of modern manhood. It spoke well of Herman Melville when we first saw it. It presently sees something of the same struggle with those two durable names. It is concerned with the redoubtable Henry Jarvis Raymond, first editor of *Harper's* and a founder of *The New York Times*, whose hundredth anniversary is celebrated in two admirable new volumes. And it was a lavish album of the free America that has somehow produced the hierarchical characters of John Marquand.

People in Marquandaries

In *Melville Goodwin, USA* (Little, Brown, \$3.75), the pattern of a modern major general, Mr. Marquand explores the Brahmin caste system of the Regular Army as lovingly, skeptically, and amusingly as he once dug into the brassy echelons of Boston's provincial dynasts.

There are two Cinderellas, or rather Cinderellos, in Mr. Marquand's new novel. One is General Goodwin, a New England boy who has risen through the Army's long, slow stages of peace and sudden, swift surges of war to unexpected celebrity after a peculiarly flimsy exploit in the Berlin of 1949. The other is the narrator, Sidney Skelton, also a New England boy, somewhat younger, who has risen through various newspaper jobs (and a war-time hitch as an ETO public relations officer that brought him into General Goodwin's clanking orbit) to hucksterish celebrity as a radio-newscasting what's-whatter. Their disparate courses from rags to riches (of sorts) approach appropriate climaxes in New York and Washington and station-wagon-Connecticut when General Goodwin, bewitched and bewildered, comes home to be filed and profiled under Sidney Skelton's all-seeing eye. One *femme fatale*, Dottie Peale, does thriftily as entanglement for both Cinderellos.

Mr. Marquand has perfected that incredibly smooth, passionless, synthetic style—a sort of blend of the Booth Tarkington of *The Magnificent Ambersons* and the Sinclair Lewis of *Dodsworth*—to the point where he can use it to spin endlessly entertaining stories, witty, gossipy, dollar-driven, urbane. The minutiae of the nuances of Pulling Rank in the Army—or among the tin-pot despots of civilian life. His account of how a cover story is built is the best of its kind since

Philip Barry's crew parachuted into Philadelphia. The fits of brooding over Army Public Relations in *So Little Time* and VIP's in *Repent in Haste* may have prepared you for their resolution in *Melville Goodwin, USA*. The radio satire and the commuter-baiting are a little jaded, scarcely worthy of his blade. Now I hope Mr. Marquand will tackle the Admirals, those characters living, as Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy said in *On Active Service*, in "a dim religious world in which Neptune was God, Mahan his prophet, and the United States Navy the only true church." There's a theme to challenge any novelist.

I enjoyed reading *Melville Goodwin, USA* immensely, though I seldom believed for long that the general really knew his way around a tank division's tables of organization. He was far more convincing earlier, among the puttees and Springfield rifles. His later career seemed heavy with the airs of the Aletti Hotel in Algiers, the Scribe and the Ritz in Paris. And it's hard to credit Sidney Skelton, rigged out as a chromium-plated Elmer Davis, with knowing beans about the most perishable of all immortal commodities—news.

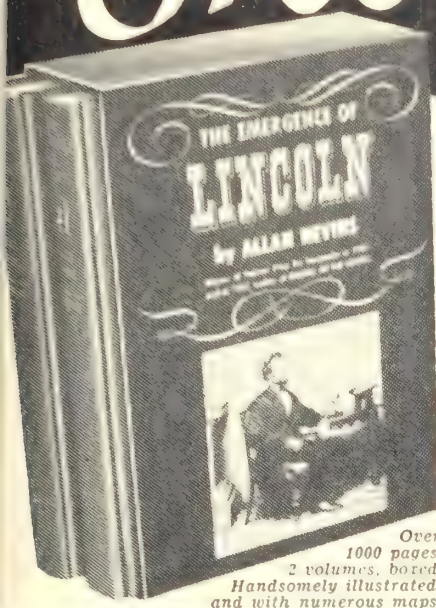
Fit to Print

News and more news—more news from more places than any other paper has given—has brought *The New York Times* a long way from Henry Jarvis Raymond's day, through the Ochs and Sulzberger administrations, to its cheerful supremacy. I'm a somewhat prejudiced observer, I suppose, but it seems to me that Meyer Berger's *The Story of The New York Times* (Simon & Schuster, \$5) and Francis Brown's *Raymond of The Times* (Norton, \$5), are two books that should interest everyone who is interested in news and its tremendous part in keeping the free world free.

It has been said that a reasonably precocious child can read *The New York Times* long before he can lift it. The tot is well off at that. He'll never have to tote all the 1,000,000 words that, according to Mr. Berger, pour into the paper every day, to be mowed down to a mere 145,000 or so—the length of a long novel—and swelled to eight or ten times that volume on Sundays. It takes the energies

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of 1,350 people, counting clerical hands, on the editorial staff alone, to get the sheet out. Another couple of thousand helpers, here and abroad, are meantime not exactly idle. The annual bill for paper and payroll is more than \$36,000,000. A roundish sum.

Things weren't always ordered on that scale. There were some dim days while Raymond was riding tandem at *Harper's* and *The Times*, and even darker ones, later. Indeed, the present publisher, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, has pointed out, when Adolph Ochs took over the illustrious paper in the eighteen-nineties, he proceeded to make a success of it with many of the very same crew that had been piloting it toward extinction. There's another theme to challenge a novelist.

All the news that's fit to print isn't in *The Story of The New York Times* because Mike Berger, a Pulitzer prize-winner in reporting and our day's first gentleman of the press, has characteristically left himself out in the wings of his drama. But when you have read Mike's accounts, brook-clear (to borrow his fine phrase about Anne O'Hare McCormick's writing), of great news events and the fascinating stories behind those stories, against the changing world background that gave them their historic significance, you will see that his book is a remarkably compelling history of the times as well as *The Times*.

Man Called Raymond

The paper's early days are treated fully in Francis Brown's excellent full-length biography, *Raymond of The Times*. Brown, a partly reformed former senior editor of *Time* magazine, is the dedicated type of biographer who would let his house burn down with all his other belongings and merely rush in to rescue some letters about Raymond and Abraham Lincoln, wrapped, like as not, in a copy of *The New York Times Book Review*, which he now edits. Another editor might call for adds and inserts about Raymond's adventures at *Harper's*, but Brown has hewn to his career as a newspaperman and politician, scholar and traveler, *bon vivant* and statesman. For Raymond loomed


large in nineteenth-century America.

Lincoln—whose biography Raymond wrote twice: once as a campaign document, once as a requiem—owed a good deal to Raymond's backing. And when Raymond thought Lincoln was doing something unwise, he told him so. But, like Lincoln, he always knew that the paramount need was to save the Union. At an extraordinarily crucial moment, worth pondering today, Raymond supported Lincoln's "arbitrary arrests," Brown writes, and "the suspension of *habeas corpus* because 'the existence of the government is in peril. . . . If this government is overthrown, civil and political liberty must perish with it. . . . The temporary suspension of these rights is a small price to pay for their permanent and perpetual enjoyment.'"

Between his birth in 1820 and his death in 1869 Raymond worked on many publications, survived political and martial battles at home and abroad, held public and private offices, and was generally in the thick of every shindig. He knew good writing when he saw it—and he paid well for it when he got it, knowing that a paper is only as good as the truth and effectiveness of the words that march across its page. "*The Times*," Brown writes, "infused with his own philosophy of fairness and moderation until it became something new and different among American newspapers, . . . was his real monument." And one of its most impressive attributes today is the fact that people are surprised to hear that it is only now completing its first century.

Theme of Mann

Many centuries ago, according to the legend Thomas Mann follows in *The Holy Sinner* (Knopf, \$3.50) "the verse epos *Gregorius vom Stei* by the Middle High German poet Hartmann von Aue (c. 1165-1210) who took his legend of chivalry from the French," there lived a man called Gregory who was conceived in sin, married in more sin, suffered grievously for all that sinfulness and rose finally to very high, very holy exaltation. The moral of Thomas Mann's new novel is that to err is human, to forgive, divine. He has



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NEW BOOKS

ought to the telling of it all his marvellous skill as a novelist, though he has scarcely written a book to rank with his masterpieces, *Buddenbrooks*, *The Magic Mountain*, and the *Joseph* cycle. More appropriately, *The Holy Sinner* belongs on the shelf that holds *The Transposed Heads*, just below *Doctor Faustus*.

H. T. Lowe-Porter's translation from the German seems to follow deftly the subtle threads of Mann's laborately antique tapestry of incest and innocence. It falls into rhyme when the old monk who relates all his strange business falls into rhyme, urging you to notice that he is doing so, as he renders symbolic and diabolic themes of Sophocles in the manner of Chaucer. One may hope that the weighty drolleries with which Mann embellishes his neo-gregorian chant sounded, in the original, a little more felicitous. The jacket description of what's going on here is as diffident a plunge as any I've seen since the one on the jacket of Norman Mailer's *The Barbary Shore*. You'd scarcely suspect from it that it is about a medieval character, born of the marriage of brother and sister, who quite darkly married his mother and, after a longish interval of penitential woe, became a pope. It takes a heap of compassion to transfigure all that.

There is no doubt in your mind that you are hearing a master as you read Mann's account of this immoderate concentration of consanguinity. But are you hearing anything more than variations and improvisations on Freudian themes that have interested him? I doubt it. In the week I read *The Holy Sinner* up in the Berkshires last summer I also read John Gassner's vigorous version of Sophocles' "Oedipus the King" (*A Treasury of the Theater: Aeschylus to Turgenev*, edited by John Gassner, Simon & Schuster, \$4.50) and that made me miss all the more any truly purging element in Mann's foray with the fates.

Thames-side and Mayfair

Another novel that I read up there, V. S. Pritchett's *Mr. Beluncle* (Harcourt, Brace \$3.50), on the other hand, held me deep in the swarming, seamy-side of London near the Thames though I was in the

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green hills above the Housatonic. There is not a false note in the whole book, a masterly portrait of a blatant blackguard who leaves havoc in his wake. In *Mr. Beluncle* Mr. Pritchett is also deeply concerned with the varieties of religious experience as his sanctimonious hero moves faithlessly through relationships with people who try to keep faith. But Mr. Pritchett never loses sight of the prime business of the novelist, to create character, and he brings brilliantly to life all the relatives and business connections and bystanders in the gallery of Mr. Beluncle's victims. Justly, Mr. Beluncle is the real victim of his own villainy.

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Young People caught in mid-passag on a voyage leading nowhere. But you can read into their dilemmas a weighty parable of the last carefree days of London before the damnation of the blitz—the end of a cycle or an era. On the other hand, why not just read it for fun?

Melville's Monument

The Berkshire Hills, I found, were the best of all possible settings for reading the galley proofs of *The Melville Log* (Harcourt, Brace, two volumes, \$12.50) a superb documentary biography of the immortal Herman Melville by Jay Leyda—mile or so from the Ice Glen that Melville explored with Hawthorne in sight of the Monument Mountain they climbed and in the valley where they had champagne.

Mr. Leyda's book, compiled on a day-by-day basis from all that he could find written about Melville and by Melville, is a Monument Mountain to Melville—and wonderful reading to boot. It would probably be a shade optimistic to hope that it will really put a stop to the preposterous myth-making over the author of *Moby Dick* that cloud him on his Olympus. But no other book about Melville has ever told us so much about how he reached the summit of American literature.

If Melville has not quite been worshipped, Mr. Leyda notes, "hymns have been sung for thirty years of mounting enthusiasm and varying responsibility. The insistence of this singing has tended to drown out Melville's own voice, and it is now a rare reader who can come to a Melville book unaffected by its commentators." Without further comment at this point, then, here is the log of Melville. There are many voices in its pages. Some sing. Some do not. But you will never mistake the voice of Herman Melville.

THE YEAR IN POETRY

By Lloyd Frankenberg

IN SPITE of rising production costs, adding to the normal resistance of publishers, so many books of poetry have been published in the past twelve months that just to list them would exhaust this space. I shall have to limit myself to a few

samples from a bumper crop.

The literary event of the season is of course Marianne Moore's *Collected Poems*, the sheets of which, as I write, are being imported from the British house of Faber and Faber by Macmillan (probab

THE YEAR IN POETRY

1775). This includes, with numerous omissions and revisions, poems from her three previous books, *Selected Poems*, *What Are Years*, and *Nevertheless*, plus nine or ten additional poems. None of the original books has been reissued in this country since their first publication, in 1935, 1941, and 1944 respectively. For a varying number of years they have been all but impossible to obtain, except for occasional shipments of the British edition of *Selected Poems*, which has been fairly consistently kept in print.

Reading her poems again, I am more conscious than ever of their dramatic impact. It has been customary to think of Marianne Moore as an intellectual poet; certainly she does not shrink from thought. But her poems are crowded with incident, with personality (human, animal, vegetable, and mineral), and with dialogue.

The way her poems are composed is suggested by the title that used, at least, to cover the first two in the book: "Part of a Novel, Part of a Poem, Part of a Play." There are plots and subplots; interior climaxes; explosions of color, of castanets, of wit; hairbreadth exactitudes of the look, sound, and feel of things. One can open anywhere; to "The Plumet Basilisk":

... Taps from the back of the bow
sound odd on last year's
gourd,
or when they touch the
kettledrums—at which, for
there's no light.
a scared frog screaming like a bird,
leaps out from weeds in
which
it could have hid, with curves
of the meteorite.
the curve of whose diving no diver
refutes . . .

Truly these are, in the pure sense of the word, sensational.

Her unique metrical style allows for a variety of byplay seldom encountered on Broadway. "Bird-rep-tille social life is pleasing," she will remark off-hand, or, "One may be a blameless / bachelor, and it is but a / step to Congreve." She has the born dramatist's instinct for "throwing it away." Her poems, especially the earlier ones, seldom end on a strong rhyme. I used to think this

was an avoidance of emphasis. On the contrary, every one of them rings down with all the fanfare of a curtain line:

It scarcely could be dangerous to
be living
in a town like this, of simple
people,
who have a steeple-jack placing
danger signs by the church
while he is gilding the solid-
pointed star, which on a steeple
stands for hope.

This is all the more impressive for ending on a new note; a note that has been most carefully prepared for.

I hope Marianne Moore will issue re-entry permits, in the next edition, for some of the poems she has left out of this: "Walking Sticks and Paper-Weights and Water-Marks," "The Student," "Half-Deity," for example. Her only sins are those of omission. I think too that she has been too severe with herself in shear-shortening "The Steeple-Jack," "Nine Nectarines," and "He Digesteth Harde Yron." But the famous "Poetry" is still the most inclusive demonstration of its subject; the jerboa's leaps are "set / to the flageolet"; the carousel rhythms of "The Frigate Pelican" and the wheeling rhythms of "A Carriage from Sweden" capture motion; "What Are Years?" and "Spenser's Ireland," "The Mind is an Enchanting Thing," "In Distrust of Merits," the new "Keeping Their World Large"—in all over seventy poems are here, each of them a miracle of organization, a mine of information, a blaze of perception, and a well of delight.

Williams, Merrill Moore, and Nash

IN CONTRAST to the intense selectivity of Marianne Moore is the method of William Carlos Williams, represented this year by *The Collected Later Poems* and by the fourth and concluding book of his long poem *Paterson* (each, New Directions, \$3). Williams is amazingly prolific, considering the fact that he has been, until recently, a practicing physician and chief of staff of a hospital. It is interesting to compare, in this connection, another doctor, Merrill Moore, who writes a sonnet a day (to keep the

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doctor away?) and sometimes three or four. But Dr. Williams, who detests the sonnet form, would not object, on *that* score, to *Illegitimate Sonnets* (Twayne, \$2.75). Dr. Moore rhymes any which way he pleases, uses a variable number of lines, and as for rhythm, well he rather *hopes* there are five beats in each line. The result is a curious mixture of poetry and light verse, lacking the tension of the former and the sense of acoustics of, say, Ogden Nash, whose *Family Reunion* (Little, Brown, \$2.50), an anthology of his verses on children, their pets, and their parents, came out last November. Nash's tamperings with metre are the product of a highly-trained ear listening for just the *right* sour note. And of course he is aiming to entertain us, while Moore is giving us his thoughts as they come to him; "like mosquitoes in the dark," he says. These, as they skim for the most part over the surfaces of things, are sometimes amusing or arresting, but quite frequently platitudinous. Perhaps Dr. Williams should complain, at that. The danger of the sonnet form—even as loosely as Merrill Moore uses it—is that it induces the desire to make "points," like O. Henry endings; or, alternately, that it induces in the writer the comfortable feeling that he is making such a point. The great sonnet is an experience in depth as well as direction. It may arrive headlong at its climax, but it leaves the sense that it has arrived there, inevitably, by its own inner force. It is curious (or is it?) that in his writing, a psychiatrist should be so much on the surface.

Nobody could accuse Dr. Williams of superficiality, though he deals brilliantly with surfaces. Perhaps his best forte is description; the seemingly effortless kind that can put down a weed growing in the width of the railroad tracks, the eye of a horse, a fat woman backing through a screen door, so naturally that you have to look back to see how he managed it. There is no formula, no prescription; he has a gift for noting the salient feature, the characteristic gesture, the precise inflection of speech. His "free verse" follows the turns of his thought so intimately that this consonance in itself constitutes a form of scansion.

I'm not sure I always follow his thought; sometimes I feel he is straining to be profound or oblique; a bit overplaying the role of anti-poetic anti-formalist; being *too* natural. A touch of professional cruelty occasionally seems to dictate his choice of imagery. But above and beyond all is the boundless energy of his writing; the passion; that "excess" that James Stephens declared was the touchstone of poetry.

Liking best, on the whole, his shorter poems, I find it difficult to estimate *Paterson*, now that it is complete. Is it a great poem? Certainly there are many memorable passages; the description of the fire in Book Three is in every way glowing, both as literal account and as symbol. The changes of pace and mood keep the poem constantly moving, its action interspersed with letters, old clippings, contemporary descriptions of the city and the falls at different periods. Some of its thematic connections baffle me; sometimes it seems *too* fragmentary; yes, words are to be flung like spray of the falls, worn by the erosion of years. But I find myself questioning particular words, particular juxtapositions. Then I remember how slowly I came to appreciate those poems of Williams I now like the most, looking so hard for what wasn't in them that I missed what was. Perhaps I will have to give my preconceptions time to settle.

Meanwhile, several lines of Williams' poem, "Writer's Prologue to Play in Verse" (he has written plays too, as well as novels, short stories, essays, and an autobiography), seem to me a fine self-review:

Accept the convention as you
would
opera, provisionally; let me go
ahead.

Wait to see if the revelation
happen. It may not.

Or it may come and go, small bits
at a time. But even the chips of it
are invaluable.

The Development of a Poet

NONES by W. H. Auden (Random House, \$2.50) is the first collection of his shorter poems since 1945, when his *Collected Poetry* appeared. I like it better than his i

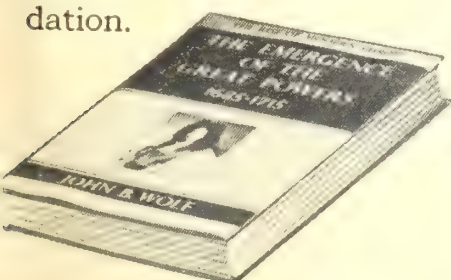
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intervening book, *The Age of Anxiety*, extraordinary tour de force as that was. Perhaps I have a predilection for shorter poems and lyrics, although I consider Auden's "New Year Letter" the finest long didactic poem of our time.

It is a temptation to compare a poet's present output with what he has done in the past, as if one thought of him as an athlete, say a Channel swimmer, constantly trying to better his record. In a sense this is true; but in another sense it is entirely misleading. The writing of poetry, although it involves discipline, is not an exercise. Yet we persist in looking at new books as if we were being presented, from time to time, with a fluctuating "score."

The development of a poet like Auden is a much more organic, much less calculable process. It will be the occasion for scholarly study and research, which will draw what conclusions it can from the history of the period and a close analysis of the text. All that is possible to us, being "close" to both, is imperfect observation. This tells me, at any rate, that Auden is less lyrical than he used to be. There is nothing here, to my mind, to compare in singing intensity with "Lay your sleeping head, my love, / Human on my faithless arm." But then, why should there be? The wit is still present. It is what I should like to call a collegiate wit, by which I do not mean either of the disparaging connotations, sophomoric or academic. It is a wit that assumes you are interested in the whole history of ideas. The best example, in this book, is his Phi Beta Kappa poem delivered in 1946 at Harvard: "Under Which Lyre."* This describes in modern terms the ancient conflict between Apollo and Hermes; roughly, order, which degenerates into pomposity, and inspiration, verging on unrestraint. The irony of the poem is that Auden is plumping for the latter in verses quite Apollonian in their ordered measures.

This is more generally true of Auden's poetry than has been recognized until quite recently. Thought of as a rebel in the late twenties, and as having unaccountably returned to traditional forms in the late thirties,

* This appeared in *Harper's* in June 1947.

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he has always been, from his earliest published poems, a complete formalist; so good a formalist that he is able to reshape the traditional forms and adapt them to his own use. And he is able, within these forms, to keep his lines flowing as if they were spontaneous, had just occurred to him.

Sometimes Auden's wit is merely—but how—clever. But in his reflective poems, of which "Prime" in this volume seems to me one of the finest, his wit enters into, reinforces, and is subjugated by a more humane feeling: the consciousness of our common predicament: the humiliation of being man. Nobody, it seems to me, has expressed this, when he wants to, better.

Robert Lowell

GETTING back to sonnets, the long title-poem of Robert Lowell's new book, *The Mills of the Kavanaughs* (Harcourt Brace, \$2.50), is a sonnet sequence. Never speak ill of old forms again. The sonnet Lowell has chosen is not the Shakespearean three quatrains ending with a couplet, nor any of the other fourteen-line variants, Spenserian, Petrarchan, Miltonic (though there is more than a touch of Milton's eloquence in Lowell's powerful Latin rhythms), but a sixteen-line version somewhat on the style of George Meredith's *Modern Love*. Lowell has modified and modulated this form to suit his own narrative purposes. Sometimes all couplets, more often than not the sonnets begin with couplets and swing into alternating, triple-tiered, or irregularly recurring rhymes. The result is a strong steady pace that just, when all seems lost, escapes monotony. Part of Lowell's power seems to me to be his fearlessness of monotony. He will connect a whole stanza with "when," "when," "where," "that," "and," "where," "and," "while," "that." Their varied placement in the lines rocks the verses so that, in spite of the strong rhymes, they are never epigrammatic. At the same time, the reader is pulled on. The sequence never separates into shapely lumps, like Meredith's; sometimes the action runs from sonnet to sonnet. Yet each has a reason for being cast in this form.

The stories he chronicles, in this and the shorter narrative or semi-narrative poems that make up the book, involve New England character and Roman (both classical and Catholic) imagery; madness, symbolic dreams, violence, incest, and sudden death. They are not stories done into verse; it would be impossible to tell them in prose. They emerge fitfully, mysteriously, as, in the title poem, past and present glimmer together in the mind of the lady playing solitaire, with the Douay Bible her imaginary opponent. The weed-path she faces the graveyard, the ruined burlap mill, the statue of Persephone evoke her childhood, her husband's Navy disgrace, her strange infidelity, his madness. The scene shifts kaleidoscopically, a turning fan of associations.

The result in this and other poems is extraordinarily—and the two do not always go together—compulsive and compelling.

A New Voice

FIRST POEMS by James Merrill (Knopf, \$3) is the most distinguished first book I have seen this year. At twenty-five, Merrill is an apt man with that twelve-tone scale of modern poetry, the half-rhyme, and its attendant assonantal subtleties. He manages quite complicated stanza forms with apparent ease. There are traces of the inevitable "influences," chiefly, it would seem, Wallace Stevens (in lines like "And say it in a blowzy idiom") and Auden ("How witches brought candy, / Were easy to hide from / O frighten with matches."). I feel at times that he is more preoccupied with the formalities of his craft, of which he has so sure a grasp, than with the possibilities of its emotional development. When he relies on what he has seen and felt, he can make his rhythms correspond to the essential quality of what he is observing, as in his "River Poem" (one of the best, I think), where the scene of the wandering old man, the young men speculating about him, and the phrasing ("We would never / Know this we knew, how much it had meant to him") are all rivery and by an intended structural pun reflective.

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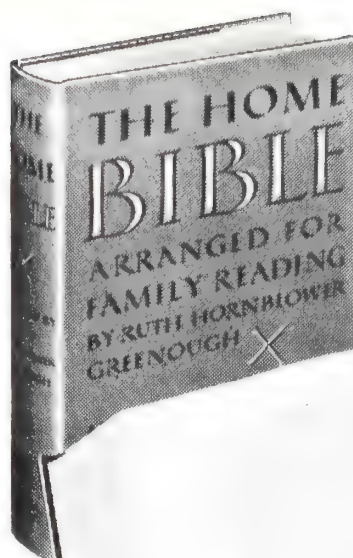
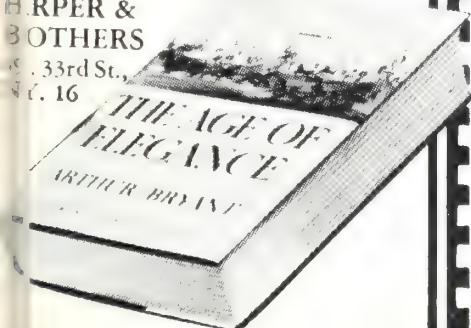
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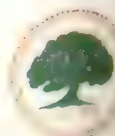


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in next month's

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MAGAZINE

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN recently flew to Labrador to explore at first hand the opening of a new frontier—the Ungava iron ore range. This American bid for a new source of steel is one of the most exciting industrial enterprises of our time, a story of mid-twentieth-century pioneering by airplane and bulldozer in the inaccessible swamps and forests of the north. Next month we will publish the first of two articles by Mr. Martin on what he saw.

Now that two can live about as cheaply as four could a generation ago, a quiet revolution in the structure of the family has taken place. In "The Two-Income Family" *Nancy Barr Mavity*, who has long been a fighter for women's rights, takes a sharp look at the young wives of today and how they have out of necessity freed themselves from many old prejudices to take their place along with their husbands as contributors to the family income.

MARTIN FLAVIN, whose first report on the Russians in Germany is in this issue, will tell the story of the refugees who escape from the Soviet Zone into West Berlin. *Loren C. Eiseley* adds another fascinating chapter to his explorations of the origins of life, in "The Great Deep," and *Michael Fry*, also reaching into the distant past, comes up with an entertaining and instructive plea for our ancient forebears in "A Kind Word for the Cave Man."

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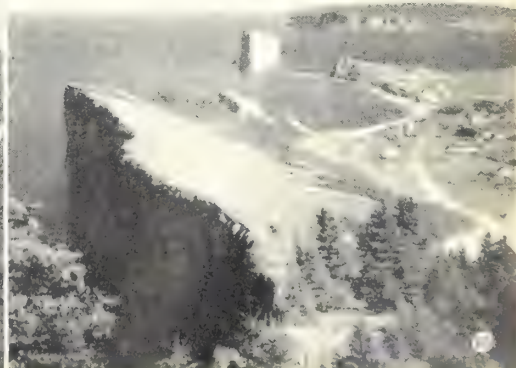
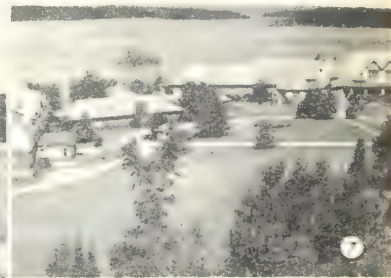
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Personal & Otherwise

Vision and Guts

THE literary horizon, as seen by book-sellers, critics, and the writers themselves, is not sun-swept. Mr. John Aldridge's recent study of eleven young novelists, *After the Lost Generation*, can, in fact, probably serve as a fever chart for the typical literary disease of our period. For here is a young man who is deeply concerned to encourage and applaud the best work of his contemporaries. Having combed the field, he comes up with a total of eleven young novelists whose work seems to him worth considering. And yet, in spite of an obviously sincere, though sometimes perplexing, disposition to like what he finds, Mr. Aldridge gives this reader, at least, the impression that he had trouble liking any of the work he discusses well enough to make his critical labors seem to him worth the trouble. His book is eloquent evidence that he loves good writing, but it is hard to imagine love's labor being more drearily lost. These days a good novelist, like a good man, is apparently hard to find.



The Millionth Frenchman (page 21)

It is with the causes for this dismal state of affairs that *C. Hartley Grattan* deals in his piece on "The Trouble with Books Today" (p. 31). Basically his argument is that, for the moment, many writers are suffering simultaneously from a lack of conviction that they know what life is all about and from the chronic, if presently inflamed, economic difficulties of the writing profession. Thus doubly badgered, a writer is not likely to do his best work.

The economics of writing are, as Mr. Grattan knows better than most, widely misunderstood, and there is relatively little factual material available. Few studies have been made of the subject. Indeed, with the exception of an article by the novelist James T. Farrell which *New Directions* published as a pamphlet called *The Fate of Writing in America* in 1946, Mr. Grattan's is almost the only serious discussion of the problem. The advantages of writing for the "slicks" were described, and warmly enlarged upon as salutary discipline for youthful writers, by Bernard DeVoto in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (October 1937). Yet, aside from this admirable plea for honest commercialism, the only other which P & O can remember was a moody article on "The Economy of the American Writer" by R. P. Blackmur in the Spring 1945 issue of the *Sewanee Review*.

Farrell's pamphlet was more concerned with economic conditions in the publishing business, and their possible effect on the kinds of books which get published, than with the writer's individual budget. Mr. Blackmur, on the other hand, was out to prove that the people who make money out of writing are the wrong people, and that the "market" for writing fails utterly to foster the serious arts or to discourage the "plain bad" arts. Most of the money goes, he lamented, to "the au-



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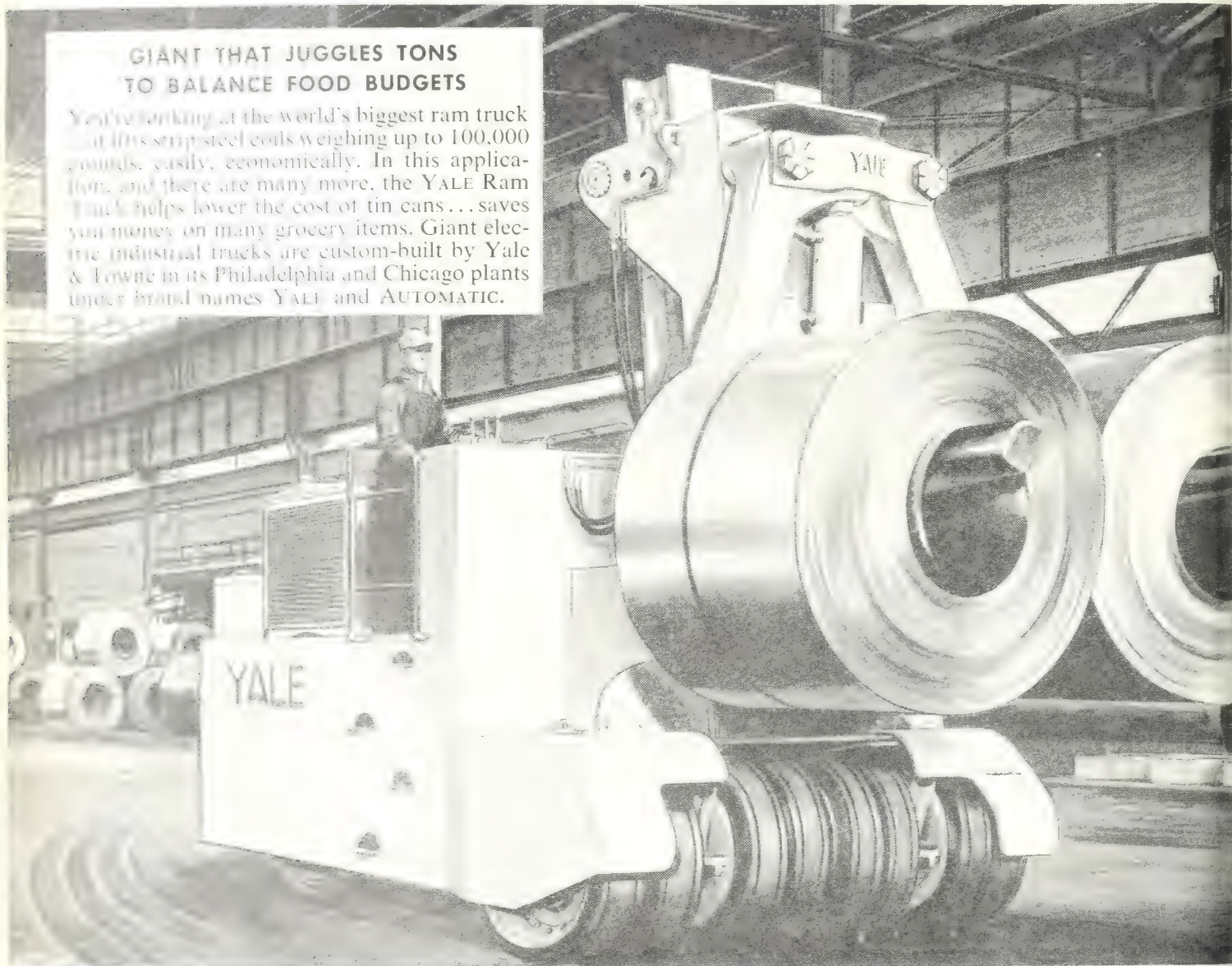
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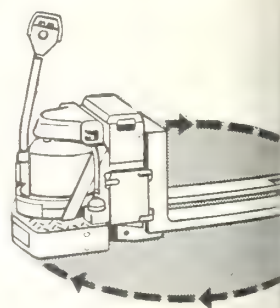
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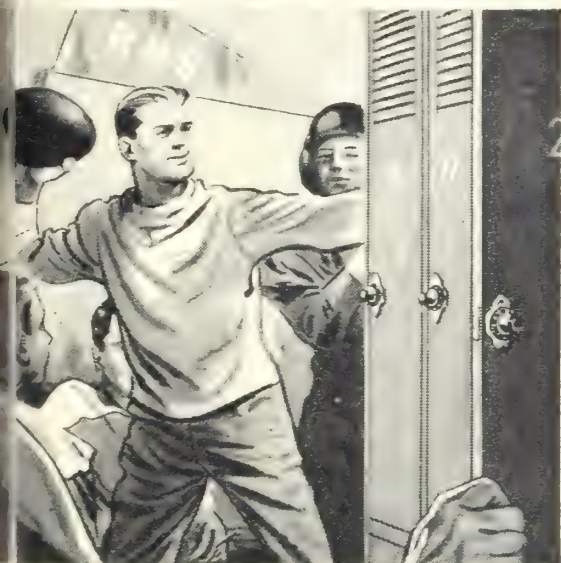
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...of his works and autobiographies": the literary artist, *as an artist*, simply cannot ask his keep.

Well, it could at the time. Mr. Blackmur's analysis was marred by a tendency to assume that if a book made money it wasn't art. On that assumption, of course, it is easy to prove that art isn't in the chips. If it is, it isn't art. Mr. Grattan, however, simply sticks to the available fact: that the majority of professional writers can't make a living without doing some other work as the source of their principal income.

The problem raised here has formidable ramifications. Mr. Blackmur drew his own rather disgruntled conclusions. Mr. Grattan lets the subject drop without doing more than pointing out that writers earn less than public-school teachers, "whose plight engages universal sympathy." Perhaps it is fair to assume that he thinks that at least as much might be done by society for its writers as for its schoolteachers.

P & O is inclined, by virtue of its own predilections, to agree with that. But, as we thought about Mr. Grattan's point, and about the serious plight of the independent writer (and it is desperately serious), we kept coming back to the fact that what all of us are really talking about is the well-frayed question: Does society owe the artist (or, in this case, writer) a living?

The answer is not easy. Where there is a clear-cut job which society wants done, it certainly "owes a living" to those who do it. Society demands that its children be taught; there are laws which make school compulsory. Society clearly owes a living to those who do the teaching, even though some of them don't do it very well. The will of society is, to be sure, not always so clearly expressed. There is no law requiring people to provide writers with cigarettes or medical service or subsidies, but there is no doubt in anyone's mind that these things are wanted.

The writer, or artist, is not really comparable to the providers of such goods and services. His position is more like that of the inventor of a new object than like the manufacturer of a product. He cannot ask in advance, whether anyone will come up with. He can only hope. And society cannot be sure,

in advance, whether or not he "deserves" a living while he is devoting his energies to producing it.

The parallel is not exact, but it is suggestive. In recent years American society has apparently convinced itself that inventors, by and large, deserve a living because, often enough, they have produced things it needed. (Several articles in *Harper's* and elsewhere have called attention, for instance, to groups and organizations which foster research or provide risk-capital.) There are signs that something similar may happen with respect to writers. A number of "literary fellowships" have been established in recent years, and even though some of them are pretty stuffily administered, they do seem to mark a trend.

So far, the methods of sustaining new writers are experimental at best, and they barely affect the vast majority. But they do suggest that, if the writers can convince society that they can produce something it really needs, some way will be devised to ensure that they can earn a living.

What chance the writers have, under the conditions Mr. Grattan describes, to turn out products which are likely to convince society that it needs or wants them, is a lugubrious speculation. Except in a few fields, most notably in some areas of non-fiction, the level of performance is generally low, and the public at large is not likely to be aware of, or to care about, the reasons which Mr. Grattan so clearly explains.

What the public wants from books, as Mr. Grattan in one place says, is some sort of vision of "what life is all about." People still demand from books what they always have demanded in the past, "insight into the human condition." If too many writers have lost their vision, and the guts to sustain any vision, of life's significance, it will be hard to convince society that it owes them anything at all. This will be tough on the writers, but it will be tougher still on the rest of us. One can only hope Mr. Grattan is right in concluding that, in spite of everything, "out of the travail someone will create a masterpiece. That's the way writers are!"

Are Houses Human?

Since P & O has long been interested in architecture, and especially in the modern

P & O

ty, it is not to be expected that will pass lightly over *Peter* ne's scholarly and exhaustive ar on "How to Tell a Modern se" (p. 48). As a matter of fact, gh, there doesn't seem to be at we can add to his brilliant ulations.

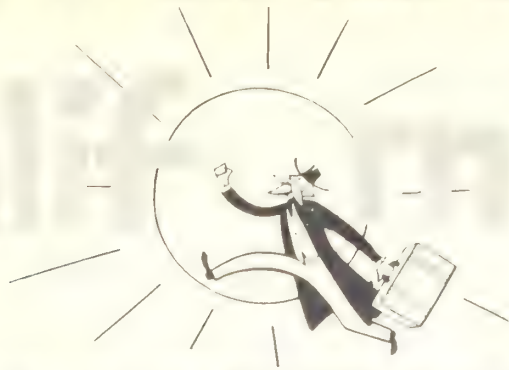
One thing: Mr. Blake gets off to bl start. He says that "the only n of modern house that is *not* ys in Connecticut" is the Exhi- n House. Mr. Blake is provin- a. There is another kind, which nown (or should be) as the t testing House. This type *never* ars in Connecticut, or any place se you can get to without a heli- er. It is limited exclusively to e arid, scarpfronted mesas of Ari- r or other forlornly Western as.

Nobody really lives in these houses ll, but they are systematically sed by intrepid butlers carrying aes of champagne and by in- ed photographers from *Interiors* he *Architectural Forum* (which esionally loans a glossy print to y). The entire floor-area of these es is sunk beneath six and a half e of solar-heated water, except for shallow wading pool near the bar, hat you can (indeed, have to) n from room to room. The only r thing they have in common is their kitchens are a good deal er and (aesthetically speaking, ourse) a hell of a lot narrower a normal diner on Route 24, they all have a narrow thermo- e window-strip up over the cook- apparatus where the sandwich ou ought to be.

ll Interesting Houses are owned y Howard Hughes or Raymond vy.

R. BLAKE describes himself as "a frequent and almost semi-ressional weekend guest along the e Canaan Branch, where almost hese houses I am writing about relocated." He apparently thinks, e that we should tell you that he te, a couple of years ago, "a seri- e (or, at least, deadpan) mono- ph on Marcel Breuer," an archi- who designed a good many types f modern houses in Germany before h Nazis took over and, more re- ly, in the back yard of the eum of Modern Art and in

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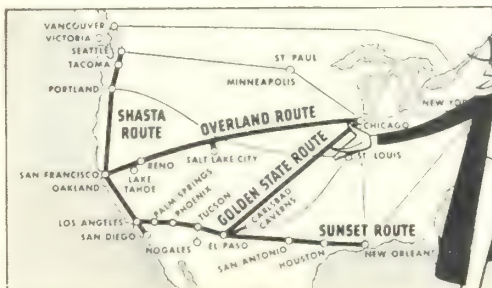


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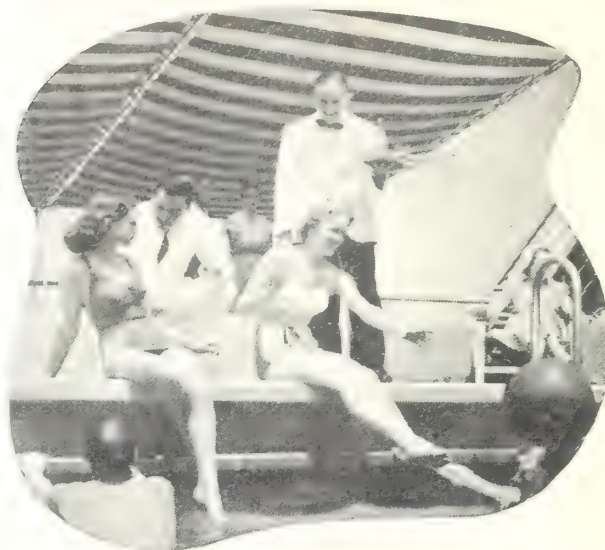
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● Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

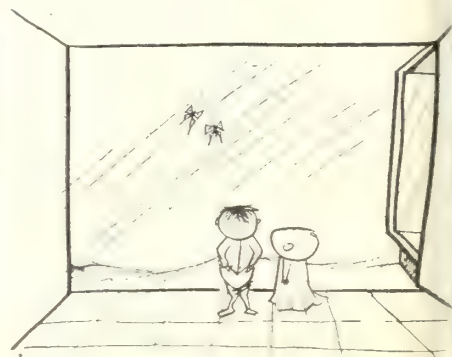
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● CAVALIER	● Orange Blossom
● New Bern, N. C.	● St. Petersburg, Fla.
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● Jacksonville, Fla.	● VILLAS & APTS.
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● KING OF THE SEA	● BUENA VISTA
● LUM FONG	● COLUMBUS HOTEL
● OLD BREW HOUSE	● DINING ROOMS
● Washington, D. C.	● Tampa, Fla.
● HARVEY S.	● LAS NOVEDADES

other superior neighborhoods. Blake says he is now engaged in search on a piece to be called "Modern Woman (Man's Best Friend) a subject with staggering categor possibilities.

Mr. Blake is also, by the way, editor of the *Architectural Forum* and an architect himself who would gladly live in a Dynamic Tact Precarious House, all rolled into Decentralized Lean-to, if he could afford it. If you want to see what he's like when he is serious (or, at least, deadpan) about such things, take a look at the October issue of the *Forum*.

Mr. Blake serves on a number of committees, some of which are concerned with UNESCO, the Fulbright scholarships, the International Student Exchange, and Army education. This fall he is teaching a course about the artist in our society, at the New School for Social Research.

The fierce joy of Robert Osborn's drawings of Mr. Blake's houses reflects in reverse the pleasure which Mr. Osborn has recently experienced during the construction of a "temporary" house of his own in Salisbury, Connecticut. Thanks to architect, the contractor, the carpenters, the plumbers, the stone masons, the plasterers, the power company, the well-digger, and the Aga Khan installers, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn and the two little boys revealed in the whole process. (Here are the two boys in front of their big wind saying, "We Like It.")



Nevertheless, Mr. Osborn sent a few words about architects in general, revealing some reservations of his own:

I don't understand why, out of the crop of new young men coming along, there is only one who is setting any kind of new direction which architecture will follow in

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generation—and who will be contemporary Wright or Corbu—the innovator who changes the form of art. Instead they seem to be steadily reawakening the ideas of older architects.

The older architects are still existing, with enormous vigor, their ideas, the concepts of their work—but of course those ideas are rapidly dated.

Osborn has published several sets of drawings, including *War and Damn Good*, and he is at work on another, called *The Mores of the Future*. Harper's has published his work many times, once before (September 1950) in collaboration with John Maynard Keynes in a broadside on modern architecture.

Great Historian at Work

Last month we published an article by **Walter Prescott Webb** titled "Ended: Four Hundred Years." In it Professor Webb outlined, as he had done orally at the American Congress of International History in Paris a year ago, his ideas on the role which the Great Frontier played in shaping the institutions which have dominated modern society. This month, in "Windfalls of the Frontier" (p. 71), Professor Webb shows how one of the basic institutions of Western civilization, capitalism, evolved to meet the needs of the frontier-induced boom.

Because of the importance of these ideas we asked Professor Webb to give us a brief account of the genesis of his concept of the Great Frontier. He wrote to us as follows:

As I look back on my past it seems that everything conspired to bring me to the point of attempting this interpretation of the frontier. When I was four years old my parents moved to West Texas, to Stephens County, to be exact. That region at that time was in a frontier condition; most of the country was not yet under fence and the small homesteader was in the process of clearing it from the cattlemen of the open range days. It was there that I touched the hem of the garment of the frontier, received my earliest impressions of the struggle of a people with a new and arid country. The drought of 1893-95 brought unprecedented hardship to all the people and showed me such aspects of frontier

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living in that country as the drive, crop failure, water scarcity and all the rest. . . .

I entered the University of Texas in 1909, and there came under the influence of Professor Lindley Miller Keasbey, who taught a course called Institutional History. What I got from him was an appreciation and some understanding, of the relations between an environment and the human culture existing in it. . . .

After teaching history for a time in the public schools of Beeville, Cuero, San Antonio, I returned to the University of Texas as instructor in history in 1918 with only a B. A. degree. My inclination toward a frontier subject—one that had some human interest with me, looked at the end of it—is indicated by my choosing to write the history of the Texas Rangers for the M. A. and Ph. D. degrees. This study culminated in *The Texas Rangers: A Century of Frontier Defense*, published by Houghton Mifflin in 1928. The title was bought by Paramount and used as the base for the Centennial Film celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the independence of Texas in 1936. There was practically nothing from the book in the film, but that is not important.

In the process of studying the Texas Rangers, I stumbled on an insight into the land in which I had spent my childhood, the semiarid country, the Great Plains. This was a plain case of serendipity: looking for one thing and finding something else far more important. After much labor, and by very slow degrees, I saw that when the people left the humid region of the East and undertook to live in a semiarid country where there were no trees and not enough water, their way of life had to change. You see here my early experience out there and my interest in the relation between an environment and a culture united to enable me to make the synthesis. I recognized that I had something important, at least to me, and I threw the Texas Rangers aside and devoted all my time to writing *The Great Plains: A Study in Institutions and Environment*. This book was published four years before *The Texas Rangers*, by Ginn & Company, 1932. Though my interpretation has received some criticism, it has been pretty generally accepted.

In 1937 I published a third book entitled *Divided We Stand: A Crisis of a Frontierless Democracy*.

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The important thing is that serendipity again entered, for in writing the original sixth chapter of that little book I saw the significance of the frontier to a democratic society, and this is reflected in the subtitle, *The Crisis of a Frontierless Democracy*.

As in the case of the Great Plains concept, I put in a seminar and began to investigate the new idea. It broadened out until I saw the Great Frontier as a dominant force in modern history, the setting and environment in which our modern institutions have developed. . . .

The chronology of these books will show that I am a very slow producer. Had I been driven by the present policy followed more and more by universities to "produce" or get out, I would have been compelled to get out. I could not have done either *The Great Plains* or the present work under such a lash.

Here I would like to pay tribute to the university seminar, those quiet campfires of learning where the boundaries of knowledge are slowly pushed out by a group of intelligent young people sitting around with a professor who has an idea. They constitute the heart of a real university, and more should be said about them in public print.

Down to Brass Tacks

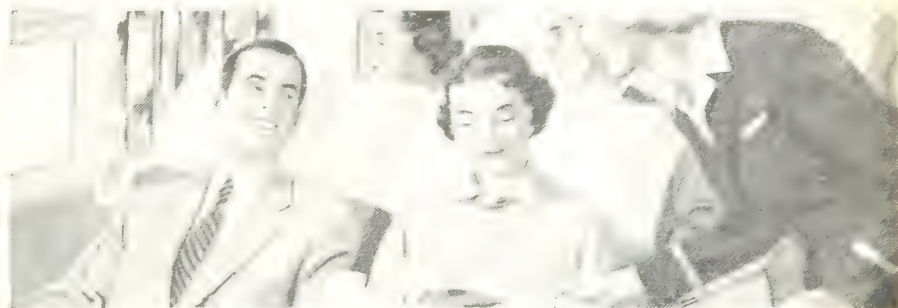
♦♦♦ "Red Blunders in Berlin" (p. 37) is the third report in *Harper's* this year from *Martin Flavin*, who recently returned from a journey around the world. Next month, we shall publish another closeup of the blasted German city which Mr. Flavin says may be at this moment the most exciting in the world.

"In October of last year," Mr. Flavin wrote us, "I set out with Bonnie [Mrs. Flavin] from San Francisco, on a projected trip designed to follow the periphery of the Kremlin's shadow from Tokyo to Berlin. My purpose was to see for myself what was going on in these confused and threatened areas, concluding what I could and assembling the material for an eventual book. . . . The book remains to be written, but the basis for it is ready to my hand: some sketches I have written on the wing, plus 60,000 words of diary."

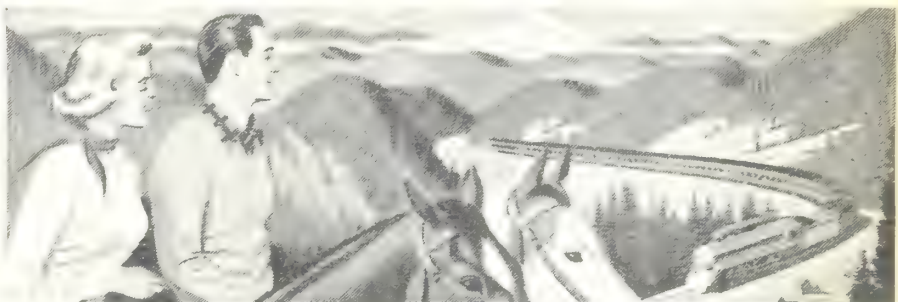
The Flavins traveled for almost ten months, visiting Japan, Korea, Formosa, Siam, Cambodia, Indonesia, Malaya, India, Lebanon, and



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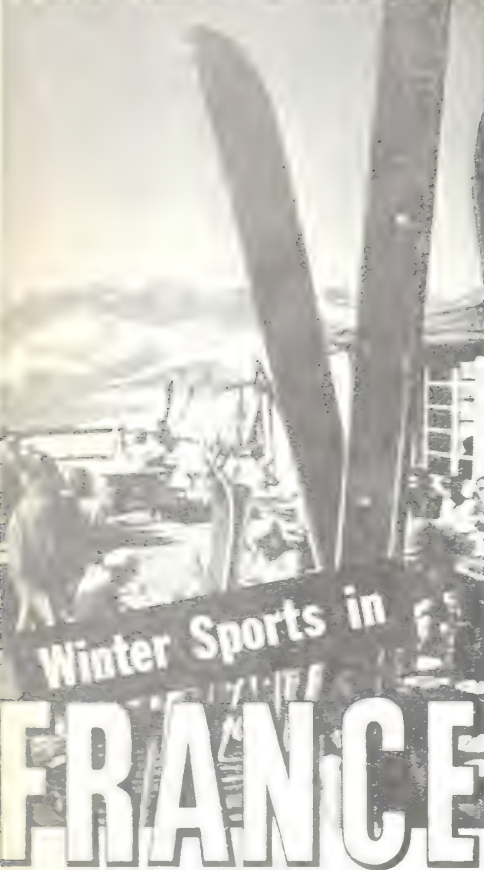
PS—Our local travel agent helped plan our trip. Next winter we are looking forward to a Canadian Pacific winter cruise to the West Indies and South America!"



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parts of Western Europe. From sheer exhaustion and repletion, they skipped most of the Middle East. As Mr. Flavin wrote us, "Europe was reviving, and if not reassuring, at least less depressing than the Asiatic scene. Indeed, in Berlin which was my final port of call, I found more on which to predicate a faintly hopeful future for the world, than I encountered elsewhere on the circuit of it."

Martin Flavin has written a number of books, of varied subject matter and type—novels, plays, and travel reporting. His own life has traced a pretty long and exciting circuit—he is well beyond sixty now—and has included success in business and on Broadway as well as winning the Pulitzer Prize for fiction. He is the father of three grown children and lives in California.

...Gilbert Highet, whose very short story, "Another Solution" (p. 45) presents a fiction writer new to *Harper's*, is Anthon Professor of Latin at Columbia University. Scottish-born, trained at Glasgow and Oxford Universities, Mr. Highet was a fellow and tutor in classics at St. John's College at Oxford from 1932 to 1938 before joining the faculty of Columbia. He has written a good deal of verse, several textbooks, and made many translations from French, German, Latin, and Greek. His two most recent books interested an audience beyond the company of scholars: *The Classical Tradition* (Oxford Press, 1949) and *The Art of Teaching* (published by Alfred Knopf last year). His wife is the novelist, Helen MacInnes, author of *Above Suspicion*, *Neither Five nor Three*, and many other popular books.

Mr. Highet will become much more familiar to our readers when he joins the staff next year as regular book critic. His books have been greeted with delight and admiration by the many readers who know them; in *Harper's* he will find a large and discriminating audience eager to hear what he will have to say about the new books as they come along.

Charles Poore, our present critic (see "New Books," p. 112), took on this assignment for only one year, in view of his permanent connection with the *New York Times*, where he



Out of the Frying Pan . . .

is co-editor of "Books of the Times." He has graciously agreed to continue to appear regularly in our pages until Mr. Highet takes over next fall.

"Books in Brief" will appear as fresh and new as always under the hand of *Katherine Gauss Jackson*.

...Since 1900 there have been three occupants of the "Easy Chair"—William Dean Howells, who held it from 1900 to 1920, Edward S. Martin, who took over until 1935, and *Bernard DeVoto*, who rides it, now furiously, now amiably, month by month. Like both of these twentieth-century predecessors, Mr. DeVoto is a hard worker and—we thank him for his pains—occasionally contributes a piece to appear elsewhere in the magazine. So this month we have, in addition to an "Easy Chair" about the dull edge of knives, "The Smokejumpers" (p. 54), a vivid report about forest firefighters which reflects one of the many active interests in Mr. DeVoto's active life. Mr. DeVoto is a prolific writer of books—fiction and history—and of articles; but his writing assignments do not tie him so fast to his desk or Easy Chair that he cannot get out frequently and explore for himself

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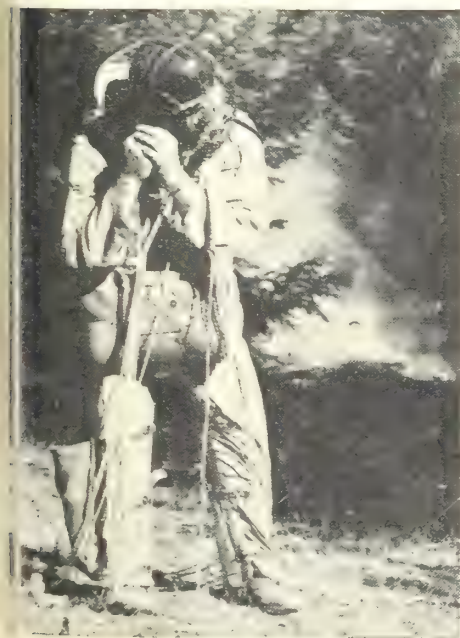
places and subjects he wants to write about.

Though he lives now in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is a member of the editorial board of the *New England Quarterly*, it happens that the Western United States, from which he sprang (he was born in Ogden, Utah), is one of his main fields of interest. The big book which he has just finished centers on the Lewis and Clark Expedition; several of his important historical works are about the West (*The Year of Decision: 1846* and *Across the Wide Missouri*); he has written two major books about the Missourian, Mark Twain; his most recent novel takes a hero out West (*Mountain Time*); and he has made himself one of the chief defenders of the natural resources of that region. He has written frequently in the "Easy Chair" denouncing the plunderers of the natural domain, and in several other articles in this magazine he has called attention to "The Anxious West," "The West Against Itself," "Sacred Cows and Public Lands," and allied topics.

Mr. DeVoto is a member of the advisory board for the National Parks. In "The Smokejumpers" he is clearly keeping himself up to date, however rough the riding.

The photographs of smokejumping reproduced in these pages were made by the U.S. Forest Service.

•••**Louis Cassels**, author of the piece on "Arnold, Fortas, Porter &



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Document 30-10

HELEN LYNCH,
PUBLISHER & BRANE

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Prosperity" (p. 62), is a reporter in the UP Washington Bureau. He got there by way of a Phi Beta Kappa key at Duke University, the Air Force (where, he says, he "remained in the grade of First Lieutenant longer than anyone else who ever wore a crushed cap"), and the UP office in New York.

When he supplied P & O with brief biographical data in connection with his earlier *Harper's* piece, "Atomic Engines—When and How" (June 1950), he described himself as "a native of Ellenton, South Carolina, a very small, very old, and very lovely town on the banks of the Savannah River." We had never heard of the place, so we left out the descriptive touches when we identified him in this column.

This time we dug them up because, as you may remember, Mr. Cassels covers the Atomic Energy Commission for UP. And it was when he picked up the official AEC handout about the new H-bomb plant last fall that he first learned that the scientific developments he was responsible for reporting were going to necessitate the destruction of the "very small, very old, and very lovely" town where he had started out.

●●●"Highborn Kinsmen" (p. 78) is the first story *Harper's* has published by *Anne Goodwin Winslow*, the Tennessee novelist whose five books about "one little corner of the Southern scene" have interested many discriminating readers. She lives now in Raleigh, where her family has lived for four generations, in the old home which she wrote about in her first novel, *The Dwelling Place*, published in 1943. The theme of her present story runs through many of the stories which she is now writing and which will be brought together under the title, *Foreign Relations*.

Mrs. Winslow began her work as a writer with verse, and *Harper's* printed a number of her poems in the twenties and thirties. At that time she moved about to various parts of the United States and Europe, for her husband was an Army officer; she did not begin to write fiction until, after her husband's death, she returned to Tennessee. Her most recent novel was brought out by Alfred Knopf about

a year ago, called *It Was Like This*.

Sandra Roome, the artist who made the drawings for "Highborn Kinsmen," is in her early twenties; she came to this country as a child from France, and was educated at Bard College, the Art Students League, and New York University. She has worked as a copywriter and publisher's assistant, among other things, but is now working full-time on illustrations.

●●●*John R. Beal*, who wrote "Buy an Eye for Dulles" (p. 88) is a Washington correspondent of seventeen years' standing who has been covering the State Department for *Time* magazine for the past seven years. His interest in the story of the Japanese peace treaty was aroused during the early period of its shaping. It seemed to him then, he writes us, "that for once the State Department was telling its story as it was along, very simply and very clearly. I felt that if the department would do the same in its other activities it would have less trouble with its public relations—and I also felt that the treaty story needed to be told in a piece."

Mr. Beal collected some of the material for the article in an interview with Mr. Dulles during a flight from Syracuse to Washington. Mr. Dulles, who had been resting on a private island in Lake Ontario, was returning to the crowded weeks before the San Francisco conference. Mr. Beal had three hours with him uninterrupted by telephone calls from visitors while the airplane had hopped to Wilkes-Barre, Allentown, Baltimore, and Washington. Mr. Dulles sat patiently across the aisle reading the Sunday papers.

About himself, Mr. Beal told us, referring to the Chinese saying, "I was born in Canton but I am a native of Peking": "During a year I spent in Nanking immediately after the war I found this was the simplest way as any of explaining that I was born in India, but honorable ancestors came from Crawford County, Ohio." Mr. Beal is married and has two sons and a daughter.


●●●*Laurence Lafore* was in Paris in 1945 working in the press office of the United States Embassy. Because of the housing crisis,

P & O

...ed a house with the chief architect of the events described in "The Millionth Frenchman" (p. 99). In 1945 Mr. Lafore joined the history faculty of Swarthmore College, where he is still teaching; it was, we assume, during his long summer vacation this year, that the reminiscent mood came upon him and provided this evocation of things past. Though the participants in the air of *le millionième* have been disguised, some such celebration actually took place—as you can see by the photograph reproduced on page 8. The discovery of the photograph must be credited to the joint efforts of the enterprising secretary of this department and the obliging New York staff of the press and information service of the French Embassy. The legend on the back reads: "The Place de l'Opéra, a happy crowd shows its enthusiasm at the realization of all its hopes. . . ."

A Philadelphian and a Swarthmore graduate, Mr. Lafore studied international relations at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy in Medford, Massachusetts, and received his doctor's degree in 1950. Before the war he taught at Trinity College in Hartford and went into the State Department in 1942. He was transferred to the Office of War Information and went to London in 1943. During the bracing experiences of the Baby Blitz, the V-1, and the beginning of V-2, he wrote leaflets to be dropped over France, and he broadcasted to France over RASIE when, as he says, "they needed someone with a strong American accent." He was transferred back to the State Department and spent a year and a half in Paris after Liberation.

Bill Ballantine, who drew the pictures of the cast of "The Millionth Frenchman," was in England, Italy, France, Luxembourg, and Germany of the OWI between 1943 and 1945, and he saw great numbers of Prisoners of War from the jeep-borne loud-speaker unit in which he entered Germany. Before the war he worked as an artist at various jobs, from painting signs for Meadow Gold Dairies in Millvale, Pennsylvania, to drawing for the Associated Press and *PM*. He has recently been doing what he says he



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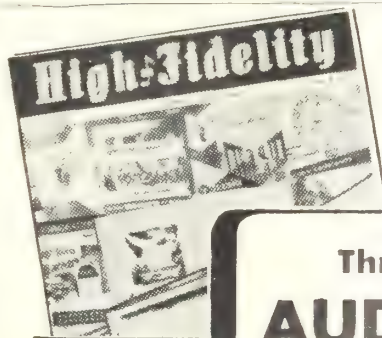
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P & O

lways wanted to do—traveling with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey, working as a clown and as an artist. His work has appeared in many magazines.

Two of the poets in this issue broke into *Harper's* by way of the "Lion's Mouth"—that section of light and short prose and verse which is used to wind up each number. Back in the nineteen-twenties (*their* twenties too), **David McCord**, a Harvard B.A. and M.A., was busy at Harvard with the *Alumni Bulletin* and Fund Council and was besides a member of the drama and music staff of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, when he sent us a small essay, "The Philosophy of Ceilings," which appeared as his first contribution. **Irwin Edman** had just won his Ph.D. at Columbia and was an instructor in philosophy when, in 1920, he saw himself in print for the first time in *Harper's* with a light but disillusioned "Ballad at Twenty-Three."


Oh, well! we're quenched at twenty-three.

Yet sometimes still there dart,
Across our lives, felicities
In friendship and in art,
Some solace still for the
broken will,
And the tired, defeated heart.

Mr. McCord, who appears in this issue with "Armored Division" (p. 17), has published well over fifteen books since his first in 1926, most of them in verse. On December 6, Doubleday will bring out a new one called *The Camp at Lockjaw*, with illustrations by Gluyas Williams.

Mr. Edman, having left his "broken will" behind, comes up with "Age Past Anxiety" (p. 70). Meanwhile he has published a good dozen of his own books and edited or collaborated on several more. His newest, *Under Whatever Sky*, has just been brought out by the Viking Press.

"Some of the Boys a Little While Had Names" (p. 106) brings back a poet well known to *Harper's*. **Thomas Hornsby Ferril** was born in Denver at about the same time Mr. McCord and Mr. Edman were born in New York. He has B.A. and M.A. degrees from Colorado College and the University of Colorado. He is a business man and is now finishing his fourth volume of verse.



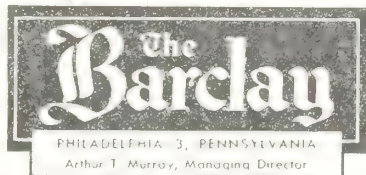
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LETTERS

Baldwin's Rights—

To the Editors:

As an old-time member of the American Civil Liberties Union, may I take exception to the idea that Roger Baldwin is a supporter of all fundamental human rights with prodigious impartiality"? ["The Persuasive Roger Baldwin," September.]

He upheld the now-defunct Taft-Vadsworth bill which . . . legalized sex distinctions, placing women under controls from which there would be no redress because they were women.

Mr. Baldwin led the ACLU into opposition to the movement to give women equal legal rights with men. In harmony with the UN Charter, the Senate has voted for an addition to our constitutional Bill of Rights, "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged on account of sex." This Mr. Baldwin has opposed although he upholds the same principle in regard to race. . . .

FLORENCE L. C. KITCHELT

Connecticut Committee for the
Equal Rights Amendment
New Haven, Conn.

To the Editors:

Oliver Jensen has got some of his facts snarled in "The Persuasive Roger Baldwin." The conviction of Baldwin—of the American Civil Liberties Union in the Paterson "riot" was not reversed in the New Jersey Supreme Court. It was affirmed. I heard the appeal argued by the late Sam Untermyer for Baldwin, and it appeared to me that the court confirmed the verdict of guilty more because they didn't like the truculent Sam than for any other reason.

The higher Court of Errors and Appeals (sixteen judges not seventeen) subsequently reversed. The man who represented Baldwin on

this occasion was Arthur T. Vanderbilt, present Chief Justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court.

J. L. BERNSTEIN
Paterson, N. J.

Sixteen judges or seventeen, the decision was unanimous. In New Jersey the Supreme Court is supreme, but the Court of Errors and Appeals is suppremer.—The Editors

Defining the Deaf—

To the Editors:

Knowing that Mr. Gerald Johnson is a writer of keen insight and integrity makes it all the more distasteful to be forced to protest against his article, "The Compensations of Deafness," in your September issue.

Mr. Johnson, in his entire piece, isn't referring to the deaf. He has written about the hard of hearing. Between the deaf and the hard of hearing extends a chasm as wide as that which separates the blind and the hearing.

It was not merely for the sake of quibbling that in 1937 the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf defined the deaf and the hard of hearing as two separate classes. The deaf are those who have no usable audition for the functional purposes of life.

The hard of hearing are those who possess functional hearing, with or without the use of a hearing aid. . . .

Mr. Johnson refers to deaf men turning hearing aids off and on. The truth is, a deaf man has as much use for a hearing aid as a moose has for a hatrack. We who are truly deaf despise the vicious advertising so common among hearing-aid manufacturers.

And, of course, Mr. Johnson is way off the beam when he writes that "the deaf number millions." It is estimated that about 15,000,000 Americans have impaired audition

but the deaf number only about 150,000.

B. B. BURNES, President
National Association of the Deaf
Chicago, Ill.

Problem Guests—

To the Editors:

I enjoyed your article "On Weekend Guests" [August] very much and hasten to write about a few author Russell Lynes overlooked.

There's the guest who usually brings a friend you don't know. He gets terribly bored and will invariably say, "You live here all year round?" or, "It will be nice when you get it finished." . . . Then there's the guest you're surely familiar with who goes into the surrounding fields and picks huge bouquets of weeds, grasses, blossoms, *et al.* and arranges them all over the house so by Tuesday they've dropped and wilted and messed up the entire house.

There's the guest who brings a fancy dog, usually a French poodle, and not only does it sleep in the guest room on your extra eiderdown (while your own dogs sleep outside) but it's fed all kinds of elaborate dishes in the kitchen. . . .

FREDDIE JACKSON
Malaga, N. J.

Marylebone—

To the Editors:

Mr. Ernest Borneman in his most interesting article in your September issue, "Digging in Baker Street," seems to have fallen into a common error with respect to the origin of the name of the London borough of Marylebone in his reference to "Sainte Marie la Bonne."

The Encyclopaedia Britannica and *An Encyclopaedia of London*, edited by William Dent, are two easy sources for the generally accepted origin of the word. The name of the borough is taken from that of the

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parish church of St. Mary at Bourne, which was corrupted to Mary le Bone and later into one word, Marylebone. The name of the church apparently derived from the bourne or river, which was known as Tyburn, a tributary of the Thames, the course of which is marked by Marylebone Lane.

CHARLES H. CAMPBELL
Washington, D. C.

Dowsing Forks—

To the Editors:

If Mr. Shepard ["Firsthand Report on Dowsing," September] wants to promote scientific investigation of dowsing, he is going about it the hard way. Proof that one out of ten or thirteen people can dowse or that it is an efficacious method of locating underground water is not necessary; demonstration of any unexplainable force capable of bending a limber switch even slightly will arouse interest bordering on frenzy. Such a force is nearly as incredible as an undiscovered continent. . . .

JOHN GUINN
Carthage, Mo.

Horses and Hackles—

To the Editors:

Whether Gromyko or Bernard DeVoto raises more American hackles is debatable.

In your Not-So-Easy Chair for September Mr. DeVoto's "Ordeal by Poetry" slurs the horse in this phrase: "The boredom of associating with the dumbest of all animals is extreme."

Indubitably Bernard is brilliant, but he cannot get away—ex cathedra—with the papal assertion that the horse is the dumbest of all animals. . . .

If I could hope to get the space I would mention a score of incidents showing the high intelligence of horses. Give me ear for two incidents forty years apart.

One summer I was shipping with harness horses from one race to another. My pet was a big mare, Allie Conqueror. This trotter had bit and kicked many, but she was fond of me. She was skittish and tricky. On the swaying freight car, where she was cross-tied, a sulky worked loose from the overhead and dropped on

her back. She jumped and leaped. Impulsively a boy of thirteen—me—jumped in to her flank, lifted the sulky, spoke sharply to the mare and she quieted down. My father gave me hell and said it was a wonder I didn't get my head kicked off.

This summer I was in Johnsville, California, in the gold fabled Sierras. Seeking better fishing, four of us started a climb for Jamison Lake. Our experienced mounts balked at the bridge over the creek which committed them to a God-awful climb. The horses said to us—just as plain as day—"You characters don't know what you are getting into. Turn back before it is too late!" We were fools—dismounted, led them across the span, and they proceeded for three hours up a trail that a goat should refuse. . . .

Let B. DeVoto explore animal life in Oklahoma and I pledge him contact with horses and cows with more intelligence than the average reader of the *New York Daily News*.

WALTER M. HARRISON
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Color-Blind—

To the Editors:

I am a regular reader of your magazine and was doubly pleased upon reading the July issue with its article, "My Daughter Married a Negro." In contrast to Mary Riggs, who found the article "disgusting" and the subject of miscegenation "foul," I am glad it was printed. My comment on miscegenation is only a wish that everyone were born color-blind.

Sitting in front of my home, I daily see little boys, colored and white, strolling along with arms around each other, playing, running and being what all men really are—brothers.

Yet, watching them, I know that when they become older, this un-awareness of only supposed differences, slips away, disappears, and becomes instead an intolerance, a prejudice, and a fictitious wall composed of skin pigmentation.

I myself am "white," but whether black or white, "each casts a shadow and all shadows are dark" (Walter White).

NITA MORRELL
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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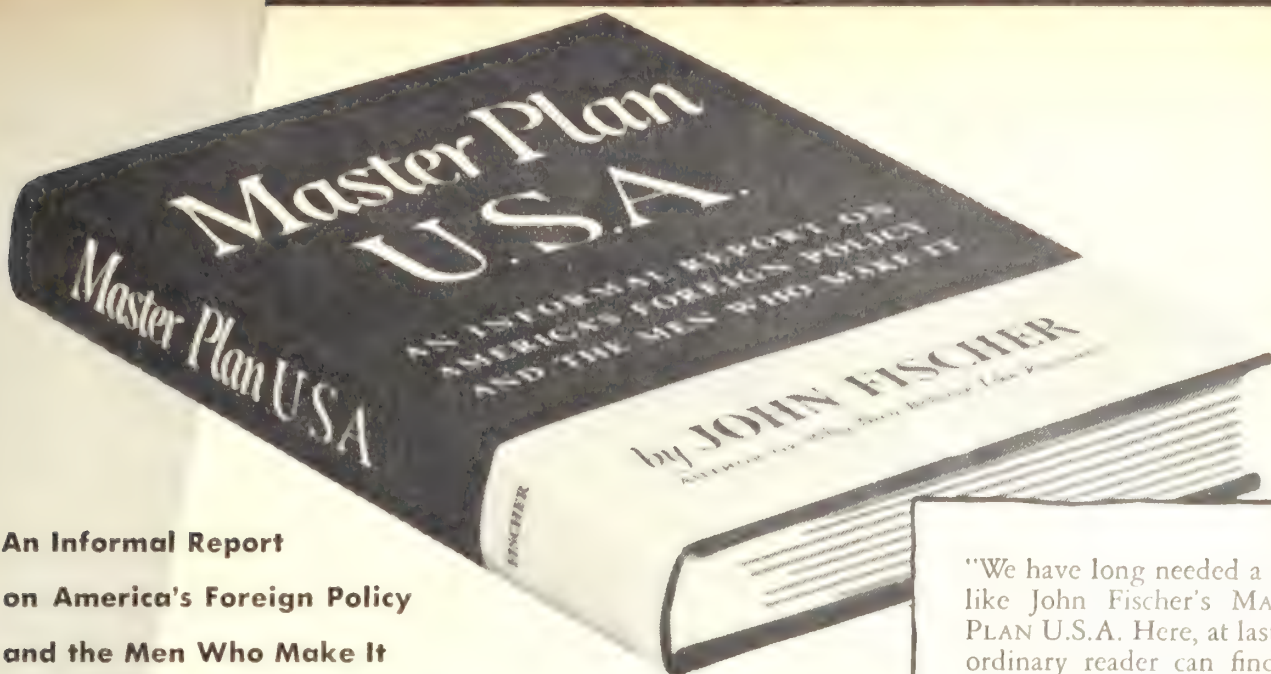
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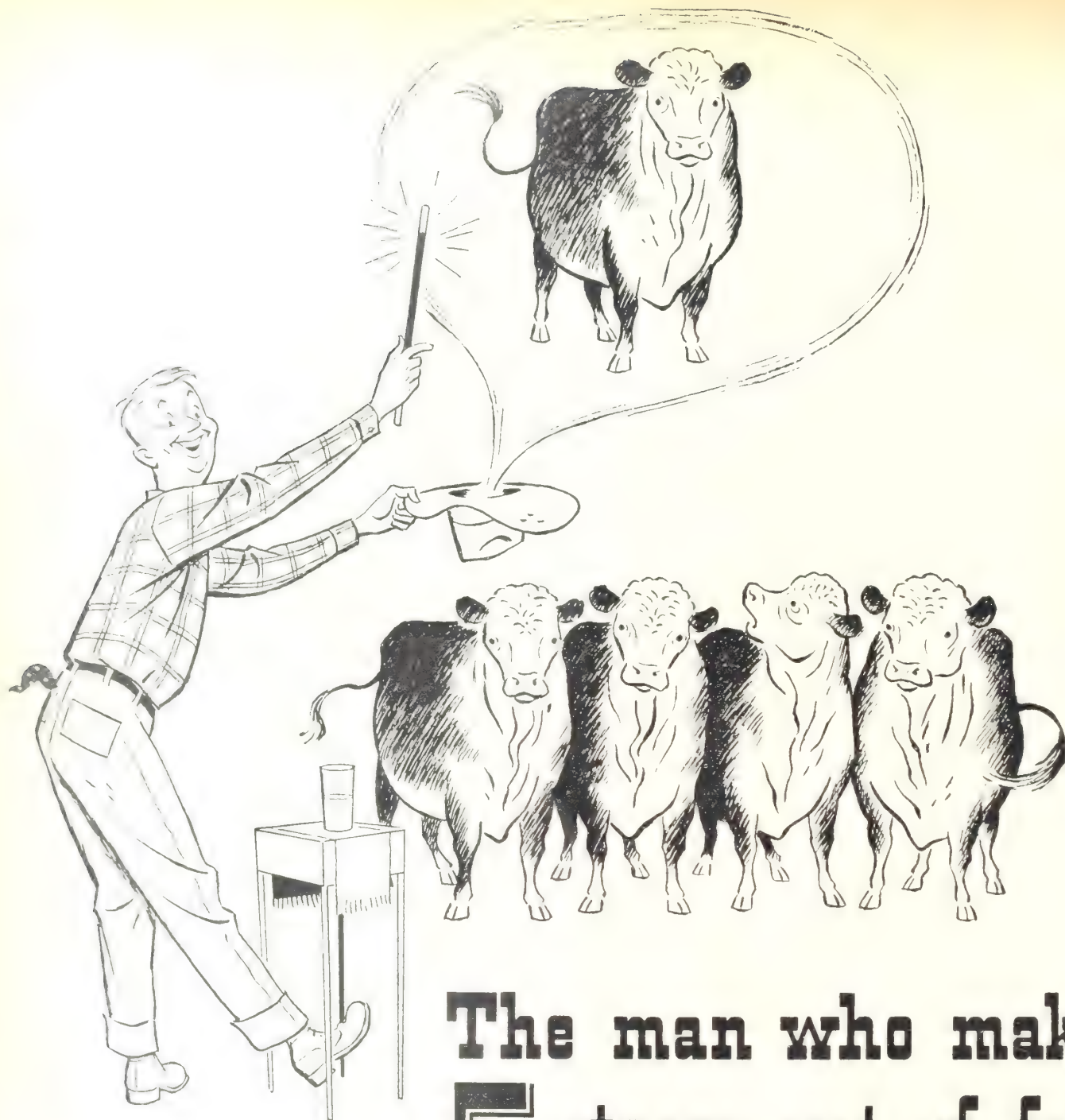
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MAGAZINE

The Trouble with Books Today

C. Hartley Grattan

THE trouble with books today is that writers are in trouble. As a group they are perennially subject to two kinds of afflictions, one spiritual, often called *Katzenjammer* or *Weltschmerz*, the other material, or "money troubles." Sometimes they are simultaneously afflicted with both. This seems to be such a time.

In this magazine for November 1944 I took a look at the current literary situation and predicted what kind of books you would be reading after the war, "only stopping to insist that the whole question finally turns on the kind of peace we get at the end of the war":

I think we will find (enclosed within a flood of biographies, histories, now-it-can-be-told war books of all kinds and descriptions, detective stories, horror yarns, novels about the present, past, and future which are simply good stories well told, poetry that celebrates the birds, bees, and flowers, and the usual miscellany of informational volumes of greater or lesser weight taking

you inside this and that, as well as diaries of the last exciting days of any number of places) books of the following kinds: (1) numerous books of social criticism of a mildly leftist tinge which will entirely lack the optimistic simple-mindedness of prewar Marxist-inspired works; (2) a considerable number of religious books, fictional and non-fictional, of greater or lesser persuasiveness; (3) a goodly number—proportionate to the badness of the peace as the literary folk see it—of disillusioned and nihilistic books portraying life as a futile horror; and (4) a fairly numerous lot of hortatory volumes, fictional and otherwise, advising us to be wholesome, helpful, and above all optimistic, lest the goblins certainly get us.

Even today, seven years later, that doesn't look too foolish. The peace has been bad, as I implicitly assumed it would be. The writers have conscientiously reflected its badness. What I did not clearly foresee was the flood of anti-Soviet and anti-Communist writing that now threatens to engulf many writers

For the past twenty-five years Mr. Grattan has worked as a free-lance writer, doing a great deal of book-reviewing and article-writing (with several pieces a year for Harper's since 1943), and producing several major books of his own.

and readers completely. This material is focused on the nub of the badness of the peace, and the power to forecast the exact nub was vouchsafed to few.

There is, then, nothing surprising about the fact that rarely have writers been in a gloomier frame of mind than today and that fiction, for example, surely the characteristic aesthetic vehicle of our time, is in the doldrums. Readers are turning away from fiction. The *New York Times Book Review* reports that in 1950 only three novels sold more than a hundred thousand copies in bookstores, while seven non-fiction books reached that figure, and that as a consequence publishers are cutting their fiction lists to the bone. Bernard DeVoto has speculated that the decline of fiction sales is attributable to the vending of so many bad novels. Alfred Knopf is quoted as remarking in 1948 that "Nowadays I find myself often thinking that it is almost impossible to write a book so empty and third-rate that it will not be snapped up. . . ." But of course we must not forget that bad novels have been a staple product of the publishing industry for generations. In the best of times readers get stuck with bad novels, attractively ballyhooed. What differentiates the present situation is that the proportion of badness seems to have crept exceptionally high, and that the saving proportion of good novels seems to have fallen to a low level indeed. I myself would not weep (not being a publisher) if no novel sold so many as a hundred thousand copies in bookstores if I could also count every season on a steady flow of good new novels of reasonably high quality from writers who promised to mature into men of first-rate worth. Today this cannot be guaranteed to me, or to anybody else of fairly exacting standards.

II

THE trouble is, it seems, that novel writing has become an excessively difficult undertaking. We must, to understand why this is so, attend to the *Katzenjammer* that currently afflicts our writers, not all of them—not even, perhaps, the best of them—but enough of them to be symptomatic of a widespread distress, especially among men and women under forty.

Without being any more dogmatic about

the matter than space limitations require, I should say that the *Katzenjammer* can be reduced to two complementary generalizations: (1) a feeling (intellectualized by critics into a dogma) that the values by which men have lived these many years are today in an advanced stage of decomposition, with no replacements in sight; and (2) that whatever a man's private values may be, he cannot expect in any case consistently to act on them successfully because the individual is, in the present-day world, at the mercy of ever more oppressive and arbitrary institutions. These institutions all too often treat him as an abstract item in a statistical table, as if he were guilty of he knows not what—*vide* the vogue of Franz Kafka today, though he made but the mildest impression when introduced into English about 1930—and all too rarely treat him as a sentient human being who has a sense of his own worth and his own ideas about how to live his life.

These notions are usually related to the effects of the hot and cold wars and the Great Depression, but they have far deeper historical roots. Whether either or both of these generalizations is true or false—whether or not they correspond to verifiable reality—is beside the point. The evidence is considerable that many writers believe both. Taken singly or together, they are formidable mental and emotional obstacles to the composition of novels—or books of any kind. They undercut the intellectual security of those who entertain them.

EVIDENCE: John W. Aldridge's thesis in *After the Last Generation*. It is not necessary to deal here with the curious *obiter dicta* which Mr. Aldridge drops by the way, though the temptation is strong; it is his central thesis which is symptomatic:

Nearly all the old primary assumptions which men once took for granted—the idea of one god and of a very few fixed doctrines suitable to his worship, of a fixed code of sexual and social morality, of a fixed dichotomous universe divided between the two irreconcilable forces of Good and Evil—have been slowly but relentlessly eroded away by the advancement of natural science, philosophy, and, particularly, psychiatry; or, to put it more precisely, they have been dissected and atomized until they have lost

the authority of a single, integrated body of belief and been scattered into countless fragments of comfortless superstition, vague longing, and abortive guilt. The change, in short, has been from a stable and secure absolutism, in which what was possible was certain, to an unstable and insecure relativism, in which everything is possible because nothing is certain.

Therefore the contemporary young American writer, says Aldridge, faces "the problem of ordering and making dramatically meaningful the experience of a valueless time." Beyond a doubt that is a difficult assignment and naturally enough most writers fail to fill it successfully. Mr. Aldridge might well have subtitled his book, "Studies in Failure." Only rarely can a critic of parts have devoted so much conscientious attention in print to writers* he considers less than adequate to the task set before them.

More evidence: the outlook of Cyril Connolly, the London critic, author of such books as *The Unquiet Grave* and *The Condemned Playground*—titles the symbolic significance of which should not pass unnoticed. Reporting from London the death of *Horizon* magazine, which Connolly edited, V. S. Pritchett noted that Connolly enjoys an "astonishing, morbid awareness of what is likely to be going on [in literature], the sense of *mode* . . . and at the moment he feels (as everyone else has) that there is nothing to be morbidly aware of. We are at a standstill. We are drifting into a period of commonplace, journalistic writing, something like the average-citizen journalism of the eighteenth century."

Further evidence, this time from the far periphery of the Western world, Australia. Writing of the ten-year history of *Meanjin*, the Australian literary quarterly, the editor, C. B. Christesen, concludes pessimistically:

The collapse [of wartime optimism about the cultural future in Australia] has grown progressively worse, until today I believe the social climate is no longer one in which serious writers can work with enthusiasm. . . . The traumatic shock suffered by many

of our writers has made them, temporarily I hope, inarticulate.

Final evidence: the situation in Paris. Literary letters from Paris report the writers more than ordinarily burdened with the woes of living; the old French *élan* appears badly battered. More than Gide is dead. Hypochondriacal thinking of such varieties as existentialism, occultism, and neutralism, all in some sense representing reactions to the war just past and that now looming, is not only common but downright fashionable. Such "thinking," gaseous as it is, feeds (or poisons) the exhausted spirits of literary Frenchmen, while their more purely literary hungers are satisfied by imports, American novels which they curiously misinterpret to confirm their own delinquencies. Positive voices from Paris are so few that one is astonished to hear one—say that of Raymond Aron—above the mournful murmur. The literary mind of France appears to be running around in circles of a descending order of significance, an exercise which can only end, short of some unimaginable shakeup, at some as yet unpredictable dead stop. Plainly Koestler in *The Age of Longing* only exaggerated for effect.

III

THE evidence cited is only a fraction of what has passed before my eyes. It seems to me to point to an inescapable conclusion: that some writers in all countries, and writers in some places more than in others, have in these difficult times lost that clarity of vision which is a prerequisite to successful literary composition. It is not so much that they are unclear or unsettled of mind—for these things are occupational disabilities of the writing trade—as that they have lost the capacity of assuming that, at bottom, they know what the life of man is all about.

Contrary to the implication of Mr. Aldridge's remarks, it is not at all necessary that writers be possessed of a cast-iron orthodoxy to do good work. Rather, too rigid an orthodoxy, even one of their own private construction, can severely handicap them. They don't need, to be saved, to be initiated into any new (or ancient) orthodoxy. That fallacious idea we can safely leave to the dogmatists, lay and clerical, who besiege us on all

* Norman Mailer, Robert Lowry, Vance Bourjaily, Merle Miller, Truman Capote, Gore Vidal, Frederick Buechner, Paul Bowles, Irwin Shaw, John Horne Burns, Alfred Hayes.

sides. But beyond a doubt they do need to acquire an outlook on man and his doings and his possible or probable destiny that seems to be true, and that they are prepared to labor hard to make appear true in works of art.

That outlook, or vision, can be comic, tragic, or neutral. It can assert that man enjoys free will, or that he is inescapably a victim of circumstances, God- or man-made. It can allege that life is utterly meaningless, nasty, brutish, and short; but it must convey some sense of the fact that it is all we have and hence is important. (A novel of futility cannot, and live, partake of the futility of the point of view that animated it.) It can assert that life is supremely meaningful. It can lead its exponent to dwell on the thesis that the old order is decaying, that a new order is coming to birth, or that the world is—as usual, if with more than customary violence—wagging along as it has since history began. It can be ruthlessly realistic (which does not mean that it must be expressed in words of one syllable, chiefly nasty) or romantic in expression, narrow or wide in focus, inspiring or deflating in impact, based on old saws or modern instances. But in any case it must be held with sufficient intensity to persuade the reader that the labor of reading has been justified and to sustain the writer through the storms and stresses of at least those days he devotes to literary composition. Without vision, deeply planted, a writer inevitably perishes. To sustain his vision he must have guts. Apparently all too many writers have today lost both their vision and their guts, or the latter and hence the former.

READERS, the evidence indicates, do not respond to badly composed books by visionless writers. It is always an open question what readers (speaking generally) want to read, but some indication of what is wanted at the present time is to be found in the older writers currently conspicuously modish: Henry James, E. M. Forster, Herman Melville, Stendhal, Fëdor Dostoevski, Marcel Proust, D. H. Lawrence, Joseph Conrad, James Joyce, André Gide, Ford Madox Ford, F. Scott Fitzgerald. To offer a single reason which would explain the current approval of these men would be excessively difficult and undoubtedly foolish, but it may be diffidently suggested that one thing they have in com-

mon is clarity of vision (but how different the visions) and another is that they are all in some sense moralists (in the proper sense of that abused word).

Recalling John Aldridge's description of what he says is a valueless world, this is highly important. In spite of the terrific beating taken by orthodoxy in recent years (and by recent I mean the past century or so), contemporary readers nevertheless reject books that offer no clarification of the difficulties and dilemmas to which man is now heir as a consequence of the erosion of values. Values may have been eroded, but the passion for them still thrives. Readers, at least, are not yet prepared to wallow emotionally, aimlessly, and gloomily in a muck of defeatism. Rather they turn for light and leading to men of vision of an older time, men who were clearly aware of the issues but who nevertheless did not default judgment in favor of imbecile wallow. The evidence, it seems to me, is overwhelming that readers still want to know "what it is all about," still search for insight into the human condition; and that writers who have anything truly illuminating to say can count on an audience.

The favored writers may not err on the side of optimism; on the contrary, they may portray society as bound for hell in a hand-car and characters alarmingly discommoded by the swaying of the vehicle—that is F. M. Ford's theme in his moving *Parade's End*; but they nevertheless offer insight into what is going on about us. They are, inclusively, men who firmly stood up. The illumination offered need not always be a bright white light—it may be definitely on the murky side and hidden under bushels of an extremely dubious sort—but it must be present in some degree.

The conclusion is that contemporary writers appear to have given up before contemporary readers are ready to do so. Since writers have a very great symptomatic value in cultural diagnosis, it may just be that the writers are today a step or two ahead of the readers. However, at the risk of being thought fatuous, I shall say that I do not think so. I believe that the readers are pointing out the correct way forward, while the *Tendenz* writers pursue their weary ways up a bypath which may appear to be the broad highway but which really is the road to a Serbonian

bog. Compulsive as the evidence is that we are about to join the dinosaurs, the historical record shows that civilized man is an extremely tough and durable fellow who has many times survived situations fatal to passenger pigeons, sea-cows, aborigines of Tasmania—and dinosaurs. He always finds his way.

IV

THE other matter to which I want to give some attention is the economic side of the literary life. The economics of literary production is an ill-understood subject. Biographers of the great and near-great feel it proper to delve into the sexual affairs of their subjects, even to dismember the psyche with an assist from psychiatry, but rarely do they root around in the victim's purse and bank account. But the fact remains that writers have to live (although in specific cases one may wonder why), and that means they must have incomes from some source or other. Writing in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* recently, Bertrand de Jouvenel, the French intellectual, observed:

Intellectuals must live. How and by what means do they live? When the question is asked, a number of individual instances come into our minds. We know that Dickens and Balzac sold their wares upon the market, that Hobbes and Marx existed on the bounty of the rich, that Tolstoy and Bergson were men of property. But we are immediately made aware that our information does not stretch far. We search our memories for an adequate reply in the case of a number of major intellectual figures. . . . Flaubert or Gide could not have done their lifework but for inherited means.

But inherited wealth today must be very considerable in an era of heavy taxes and chronic inflation to support an intellectual in comfort. We shall see fewer careers so based. To support a career by the vending of writing, says Jouvenel—and mountainous evidence supports him—is now very close to impossible. As a consequence of the decline of worth of moderate means and of income from wares sold upon the market, the independent intellectual is disappearing.

The supply of intellectuals is not declining;

it is increasing; but intellectuals are driven into salaried employment to survive. "In France," says Jouvenel, "the typical intellectual was not the professor but much rather the '*homme de lettres*,' which Americans call the 'free lance.' He is rapidly going out of existence." In the United States, those few free lances who still survive know very well they are in a dying profession. (The term "free lance" is often abused in this country. Properly it means a person who depends for his income solely on the sale of articles or other literary material which he produces on his own motion at his own risk. It does not mean, as many appear to think, a person who, while drawing his living from a job, occasionally sells an article or a book.)

Reverting to V. S. Pritchett on the "folding" of *Horizon* we read:

I have often heard Mr. Connolly complain that he did not get the known writers to write often enough, and that merit among the unknown was slow in appearing. It was quite natural: the known were overworked at non-literary work, and the unknown were up against a cost of living that made writing a frivolity. Inflation, socialism, and the unions have been the real destroyers of *Horizon*.

Pritchett, and Connolly too in his own person, have often commented in other contexts on the decline of the independent writer in England, referring specifically to their absorption into the BBC, the British Council, and similar official and semi-official institutions. It is interesting, then, to find the BBC journal, *The Listener*, saying very recently, under the caption "Can Poets Live?":

One thinks of the poets of the last forty years and one finds that the best most of them could ever hope to do by way of earning a livelihood was to write prose, become publishers, or, if they were lucky, produce plays. . . . Is poetry then a young man's art that must be sloughed off when he has a family to support instead of a family to support him? . . . Has poetry ever been a way of making a livelihood? In earlier times the poet depended on a patron as today he may look to an Arts Council or a Broadcasting Corporation. Or else he was found a sinecure. It is a pity that there are so few sinecures left; alas, the puritan temper of our age forbids them.

Rather less appears to have been written about the situation in the United States, perhaps because the difficulties, while no less acute, are still to an extent susceptible of individual solution and hence the matter does not appeal to many as a public question. Or, more probably, in America we are more indifferent to what happens to writers, satisfied if they can find their own social interstice in which to survive, unconcerned if they don't. But here the drift of writers to the universities is quite marked, particularly poets and critics, to a lesser extent novelists, even some "general writers," who are absorbed by schools of journalism. (Mr. Aldridge suggests that the current vogue of critical writing is a by-product of the absorption of potential creators into an academic world which is not, exactly, hospitable to them.) Our government offices are full of intellectuals *manqué*; they man, also *manqué*, the rolling mills of group journalism; they do this and they do that. They survive, but not as independent producers.

What drives them to jobs is the difficulty—nay, impossibility—of earning a decent living from writing alone. Because of the spectacular returns from some best sellers, rumors of large sums paid by book clubs, by certain mass-circulated magazines, by Hollywood, and so on, the public tends to overlook the fact that these several varieties of lightning strike only a few of the many, and not necessarily the writers of greatest earnestness, substance, or ultimate importance. (How much has the big money of slicks, Hollywood, radio, etc., taken writers away from serious personal themes? asked *Time* magazine. "Most whores usually find their vocations," replied Mr. Ernest Hemingway.) It is difficult to demonstrate just what proportion of the writers in practice at any given moment are what is called "successful" financially. But consider the following from an article by David Dempsey on the pocket reprints:

... sales are spectacular chiefly in the mass. The million-copy book is the exception, not the rule. Out of some eight hundred authors on Pocket Books' list, only seventy have earned more than \$7,500 in royalties. The proportion is probably about the same for other publishers.

This gives you a rough idea: seventy out of

eight hundred, or about nine out of a hundred, can count on a decent return. The rest are simply nowhere. (And remember that these figures refer mainly to books that have already sold well in regular editions; the sample is already composed of "successes.") Indeed Jacques Barzun has stated that the annual earnings of the *majority* of American writers are less than \$3,000. This is less than the average for public-school teachers, whose plight engages universal sympathy, even from the better-heeled writers.

WHAT I am leading up to is the point that writers cannot write good books at any level of excellence if they are badgered to death by economic worries. Mostly today they are so badgered, and the situation seems constantly to be worsening. The adverse influences make a lengthy list and include the rising cost of living even modestly; the declining number of outlets (because—among other things—of the rise of the staff-written periodical); the increasing difficulty of getting a return from a given piece of writing that covers the cost of production and a reasonable net profit; a feeling of being neglected and put upon financially by editors and publishers in favor of the tradesmen of the publishing business, the printers, binders, paper merchants, and so on, who demand and get what the traffic will bear or else, while the author gets what he can get and daren't even hint an "or else," and so on and gloomily on. Forced to the conclusion that the cost of independence today is too high to be borne, do you wonder the writer seeks a way out?

If he is lucky he shifts his writing from the status of vocation to that of avocation; if he is unlucky, he stops writing. As surely as his spiritual *Katzenjammer* paralyzes him—perhaps even more surely—a writer's economic malaise stops him from writing. After all, writers can make copy from their spiritual miseries, and do, whereas only George Gissing ever made much out of a writer's economic miseries. Add the two depressants together, dear reader, and you get an arid period like the present.

But keep in mind that even the weariest deserts extend finally to some delightful oasis. Out of the travail someone will create a masterpiece. That's the way writers are!

Red Blunders in Berlin

Martin Flavin

It is widely believed, particularly in the United States, that the Russians always know exactly what they want and never make mistakes in pursuit of their objectives. As a matter of fact, they have made, and are making, many blunders. There is in the world no better vantage point from which to view their fumbles than the city of Berlin, which occupies the unique position of being behind the Iron Curtain and readily accessible.

On the crowded plane from Frankfurt I sat beside a woman who had lived in Würzburg. I had been in Würzburg. I was not unacquainted with demolished cities; in the past few months I had been in Tokyo and in Seoul. Recently I had paid visits to Nürnberg and Munich. Würzburg lingered in my memory as among the worst of them. The woman told me she had been resident there at the time of its destruction—which, she said, had been accomplished in fourteen minutes. Still, she added, what had happened in Würzburg was nothing in contrast with Berlin, where the bombing had gone on for months and months. Then the Russians had come in and blasted what remained with their artillery—when the war was at an end and there was scarcely a semblance of resistance—with no purpose but blind fury and sheer malice. Was it not—she searched my eyes—a stupid thing to do?—Yes, stupid, I agreed.

But it was understandable: hot, quick revenge of a conquering army for all that had

been suffered from a cruel invader; lust and rage turned loose on the remnants of the city, to kill and loot and rape, to stagger, drunken, through the empty streets with blazing tommy guns, peppering the empty walls—an orgy of unbridled ruthlessness.—Yes, it was understandable, but it was a blunder. The Kremlin fumbled that one—or perhaps could not control it.

And the blunder was not confined to the city of Berlin but perpetrated elsewhere, wherever the Red Army found itself on German soil. A hundred years will not erase the memory of it, nor the bitter core of hatred—hate and fear—which the eighteen million Germans who came in contact with it derived from the experience. The Germans have always looked down upon the Russians as uncivilized barbarians. And the Russians have now thoroughly confirmed this point of view. They could have made no greater error.

I approached the city with misgivings. I had written it off as a total loss—a heap of rubble which could never be restored, which no longer served any useful purpose, which was at most an empty symbol; an arbitrary focal point for excursion and alarm of the Cold War, clung to by the contestants for the sake of saving face; isolated deep in hostile territory, with no rail or highway access that could not be blocked at the Kremlin's whim; an expensive luxury to support; in short, a ghost town to be gotten out of somehow, when decent opportunity presented.

This is the first of two articles on Berlin today which Martin Flavin wrote on the last lap of a recent round-the-world trip. Within the past year we have published Mr. Flavin's "Korean Diary" and "Conversation with Shilendra."

A heap of rubble it indubitably is—not worse than I have seen in other places, only vaster in extent. Berlin was in area, and still remains, the biggest city in the world. The destruction at first glance is simply overwhelming: the naked walls of gutted buildings filled halfway up with debris, tangles of steel girders, shells of churches with blackened spires sticking out of them; and blocks where nothing stands—just piles of broken bricks. But Berlin is not a ghost town. I think perhaps it may be at the moment the most exciting city in the world. Our foothold in it is well worth what it has cost, or may cost, to maintain it; for the city is the focal point of expanding resistance to Soviet pressure. The two million residents of our Western Sectors of Berlin are not apathetic. Finally, the city is an ideal listening post—an observation point whence, with proper periscope, one can see, to quite a distance, what is going on. And what is going on is well worth watching.

II

IN THE Tiergarten, a stone's throw from the Brandenburg Gate, stands a Red Army memorial which the Russians erected shortly after the fall of the city, in 1945. It is not an unimpressive monument, rearing starkly in the empty park. Before the war the Tiergarten boasted many monuments, testifying to German great men and events. Some of the pediments remain, but the statues which adorned them have all vanished. There is only, intact, this Red Army monument, with an armed guard on duty day and night to protect it from defacement.

Did the Kremlin command this memorial to be built? And if not, whose idea was it? Was it conceived upon the theory that Berlin had ceased to be a German city and was now a part of Russia; or with the naïve idea that the looted and the raped would venerate the shrine?—A small matter, to be sure, yet not without significance, suggesting some kind of crooked thinking, out of contact with reality.

But the Russians did not stop with this Tiergarten memorial. In Treptow Park on the River Spree, well inside their sector of the city, they really went to town with a monumental undertaking: a memorial to "Red Army Victories"—a huge affair com-

posed with vistas, focusing on a fully armed Red soldier, seventy feet high, symbolic of "Soviet Russia's Future." And the park around this shrine is immaculately landscaped and scrupulously cared for, as is no other equivalent piece of ground I encountered elsewhere in the city.

On the day I paid a visit to it, a bareheaded delegation of "visiting firemen" was walking reverently around the giant bronze figure. They looked at me askance and ignored my mumbled greeting. There was no one else in sight, save an apathetic, shabbily dressed policeman and a sad-faced woman selling postcards. They were not good postcards and there was no ruling on the back, for the message and address. All the same, I tried to buy some with my West German money; but the woman shook her head and hurriedly drew back. I suddenly remembered that my Westmarks were not legal tender in the Russian Sector, that it was illegal to possess them, that one could be arrested and whisked away to jail—or possibly Siberia—for violation of the law. I still had the five-mark note outstretched in my hand when the policeman sauntered up. Perhaps the woman had been aware of him, perhaps that was the reason she refused the money. Anyway, she shook her head more violently than ever.

At this moment I remembered something else: a warning I had had from HICOG (our High Commissioner's Office in Berlin). It was reasonably safe, they said, to stroll around inside the Russian Sector, if there was no reason to suppose the Russians wanted me. Still, a lot of people, Germans principally, did simply disappear. One thing I was to bear in mind: if I were picked up by the police, I must make as much racket as I could, to attract a crowd of people; and I must repeatedly and clearly shout my name, and the fact that I was an American. Someone would be sure to bring the news to HICOG, by which my disappearance could be traced. In such case, the chances were that on application from HICOG to the Soviet vis-à-vis, I would be promptly released from custody, providing no important charge was laid against me. But if the facts of my arrest remained unknown, why then, anything might happen.

I felt definitely uncomfortable, for here I was in Treptow Park in shoes and clothes which no one could mistake as having any

other source than "warmongering" America, with a Communist policeman at my elbow and an illegal five-mark note extended in my hand. And except for the postcard vendor there was not another person within sight.

The policeman looked at me with cold, unfriendly eyes, and at the five-mark note: perhaps a longing glance, for it was worth at least twenty of his own, if he would risk to change it in the Western Sector. But he made no threatening gesture and said nothing. "*Auf Wiedersehen*," I mumbled, as carelessly as possible; and I stuffed the five-mark note into my pocket and walked hurriedly away—as if I'd just remembered an appointment. And I did not look back nor draw a full breath until I had emerged out of the empty park and was in shouting distance of people on the street.

But why this Treptow monument to "Red Army Victories" and "Soviet Russia's Future"? Monuments commemorating military victories are commonplace throughout the world, but the victors build them where they can keep an eye on them, where they have some expectation of survival for them. Napoleon built the Arc de Triomphe, but he built it in Paris, not in Moscow.

What German, even though converted to Communist political philosophy, will not finally view these victory shrines with jaundiced eye, with hot hatred in his heart: a stimulant to bitter memory of defeat, the ruthless destruction and looting of his city, the rape of his women, wives, and daughters. Red Army reminders are not pacifying agents to those who have survived Red Army visitations; and the Kremlin had a bill of goods to sell, and good will to cultivate—not only in its little band of faithful, but in the multitude of unbelievers who remained to be converted to its credo.—Or did it? Does it seek good will or understand at all the technique of persuasion? Does it recognize conversion as anything but force? Were these monuments designed for any other purpose than to inspire fear?

However they are to be accounted for, I suspect they represent miscalculation, the product of a blind spot in the Kremlin's vision—and certainly a blunder.

Tempelhof, of course, is in our Sector—the only airfield in the world in the heart of a great city—and its possession made pos-

sible the Airlift. The blockade which the Lift defeated has been perhaps, to date, the Kremlin's greatest blunder in the battle for Berlin, but more excusable than many others; for the miracle of will which inspired the idea, and the genius of its execution, might reasonably have been miscalculated by the most accomplished calculators.

A day or so ago (I am writing in July 1951) Mayor Ernst Reuter, the doughty Bürgermeister of Free Berlin, whose popularity is acclaimed throughout West Germany, presided over the dedication, at Tempelhof, of a great memorial to the Airlift. Here, it seems to me, is a monument with meaning—commemorating, it is true, an achievement of occupational, military forces. But the two million citizens of Free Berlin, who by reason of it escaped starvation or surrender of their freedom, were partners and allies in the enterprise. I suspect that this memorial to the Airlift will still be cherished in Berlin when the Red Army ones have been broken up and carted to the public dump.

III

THE four-power Kommandatura, which by final agreement was to govern the city, did not become effective until July 11, 1945, at which date the Russians had been in complete control for more than two months. They had made the most of this opportunity, establishing a Communist municipal administration within a week of the war's ending, staffing it with specially-trained German Communists flown in from Moscow. By this time, raw destruction for the pure sake of destruction, and the looting and raping of unbridled gladiators had fairly run its course. And the Kremlin now took over more systematic plunder.*

During its two months of unilateral control, the Soviet government, carrying out a program which had been fully blueprinted in advance, succeeded in dismantling 80 per cent of the city's residual industrial equipment, and nearly 70 per cent of its remaining stocks of raw and finished material. Hospitals and

* It should be borne in mind that, though what I have to say is principally concerned with the city of Berlin, similar behavior on the part of the Red Army and the Kremlin was the order of the day throughout all East Germany.

nursing homes were stripped. Cattle herds from surrounding farm lands were driven eastward or butchered on the spot to feed the army. Individual homes were looted of furniture and plumbing, even of kitchen utensils. Banks were drained of their assets; safe deposit boxes broken into and the contents stolen. And a worthless Red Army occupation currency flooded the country.

All this, too, is understandable, quite in the pattern of the wars of yesterday, when the loser was supposed to pay the bills. Nor had the defeated Germans earned any great consideration from the Russians. That is not the point. The question is: considering the long-range objectives of the Kremlin, was its policy a smart one? Admitting what they took away under guise of reparations did no more, or even less, than replace what they had lost by reason of German depredation, the question still remains: Was their behavior smart—shrewd and cunning as we are prone to think it? I suspect that it was not. Natural, if you like, but not the product of wise, far-sighted policy.

THE Soviet Sector of Berlin occupies almost half the city's area—roughly, the eastern half, though the dividing boundary is a ragged one. The remainder of the city is divided between American, British, and French Sectors, each with its occupational headquarters. The Soviet Sector, as might be expected, contains the major areas devoted to heavy industry. Prior to the war the city had a total population of four and a half million. At present it contains about three million, of whom two-thirds are resident in the Western Sectors.

The Tiergarten is on our side of the line which terminates at the Brandenburg Gate. The Kurfürstendamm is on our side—a long broad street, sometimes spoken of as Berlin's Fifth Avenue. It was, and is, a shopping and amusement center: a region of department stores and shops, theaters and cinemas, restaurants and cafés—a happy-go-lucky street of many colors.

At least half its buildings are in ruins—empty, ragged walls half filled with rubble, with sightless windows staring like dead eyes, with the smoke-grimed signs of former occupants still hanging crazily on them. But there are places where the rubble has been cleared

and new structures face the street—many of a temporary character, one or two stories high, not unattractive; and a few fine permanent ones of many stories. Cafés and restaurants, cinemas and theaters, are doing a good business. Hotels are few and crowded.

On long summer evenings, from four or five o'clock till nearly midnight, sidewalk cafés are packed with people and the pavements thronged with strollers. From their window displays the shops appear well stocked. Prices generally seem to be about the same as elsewhere in Europe: a substantial-looking pair of shoes, ten to fifteen dollars.

The people on the street are not well dressed—not at all as they were before the war. Their clothes are old and out-of-date and shabby—both the women and the men. And their faces look white and rather pinched. They are not gay as they used to be; they look tired, as if they had been through a considerable ordeal of long duration, as if they needed a vacation in the sun. The Berliners were always a proud people. They are still proud—not unfriendly but reserved; they do not bow and smile as they pass by. There are scarcely any beggars.

One thing that struck me was the number of old people—middle-aged and elderly—in proportion to the young: men and women in their sixties, old couples walking slowly side by side. The appalling death rate in the winter of 1945-46, plus the graduated ration cards which allotted to the elderly insufficient food to sustain life, must have made frightful inroads on their number. Still, there is living evidence that many did survive.

One sees few of our soldiers on the streets, or of the French and British; nothing like the number of GIs rambling about in Frankfurt or in Tokyo. As for the Red Army, I did not encounter a Red soldier anywhere, nor any Russian I could identify as such. None of the occupational personnel is in conspicuous evidence. Headquarters of our own Berlin Element of HICOG are in Dahlem, a residential area some distance from the city's heart. Here, close by the pretty Grunewald, an extensive park of natural forest, our military force is quartered, without much evidence of might save when a group of tanks rumbles down a quiet road. The Grunewald itself is well suited for maneuvers.

In a neighboring section of winding tree-

lined streets, the civilian personnel of HICOG is comfortably housed—an area where perhaps one house in five has been demolished, where partial damage of burned-off roofs and such has already been restored. The two hundred American civilians who compose the Berlin Element constitute a closely-knit, family-size bureaucracy, not extravagantly burdened with overlapping agencies and experts, as most of our occupational undertakings seem to be. The Berlin element of HICOG appealed to me, in contrast, as a model of efficiency.

The houses of our people are scattered among their German neighbors, with no difference to be discerned between them, save that if one were to look inside, he would find one family in the occupational house, while the German residence might be home to four or five. The city is badly overcrowded and housing remains a major problem.

For a city of its size there is very little traffic, even on a street like the broad Kurfürstendamm—nothing, for example, like the streets of Frankfurt, which are jammed with trucks and cars, shiny new ones from America, with an amazing sprinkling of Cadillacs and Buicks—where not only occupational personnel, but the Frankfurters themselves, appear to be expensively equipped with transportation. In Berlin, even the HICOG big shots seem content to get around in modest vehicles—vintage models, and tiny *Volkswagens* which are made in Germany. The trucks are old and shabby, and the busses and the streetcars, which are packed to suffocation. There is, too, a modest number of ancient taxicabs, piloted by middle-aged, polite, efficient men who somehow do not seem like taxi drivers.

IN THE Soviet Sector is Unter den Linden, a broad, short avenue between the Brandenburg Gate and the wide *Platz* of the Lustgarten—a street which, in its day, could be properly compared with the Rue de la Paix: the fashionable heart of a great city. Wilhelmstrasse comes into it, and around the corner, a stone's throw away, was Hitler's Chancellery, nerve center of the Nazi government. Friedrichstrasse crosses it—once a thriving artery of offices and shops; now an empty chasm of tottering walls and rubble. On Unter den Linden was our Embassy, and the Soviet one as well, the Opera House and

Hohenzollern Palace and the famed Adlon Hotel. At its end in the Lustgarten, beside the twisting Spree, was the Altes Museum and a great baroque cathedral. A famous and impressive thoroughfare, not to be compared, from an aesthetic standpoint, with the Champs Elysées; but the heart street of Berlin, of Prussia, and of Germany—almost, for a moment, of Europe and the world. There is nothing left of it; it is even difficult to pick out where things were.

Beyond it, not far off, is Alexanderplatz, in prewar days the focal square of a workers' district in which, in 1933 when Hitler came to power, the Communists had headquarters. Potsdamerplatz is another famous square. It is on the boundary line but the Soviets have the major part of it. Guided solely by a map, one would certainly decide that the Kremlin had taken the lion's share of the city—the historical, political, cultural, economic guts—as I am sure it intended; and as, in fact, it has. Except for Tempelhof, which it's hard to understand their overlooking or failing to wangle from us, and the desolated Tiergarten which is not of any use, and the Kurfürstendamm, they garnered nearly all of the city's famed and conspicuous objectives. Let us now examine what they've done with what they got, approaching from the Tiergarten through the Brandenburg Gate which is not a gate at all, but a monumental arch which still stands up, though badly chipped and battered. It is now in course of restoration, with scaffolding around it. It used to have, to crown it, a golden victory chariot or something of the sort, but this has disappeared. Rumor reports it was carried off to Moscow.

IV

THERE is no formality involved in crossing the frontier into the Soviet Sector. People, cars, and trucks go freely back and forth, wherever there are intersecting streets. However, at the Brandenburg Gate—and probably at other frequented avenues—there are two or three policemen on the Soviet side, who halt occasional vehicles, haphazardly it seems, and look into them for something—contraband perhaps.

The first impression I received was that the Kremlin had pulled another boner, that it had made a most unwise selection in the part

of the city it had chosen to retain. Unter den Linden was a deserted shambles, and further penetration into the Eastern Sector merely strengthened my conviction: the city as a whole had been wrecked and devastated, but obviously by far the greatest damage had befallen the part within the Soviet Sector.

My HICOG mentors quickly set me right. It was not a fact, they said, that the Soviet Sector had suffered greater damage than our Western ones; and in 1945 I would not have gained such an impression. The difference was that in the past six years much less had been done, in the Soviet Sector, in the way of restoration and construction. The Soviet side was at least four years behind its Western neighbors, and that in spite of the eleven-month blockade.

To be sure, they explained, West Berlin had had the benefit of Marshall Plan assistance through the ECA; and an overflow of aid from the central government of Western Germany, itself enabled by the Marshall Plan to extricate itself from economic ruin. West Berlin was still, they said, at least two years behind West Germany in its recovery—partly owing to the blockade, and partly of course to its isolation and the constant handicap of Soviet effort to defeat it. Unemployment in West Berlin was 24 per cent, as against 12 per cent in Western Germany. But still the fact remained that it and its citizens were a long jump ahead of their neighbors on the other side.

It seemed to me then and it seems to me now that the Kremlin was guilty of another blunder in permitting this advantage to its enemy; that, at any cost, it should have maintained in East Berlin an equivalent aspect of recovery. Berlin is the window, the showcase of the Russian shop. Whatever merchandise the Russians have to sell should be in stock, and temptingly displayed.

It is generally admitted by unconverted visiting residents of the Eastern hinterland that however poor and wretched the Eastern Sector of Berlin may be, it is much better off than the place in which they live—whether Dresden or Leipzig or a country town. If this be true, then perhaps the Kremlin is not unaware of the importance of its Berlin show window, and is actually straining to improve the picture. Still, in any case, it does not testify to political farsightedness. The authori-

ties could at least have spared the wanton looting of the city's industrial plant and resources. It would have been much easier to leave the plant intact than it will be to replace it.

Another school of thought suggests that the Kremlin has done, and will do, little toward the restoration and rebuilding of the city until it has more assurance of retention of the city and East Germany in the Soviet orbit; that actually its apathy is induced by fear—fear lest it restore a dangerous enemy. Such policy would seem a vicious circle, since retention of the city and the Soviet Zone would seem to depend—to some extent at least—on the Kremlin's ability to effect its economic restoration and persuade co-operation from its citizens—in a word, to encourage their morale and give them hope for something in the future. To confine them in a scene of stagnant desolation, within sight of another, better kind of life, does not seem calculated to inspire respect or admiration for Communist theology.

ALLEXANDERPLATZ, in the Soviet Sector, despite its ruined aspect, is still a busy square—the center of a workers' district, and, as such, not to be much differentiated now from any other region of the sector. Here, as elsewhere on the Soviet side, my first impression, which subsequent visits tended to confirm, was of advanced deterioration—a lower level in respect to everything, both physical and spiritual, than in the Western sectors.

There is less traffic in the devastated streets, and the traffic is of poorer quality. There are fewer motorcars and trucks, and they are more decrepit and antique. And I had the same impression of the people on the street: the residents of West Berlin are shabby, but the residents of East Berlin are shabbier; their clothing is older, more nearly worn out. And their faces tell a similar story: they are sadder, whiter, and more pinched.

I found nowhere a section or a street with the slightest resemblance to the Kurfürstendamm. Perhaps I should not have expected to do so. Perhaps the East Berliners still consider the Kurfürstendamm their recreational street, as they used to do. Perhaps among the crowds that throng it in the evening, East Berlin is fully represented. But I do not

really think that can be true. For one thing, their East marks are no good in the Western Sectors; and if they exchange them (which on our side they may do) at the market rate of four or five to one, even a modest cinema is prohibitive in price. Economically, they are tethered fast to their own side of the city.

Nor are the shops to be compared. In the East there are no windows of choice comestibles: canned fruits and delicacies from America; hams and sausage from West Germany; Rhineland wines; brandy and champagne from France. The clothing on display is of poorer quality, the window-dressing tasteless and half-hearted. Prices appear to be about the same—as many East marks for a pair of shoes as one would pay in West marks on the other side. In a closed economy it does not matter much how things are valued. It is only when exchanging goods in a free market that such things take effect. East Berlin is cut off from all sources of supply save those which originate behind the Iron Curtain where consumer goods of quality still remain to be produced.

Cut off, did I say? Well, not entirely. For there is a legalized black market, in the so-called H. O. stores, operated by the government, with the approval of the Kremlin. There is a big one on Alexanderplatz, and in it there are luxuries to be found, quality merchandise of Western origin: sausage, hams, and wine; first-rate shoes and clothing; furniture and linen; silks and furbelows; silverware and jewelry; almost anything you like—but to be purchased at their Free Market prices, four to five times as many East marks as one would pay in West marks on our side of the line. Since wages, in marks, are approximately equal in the West and East, H. O. prices are prohibitive for the East Berliners—save for the favored few in the Communist hierarchy, whose services are liberally rewarded, and the racketeers and speculators who risk to take a chance.

The Kremlin thought up this one by itself.

To be sure, the average man is under no compulsion to patronize the H. O. store, or even to know what is inside it. He is supplied with ration cards for his necessities—almost everything is rationed—which can be obtained in the so-called Free Stores, at prices adapted to his budget—obtained, that is to say, if they are in stock, as they frequently are not.

One of the dodges the Soviet employs to soothe the weary public operates like this. In the evening papers there will be an advertisement: "On Sale Tomorrow Morning—1,000 Bicycles." But when in the morning you eagerly rush down to get your bike, you are regretfully told, "Alas, you are too late. We had a thousand when the doors were opened, but every one is sold." A lie, of course. They did have bicycles, perhaps a tenth or twentieth of what they advertised. Such stunts are common practice.

And even this, condoning its dishonesty, is bad psychology: to build up hope and dash it.

POTS DAMER PLATZ, where Wertheim's stood—the Macy's of Berlin, now a blackened skeleton of rusting girders—was the site of the famous restaurant, Haus Vaterland—an extraordinary place of many rooms, each with mural decorations depicting a different part of Germany, and each one dedicated to the foods and wines of the region represented. I could not even locate its remains.

I remembered the last time I had been a guest there, with an acquaintance in the German Foreign Office. He had watched me crush an emptied cigarette container, preparatory to discarding it. And he had picked it up and smoothed it out, and carefully removed the tinfoil from it. And then he had taken from his pocket a little ball of tinfoil and added this one to it, wrapping it tight and pressing it in place. To my inquiring look he had replied, smiling with cold eyes, "We do not waste such things in Germany. Tinfoil is good for bullets." And he had put the ball back in his pocket. That was in 1937, when "Guns instead of butter" was the German slogan.

Do not ask me if the German character has changed—if they have been chastened and reformed—if they are not, and will not be again, a warlike people. If once more having got back on their feet, they will not be on other feet as well.—I do not know—have not the slightest notion. Your guess is as good as mine.

I can only remind you that there is little record in the past of a strong, virile people being "chastened" for any considerable period of time. But of one thing I feel sure: they will get back on their feet, will be

again a formidable power in Europe and the world. And they will do it by just little things, like the one I have described—by saving the tinfoil from an empty cigarette pack.

Potsdamerplatz has been for six years a focal center of East-West conflict; the only juncture point of the British, American, and Soviet Sectors—where they meet in the square, like the slices of a pie.

On our side is a huge electric news sign which nightly flashes toward the Soviet side news reports from all the world. The Com-

munists have done their best to black it out, with billboards and banners and competing electronics, but thus far in vain. A silly business really—like a Halloween contest between adolescent rivals. But it is far from “silly” underneath—part and parcel of the long cold battle for Berlin, which itself is something more than a city or a symbol—a something for which there seems to be no word or phrase quite adequate; but which may find a final place in history, linked with such epics as the Siege of Troy.

In “The Man from the Soviet Zone,” which will appear in the December issue, Mr. Flavin will report on the fate of political refugees in Berlin.—The Editors.

How They Looked in 1905

ANOTHER thing which I had long ago guessed became to me during the course of the war an absolute certainty. We regard Russia as they do us, as a far-seeing, subtle, designing, plotting, unscrupulous, and Machiavellian Mephistophelian force. Our policy is more remarkable for the good luck which has attended it than for the foresight with which it is framed. A statesman once said that when people ask what England's policy will be about such and such a point, they embarrass the ministers and the permanent officials because generally there is no policy. This is the case with Russia: what we take for subtle Machiavellian delays, extended procrastinations, ambiguous temporization, and calculated prevarication is simply the result of sheer incompetence; utter disorganization; and the slipshod, slovenly . . . bureaucracy, the bureaucrats of which are Slavs, and have the Slav temperament. Very often the policy of putting off, of temporizing . . . has the most effectual results. It takes in the whole world; and when it is successful the world says, “What a magnificent bluff!” but the bluff is an unconscious one. The men are not competent enough to know they are bluffing. Surely this war has or ought to have revealed the matter to the whole world. The manner in which Manchuria was occupied, the way in which negotiations were carried on, the outbreak and conduct of the war—all these things show that there was no guiding idea, no fixed policy, no organization, . . . and above all things no foresight. The idea of far-seeing, far-reaching Russian policy should by the mere fact of this war be exploded forever. Russian policy has up to now been the fortunate or unfortunate result of a mere chaos of conflicting elements in which no guiding mind has ever been able to preponderate or to permeate.

—Maurice Baring in *With the Russians in Manchuria*, 1905.

Another Solution

A Story by Gilbert Highet

JUST before the boat capsized, Victor noticed that the sun was beginning to touch the water. He had never seen a sunset from the level of the sea: now he turned to watch the glow sucked down into that motionless green; but one of the girls, at the bow, screamed. Her long appalling cry echoed back instantly from the cliffs.

Within the same moment, there was a shock. Everyone in the boat seemed to be struck by an enormous fist. The boom whipped round and smashed Pedro in the face. Concha, sitting on the bulwark, was hurled backwards into the water: her head must have struck something, for Victor did not see her again. Pepa was always afraid of the sea—she could swim only a little, and she had been sitting in the hold with her knees below the deck-planking to make herself feel safe. As it turned over, the boat took her with it into the depths.

The last thin sector of the sun was exactly on Victor's eye-level as he kicked his way to the surface. There was nothing else on the whole face of the sea, except Concha's handkerchief. He dived several times as well as he could. He was not a good swimmer, and all he could do was to duck his head under the surface, trying to kick his way down through the vague luminous water, in the hope of finding one of his friends, struggling or unconscious. Once he got down about fifteen feet, and saw dim shapes near him. Concha and Pedro? He could touch nothing when he swam across under water, and afterwards he thought it was only reflected light

slanting down from the surface. There was nothing else within his reach.

Then he swam round and round in great circles, sometimes cutting across and turning back on his course, in case a body floated to the surface. Nothing. He swam further out to sea, dived again and again, until he felt sick. Nothing, nothing. His friends, Pedro, Pepa, Concha, were all drowned. He was suddenly alone.

His mind was clear. His friends were dead. He had to save himself. He had to save himself—that was the problem. He had often heard of threatened men thinking clearly and swiftly: it was true that they could. Think.

He was alone, without a boat, in the Mediterranean, at nightfall, below the enormous cliffs of Majorca. He had eaten a good meal an hour before, and was not tired. After the boat capsized, he had kicked off his clothes easily enough. It was summer, so that the water would not be unbearably cold at any time during the night. The weather was calm: cloudless sky: no moon, but the first stars were appearing. It would be quite dark in fifteen minutes. Already the cliffs seemed to exude a brown vapor, and above them the sky of night was luminous.

The first way of escape was to bring help by shouting. Difficult. As far as he knew, this coast was made of solid lava-blocks cast up and shorn off in one abrupt and forbidding front. When the water was bright and still, the cliffs could be seen continuing down far

beneath it, to horrible depths. The island was only an incident in the Mediterranean: it rested on the sea floor, and under its cliffs were miles of water, the caves of the deep. There were no coastwise villages, no houses nearer than the Archduke's deserted villas high on the hill. Over the water, a shout will carry for miles; but Victor knew it would be useless to shout until much later, when a boat might be out for night-fishing. He must try other solutions. Meanwhile, he was slowly treading water, and beginning to feel a little tired.

Second, then. Was it possible to swim to the cliffs and climb them? He looked up. Gulfs of dark space opened before him—a smooth wall with one long slow crack extending diagonally upward out of sight. Leaving Concha's handkerchief still floating, he swam toward the lower end of the fissure. Every stroke took him into a deeper angle of midnight. The water was a quiet purple darkness all round him. He reached the black rock, and gripped. But he might as well have tried to climb an iceberg. For yards above his head the protuberances were all rounded off by years of waves. His hands slipped off every grip he took. The cliff was impossible. Dark and deathly, it towered above him, forcing him down.

Involuntarily, he struck out into the open sea, away from the black echoing mass of stone. He could see the floating handkerchief as a tiny interruption in that smooth water in which his own movements made only large ripples. It was so small and lonely that he was glad when he reached it. Now, a third way of escape—

THE last light was being sucked out of the air. Victor stopped treading water and began to jump. Standing upright in the water, he drew up his legs and jerked them sharply downward: at the same time, he thrust his hands into the face of the sea, palms under. This relieved his muscles, and raised him above the surface with every leap. He looked southwards, in the direction of Otonozar, where his friends lived—had lived. Nothing there; not a light, not even a movement in the surface glimmer of the sea. Ten miles lay between him and home. Paddling slowly on his back, he considered the third escape. Could he swim back to Otonozar?

Could he swim all night? Could he even float until he was rescued?

As the night breeze blew in from the sea, he knew that he could do neither. He was not a good swimmer, like poor Pedro. Once with Pedro and two other Majorcans, he had swum out a mile to meet their motorboat at La Foradada; but he was exhausted and sick after it, and had to come home in the boat. Now the distances lengthened out in the darkness before him. Ten miles. Twenty thousand strokes. To count them, and hear yourself panting, and count, and kick and plunge in the darkness, for hours, for hours, still to struggle on, through the water always colder and stranger, and at last to be engulfed in an unknown place, forever lost, not even beside his friends. No.

IT was quite dark. Eleven. The quiet stars shone to one another without a thrill of movement. Silent night. The sea lay in leaden stillness, broken only by the recurrent thrust of Victor's strokes. They were slower now.

He turned over and swam ahead. He must think of some way to keep alive, not to die after a few hours of ignominious and futile survival. Four solutions: all useless. Could he swim along the coast to find a landing place?

No, not even that. The cliffs were never less than five hundred feet high, and always beaten smooth by the stormy waves. There was no place where they could be climbed. He remembered that his friends had never been able to go swimming except at the village: there was no way down, no way up the cliffs. They were broken sharp off by the volcano, and smoothed by the busy sea which now waited so quietly. The fifth solution was hopeless. Only one remained.

VICTOR felt something brush his head, and knew it for Concha's handkerchief, floating just below the surface. This was where to die. He grasped the little rag: he said a prayer for the souls of his friends, and one for himself: he let himself sink. He would wait until he had sunk some distance, before breathing the water into his lungs. Drowning was, they said, a blend of sickness and sleep.

Slowly, on his back, he sank. Above him,

the dark-shining surface would become smooth again when it was beyond reach, he would breathe. First, the sickness; then, the sleep.

It seemed he was hardly under water before his back felt a pain. There was something firm and sharp beneath him. It was a rock.

Victor sprang into movement—his lungs were still full of air. In his struggles, he ground his shoulder on the rock with a welcome pang, and his first gasp after he reached the surface was choked by his splashing. He swallowed a great deal of water, which made him shiver and cough with nausea. But he was happy, breathing in great gulps of air. Escape was found, a solution was found. It was only one tall thin wedge of rock rising from the sea-floor, or from some deep-sunken buttress of the cliff. If there had been a wide shelf, he would have touched it long before as he swam about; but it was easy enough to miss this—he felt it now with his feet—this blade six inches wide. After swimming over and over this place, he had thought of it only as a chasm of deep sea, with his friends buried far below. The boat was sunk, and he had never thought of the rock which had sunk it.

As he cautiously put his weight on his feet, he felt ill with relief and hope and horror to think that he might have drowned two fathoms away from his safety. Here was the

sixth, the unexpected solution. Now he had a firm foothold, his head and shoulders were out of the water, and there were no waves, so that he could stand still and rest. The tide would not rise more than an inch. He could stand all night on this rock, and bear the chill—never so dreadful. And in the morning there would be fishermen, in the morning at the earliest moment of dawn. Night was not long. For a moment the whole scene was friendly, and the stars were companions. He felt the solid grateful rock with his feet, bent his strained muscles. This night was a terrible adventure; but he would live to tell about it.

A piece of seaweed touched his foot, and he pushed it away. It drifted back, and he kicked it off. When it returned and glided along his knee, he lowered one arm to catch it. Perhaps it was not seaweed, perhaps it was poor Concha's handkerchief.

As he felt about in the water, something gripped his knee. Instantly, the same grip was on his hand. He could not move. He glared down into the dark water, where beside his own body he saw nothing. But it was not necessary to see the gray shape with the long arms, the great octopus which clung to the rock and now grasped both his wrists and threw another tentacle round his waist and drew him down. He had not thought of that.

Armored Division

DAVID McCORD

I STOPPED my walk
Just to watch a hawk.
Then I turned from speed
To an airborne seed.
And I saw for man
How it all began.

For a chute of silk
Is the milkweed's milk,
And the maple's crop
Is a feathered prop.
In the pitcherplant's lap
There's a booby trap.

The sensitive plant
(May it long enchant)
Was the first to use

A proximity fuse.
The snapdragon's gun
Is a hair-trigger one.

The black bats fly
In a sonar sky.
A bee to thistle
Is a guided missile.
And a squid can get
Where it wants by jet.

In the katydid's ode
There's a crude Morse code.
And the submerged loon
Has the schnorkel's boon—
That's Nature, the queer
Old engineer!

How to Tell a Modern House

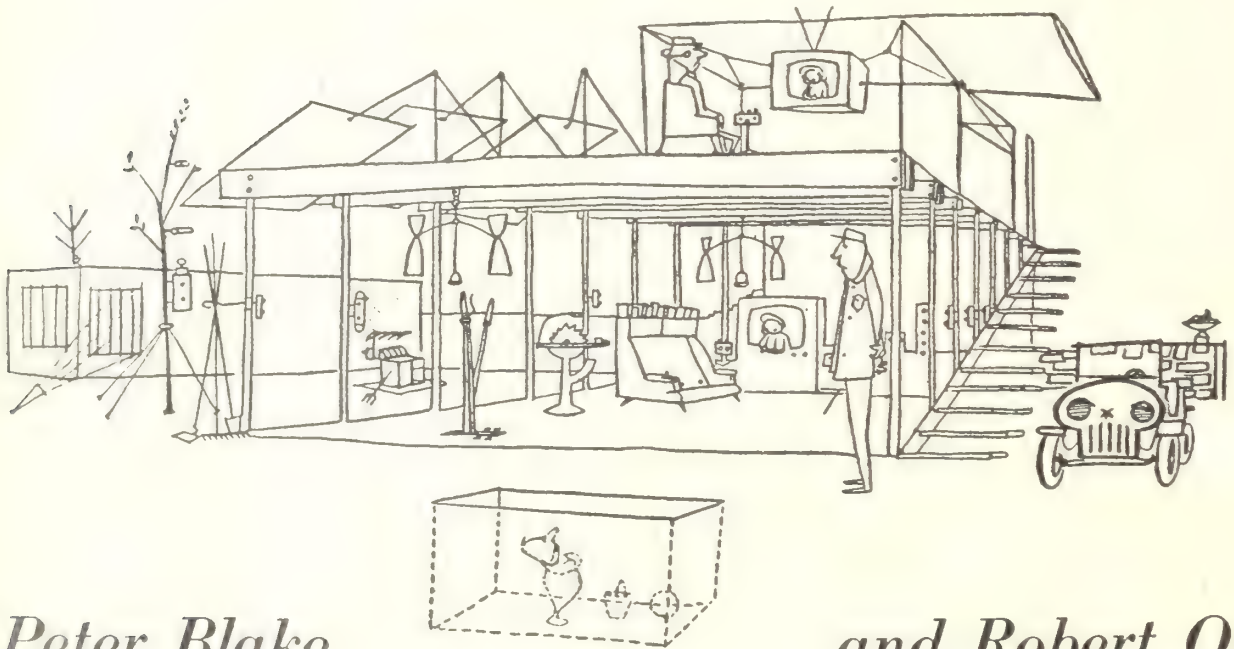
UNTIL a few years ago it was a cinch to tell if a house was modern: All you had to do was to look at the roof (which had to be flat) and at the windows (which were always wrapped around the corners). Nothing to it, in fact.

Now all that has changed. Like other avant-gardists, modern architects have tended to form splinter groups. Some have even splintered off all by themselves into little private splinter factions of their own. As a result there are now more different kinds of

modern houses than old-fashioned houses, and *nobody* knows the score. You have to be as alert as a bird-watcher to tell which faction they belong to.

Well, to clear up this mess the author has taken a trip to Fairfield County, Connecticut, and checked up on what's been going on.

The answer is: plenty! All in all, I counted twelve distinct splinter groups, and even *those* are beginning to show signs of splintering off some more. But at the time of going to press, the situation looked something like this:



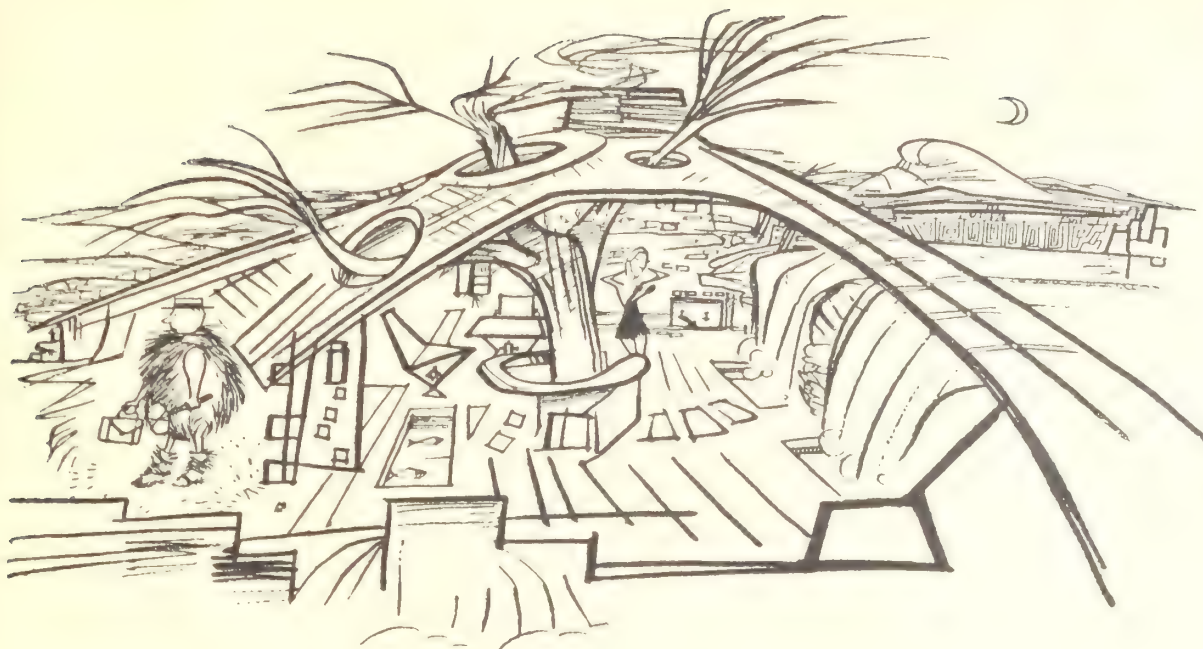
Peter Blake

and Robert Osborn

Exhibition Houses

The only kind of modern house that is *not* always in Connecticut is the Exhibition House, and we might as well get it out of our system right now. It is generally located in a place called Bainfield, N. J. (1 hr. 55 min. frm. Tms. Sq., tk. bus or sbwy. Geo. Wash. Bdge., chge., Greyhd. Bus, ask dr. drp. you 1 m. nrth. on Rte. 27—Admiss. \$1.75 incl. fed. tx.) I still don't

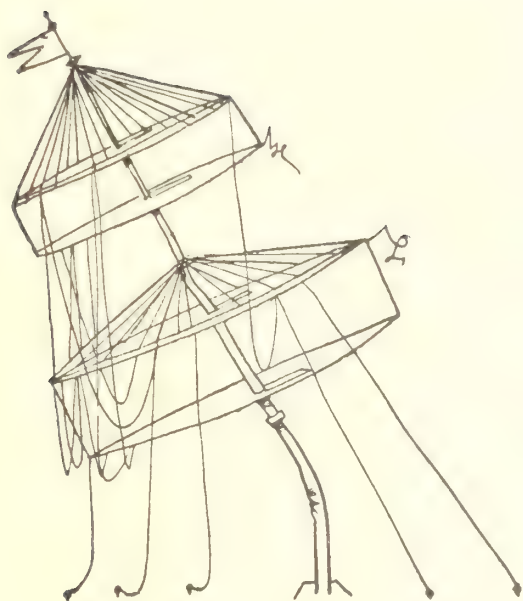
know exactly where Bainfield, N. J., is, but it really isn't too far out of anybody's way—because Exhibition Houses are more different than all other types put together. They have remote controls for windows, color TV and sliding walls, cakes of soap with magnets inside, infra-red broilers, trees outside bristling with thermostats, ozone diffusers, *brise-soleil*, child-pits, and so on. Enough to drive you nuts.



Nature Houses

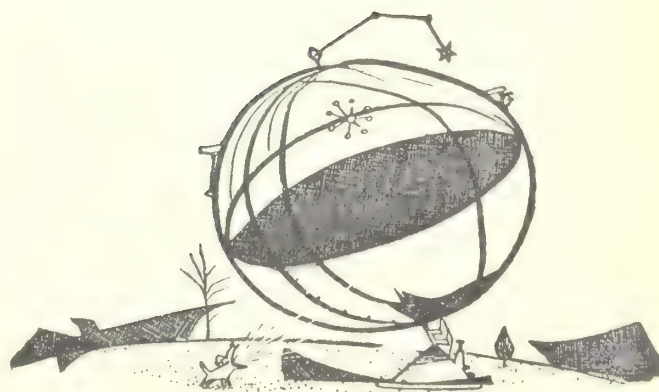
Some houses get all ensnarled with their natural setting. They never let the outside stay outside, or the inside stay inside; this is privately referred to as an "indoor-outdoor relationship." These Nature Houses may be partly underground, or they may be built around a big tree, or have a rock garden in the middle and a waterfall in the basement. Some even have grass on the roof. This is because modern architecture is so organic and so living, which means a house can't just stay put. Something inevitably happens.

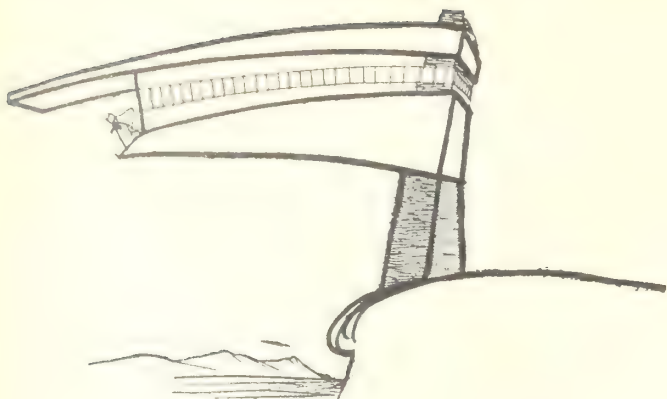
Nature Houses are very hard to find because, after a while, they just grow over and start to look like molehills. But most Nature Houses are built in Oklahoma where nobody lives anyway.



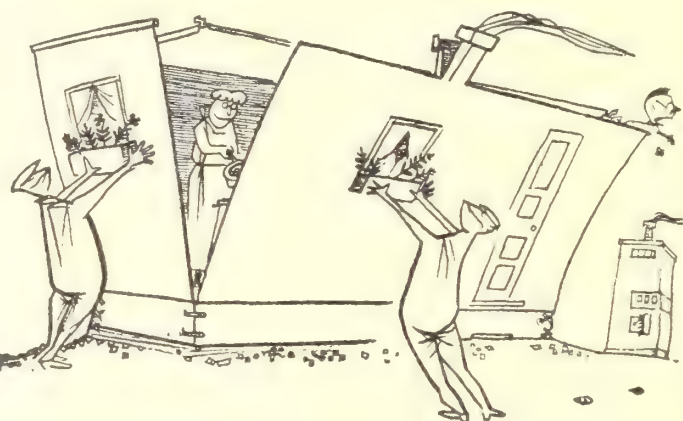
Experimental Houses

For reasons best known in the subconscious (where angels fear to tread) all Experimental Houses are hung from a central mast.





Functional Houses



Everybody knows that Functional Houses are *supposed* to be ugly, because goodness is its own reward. There are two types of Functional Houses: Prefabs, and Microclimatically Controlled Dwelling Units (Micros):

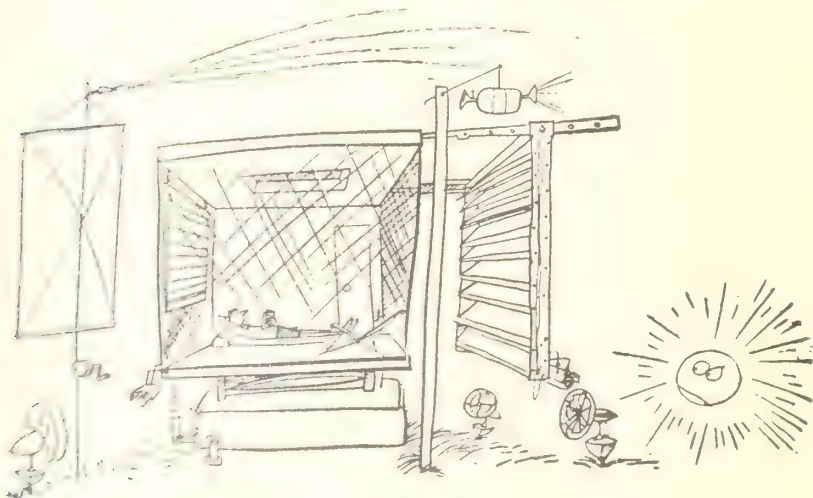
(a) Prefabs

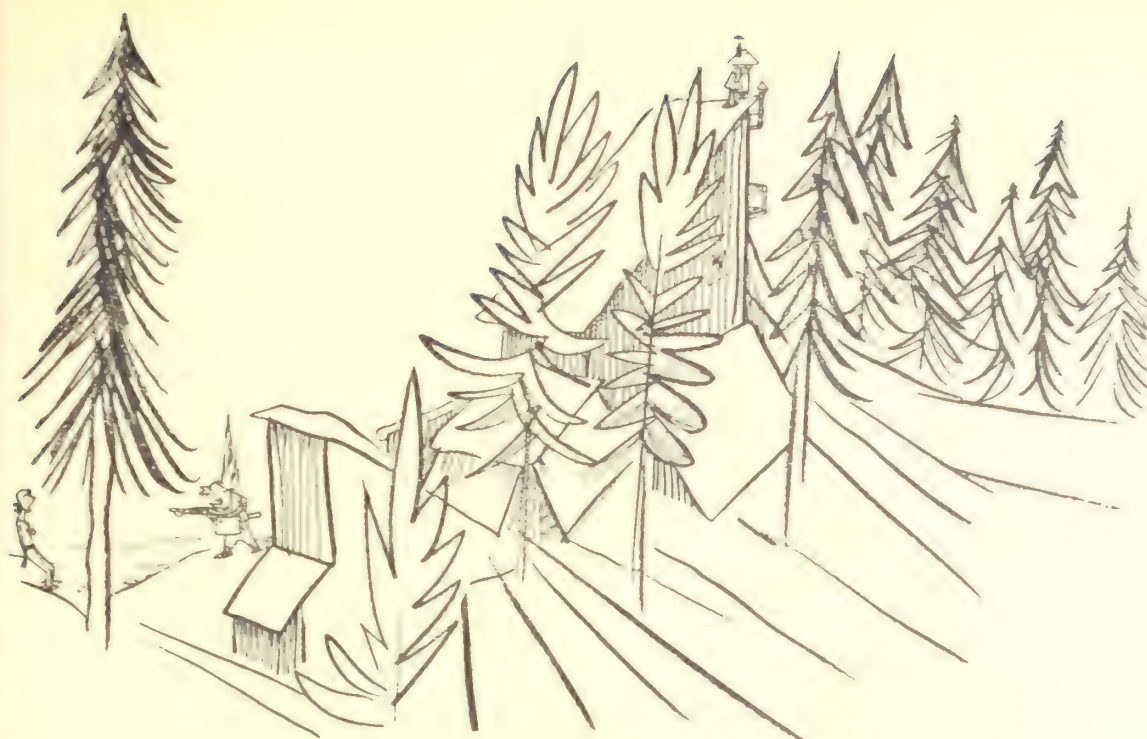
These are brilliantly efficient. They rarely work. They are made of glass, steel, porcelain enamel, and vinyl plastic. They can be assembled by anyone (*sic!*) from typical standard sections. There are generally several thousand typical standard sections because American industry is

so prolific. Since Prefabs are mass-produced, they cost much more than ordinary houses.

(b) Micros

Somebody who should be stuck into a pickle jar decided recently that everything inside a house must always be just about equally warm, equally cold, equally dry, and equally wet. This is called microclimate and can be readily understood with the aid of charts, graphs, dry-bulbs, and wet-bulbs. People who understand these simple graphs and charts claim to have achieved a "sweat-free siesta" complete with dream control.



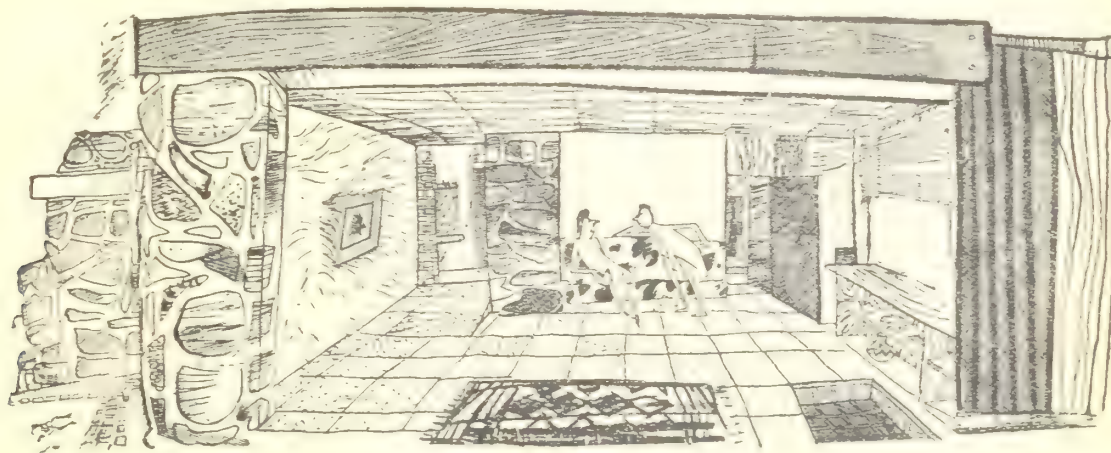


Lean-Tos

A few architects are so sophisticated that they make their houses look as if *nobody* had designed them! Most of these houses look like a cluster of lean-tos leaning very close up against each other; others just look like one very big lean-to, leaning there all by itself.

Lean-tos are full of a certain idyllic charm. None of the windows is exactly the same size as any one of the others—a *honey* of an idea! Also,

Lean-tos, just like Nature Houses, tend to get awfully integrated up with undergrowth, and they are always photographed through a thick bush, or some brambles. Another camera angle is to have a bevy of small, naked children in the foreground to jazz things up. Because of all this constant, sunny bliss, people inside Lean-tos tend to get tense and overly integrated with each other, and beastly to their children.



Tactile Houses

Some modern houses are so densely encrusted with textures that you have to *fondle* them really to get to know them. Apart from such well-known textures as wood, pebbly stone, flagstone, asbestos, cowhides, and bamboo slats, you are liable to run into fiberglass, striated asbestos, striated bricks, striated plastics, slate, straw mats

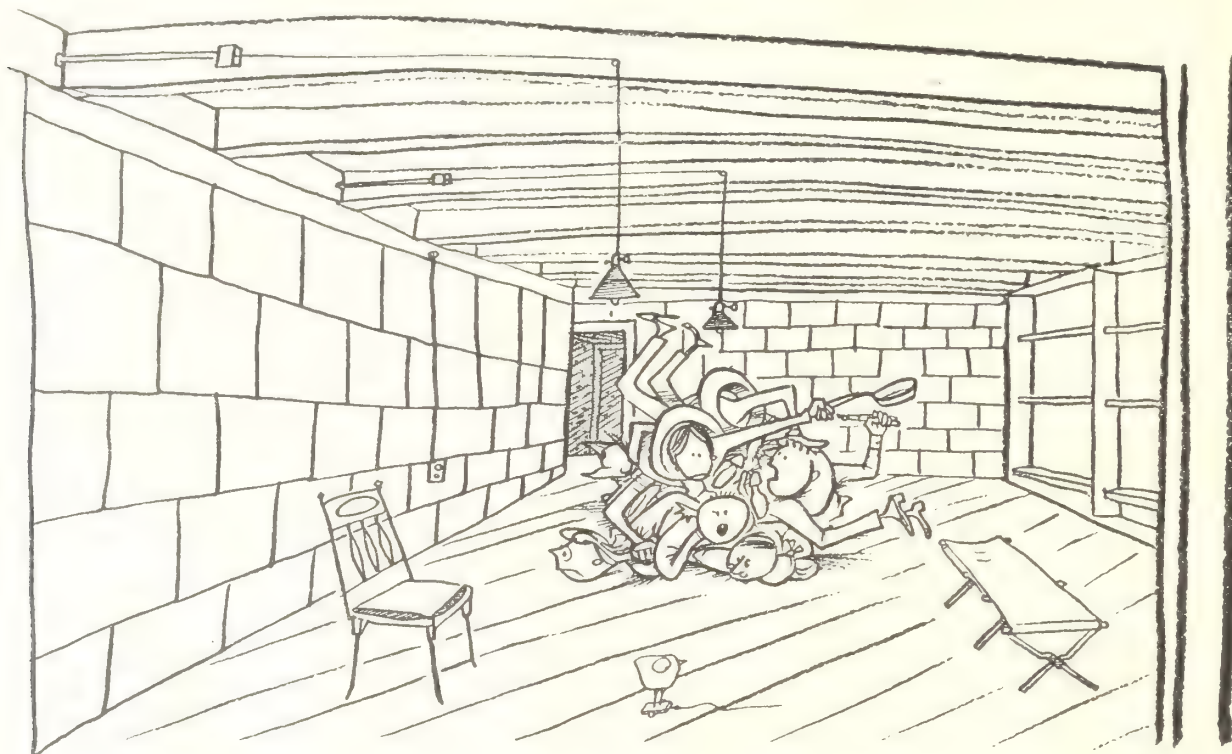
everywhere, and good, plain, wholesome linens spun by a circle of co-operative self-deniers in New Mexico. The whole place often looks like a rigged setup for an aptitude test.

Tactile Houses in Sweden also have blond wooden slats for everything, and a good deal of moss. They look like a great big smile.

Social Struggle Houses

Social Struggle Houses are extremely monastic; everything is made of raw concrete. In general, the inside is one big room in which parents and children madden each other. This is known as the general purpose, or rumpus, room.

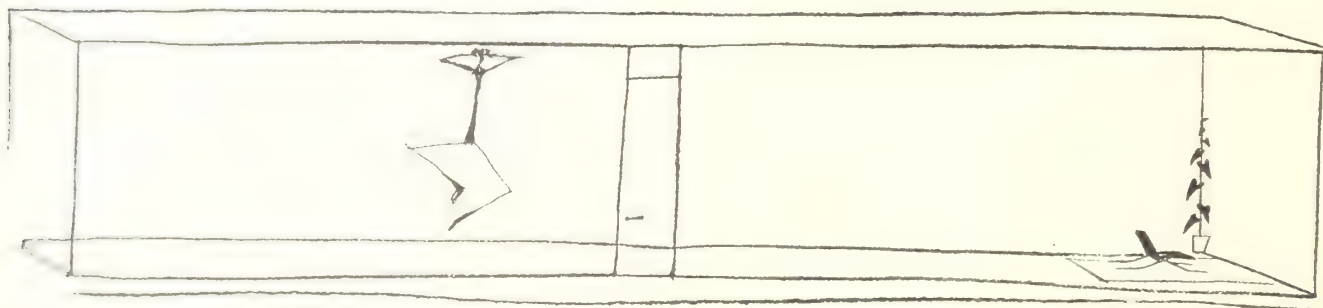
However, there is no reason to confuse Social Struggle Houses with Summer Houses, which are much grimmer and drearier. But then, Summer Houses are used only four months out of the year, for pleasure.

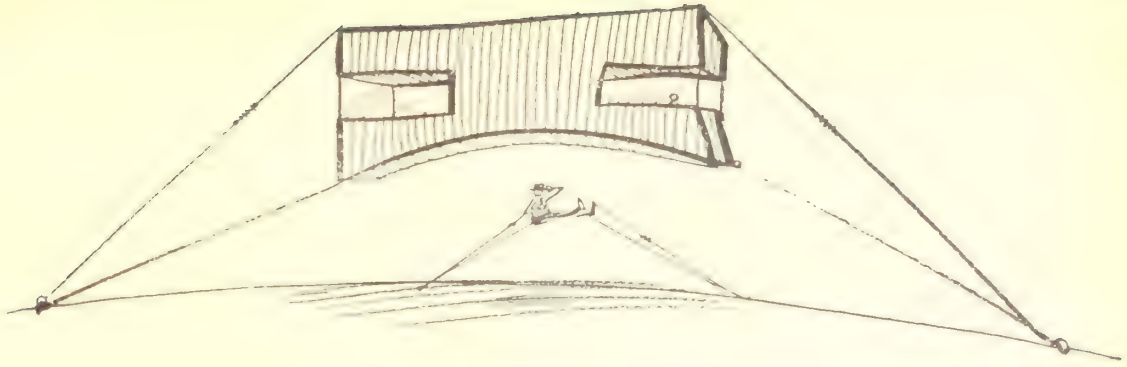


Pristine Houses

The best way to describe the Pristine House is to say that it is like a very big Orgone Box by Cartier, and very empty. Its walls are either pure glass or pure brick. Its floor is pure chromium. Its roof is flat and also pure chromium. It has a Japanese locust tree inside, and one very expensive chair made of pure chromium. It also has a single, thin, and tall propeller blade of pure

chromium designed by Brancusi, and it has a single, thin, and tall man designed by Giacometti looking at the propeller blade. Sometimes there is a second single, thin, and tall man by Giacometti looking at the first man *and* at the propeller blade. Sometimes there are *two* propeller blades—one for the second man—but that's crowding it for the first man.



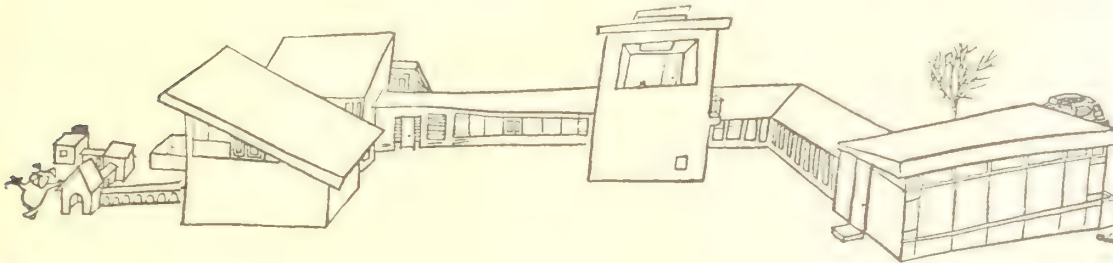


Precarious Houses

Precarious Houses have absolutely no visible means of support. They just float in mid-air. This is, of course, a thoroughly familiar principle of modern physics, and if you will just hold on to your hats for a moment we'll have this licked: Precarious Houses stay up there because the atmospheric pressure underneath is so much more so than the atmospheric pressure on top. In fact, the problem is not how to keep them *up*, but how to keep them *down*. For this reason

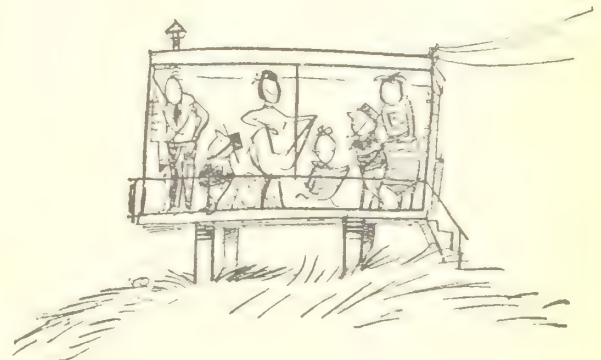
Precarious Houses are tied to the ground with steel cables, like balloons. It's a good idea to have some slack in the cables just in case the atmospheric pressure gets unbearably strong. (There is really no need to go into this any further because it's all so elementary.)

Come to think of it, it's probably a *very* good idea for you to *keep* holding on to your hats, or else to go and get yourselves rigged up with some steel cables. . . .



Decentralized Houses

What may look like a blighted neighborhood to a casual observer is probably just one more example of the Decentralized House. In order to express every function clearly, some architects make each room a little house all by itself and link it to the next room by a glassed-in passage. Decentralized Houses therefore cover a lot of territory and are a blessing in today's disintegrating family life. A skillful architect can design such a house so that no one member of a given family need ever cross paths with another. This type of house also withstands atomic blast uncommonly well.



Modest Houses

The Common Man lives in the Modest House.

The Smokejumpers

Bernard DeVoto

IN AUGUST 1946 a dry lightning storm, a thunderstorm without rain, started a fire in a remote part of the Boise National Forest in Idaho. Two fires which were burning at the time had strained the defenses of the forest but the fire-control officials started toward the new one as many men as could be spared, rented bulldozers from the nearest contracting firms, and sent out an emergency call for firefighters.

You do not extinguish a forest fire. You make a fire line round it, clearing away brush, stumps, and the decayed organic matter that is called duff till you reach soil or rock, and hope to hold it within the line. Firefighters equipped with shovels, saws, and axes patrol the line, felling dead trees ("snags") on both sides of it, putting out small spot fires that have been started by sparks blown beyond it, rolling old logs out of the way, and starting back-fires if they are called for. Violent winds made the new fire hard to control and by the end of the second day it had burned some three hundred acres of timber. By the fifth day 361 men were fighting it and sixty others were on their way toward it. Rain is almost unheard of in August in central Idaho but on the sixth morning there was a short fall and the fire was promptly brought under control. It had burned about seven hundred acres, destroyed about \$2,000 worth of timber, and cost \$37,000 to fight. Both size and expense

were trivial, considering the possibilities of a fire that had got so dangerous a start. A 1931 fire in the Boise Forest burned some 35,000 acres.

On the second day plans were made to construct a line well back from the one which the fire had been blown across. Part of it would run along a ridge separated from the base camp by a number of gulches where there were no trails and which men and equipment would therefore take a long time to cross. Ordering bulldozers to start making a trail toward it, the fire boss radioed a request for smokejumpers, the Forest Service's parachuting firefighters, to land on the ridge, construct the line there, and hold it till they could be reached in force. A small unit of smokejumpers was based at McCall, Idaho, fifty miles away in an air line, but all of them had been dispatched to three fires in the Payette National Forest. Missoula, Montana, 150 miles away by air and the headquarters of the Forest Service's system of aerial fire control, therefore answered the request with twenty smokejumpers in two Ford trimotor planes. Long obsolete for other kinds of flying, the old Tin Goose remains the only large plane that can do the kind of work necessary in these operations.

I first saw smokejumpers in action on this occasion. I was staying in the Boise Forest, getting extensive and for a man of seden-

As a historian and a defender of our natural resources Mr. DeVoto has frequently gone out West to inspect the territory of which he writes. Last summer he did it again, despite the demands of the "Easy Chair" and final work on a big new book.

tary tastes very strenuous instruction in various aspects of forestry. When I reached the ridge the smokejumpers had already landed there and were setting up a rough camp some distance down the reverse slope, but a Ford was circling the site dropping equipment and supplies. Twice during the afternoon it came back with additional supplies. To be under those drops was a spectacular and exhilarating experience.

I took shelter under a tall Ponderosa pine, for these were pinpoint bombers and in 1946 the Service dropped more packs without parachutes than it does now. The bedrolls came down that way, hitting with a thump that sounded like a bomb explosion and bouncing high in the air. (I doubt if the Ford was ever less than two hundred feet off the ground, which was practically stratosphere flying compared to what I saw this year.) When a parachute carrying supplies lodged in a tree, a smokejumper put on a pair of climbing-irons and went after it, if it looked as if it could be easily cleared. If it didn't, one or two chopped down the tree. Landing in a tree was desirable for it broke the force of the fall—the smokejumpers themselves like to land in timber unless it is very high—and the Service had worked out ingenious methods of packing to prevent breakage. Everything came down intact except when one chute stuck in a tree and dropped its load, which must have been imperfectly lashed. Part of the load was a crate of eggs, which hit the ground with a soul-satisfying splash. A single egg, however, rolled end over end downhill for an incredible distance and then came to rest unbroken.

Smokejumpers are simply firefighters who reach fires from the air. As soon as they had set up their camp, they got to work clearing the line along the ridge. A portable radio kept them in touch with the fire boss, the base camp, and a small plane that was reconnoitering the fire. They worked till dark but soon after they started again the next morning the bulldozers and a crew from the base camp reached the ridge and took over. The smokejumpers headed for the nearest road. They left all their equipment to be brought out by a packer and his mule-string and forwarded to Missoula. They themselves would travel out of the forest by truck and return to Missoula by bus or train.

II

THIS was not a typical use of the smokejumpers. Their great value to the Forest Service is that they can get to a fire much faster than any other firefighters. If he reaches it early enough one man can control a forest fire with a shovel or an axe or even by stamping on it. Many areas of the Western forests are a long way from a road or even a trail, in exceedingly rugged mountain wilderness. I have seen fires that were not reached until the third day and know of some that have required longer. At the end of such a period a fire may be so big that hundreds of men will be needed—and, traveling a large part of the way on foot, they may be exhausted when they get there. Whereas the smokejumpers can travel up to 160 miles an hour and so can reach nearly any fire in less than two hours—though Missoula will send them distances of up to four hours' flying time—and will be as fresh when they land as when they started. Commonly, therefore, they are dispatched in crews of from two to six.

Region One of the Forest Service—Montana, northern Idaho, and parts of Washington and South Dakota—has compiled some impressive figures about the saving that results. From 1905, when the Forest Service was organized, to 1930, the forests of this Region suffered an average annual loss from fire of 252,000 acres, worth at present-day prices \$40,000,000 on the stump (there are four other Regions in the arid West), and the average rate of travel toward fires was two and a half miles an hour. In the next decade, because the building of roads and trails in the forests had made possible more extensive use of trucks, the average rate of travel was fifteen miles an hour and the annual loss dropped to 65,200 acres, worth \$3,500,000. In the decade from 1940, the year when the small beginnings of smokejumping were made, to 1950 the average annual loss in Region One was 8,888 acres worth \$350,000, and fires were reached at a speed that ranged between 80 and 160 miles an hour. In 1950 the entire cost of smokejumping operations in Region One was \$171,624. Assuming the average annual loss of the preceding decade, this expenditure saved the public \$3,150,000.

The figures, moreover, cover only the

stumpage value of burned timber. In a big fire other losses may total far more: destruction of cattle, sheep, game animals, and other wild life and impairment of grazing ranges; alteration of soil chemistry with subsequent degradation of new growth; impairment of watersheds which may mean floods, damage to farmlands and to dams, irrigation systems, and city water systems; destruction of many kinds of public and private property, such as amusement and recreation areas, summer camps and cabins, resort hotels, ranch buildings, sawmills and stacked lumber, road-making equipment, railroad trackage and cars.

The Forest Service began dropping supplies to remote fires as early as 1929. Though it has a few small planes of its own, which it uses for reconnaissance, survey, and search, practically all the flying connected with actual firefighting is done on contract by private firms. The principal one of these, the Johnson Flying Service of Missoula, owned and operated by the famous Western pilot Bob Johnson, has had an extremely important part in the development of aerial control. By 1936 Mr. Johnson and Forest Service experts had developed what is called the static line, a device which opens parachutes automatically and so relieves the jumper of responsibility for what had previously been the most uncertain and dangerous part of his jump. It made the Army's use of paratroopers possible. Two years later the same collaborators developed a quick-opening chute which could be steered and maneuvered more effectively than any before it.

The Service made its first experiments with parachute jumpers at the end of the fire season of 1939. The first jumps to actual forest fires were made in 1940. In that year too a board of Army officers studied the training system which the Service had worked out; as a result it became the basis of the training given to paratroops. The smokejumping program was expanded during the war years and later. In 1949 the Service had 252 smokejumpers, most of them based at Missoula but with two small subbases in Idaho, and one each in Washington, Oregon, California, and New Mexico. They made a total of 1,335 individual jumps to 354 fires. Unusual weather conditions in the West made 1950 a comparatively easy year and the total number of jumps was less than half as large. The

figures of 1951 are not in as I write but it has been a bad fire year.

VERY few smokejumpers are permanent Forest Service employees, for the work is seasonal. All of them are young and many are college undergraduates. The pay is preposterously low but since they get overtime after eight hours they may make as much as \$450 a month. The training course, which precedes the fire season, lasts three weeks and concentrates on precision jumping, though it also includes physical conditioning and instruction in firefighting. It is obviously effective. Although smokejumpers are used only in country so difficult and dangerous that the Army would never use parachuters there at all except on rescue missions, none has ever been killed while making a jump. Severe injuries are astonishingly infrequent. During 1950, for instance, on the 188 jumps made to fifty fires in Region One there were three injuries serious enough to take the victims off the job. One man suffered a broken ankle, another a broken rib and some strained back muscles, and the third an ankle-strain that incapacitated him for just one day. At Missoula this was considered a depressingly poor record for the year. Not only the training program accounts for such extraordinary success but the aerial techniques and the equipment which the Service and its civilian collaborators have developed.

The two-piece jumping suit—which on long flights is not put on till within a few minutes of the fire—is made of canvas and is padded with felt. Straps of webbing secure the legs under the jumper's boots and the jacket has a high stiff collar flaring back from the neck to protect him from tree-branches. A pocket on the right leg holds streamers of bright-colored cloth for signaling to the plane and from 65 to 125 feet of rope. The rope is the jumper's means of reaching the ground when he has made his favorite landing in a tree. He hitches it to the lines of the chute, unbuckles the harness, and slides down.

Underneath the suit he wears a belt of heavy webbing with stiff leather braces front and back. He also wears an ordinary football helmet, a mask of heavy steel wire, gloves, and logger's boots, which are heavier than those worn by paratroopers. He has an emergency chest-chute with easily detachable har-

ness; a sheathed knife is attached to its under side. His main chute of course is on his back and is attached by the static line to a steel cable above the door of the plane.*

So clad, the jumper simply steps sideward out the door of the Ford or from a metal step riveted below the door to the side of such single-engined planes as Travelairs. He straightens his legs and back so that he will hang erect and crosses his arms till he has cleared the plane and the chute has opened. He takes no equipment with him, everything being dropped to him when he has landed. All parachutes are made of nylon, which besides being more substantial and more easily packed than silk is unpalatable to grasshoppers. Personal chutes, which are used in rotation, no jumper being permitted a private one, are specially made for the Forest Service; cargo chutes are Army surplus.

III

IN AUGUST of this year I spent ten days in Missoula, lecturing at the State University of Montana. It was, as I have said, a bad fire year. In my first seven days Region One had 215 fires, to 51 of which jumpers were dispatched, making 190 individual jumps. Resolved to see a smokejumping operation from the air if possible, I went to Hale Field, the private airport of the Johnson Flying Service, met Mr. Johnson, and got his permission to accompany a flight if smokejumpers should be called for at a time when I was not busy at the university.

Bob Johnson was one of the original group, and is one of the few survivors, of the adventurous men called bush-pilots who pioneered mountain flying. There is no more dangerous flying in the world and none that requires more skill. Treacherous and unpredictable winds, violent updrafts and downdrafts, the liability of sudden storms are ever-present hazards. In the summer the air above peaks and canyons is so turbulent during the daytime that except in emergencies even these treetop pilots are reluctant to fly between mid-morning and late afternoon. (All forest fires are emergencies and most flights to them are made during the worst hours.) There are few landing strips and so emergency landings are all but impossible. Instrument

flying is mostly out of the question, and in any event there is no substitute for the skill and knowledge required by the special circumstances, one trouble being that a man may lose his life while acquiring them. Conditions are even worse when fall and winter storms set in; a biography of Mr. Johnson would be a succession of hair-raising stories of bravery, risk-taking, danger, and escape. Since a book about him and his associates is now being written I will say here only that after flying and talking with him I was convinced, as hundreds before me had been, that he is one of the great pilots.

On my first Saturday, Forest Service officials showed me the training installation twenty-odd miles from Missoula and the parachute loft and equipment sheds at Hale Field. I also went through the Johnson Flying Service shops. It is engaged in a general flying business, of which its Forest Service contracts are only a part, and mountain flying demands the best possible maintenance. There can be no engine failures—so at Hale Field engines are torn down and rebuilt after only half as many hours as the standards of the CAA require. The Johnson Service owns three Ford trimotors which it uses (besides smaller planes) in its smokejumping contract. The great value of the Ford is that it is the only large plane which can be landed on short strips in the bottom of canyons and, though large, it can be flown slow enough to permit parachute jumps in mountain terrain but has power enough to pull up fast. It long ago became impossible to obtain replacement parts and so they are all made at Hale Field. Since the youngest of these three planes was made in 1929 presumably no part of the original engines is left.

Twice while I was at the field on Saturday smokejumpers were despatched to fires but in single-engine planes which they and their equipment filled, leaving no room for me. Fords went out twice the next day but I was off in the back country of the Bitterroot Mountains, photographing sites on the trail of Lewis and Clark. On Monday afternoon, however, I was summoned to the field. A fire had been reported in the Lolo National Forest, in an area which I had crossed the day before, and smokejumpers were being sent to it in a Ford. Mr. Johnson himself was going to pilot the plane.

* See photograph on page 19.

THE fire—always called a “smoke” when reported—was fifty-five miles in an air line from Missoula, on the side of a canyon in the Bitterroots. It had probably been started by a lightning strike on Friday and had smouldered in a single dead stump or snag until today, when it reached the duff of the forest floor. It had been sighted at 1:52 P.M. by a Forest Service lookout in a fire tower on a peak some miles away. He had needed just eight minutes to locate it on his map, check his observations and calculations, and report it by Forest Service telephone to fire-control headquarters in Missoula. Smoke-jumpers had been ordered to it because the nearest place from which any other fire-fighters could be sent was a ranger station in the same canyon but fifteen miles from the smoke, too great a distance to be covered that afternoon.

The lookout had reported it as “a large spot, burning on a gentle slope,” which meant that it was still very small. Normally therefore only two smokejumpers would have been sent but the map showed that it was burning near what the Service calls heavy fuel, in this case an area studded with windfalls and snags. To make sure that it would be stopped short of such highly inflammable stuff, four smoke-jumpers were ordered to it.

Two of them were veterans of a year's experience, the other two were in their first season. Besides them there was the man in charge of the jump, known as the spotter, and since he had just been promoted to this crucial job, in fact would be in full control for the first time, a “check-spotter” of long experience went along to keep an eye on him. An observer from Region One headquarters, Mr. Johnson the pilot, and I completed the party. When I reached the field the last equipment was being stowed in the plane—forward from the door, the jumpers' chutes were aft of it. Fire-control headquarters had provided maps for the pilot and the two spotters, ringing with colored pencil marks the quarter-section—a square with half-mile sides—in which the smoke had been located. But none of them really needed maps; the whole enormous forest was as familiar to them as their own backyards.

We took off at 2:30, exactly thirty minutes after the lookout's report reached headquarters. Until we reached the long

canyon in which the fire was burning we flew across successive ridges of the Bitterroots. Though I have known those mountains for a long time I had never acquired so vivid an appreciation of their wildness and ruggedness as a few minutes of flight gave me now. When we reached the canyon we gave up air-line flight in order to follow its innumerable twists and turns. The memorably clear Lochsa River, part of the headwaters of the Clearwater River, was a shining ribbon at the bottom of the canyon and turned Mr. Johnson's thoughts to trout-fishing. I was sufficiently occupied with the flight itself; since he later described it to me as “mediocre” I will merely call it absorbing. I have indeed had rougher rides on passenger planes but hardly in circumstances so, well, stimulating. At one point Mr. Johnson pointed to the altimeter; an updraft had taken us up a thousand feet in less than a minute. This, however, was gentle stuff; pilots frequently have to manhandle the plane by main strength to keep it flying and are physically exhausted at the end of a flight. And the sky was cloudless and there were no storms within hundreds of miles.

Perhaps there was more motion back of the nose, where I was occupying the co-pilot's seat, but I suspect that a psychological element helped to make one of the veteran jumpers sick. These young men are entirely nonchalant and businesslike. They have complete and justified confidence in their skill, training, and equipment, and everyone in the Service assures me that from the first few days of training on fear is no problem. Yet there must always be some unconscious anxiety—considering the cliffs, the rock slopes, and the treacherous air, how could there help being? It was interesting that when the spotter decided that two jumpers would be enough, one of those passed over by the decision got sick.

Forty-five minutes after the take-off we sighted a thin column of smoke rising desultorily from a place about two-thirds the way down the canyon slope. Five minutes later we were over it. The fire was burning in a thick stand of Ponderosa pine and Douglas fir, big, tall trees—too tall, in the spotter's judgment. It had not of course reached the crowns of the trees but was burning in the duff; the gray, burned-over spot looked about

the size of a handkerchief. Mr. Johnson estimated it at a quarter of an acre, the size of a small building-lot. We had demonstrated the entire function of the smokejumpers: an hour and twenty-eight minutes after the lookout first sighted the smoke we had reached it. Our first run over it showed the spotter that it was sufficiently small and sufficiently distant from the highly inflammable dead timber to be handled by two men. He named the veterans.

I THINK that his silent critic, the check-spotter, may have picked a landing place for the jumpers on that first run. Our man, however, was making sure—when I later complimented him on his success he said adequately, "We don't get much room for mistakes." So we circled the fire three times while he examined the terrain. Knowing nothing about the requirements except that he thought the timber too high to be landed in, I saw several places that I thought feasible and silently chose a bare spot of slope which I thought not too steep, perhaps half a mile and somewhat uphill from the smoke. The spotter, however, had seen a small opening in the trees somewhat downhill from it and perhaps a quarter of a mile away. It was a clear space about as large as the fire, a quarter of an acre, and level except at one edge where it began to slope upward. As we completed the third circle he made his decision and directed Mr. Johnson to go down to about 1,400 feet. This intensified a spectator's interest in the flight for it brought us below the ridges and one saw just how narrow and twisting the canyon was.

The spotter, wearing a chute and standing at the open door with one arm hooked over a short length of rail, was directing the pilot by hand-signal, motioning right or left for small changes of direction. As we approached the fire on our next circle he released a brightly colored drift chute to determine the strength and direction of the air currents. Its angled, gliding descent was unintelligible to me but it told the spotter that he had been off the target when he dropped it and we circled again so that he could send down another one on a different approach. When it landed and collapsed he nodded; this one was right.

The two jumpers had been squatting at the other side of the door, the static lines of their chutes connected to the cable above it. The

spotter had minutely inspected their dress and chutes and had pointed out the place selected for their landing every time we crossed it. Now they stood up, raised the masks over their faces, made sure again that the static lines were not fouled, and were ready.

S UDDENLY it was one of those moments charged with tension and a kind of beauty when the thinking, planning, and skill of many men come together for a single, irrevocable act. For that moment there are no individuals but a joint personality making a joint effort. Spotter, jumpers, pilot, training, equipment, experience—it was the instant of total commitment. I was aware of everyone's poised intentness and then an indescribable excitement rose in me. The pilot was following the same course as on the last run, watching over his shoulder for the spotter's signals. He throttled down the engines. Then when the spotter's arm swept down in a violent chopping motion he cut them entirely. The spotter rapped the first jumper on the shoulder. He stepped out and down and was followed at once by the other one. I saw only that they ducked their heads as they went through the door.

I thrust my own head through the window beside me, having previously been warned by Mr. Johnson to take off my glasses, and saw the chutes opening as he gunned the engines. Before the tail cut off my view I snapped a picture of them, achieving as it turned out an excellent record of half the window frame and a patch of sky.

Their descent seemed to take forever and they seemed alternately to be motionless and to be traveling at express speed. I could not read the angles of their glide and as they neared the ground I several times thought they were in the treetops which it had been the spotter's design to avoid. I could see, however, that they were manipulating the slotted chutes and, with a final curving swoop, one after the other they came out between the trees to the minute clear space. One landed running, the other rolled and stood up. I could see them freeing themselves from the chute-harness and even before they made the okay signal—waving their colored streamers—everyone in the plane knew that the jump was a success.

I had a firm hold on my camera. But, I found, my glasses, exposure meter, adapter-slide, notebook, and pencil were scattered about the nose. Someone in the co-pilot's seat had been a little flustered.

IV

FOLLOWING the jump the pilot takes charge and gives directions to the spotter, who is now officially designated "the dropper." We completed the circle we had been making in order to watch the jumpers' descent. (If either of them had been injured the other would have so signaled with a streamer, presumably the other two jumpers would have been sent down, and a radio message would have been sent to Missoula ordering out the Johnson helicopter which can land on a dime or hover over it.) We began another circle for the first cargo drop. On that first run we dropped two fire packs, each of which contained a sleeping bag, a personal kit, three days' rations, a messkit, compass, maps, shoulder-pack frame, shovel, and pulaski. (The last is a special firefighting tool, a combination axe and sharp-edged grub hoe, named for its inventor.) If a radio had been dropped it would have been lashed between these two packs for greater protection. On the next run we dropped a five-gallon can of drinking water. These all went down by chute but the big crosscut saw lashed to a plank which we dropped on the third run had only a long cloth streamer to break its fall. One of the cargo chutes had lodged in a tree and the jumpers signaled for climbing-irons by arranging four of their colored streamers on the ground in the form of a square. (The manual calls it an O.) So we circled again and dropped a pair, also bound to a plank and attached to a streamer.

The spotter made these drops on Mr. Johnson's shouted command but I did not watch their descent, my interest in flying having been poignantly stepped up. Cargo drops are made at the lowest altitude that will insure the opening of the chutes, which like the personal chutes have static lines. That altitude turned out to be remarkably slight and the plane liked to drift still lower after the drop. Mr. Johnson approached his chosen release point at what seemed to me a steep angle and I had never before been so intimate with tree-

tops. He cut the engines and yelled, "Let her go!"

Crouching at the door, the spotter shoved the stuff out, the plane sank noticeably, and the engines roared as we pulled out. Now not only were we neighboring with the trees but the wall of the canyon seemed to be less than spitting-distance ahead of us. I suppose that from some angles daylight would have been visible between the plane and the mountainside as we slid up it, but until the wing rose for the turn not much daylight. It must have been the creative imagination that made me smell friction. I asked Mr. Johnson how far above the trees we had been when he gunned the engines. He said, fifteen to twenty feet. I said that by careful, detached calculation I made it somewhat less. "Well," he said, "call it eight or ten feet."

It was 3:55 when we dropped the climbing irons on our fourth cargo run. We made one more circle to be sure that nothing was needed below. If anything had been needed the jumpers would have signaled for it with their streamers. If the spotter had had any directions for them, a message attached to a streamer would have been dropped from the plane. And if this had been a bigger fire he would have radioed an estimate of its size, of its probable extension, and of the force needed to fight it, and the fire-control headquarters at Missoula would have been drawing up a plan of action and designating men and equipment before we got back to the field. Since everything was in order, however, we turned homeward after the last precautionary circle. There being no need to follow the canyon now, we climbed out of it and flew across lots. We landed at Hale Field at about 4:30, two hours after the takeoff, two and a half after the fire had been reported.

IHAVE specified the times because they tell the story and carry its moral. Because of the speed with which they reached the fire, the smokejumpers had it under control before dark. (They would clear a line around it, fell any nearby snags and any small stuff within the line that was not too hot to handle, and shovel dirt on the burning duff wherever they could. The shovel is the principal tool in firefighting.) They stayed on it the next day till sure that it was out. (Meanwhile a patrol from the ranger station reached them

and the job would be inspected and checked again by the packer who came in for their equipment.) Only negligible damage had been done and the fire had been suppressed at minimum expense.

The jump would not have been made if the ground wind had exceeded thirty miles an hour. Several days earlier a flight found such conditions at a fire in the Mission Range north of Missoula and returned to the field, then went back again in late afternoon when the wind had fallen. Similarly, jumps are not made if the terrain is found to be too difficult. In 1946 I saw a plane on two successive days repeatedly circle a fire that was burning high on one of the peaks of the Sawtooth Mountains and turn back without dropping smokejumpers because no safe landing place could be seen among the cliffs and boulders that surrounded it.

Aerial control is the most effective technique for fighting forest fires ever developed and the smokejumpers are its cornerstone. They have become indispensable to firefighting throughout the West and in its most arid and difficult areas, as in Region One, they are the principal means of attack, the spearhead, the basis on which all other methods rest. They are one of the most remarkable achievements of the Forest Service, which has had many remarkable achievements. I have sufficiently indicated the saving they have made possible in the protection of a precious national resource. (Well, one more instance. While I was in Missoula twenty smokejumpers and fifteen other firefighters suppressed a fire in the Bitterroot Forest that had got a much better start than the one I have described, at a total expense of \$2,000. In 1945 a fire in the same forest to which smokejumpers were not sent, burning in similar timber and under almost identical conditions, destroyed a thousand acres and cost \$70,000.) They have spectacular incidental use in the rescue of injured people, sportsmen for the most part, and in the search for people who have got lost or planes that have crashed in

the mountains. And their importance for defense must not be ignored. During the war the Forest Service trained Army, Navy, and Canadian personnel for search and rescue work in the wilderness; it has been training Canadians and Australians this year.

IT OPERATES under the considerable handicap of a congressional tendency to choose queer places to economize. The parachute loft and equipment sheds at Missoula are old CCC shacks which can barely be kept rain-proof. They are firetraps and if the stables of the fair grounds across the road from them were to catch fire in a moderate breeze all smokejumping operations would be automatically suspended for a year while equipment was being replaced. (Thus insuring in Region One alone a loss of three and a half million dollars, nearly four times what it would cost to modernize the installation.) Furthermore, various parts of the plant are scattered about Missoula at inconvenient distances, the barracks for the smokejumpers in one place, the radio tower in another, and fire-control headquarters in a third. And housing developments are reaching out from town to surround Hale Field.

Plans have been drawn for a new plant, ample, modern, and efficient throughout and concentrating everything at a new field on the edge of the municipal airport at Missoula. Land, building, and equipment would cost just under a million dollars, a third of the annual saving in Region One. A bill appropriating the necessary money met determined opposition last year and could not get by a Congress which appropriated more than half a billion dollars for dams in the West—some of them of very questionable utility and none of them destined to return the investment. This year a similar bill has at last been reported out of committee. The most elementary bookkeeping shows that to pass it would save a lot of money which, if no other use should be found for it, could be put into dams.

Arnold, Fortas, Porter & Prosperity

Louis Cassels

SINCE it was founded in 1947, the Washington law firm of Arnold, Fortas & Porter has served, in more than a hundred cases, in the difficult and unpopular role of defense counsel for persons accused of disloyalty to the United States. All of these cases, including the Senate trial of Owen Lattimore and several others which required weeks of legal labor, have been handled without fee.

The publicity which the firm has received from this singularly unremunerative practice has apparently created an impression, in some quarters, that Messrs. Thurman Arnold, Abe Fortas, and Paul Porter are impractical idealists with a lofty scorn for monetary reward.

This, happily, is not the case. If they did despise money, they would now be very miserable men, for they are rolling in it. The exact figure of their annual income is a secret between themselves and the Bureau of Internal Revenue. But their prosperity is so evident that envious colleagues have begun to make wry jokes about it—the ultimate tribute to success in Washington. One currently popular story is that neighboring lawyers in the swank Ring Building have stopped taking clients of their own, in order to devote their full time to chasing down the thousand-dollar

bills which flutter, unnoticed, out of the door of the Arnold, Fortas & Porter suite.

There is no mystery about the source of their impressive income. It comes from the Coca-Cola Company, Pan American Airways, Lever Brothers, Western Union Telegraph, Otis and Company, the Sun Oil Company, the American Broadcasting Company, and several dozen other large and solvent corporations which have retained the firm to handle their Washington legal affairs.

Most law firms would be delighted to build up such a well-heeled clientele over a period of two or three decades. Arnold, Fortas & Porter have done it in barely four years.

It is evident, moreover, that they have attracted their corporate clients in spite of, rather than because of, their widely-publicized reputation for defending the civil liberties of alleged Communists. One cannot readily imagine Mr. Joseph Pew hiring them to represent his Sun Oil Company out of enthusiasm for their stand in the Lattimore case.

It is obvious also that Arnold, Fortas & Porter are not cashing in on good will which they built up in the business community during their long service as government officials.

In this piece of private investigation into a relatively young but famous firm, Louis Cassels adds a new shading to the popular concept of the "Washington Lawyer." Mr. Cassels is a United Press reporter but he made this study on the side.

They were all New Dealers of the most virulent stripe and each was, in his own way, a *bête noir* of corporation executives.

Clearly Arnold, Fortas & Porter have something—individually or collectively—which hard-headed business men appraise as rare and valuable. It could be any one of several things because—both individually and collectively—they are a remarkable trio.

THURMAN ARNOLD is a fight-loving Westerner, who has a flamboyant sense of humor and one of the best legal minds in the country. He has been described as an "intuitional genius" on a number of occasions by men who are careful in their choice of words.

Certainly, Arnold has many of the familiar attributes of genius, including a broad streak of eccentricity. He thinks so much more rapidly than he is able to speak that his conversation is apt to degenerate into an almost incoherent succession of elliptical sentences and phrases that mean a lot to Arnold, but very little to the unpracticed listener. Anyone who has ever talked to him for five minutes will forever stand in awe of Miss Marguerite O'Brien, who has been his secretary for sixteen years.

He is also, in the classic mold, absent-minded. There are innumerable anecdotes about occasions on which he has taken the wrong train, gone to the wrong courtroom, or argued the wrong case. The best, which is surely apocryphal, relates that Arnold once delivered a masterful summation on behalf of the plaintiff, only to be reminded that he was counsel for the defendant. Whereupon, he made an even more powerful presentation, in which he refuted his previous arguments on every point, and won the case.

At sixty, Arnold is now well embarked on his fifth major career. His first was as a politician in his home town of Laramie, Wyoming. He began running for office as soon as he got home from Harvard Law School and finally managed to win election as Mayor of Laramie, by nine votes. Somewhat later, he won a seat in the state legislature. He is best remembered there for an occasion on which he nominated himself for Speaker, filibustered three days on his own behalf, and then dramatically announced that he would not accept the nomination.

His political career was terminated by the West Virginia College of Law which offered him a job in 1927 as its Dean. Arnold accepted and found the academic life very much to his taste. After three years, he transferred to the faculty of Yale Law School, where he won wide recognition as an authority on legal procedure and, despite stiff competition, as a campus character. He got into a row with the Registrar, who objected to Arnold's habit of taking his dog with him to class. Arnold faced down the hapless Registrar by maintaining in a lengthy brief that he had a perfect right to take a horse to class if he owned one. He also intimated that he might acquire one if the Registrar had anything further to say about the dog.

While he was teaching at Yale, Arnold endeared himself to the late President Roosevelt by publishing an article in a prominent law journal defending the "court-packing" plan. He also wrote and published a best-selling book, *The Folklore of Capitalism*. Mr. Roosevelt, who apparently had read the former but not the latter, called Arnold to Washington in 1937 to be Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department. Some of the Senators who had to pass on the appointment *had* read Arnold's witty, iconoclastic book, and they badgered him with questions about several statements in it, notably the assertion that the anti-trust laws are a farce whose "actual result was to promote the growth of industrial monopolies by deflecting the attack on them into purely moral and ceremonial channels."

After eating several pages of his own sparkling prose, Arnold persuaded the Senators that he would vigorously enforce the Sherman and Clayton Acts as "the best available instruments" for making war on monopolies. No promise made to Congress was ever more abundantly kept.

During the next five years, Arnold became the greatest trust-buster in American history. He filed 230 suits against alleged conspiracies in restraint of trade—more suits than had been filed in the entire previous fifty-year history of the Sherman Act. Making his own precedents as he went, Arnold waded fearlessly into such giants as the American Medical Association, Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Associated Press, and finally, to the horror of Democratic politicians, the

building trade unions of the American Federation of Labor.

Shortly after he drew a legal bead on union featherbedding practices, Arnold suddenly found himself elevated to a judgeship on the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. Most lawyers would have been delighted with a lifetime appointment to a court which is second only to the Supreme Court in prestige and importance. But Arnold was bored stiff. He chafed under the inactivity and impartiality of the bench like a gladiator barred from the arena. He used to complain bitterly that "all I do is sit here and write little essays to read at the end of the trials." After two years, he abandoned the security of the bench to venture, at middle age, into private law practice. Ironically, people who think they are flattering him still address him as "Judge Arnold."

II

ABE FORTAS is as nearly the exact opposite of Arnold, in personality and temperament, as it is possible to conceive. Where Arnold is flamboyant, Fortas is quiet, indrawn, and soft-spoken. One sometimes suspects that Arnold is striking a pose, but Fortas gives the impression of being the most earnest man alive.

Arnold finds the solution to a legal problem by cerebrative tour de force, a flash of insight which skips over all the intermediate stages of reasoning. Fortas is equally brilliant, but in an entirely different way. He is the logician, the meticulous craftsman of the law, who analyzes a problem as a chemist analyzes a strange compound. He thinks far more slowly than Arnold, but is in a much better position to defend his conclusions when he reaches them.

Fortas is now forty-one, an exceptionally youthful age for a man who has already completed what most men would consider a full lifetime of accomplishment. But then Fortas has always been what newspaper rewrite men are wont to call a "boy wonder." He entered Yale Law School, from Memphis, Tennessee, at the tender age of nineteen, and proceeded to make a tremendous impression on his teachers, including Arnold and William O. Douglas. Fortas was elected editor of the *Yale Law Journal* and was appointed to the

faculty immediately after he graduated *cum laude*.

When Douglas came to Washington in 1934 to head the Securities and Exchange Commission, Fortas came with him. He spent four years as Douglas' top legal aide, and played a major role in the whole New Deal experiment in reforming Wall Street.

It was at about this time that Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes decided he had better fall in step with the times and build up a "brain trust" of his own. He pirated Fortas away from Douglas, and made him General Counsel of the sprawling Public Works Administration. Fortas climbed rapidly as a protégé of the Old Curmudgeon. By 1942, when he was only thirty-two years old, he had become Undersecretary of the Interior. Except for a brief hiatus during the war, when he tried to enlist in the Navy but was turned down for bad eyes, Fortas remained in the number two Interior Department post until he "retired" in 1946—just one month before Ickes' stormy departure from the government.

III

PAUL PORTER is the extrovert of the firm. If Arnold has the mien of a professor, and Fortas that of a minister, Porter is apt to be taken for a politician or a successful salesman. Still youthfully handsome at forty-seven, he is a smooth dresser, an excellent story-teller, a masterful mixer of mint juleps, and an all-round very pleasant fellow. The greatest tribute to his personal charm is that he served for nearly a year as Price Administrator without making any lasting enemies.

Though Porter is unquestionably astute, no one would describe him as an intellectual. His great asset is a gift of gab that makes him a persuasive conversationalist in private and an eloquent advocate in court. His arguments, even before the august Supreme Court, are liberally seasoned with wit. That may be one reason why the word-weary justices usually compliment Porter warmly for his presentation—even when they rule against him.

Porter has held jobs in so many different Federal agencies that he sometimes refers to himself as "The Bobo Newsom of the Bureaucrats."

He came to Washington at the very beginning of the New Deal, in 1933, to help the Agricultural Adjustment Administration sell farmers on the idea of plowing under every third row of their cotton crops. At that time, Porter was primarily a newspaperman, although he also had a law degree which he had picked up at the University of Kentucky while serving as city editor of the *Lexington Herald*.

He originally planned to stay in Washington only three months, but one thing led to another and he found himself acting as General Counsel of the AAA. When the Supreme Court finally plowed under that ill-fated agency in 1937, Porter had succumbed to Potomac fever. He remained in Washington as counsel for the Columbia Broadcasting System. This interlude of private practice lasted until the war started, when Porter was called back into the government for service in a series of emergency agencies. He helped write the price-control law and served as a special deputy to Leon Henderson in setting up the rent-control program of the Office of Price Administration. His success in this difficult job attracted the attention of President Roosevelt, who tabbed Porter as a "trouble shooter" for war agencies. He served for a while as Associate War Food Administrator and, when that program was well launched, was made an assistant to Fred M. Vinson as Economic Stabilization Director. By 1944 Porter was so high in Roosevelt's esteem that he was chosen publicity director of the Democratic National Committee for the fourth-term campaign. Immediately after the election, FDR appointed him Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission.

Porter was allowed to enjoy the comparative peace and quiet of that position for a little more than a year before President Truman drafted him to succeed Chester Bowles as head of the Office of Price Administration. For the second time in his bureaucratic career, Porter had a Federal agency die beneath him. The OPA ordeal lasted eleven months, and Porter emerged with what he described as "minor flesh wounds in the back."

By now he was having trouble deciding whether he was a politician, lawyer, newspaperman, or bureaucrat. President Truman decided the issue for him, temporarily, by

making him a diplomat. Porter went to Greece early in 1947 with the rank of Ambassador to launch the "Truman Doctrine" Greek aid program, an assignment which he handled with notable success.

IV

ARNOLD, FORTAS & PORTER complement one another as do the ingredients in one of Bernard DeVoto's martinis. But, unlike those martinis, their association as law partners was not carefully planned in advance. It just happened.

Arnold's first partner after he quit the bench in the spring of 1945 was Arne C. Wiprud, who had worked with him in the Justice Department. They parted ways after a few months, Wiprud going back into the government. Arnold naturally thought of his old student at Yale, and invited Fortas to join him.

They had been in practice together for more than a year when Porter returned from the diplomatic wars in May 1947. They decided they needed another partner, and offered to take Porter into the firm. Porter accepted. He had known Arnold and Fortas only casually, but their firm had a good and growing reputation.

"The other lawyers used to call them 'Arnold, Fortas & Integrity,'" he recalled recently. "When I came into the firm, we tried to find a good spot for Integrity. But nobody in Washington would have him, so he's still with us."

It was not long before they had a chance to prove that Integrity was still on the payroll.

Soon after Porter's arrival, a group of seven State Department employees came to the office, seeking counsel. They had been summarily dismissed from their jobs. No charges had been filed against any of them, and no hearings had been held. But notations had been placed in their personnel records indicating that they had been fired for disloyalty. With that black mark against them, they had found it impossible to get decent jobs anywhere else.

Listening to their story, the partners formulated a belief which they have held ever since, and which they have striven mightily to get the President and the Supreme Court to share. Briefly stated, it is this: It may be

necessary to suspend normal Civil Service procedures in time of stress and drop employees from the government payroll without ceremony or explanation. But no American should ever be branded a traitor, by a "loyalty" dismissal from the government or by any other means, without a fair trial, complete with sworn testimony, cross-examination of witnesses, and other evidence acceptable in court.

They took the case of the seven State Department employees and began casting around for some way to help them. They soon found a powerful ally. Arnold was invited to speak at the New York *Herald Tribune's* annual forum, and while there discussed the case with Mrs. Helen Reid, the owner of that great newspaper. Mrs. Reid telephoned Bert Andrews, the *Herald Tribune* Washington Bureau manager, and asked him to look into the story. Andrews did, and wrote a series of articles that shocked the nation and won him a Pulitzer Prize.

With the help of Andrews' exposé, the attorneys had little trouble persuading the State Department to remove all unfavorable notations from the records of the ousted employees. They were permitted to resign without prejudice and soon found jobs elsewhere. A short while thereafter, President Truman issued his now-famous executive order setting up elaborate machinery for FBI investigations, departmental hearings, and appeals to a Civil Service Commission Review Board in loyalty cases.

FOR a time, Arnold, Fortas & Porter thought they had won a clear-cut victory for their point of view. But they soon began to receive more visits from government workers. These men and women told of being called before Loyalty Boards where they were confronted with unspecific charges, made by anonymous witnesses who never appeared at the hearings. The loyalty-check procedures were not working out, in actual practice, as the partners had hoped. They took up the cudgels again.

At first, they tried to represent every worthy individual who came to them for help. They laid down three rules: they would accept no pay for any loyalty case; they would insist on a "full disclosure" from the government employee; and they would warn any

prospective client that they would drop his case immediately if they found that he had concealed or misrepresented any material fact about his activities or associations.*

The word quickly got around that an innocent government employee who got into loyalty trouble could get free legal aid from Arnold, Fortas & Porter. The firm was swamped.

The harassed attorneys began looking around for a "test case" in which, they hoped, the broad principles at stake could be settled once and for all. They thought they had found what they were looking for in the case of Dorothy Bailey.

Miss Bailey was an \$8,000-a-year training officer on the staff of the United States Employment Service. She was called before the agency's Loyalty Board in 1948 and was told that she had been accused of being a member of the Communist party. The charge was made by an anonymous informant who claimed to have seen her at Communist meetings.

Neither Miss Bailey nor her attorneys were ever able to find out the identity of her accuser, nor where and when she was alleged to have attended Communist meetings. Porter was, and is, certain that she was the victim of a frame-up by real Communists who resented her opposition to their programs within a government employees' union. But Porter was never able to persuade the Loyalty Board that this might be "a modern Dreyfus Case." He was compelled to base Miss Bailey's defense entirely on "positive" character witnesses who swore that she had favored Lend-Lease before Germany attacked Russia; that she strongly endorsed the Marshall Plan; and that she bitterly opposed Henry A. Wallace's third-party candidacy for President.

The Loyalty Board found "reasonable grounds" to doubt Miss Bailey's loyalty, and ordered her dismissed. The Review Board upheld the action. Arnold, Fortas & Porter appealed to the courts. They felt they had an open-and-shut case and were confident that it was just a matter of time before the Federal Judiciary would thunder with righteous Con-

* Sometimes they went even farther than that. Owen Lattimore has described in his recent book how Fortas "tested" him, with a convincing threat of imprisonment for perjury, before the firm agreed to represent him at his Senate hearing.

stitutional wrath and order drastic reforms in the loyalty-check procedures.

But they were destined to suffer the bitterest disappointment of their legal careers. With one of its three judges violently dissenting, the District of Columbia Court of Appeals held that no Constitutional issue was involved which would warrant judicial intervention in Miss Bailey's dismissal.

Arnold, Fortas & Porter appealed to the Supreme Court. For the first time in history, they filed no brief of their own, but simply called the attention of the High Tribunal to the dissenting opinion written by Judge Henry W. Edgerton in the Court of Appeals. The Supreme Court agreed to review the case, and Porter made what many of his colleagues consider the most eloquent argument of its kind since Zola's appeal in the first Dreyfus Case. But it was all to no avail. Paralyzed by a four-to-four split, the Supreme Court handed down no opinion at all in the case. That had the effect of upholding the lower court's finding in the specific case of Miss Bailey, but it left the Constitutional issues right where they were when Arnold, Fortas & Porter started.

Since the Bailey case, the partners have sharply restricted their "loyalty practice." They still take occasional, exceptional cases, usually at the urging of some high-level government official who does not want to lose a valued subordinate. But most of the government workers who come to their offices now are referred to young attorneys whom the partners consider competent, and who are willing to conduct a loyalty defense for a modest per diem fee.

They explain that this does not represent any disillusionment on their part. They feel that they have carried the basic Constitutional fight for "due process" in loyalty procedures as far as they can, until and unless the Supreme Court changes, or rather makes up, its collective mind. They also feel that they can make "no substantive contribution" to existing procedures by fighting out individual cases, and that they therefore might as well leave most of this time-consuming work to younger attorneys, who are not so heavily engaged with other clients. Idealists may find this answer something less than 100 per cent satisfactory, but the passing of such judgments should perhaps be left to those who

have done more than these three attorneys in defense of due process.

Arnold, Fortas & Porter never expected to gain anything, financially, from their loyalty cases. On the contrary, they were warned repeatedly by their friends that they were running a risk of driving off "respectable" clients or, still worse, getting themselves tarred by the red brush.

They were keenly conscious of both risks, particularly at the time of the Lattimore uproar. But they stuck with it because, as Fortas quietly explains, "There are some things you have to do in order to live with yourself."

The amazing thing is that they have never lost a client because of it. The only corporation executive among their clientele who ever mentioned the subject to them was a very wealthy man, of decidedly conservative political views, who happened to be in Washington during the Lattimore hearing. He approached Fortas after it was over and said: "I want you to know that I am proud to be represented by lawyers with that kind of courage."

V

THE first decision which Arnold, Fortas & Porter made as partners was that they would practice law. To the sane citizens of other communities, that may seem an absurdly obvious decision for a law firm to make. But in the miasmic moral climate of Washington, it was a radical step—so radical that many skeptics find it hard to believe that they are sincere about it.

There are about 3,185 attorneys listed in the Washington Classified Telephone Directory. A large percentage of them undoubtedly spend their time drawing up wills, filing briefs, addressing juries, and performing the other normal functions of law practice. But to cognoscenti of the capital's ways, these hard-working and reputable professional men are not embraced in the phrase, "Washington Lawyer." That is reserved for the small army of smooth operators, many of them "graduates" of Congress or the Executive agencies, who hang out law shingles only to provide respectable fronts for devious maneuverings. These maneuverings are known, for want of a better expression, as "practicing influence."

Some of the practitioners, especially the ex-Senators and Representatives, specialize in "legislative counseling" or what the layman would call lobbying. Others wangle contracts or special favors from Executive agencies on a contingent fee basis; that is, they get five per cent, or some fixed sum, if they produce the goods for a business-man client.

Occasionally some enterprising souls venture into this lucrative work without taking the precaution of acquiring a law degree. These unlicensed operators are the ones who get exposed when Congress investigates "five percenters."

Because they were important and well-connected men in government, and because they are so evidently prospering, Arnold, Fortas & Porter are widely suspected of practicing influence. They are painfully aware of this fact, and they denounce the suspicion in the most vehement terms as an injustice.

"We are *not* five percenters and we are *not* fixers," Porter will say, pounding on his desk with his fist. "We don't pretend to have any influence and we don't try to get contracts for anybody."

Arnold nods his head in emphatic agreement.

"We are marketing what we know, not who we know," he says. "We are representing people who have a lot more influence in this town than any of us ever had."

Fortas, sensing the need for corroborative evidence, cites several facts about the firm's history and policies.

One of the most convincing is that there is a rigid partnership agreement which forbids the acceptance of any case before a government agency on a contingent fee basis. This rule automatically bars the "five-per-cent" trade. (It also tends to bar small business men who cannot afford a \$1,500 minimum retainer.)

Fortas also notes that the firm has registered only twice under the Lobbying Act, which "legislative counselors" are very careful to respect. The two registrations represent an effort, on behalf of Western Union, to get a lower excise tax rate on telegrams, and an effort, on behalf of a mail-order organization, to repeal certain barriers to interstate shipment of cigarettes.

The third item of evidence which Fortas introduces in the firm's defense is a letter

sent out to all clients at the start of the defense mobilization program. It states that the firm is ready to advise its "established clients" on the interpretation of economic-control regulations, and to represent those clients in seeking relief or modification "in cases where adjustment procedures are specifically provided." That is a polite way of saying, "Don't expect us to sneak in the side doors of the control agencies and wangle special treatment for you."

IF ARNOLD, Fortas & Porter are exonerated of trying to win contracts or influence Congress, what *do* they do for their apparently well-satisfied clients?

For obvious reasons, they are unwilling to discuss the specific legal affairs of any of their clients. But they define their practice, in general terms, as "a normal amount of administrative work" plus a "more than average amount of litigation."

"Administrative work," in Washington law parlance, means helping business men get along with, or around, the federal government's administrative and regulatory agencies. It covers a vast range of activities from formal pleadings before quasi-judicial bodies such as the Interstate Commerce Commission to highly informal "consultations" with individual officials in charge of such things as setting price ceilings, granting materials priorities, or formulating credit regulations.

Because of their common background of high administrative office, Arnold, Fortas & Porter have both the skill and the entree to perform this sort of work particularly well. They know the intricate procedures of the regulatory agencies from firsthand experience, and they are known by almost everyone in government. The latter consideration is important because often the most difficult problem a business man faces in Washington is getting in to see the right man.

It is a matter of record that Arnold, Fortas & Porter appear frequently before the three regulatory commissions which reflect their respective pasts. Currently, for example, they are defending Lever Brothers in a restraint of trade hearing before the Federal Trade Commission; they are waging intricate legal warfare with the Securities and Exchange Commission in an effort to prevent it from revoking the brokerage license of Otis and

Company in connection with the abortive Kaiser-Frazer stock issue; and they are representing Western Union in an appeal to the Federal Communications Commission for a 10 per cent increase in telegraph tolls.

Administrative practice is the bread-and-butter work of every reputable Washington attorney; many do nothing else. The noteworthy thing about Arnold, Fortas & Porter is that they have *not* made it their specialty.

THEIR true love, it is apparent from even a brief conversation with them, is litigation—especially litigation which involves novel legal strategy or which reaches the appellate court level.

A good example of the kind of case they like best, and the kind of trial work for which they are acquiring a national reputation, was a recent lawsuit in which they represented Keifer-Stewart, Inc., an Ohio liquor wholesaler, in seeking treble damages from two of the nation's largest distilleries, Seagram and Calvert. Simply put, the issue was whether the distilleries had a legal right to cut off shipments from the wholesaler when Keifer-Stewart refused to abide by established minimum wholesale prices. Legally, it involved complex questions about the wartime price-control statute (which Porter helped to draft) and the anti-trust laws (which, so far as court interpretations are concerned, heavily bear Arnold's imprint). The case was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court before Arnold, Fortas & Porter won a \$1,200,000 judgment for their client.

As a result of this and numerous other successes in appellate courts, they are beginning to establish themselves as a "lawyer's law firm." More and more frequently, law firms in other cities refer cases to them to be argued before the Supreme Court. Porter personally argued three cases before the High Tribunal in one recent term, which is unofficially believed to be the all-time record.

Their trial work, however, is not limited to Washington courts. At the time this article was being written, Fortas was arguing a case before a federal court in Newark, New Jersey; Arnold was en route to Denver, Colorado, for another trial; Porter was drawing up a brief to be filed in Elk City, Oklahoma; and other members of the firm were working on suits to be tried in New York City, Russell-

ville, Arkansas, and Brunswick, Georgia. As Porter puts it, "We're apt to show up in court almost anywhere."

The partners apparently do not try to limit their practice to any particular types of litigation, although they handle a particularly large number of treble damage suits under the anti-trust laws. The only fixed rule is that two of the partners must agree, before a case can be accepted, that it is "right" for Arnold, Fortas & Porter.

No attempt is made to channel all cases of a particular type to the partner whose background best suits him to "specialize" in that work. Instead, the work is distributed at partnership meetings on the basis of who has a free hand. Under this novel procedure, Fortas has handled more anti-trust actions in the past two years than Arnold.

The partners feel that none of their particular know-how is lost by this arrangement, since eventually they all have a hand in preparing for any major case. There is a fixed rule that no brief, however minor, can leave the office without being worked over and approved by two partners. On a really tough case, Arnold is likely to supply the procedural strategy and other contributions of intuition; Fortas will supervise the arraying of evidence and precedents; and Porter will be assigned to do the actual arguing before the Supreme Court.

There is one kind of compartmentalization, of a different sort from that in most big law firms. Every regular client of the firm "belongs" to one of the partners in the sense that this partner is personally responsible for the client's overall legal work, even though someone else may be handling a particular case. Porter says this tends to assure a big corporation the same kind of personal interest in its affairs that a small-town banker gets from his local lawyer. This analogy, however, probably will not bear stretching too far.

The firm, of course, comprises a great deal more legal talent than that which resides in the fertile brains of the three "principal partners." There are also five "partners"—they frown on the adjective "junior"—who are brilliant lawyers in their own right, albeit somewhat obscured at the moment by the fame of the founding fathers.

They are Dr. Walton Hamilton, a Yale Law professor for twenty-five years; Milton Free-

man, former assistant general counsel of the Securities and Exchange Commission; Norman Diamond, former assistant to Thomas E. Dewey when the latter was a racket-busting district attorney; William McGovern, formerly of the Justice Department; and Harry Plotkin, counsel for the Federal Communications Commission for eleven years. In addition there is the usual complement of bright young men fresh out of law school, who are known as "Associates."

The morale of the entire office is exceed-

ingly high. The visitor gets the feeling that everybody there likes everybody else, and that all of them are intensely proud of being on the Arnold, Fortas & Porter team.

This is especially true of the principal partners themselves. They get along famously despite their totally dissimilar personalities, and they obviously have a high degree of mutual admiration.

But then—as one attorney is reputed to have said as he chased a thousand dollar bill down the hall—"Why shouldn't they?"

Age Past Anxiety

IRWIN EDMAN

"The majority of stars are common or garden specimens, like the Sun." From The Nature of the Universe by Fred Hoyle.

THE sun is but a minor star,
And not at all spectacular;
Further than telescopic sight,
Intenser stars give grander light;
Suns beyond suns, beyond thought's reach,
Our sun one pebble on one far beach.

How small, then, and how commonplace,
The moon, the earth, the human race,
How very moderate the to-do
Fitting at best for me—or you.
The sun not central in the sky?
How foolish, then, for us to try.
The sun a minor star—gee whiz!
How minimal each biped is!

Eyes fixed upon the universe,
Who can sort better out from worse?
And what or who is great or small
There's no distinguishing at all.
Mid billions of stars it can't much matter
That here on one the simians chatter,
That wars come and when not wars, rumors,
And despots in malignant humors,
And cleverer bombs and all, portending
That life on earth, and earth, are ending.

In billions of years by slow degrees,
Life stirs in distant galaxies,
Here in a time in all ways taxing,
I find the very thought relaxing.

Windfalls of the Frontier

Walter Prescott Webb

ANY philosophy of history, if it is to have validity, must furnish a pattern into which social phenomena will fit, and supply an explanation of how institutions originated and developed. In a previous article I offered a hypothesis to the effect that modern civilization owes much of its character to the fact that it grew up in a boom, beginning with the discovery of the New World and continuing as long as there was an open frontier. The frontier made the boom possible by furnishing an excess of land, an excess of precious metals, and an excess of raw goods of all sorts to the people of western Europe. In it a new set of institutions evolved to meet the boom's needs, and these are our modern institutions. Unless an important modern institution such as capitalism will fit into the pattern of the boom, then the hypothesis must be abandoned for one that will explain events better.

All will agree that capitalism is one of the most important institutions identified with Western civilization. While it may not have originated in the modern age, it certainly did attain its dominant position during modern times. It therefore should be closely related to the Great Frontier, and should fit into the boom hypothesis. As a matter of fact, capitalism should emerge as one of the boom's favorite children, for booms and capitalism are not incompatible.

In its initial stage modern capitalism was a game of wealth-getting by individuals at a time when wealth existed in such abundance—and so out of proportion to the number of people who could share it—that everyone could engage in the scramble for it without creating social disaster. It is not often that such a situation exists, but it did exist for three or four centuries after the Great Frontier was found, and in those centuries the boom rolled over the Western world while the modern system of acquiring and managing wealth was perfected. The Great Frontier came to western Europe as a windfall and capitalism was the method devised for appropriating and using it.

A WINDFALL is something that comes free, unexpected and of good import. During the last war I lived a year at Oxford, and what with the low boiling point of rationed cannel coal, and the prevailing low temperature of Oxford college quarters, I kept circulation going by walking. Each morning I went down by Christ Church, into Christ Church Meadows, making the circuit by the banks of the Cherwell, known as the Isis, where the unused college boats were moored to await better days, and thence among the great spreading trees to the lower exit. One winter night a high wind came to whip the trees and to keep every-

Last month Professor Webb introduced the thesis of the end of Western civilization's four hundred year boom and urged us to devote our energies to the problems of a frontierless society. Here he sketches the beginnings of capitalism.

one indoors. Early the next morning I was out in Christ Church Meadows where I saw women and children and old men picking up the dead limbs that had fallen from the trees and carrying them away in their arms to build a little brighter their small hearth fires. Here, from the windfalls of the night, was extra fuel, unrationed and free. I recalled that Woodrow Wilson, writing of the origin of the word windfall, said that in the early days poor people were permitted to gather for fuel such wood and branches as might be blown from the lord's trees by the wind. Hence windfall came to mean a chance blessing, a bit of pure luck.

The frontier was like a great tree—or a forest—and for centuries it cast down windfalls on the people of Europe, benefits which exacted little more than the exertion of getting out early and finding them. And, just as the windfall in the lord's forest made the peasant's fires brighter and his home more comfortable, so did the windfalls from the frontiers make the whole Metropolis of Europe a different place. It was early in the morning that the fallen branches were being gathered in Christ Church Meadows; and likewise it was early in the modern period—in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—that the best windfalls were numerous on the frontier, furnishing the extra prizes that set fortune hunters going.

The windfalls of the frontier were those things of value which came into the hands of the Europeans with one or more items of the ordinary cost of production substantially reduced or completely missing. The Great Frontier was filled with these things of value—free land, free gold, and free grass. Not exactly free, for some expense is involved in carrying a windfall home, but certainly it costs less to find a dollar than it does to make one.

On the basis of cost, frontier windfalls may be classified as primary and secondary. Primary windfalls were those which came with a minimum of cost of time and of labor. The returns were quick and spectacular. The gold and silver found by the Spaniards in South America, the furs appropriated by the French and English in Canada, and the chance finding of ambergris in Bermuda are examples of how wealth came into the hands of Europeans quickly and at a minimum of expense.

The frontier treasure of gold and silver is the outstanding windfall of all history. The metallurgist of nature had laid down precious metals in the new earth of the Americas, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, and in the Americas the natives had gathered them. This frontier gold and silver, constituting as it does about 85 per cent of all the precious metals mined in the world since 1492, formed the hard-money basis of modern capitalism throughout the world. And, as I have previously stated, this flood of treasure precipitated the price revolution and got the boom under way.

II

THE furs that were gathered in Canada to found fortunes in Europe constituted an important windfall because many cost factors ordinarily present in the production of wealth were absent or negligible. There was no time element, no period of expensive waiting for fur hunters. The animals had grown their pelts on their own time, without cost to anyone, and all the fur companies had to do was to harvest them. It was as if a farmer went into a forgotten field and found a crop of corn matured and ready for the harvest. It was better than that. It was as if the farmer found the corn on land that he did not own, in which he had no investment, where his expenses would begin with the gathering. Also the fur company's labor cost was negligible because it tapped a cheap source in the Indians who gathered the furs. Finally, and this was true of all frontier commodities, transportation was largely by sea, and sea transport is the least expensive known. Thus in the production of furs all the cost factors were greatly reduced, with land cost completely absent.

The low cost of producing furs is illustrated in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. The story begins in the summer of 1656 when two strange men appeared before the walls of Quebec, then less than fifty years old, accompanied by a band of Cree Indians packing such a quantity of furs as to excite the interest of the populace and the cupidity of the officials. The older of the two was Medart Chouart, better known as *Sieur des Grosseil-liers* or Mr. Gooseberry, a title he got by investing some of his first fur money in a

gooseberry patch. The younger man, brother of Gooseberry's wife, was Pierre Esprit Radisson. This pair of adventurers had come from the interior of Canada where they had tapped hitherto unknown sources of beaver and other furs, and the cargo they and their entourage of Crees brought as a result of two years' effort caused the guns of Quebec to salute and the Governor to praise them. But neither praise nor the pride of owning a gooseberry farm could hold them long.

After two years Chouart and Radisson asked permission to make another expedition, and were granted it on condition that they take along two of the Governor's men to look after the official interests. Wanting no supervision, they requested time to consider the proposal and used the time to get a head start into the Canadian wilds. Two years later, in the summer of 1660, they returned with three hundred Indians loaded with furs worth £60,000. They were hopeful that the fortune they brought would blur official memory of their unceremonious departure; but they were too optimistic, and when their penalties had been paid they found themselves with about £4,000. We are not interested in this injustice, but rather in the fact that two men, by finding the crop of furs matured and by tapping a cheap source of labor to gather it, had acquired in two years nearly a quarter million dollars in wealth. It is also significant historically that the two adventurers, with much insight and vision and very little loyalty, switched from serving the French to serving the English and laid the foundations of the Hudson's Bay Company.

WE HAVE seen how inexpensively Chouart and Radisson started the furs on their journey to the European market. The Hudson's Bay Company standardized and refined their methods. The company was represented among the Indians by the *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois*, men only a little less primitive than the Indians and not much more expensive. These canoemen and woods-runners tied in with the *bourgeois*, final representative of the company in Canada. From the time the skin was taken until it reached the factor all was barter. The Indians received no money for their furs, but exchanged them for wooden tokens, a stick for each "made" beaver or its equivalent. The

Indian wound up with a quantity of wooden money which he promptly exchanged for coats, blankets, guns and knives, and trinkets more ornamental than useful. For a gun that cost the company \$5.00 the Indian gave twenty beaver skins worth \$150.00; for a coat he paid twelve skins worth \$50.00; and for a knife he paid in skins about \$10.00. In 1676 the company paid £650 for merchandise and traded it for furs worth £19,000—a modest markup of about 3,000 per cent!

With a labor force for whom the company had no responsibility working on such terms, it would have been strange if large profits had not resulted and capital accumulated. The records of the company speak eloquently of dividends. A share of stock purchased at £100 in 1670 brought its owner in the following fifty years declared dividends of 343 per cent and in addition an undivided profit of 800, a total profit of 1,143 per cent, slightly less than 23 per cent annually. The windfall of free land and furs, negligible labor cost, and cheap sea transport must have been an important factor in the Hudson's Bay balance sheet. Similar windfalls of the primary type were found among the full-grown Negroes of Africa, in ivory from the same place, in fish from Newfoundland, and in ambergris from Bermuda. These first easy gleanings of the Great Frontier all contributed to the rise of capitalism.

III

SECONDARY windfalls took up where the primary ones left off, but they came in time to keep the boom going and to promote capitalism to full flower. They involved more work and less luck and were therefore lacking in the spectacular and dramatic. Secondary windfalls were closely related to the land, and while land is productive, it is a stubborn thing and takes its own time in yielding to man's importunities. It was the plantation, the farm, and the ranch cattle industry that furnished important secondary windfalls of the frontier. In each we find the free or negligible cost factor in production which is necessary under our definition. Our search will be confined to land cost and labor cost. Throughout the frontier land was virtually free, and this despite any law to the contrary. Whether a man wanted to grow cotton or

sugar cane, run cattle, or cut logs from the forest, he paid little or nothing for land.

What wrecked those who sought fortunes from the land was not its cost but the long period of waiting and the great amount of labor involved in persuading it to yield its bounty. The time interval exhausted the patience of speculators and the labor exhausted the resources of the investors who expected quick returns, as colonial history records. The thirteen "plantations" established by England along the Atlantic coast illustrate what happened when investors missed the quick return. All the thirteen colonies missed the quick return because they lay north of the gold and south of the furs, in land where wealth waited on a lot of hard work. By the time the hard work was done, the English investors had been washed out, and the people they had sent over were left to shift for themselves. They inherited the little windfall of free land, and set out on their own hook. This shifting for themselves was a step toward freedom.

Since, on the plantation and farm, work was the major item of expense in production, it was important to find a way of eliminating or reducing its cost. The fur traders had done this very well by using the Indians, but the planters were in worse luck, for their Indians would not go along with the program. The solution the planters hit upon to reduce the labor expense to a minimum was Negro slavery. With free land the planter could not get forward, but with free land and slave labor he could make some headway—nothing spectacular but something that would enable him to move toward if not into the capitalistic category. Outside the plantation belt, the small farm prevailed, and here the demand for cheap labor was also inexorable. In some respects the labor here was cheaper than slave labor because it did not have to be purchased, being furnished by the farmer and his family. With a farmer a big family was something of a windfall, and was so recognized by Adam Smith. Here we come to a paradox, namely, that while the frontier paid the highest cash wages as all economists know, at the same time it had the advantage of the cheapest labor—Indian labor, slave labor, and family labor! With all this labor force working for next to nothing on the vast resources of the frontier, it is no wonder that wealth accumu-

lated in Europe and grew in the hands of those who knew how to manage it.

TURNING from the plantation to the ranch cattle business as developed in the American West, we find a secondary windfall with so many free elements as almost to justify placing it in the first class. It is also of special interest because it came so late, right at the end of the era of free land.

The early cowman had no investment in land and no obligations for taxes or upkeep. The feed which his cattle required was also free, a matured crop of grass stretching the length and breadth of the Great Plains. The cowman's novel method of harvesting the crop was the least expensive imaginable, for the reason that the cows did all the work. The only capital investment was in the cows themselves and a few horses with which to handle them. The cows not only harvested the grass, but they processed it into beef and hides, and in the trail-driving days furnished their own means of transportation to market. Neither the Indians nor the slaves nor the family labored so willingly or so cheaply in the production of wealth as did the cows. We hear now of wholly automatic methods of production by intricate machines, but these automatic methods have nothing on the early cowman's setup. These old Westerners liked to say that they lived in a land where the wind draws the water and the cows cut the wood, and it was true, as any user of windmills and cowchips knows; but it is not all the story of labor saving. The cowman had the prairie full of automatic machines mowing hay, converting it into beef, tallow, and hides, and annually dropping little machines for replacement and obsolescence.

All this automatic business meant that the labor force on the ranch was excessively small. Fifteen cowboys could tend a range of enormous size and take care of a very large number of cattle. The outside wage of these men was thirty dollars a month plus food that cost probably five more. A crew on a year-round basis would cost the cowman \$6,300. If he sold 2,000 head annually at \$15 he would gross \$30,000 at a labor cost of 21 per cent. Even if his total expense was 50 per cent, he would still make a profit of \$15,000 annually, and at that rate at that period he could rise into the capitalist class. Many did. It was

out of this idyllic situation that the cattle kings sprang up in the Great Plains, that the Scotch and English syndicates added their venture money to that of the Americans, setting up such famous brands as the XIT, the Matador, the Spur, and many others. What happened in the Great Plains also happened in South America, Australia, and wherever grass grew on the free frontier.

With the invention of barbed wire in 1873 open range ranching was doomed to end and the free elements of land and feed disappeared in the production of beef. By 1890 or 1900 most of the land had passed into private hands, much of it was fenced, and the day of free grass was over. To go into the cattle business today requires such a large investment that none but the wealthy can afford to do it. Ranching still has high social prestige, and offers a good opportunity to bury profits from elsewhere for income tax purposes. In Texas nearly all successful oil men eventually turn to ranching.

IV

THUS far our attention has wandered along the rim of the great wheel of civilization; it has been dispersed over the wide area of new lands in the Americas, South Africa, Australia, where European culture was beginning to nibble at the vast resources. We also may observe a singular uniformity of action on the part of this culture wherever it might be nibbling; it was as if these frontiersmen, wherever they labored, were subject to the will and direction of some central intelligence, some master of ceremonies who from a favorable vantage point was overseeing a gigantic pageant of work. Some call this intelligence destiny, the people of those days of more faith called it Divine Providence, but in this egotistical age we seek the ringmaster in human and more understandable form, and we may expect to find him, not at the rim of the wheel but at the hub itself.

Nearly all the lines running from the frontier to Europe converged in England, some in Holland and France, but most in England. And at the point of convergence stood the honest broker, receiving the precious cargoes from the west and dispensing them to the hungry hordes to the east, taking a little

from the top and a little from the bottom, and doing very well indeed. It is not strange that near the end of this glorious period the poet—speaking for his chosen people—implored the God of hosts to stay with them a while longer! With a host of hungry people on one side and the palm and pine on the other, England never had it any better, or quite so good.

The intelligence we are seeking is that which took advantage of the most favorable situation in history to make fortunes, and made them. These managers and directors became the first modern capitalists, and they taught the rest of the world how to play a most fascinating game of acquiring and managing wealth. These managers are the economists' "men of enterprise," and it is on them that we must keep an eye. What we need to know about them is how they got started in the game of making a profit, how they took their first tentative steps toward becoming capitalists. The favorable situation is clear enough as outlined, but there was needed a catalyst, an exciter, a pump primer to set off the processes of trade, commerce, and manufacture. Fortunately we have a highly respected authority on this subject.

In *A Treatise on Money* John Maynard Keynes tells us that a nation grows rich, capital accumulates, and capitalists flourish in periods of inflation when prices *rise and stand above costs*. To make his elaborate theory—which he calls Profit Inflation—simple, he is saying that a man who can get high prices for a commodity produced from cheap material by cheap labor can make a fortune and become a capitalist. It sounds reasonable and has in fact been demonstrated. The man who makes himself the nexus between low cost and high price has Enterprise, and the current he sets up between them creates wealth for him and for his nation. "It is Enterprise," says the economist, "which builds and improves the world's possessions. . . . If Enterprise is afoot, wealth accumulates . . . and if Enterprise is asleep, wealth decays."

When Enterprise awoke in the sixteenth century it found conditions most favorable for it to get afoot. The influx of American treasure had caused prices to rise; and the abundance of materials produced on the frontier with cheap labor, drove costs to the minimum. This was the general economic

condition Enterprise saw when it woke up from its medieval sleep.

But why did Enterprise wake up? What sudden alarm called it out of a long slumber so that it could observe this rare opportunity? According to Keynes it was the loud noise created by windfalls crashing down on the shores of England that made Enterprise sit up, rub its eyes, and get going to far places. These windfalls, small in themselves, were the excitors, the pump-primers, the cap-like detonations which set off the chain reaction of modern capitalism. The effect on England Keynes describes in these words: "Never in the annals of the modern world has there existed so prolonged and so rich an opportunity for the business man, the speculator, and the profiteer. In these golden years (1575-1695) capitalism was born."* In England. Naturally.

Two men, appearing a century apart, gave the shocks that set the enterprisers on the road. The first, an Englishman, and the other, an American colonial, brought in windfalls which enabled them to pay their stockholders staggering dividends. Francis Drake, a plain sea robber with royal backing, took enough gold and silver from the Spaniards to make a return of 4,700 per cent to his English backers, but his record was broken a century later by William Phipps, who fished up a sunken Spanish treasure near Hispaniola and paid his backers 10,000 per cent! It was not the gold and silver these men brought but rather the effect of it in inciting others to action that is of importance. "The boom period," says Keynes, "definitely began with the return of Drake's first important expedition . . . in 1573, and was confirmed by the immense gains of his expedition which returned in 1580. The value of the gold and silver brought back in the *Golden Hind* . . . has been . . . estimated at anything from £300,000 to £1,500,000." There followed the long period of prosperity, "the palmy days of profit—one of the greatest 'bull' markets ever known until modern days in the United States." Even Shakespeare grew rich.

* I should explain that Keynes does not use the terms "windfall" or "frontier," though practically every illustration he uses to illustrate his theory of Profit Inflation is drawn down the frontier, that unseen presence which has hung over so many thinkers and so many capitalists.

Connected with the Drake windfall is a fantastic sequel which almost makes finance interesting. It has to do with what grew from Queen Elizabeth's cut in the Drake treasure, those fructifying seeds which the thrifty Queen let fall on foreign soil. The first thing Elizabeth did with a part of her booty was to pay the whole of England's foreign debt! She had something left and out of it she invested £42,000 in the Levant Company. It was the profits of the Levant Company that furnished most of the capital used in the formation of the East India Company, and the profits from the East India Company formed the base of England's foreign investments in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "Indeed," say Keynes, "the booty from the *Golden Hind* may fairly be considered the fountain and origin of British foreign investment."

Without making too much of it, the economist makes this calculation. Taking Elizabeth's £42,000 as the original foreign investment, and assuming that it bore $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent net for reinvestment abroad, the proceeds down the centuries will be about equal to the English foreign investment at any given time! For example, British foreign investment in 1930 amounted to £4,200,000,000, which is the sum Elizabeth's £42,000 would have produced at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent compound in the elapsed 350 years. The figures can be checked for the first 120 years, from 1580 to 1700, because the only foreign investments to speak of in 1700 were in the three trading companies, East India, Royal African, and Hudson's Bay. Their combined capital approximated £2,150,000; Elizabeth's original investment would have in the same period amounted to £2,500,000! It hardly need be pointed out how the frontier is intertwined in this interesting exercise, in the rise of a capitalistic nation.

A CENTURY after Drake had capped his career by wrecking Spanish sea power, another ship drove into a British port so heavily laden with gold and silver that it could hardly float. The year was 1688, and the commander was one William Phipps, who had come upon the most improbable success in the history of frontier windfalls. Born on the Kennebec River, he early took to sea where he heard stories of sunken Spanish

treasure ships, and set out to find one. He was outfitted in England to hunt such treasure, and on his first voyage "he fished out of a very old Spaniard . . . a little advice about the true spot where lay the wreck." On a second voyage he set sail for this fishing ground, and sent a pirogue of eight oars to search along some shoals called the Boilers. Just as the boat party had given up hope of finding anything, one man spied what seemed to be a sea feather growing out of a rock. In order to have something to show for their labor, the men sent down an Indian diver who came up to report that the floor of the sea was littered with huge guns. Again the diver went down, and brought up a "sow" of silver, worth £300. When the news was carried to Phipps, who had remained with the ship, and he was shown the bar of silver as proof, he exclaimed after the modern manner, "Thanks be to God: we are made!"

Returning to the scene of the wreck, which had been marked by a buoy, the men had another remarkable piece of good luck. The first diver from the return party hit the bullion room, but the story is better told by Phipps' biographer, Cotton Mather:

Now, most happily, they first fell upon that room in the wreck where the bullion had been stored up; and they so prospered in this new fishery, that in a little while they had . . . brought up thirty-two tuns of silver; for it was now come to measuring silver by tuns . . . Besides that incredible treasure of plate . . . there were vast riches of gold, and pearls, and jewels, which they also lit upon.

Having loaded his ship with what he had lit upon, Phipps set off for England, not daring to reprovision lest all be lost to pirates. He reached London on the eve of the Glorious Revolution, too late to save James but just in time to enable William and Mary to meet their pressing revolutionary obligations. At this point we shall have to say goodbye to Mr. Phipps, somewhat regretfully, because his career is one of the most exciting in that tempestuous century. Our concern is with some of the results of his windfall on capitalism.

The success of Phipps caused a repetition of what happened after Drake. Here was that sudden injection of specie into the veins of

a lagging economy. The stockholders were almost content with their 10,000 per cent profit. The treasure came on the eve of the Glorious Revolution, and the King's cut made him strong against the Stuart pretender. But a far greater effect was the stimulus given to all sorts of enterprise, to the boom which gathered strength as it moved from one segment of society to another. The profits of this boom, which reached its climax in 1695, offset the losses occasioned by the French wars of William, 1689-1697, and, in the words of Keynes "must have been invaluable for the stability of the new regime." The boom thus occasioned led to the founding of the Bank of England in 1694, the establishment of the stock exchange, and the reform of the currency by Locke and Newton in 1695. With these things done, capitalism was firmly established.

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WITH the close of the seventeenth century we come to the end of the period of primary windfalls, but not to the end of men's dreams of finding them. Out of those dreams came three national disasters, speculative frenzies, which definitely ended the first phase of frontier economy. Three nations set off in pursuit of windfalls and wound up with bubbles. The Scottish people wrecked their feeble economy in the Darien enterprise. All classes of Frenchmen and Englishmen went mad in their pursuit of the Mississippi and South Sea bubbles. These three misadventures, all coming between 1690 and 1720, illustrate what happened to three nations who hunted the quick windfalls after they were gone. They are tragic stories marking the end of a definite period in the growth of modern capitalism.

Though the great boom was hindered by bubble disasters, it was not halted. It rose on a different base and rode out the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries on sturdier but more dependable horses. These secondary windfalls which continued the boom were of such magnificent proportion as to bring capitalism to its fullest flower. For the four centuries marking the rise and maturity of modern capitalism, the underwriter of its success, both early and late, has probably been the resources of the Great Frontier.

Highborn Kinsmen

A Story by Anne Goodwin Winslow

Drawings by Sandra Roome

THE letter was not addressed to anyone, which kept it from seeming like a letter in the first place, and since its opening sentence was a quotation from Shakespeare, the idea of there being anything private about it did not enter Mrs. Richards' mind. —*O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms*—she read, and was going innocently on as one who reads a school composition when she noticed her husband's name near the bottom of the page and began, no longer innocently, to read as one who wants to know what something is about.

There were four pages, in Carlotta's beautiful handwriting, and when she finished them Mrs. Richards was assured beyond the shadow of a doubt that, as she had suspected, Carlotta, within the limits of her youth and inexperience, was devastated by passion. The fact—the accident—of Mr. Richards' being her soul's joy did nothing to confuse the picture so far as Mrs. Richards was concerned. Any way you looked at it, Carlotta was a poor little thing. If there had ever been any doubt in her mind about the advisability of taking her out of that exotic—that overheated foreign atmosphere—there was none now; the only question now was had they done it soon enough. She was only fifteen and had been here four months already, which ought to be soon enough to forestall most things—she glanced again at the letter, which was again lying where she had found it, open, on Carlotta's table. She had not made up her mind what she was going to do about it, but *with* it she would most certainly do nothing.

It lay there on the nice wide table with its deep drawers and its shaded lamp, beside Carlotta's first year algebra and her third year Latin and the English composition through which she tripped so lightly; had tripped, one might say, into this. It was very likely the first love letter she had ever written in English; the exotic atmosphere from which she had been wrested being more favorable to other idioms; so Mrs. Richards believed. Vienna was the focal point she had in mind; that was where Carlotta's family always lived when they were not living on one or another of their estates; and she had been wrested because from all accounts Vienna was at present not only exotic but unlivable, and their estates, it seemed, were now no more; certainly no more theirs. The accounts had been furnished by Carlotta's father, who had been at Oxford with Mrs. Richards' husband; the idea being to show them that his part of the world was under existing conditions no place to bring up his daughter.

IT WAS not the first time Mrs. Richards had been led to reflect that Oxford was at least one cohesive agency still operative in a world admitted to be falling apart. Auld acquaintance still got its dues, or at all events still claimed them, in the name of Oxford; certainly wherever Carlotta's mother went to school, nobody seemed to depend on it for anything.

Mrs. Richards had never seen either of her parents. Their pictures, of course—Carlotta's mother in evening dress was on her bureau

in a silver frame; her father, in uniform, stood on the table with the letter. Why did the aristocracy in Europe present so little variety? You read stories about people falling in love with photographs, and certainly in the case of Continental nobility it could just as well be by the dozen. Carlotta's mother was supposed to be a beauty; and in a highly classified society that might be what beauty meant—a sort of true-to-type business. In which case Carlotta would never qualify; she had better just stay on over here and get the benefit of being in a place where individuality might be more esteemed; she was intelligent like her father, and showed it. But there again—the photographer had managed to keep her father from showing anything—except the uniform, of course.

The benefit of being in a place where individuality was esteemed—at least by Mrs. Richards—had begun for Carlotta the moment she got where Mrs. Richards could see her, and in the four months that had passed since then there had hardly been an hour when more conformity either as to appearance or behavior could have improved Carlotta in her eyes. Naturally it would take more time to fit her in socially—which for the present would be mainly school—than if she had been already cut and measured; but, even so, the danger, it seemed to Mrs. Richards, lay in fitting her too soon. She looked around the room she had refurnished those four months ago with Carlotta in view. How perfectly it had seemed to suit her from the moment she came into it and put her hat down on the bed! It was not a fluffy room; it was serene and a little serious, and beautifully lighted, both by day and night. Carlotta had noticed it immediately—with all the things she had had to notice—on the long way there.

"You have such a charming house. —How nice for the first American house I ever came into, not counting hotels, to be like this!" she said—serene and serious and beautifully lighted, though just then a little pale.

The American house thus favorably passed on was in one of the quietest sections of a large and noisy Southern town. To say it had been there longer than most of the houses in that or any other section, did not make it very old except in a sense that was very regional. It had been built by Mrs. Richards' great-



grandfather. She enjoyed saying it, however, and often did, though she did not do so now. What would a mere great-grandfather be to Carlotta?

"I want you to be very happy in it," she said instead, very happy herself in the reflection that her great-grandfather, though she did not mention him, should have made it so easily possible to take Carlotta in; opening her doors like this to a storm-driven child seemed the most natural thing in the world under the circumstances. She thought of Carlotta as shipwrecked; the beauty and splendor of her long past gone down, she was being taken aboard the modest but highly seaworthy vessel set afloat by the unmentioned great-grandfather—who had really been distinguished in other ways besides. To some of those Mrs. Richards felt indebted too, in this consciousness of handing on what had been entrusted to her; she was especially grateful for the ability to understand things. Four months ago she thought she did.

CARLOTTA'S social adjustments had turned out to be remarkably simple; one was led to question whether they had ever been made at all—or what there could be so important about them if they had just been skipped. One thing Mrs. Richards noticed was how little the subject of likes and dislikes, or even preferences, among the youths and maidens she saw most, was apt to hold Carlotta. "I do like them, really," she would say. *Them*; not even the distinction of the singular number.

"Not all of them, Carlotta. I don't believe they were all meant to be liked."

"You think I don't notice enough?"

"I think it would be more interesting if you had to—if they did something to make you; pulling your hair, for instance."

"I expect you think they don't notice me enough," Carlotta said, smiling. It did not matter either way.

She was not indifferent, though; she did notice; she was vividly interested in almost everything; only emotionally detached. Four months ago, that was—or say three and a half.

"I'm going to drive her down and show her the plantation," Gilbert said. "I'm going to fool her; I'm going to tell her it's an estate."

Nobody lived on the plantation now except the manager. What would Carlotta make of it, especially at this time of year, with the cotton stalks and the mule barns and the mud? What sort of a past could she construct for Gilbert from anything he could show her down there? He would have to quote figures to her before she could understand—even if she understood then.

It was when they came back from this expedition that Mrs. Richards began to realize how many things Carlotta did understand. Differences, shadings—the whole table of distinctions, even the ones they considered local—were as plain to her as if she had learned them in childhood—as if she had never had to learn them at all.

"She wanted to see everything," Gilbert said.

The picture of their day together was very clear to Mrs. Richards. If Gilbert had had a daughter—but daughters, she reminded herself, did not always want to see everything; not after they were small.

"**D**O MANY of your young men go to English universities?" Carlotta asked her the next day. Her mind was still on the plantation.

"Very few," Mrs. Richards said. "I really don't know exactly how Gilbert happened to go. I believe it was more of a gesture on his father's part; there was a lot of money at that time, and Oxford was something nice he could buy for Gilbert."

"He liked it though, didn't he?"

"He likes everything. It didn't leave any

particular impression on him—that I ever noticed; it didn't change his accent." Mrs. Richards smiled.

"Was his father disappointed?"

"Because he didn't change? Goodness, no! Nobody in their senses ever wanted Gilbert to change. That's the effect he has had on people ever since he was born." She smiled again, but Carlotta didn't. "Are you going to ask me if many of our young men are like that too?" she went on—to make her smile.

Carlotta was looking at her gravely. "Nobody would ever ask you that, no matter where they were from."

"That's just it—no matter where they were from they would feel as if they had known Gilbert all their lives—which I really have done, all of mine. We used to roll out in our perambulators together; and that is unusual too, at least over here it is. I have heard of children in Europe being destined for each other from their cradles."

"My grandmother was—in Poland; my mother's family were Polish—perhaps you never thought about how many places I am from myself," Carlotta said. "Some time I will show you her picture; she is the one I look like; not my mother."

"Go get it now, I would love to see it!" Mrs. Richards exclaimed. "I want to see everything you can show me."

"I would have to rummage," Carlotta said. "I packed in such a hurry. Let me tell you about her now and show you the picture later. Her life was very interesting."

"It must have been—from the start; engaged in her cradle and happy ever after, I hope."

Carlotta shook her head. "She was most unhappy; one dreadful thing after another happened to her; she even killed a man."

"Your grandmother? What man—but wasn't that dreadful for him?"

"Perhaps—if he had time to know about it; but for her it meant a great deal that was worse than death can be for anyone. She was sent to prison and was on trial for her life; she really went through months of misery. It was a *cause célèbre*; a French writer made a book about it, somebody told me; I have never seen it. I believe it did not tell the truth."

"And what was the truth? It was not her husband—was it—the man she killed?"

"No; her lover. Her husband—my mother's father—was not a bad man, but she had never

loved him; nobody ever considered that. The other one—the man she killed—had been unfaithful to her after she had sacrificed everything for him. It was because of that.”

“But surely, Carlotta—” Mrs. Richards did not go on. Surely what?

“I expect it sounds like a movie to you,” Carlotta said, “but my grandmother was as far as anything you can imagine from the Hollywood type. She was very gentle, very—*très sérieuse*. It was just because she had loved only that one man in all her life. Everybody understood that what the lawyers said about self-defense and all the rest was only for the jury—so they would acquit her. And on the day she was acquitted it was like a matinee at the opera; people have told me; everybody was there, crying and applauding.”

“And then what did she do?”

“She went home; at least I suppose she did. That was before I was born, naturally. I never saw my grandmother anywhere except at home, in the country. I used to go there in the summer when I was a child. The plantation reminded me of it a good deal.”

MRS. RICHARDS, remembering her own summers with a grandmother in the country, asked herself after this story how great a difference it would have made in her feeling at the time and in her memories since, if she had known that her grandmother had killed somebody—a man—her lover. Hearing it when you were little—knowing it first and understanding it afterwards—made a difference, of course. Carlotta, who had grown up with the knowledge, seemed to think of it as sad more than anything else. All the same, it was an odd thing to have your grandmother do. So many things these days, with the pattern of life being perpetually shifted, made you wonder how much was only pattern after all. Conduct, important as it was, seemed to be more the product of its time and place than one was in the habit of considering it. Carlotta had evidently loved her grandmother; she was proud of her—one could see that. She was right too about her resemblance to the picture, which had now been produced and seemed to Mrs. Richards not only strikingly like her but strikingly lovely. One could imagine the same movements, the same tones; grace rather than beauty; more grave than gay.

“Of course she was older when this was taken; about thirty, wouldn’t you say?” Mrs. Richards was showing the photograph to Gilbert. She had told him the story—the “interesting” story of what the grandmother had done.

“How can you tell, with nothing to go by?” he said. “That hair—I suppose their styles do run sort of parallel with ours, don’t they?”

“Whether their morals do or not? The thing that impresses me, though, is the sort of finish about both their faces. Carlotta, right now, at fifteen, looks as completely turned out intellectually as the woman in this picture—a woman of thirty, say, with all that experience! When I think of what I probably was at fifteen—I suppose you don’t remember in the least, do you, Gilbert—me at fifteen?”

“You are almost the first thing I remember at all, I know that; it was nearer five than fifteen, though.”

“I mean the changes, darling—the differences in me. Carlotta makes me feel some times as if I have a good deal of changing still to do, to get where she is right this minute; which is certainly not the way most of my friends affect me—the ones of my own age or even older. I feel positively immature lots of times by the side of Carlotta. Her ancestors did it for her, I suppose; she is a finished product.”

“Finished for what kind of life—in what kind of a world? It would be tough going for her ancestors in the world we are in at present,” Gilbert said.

She shook her head. “But she is tough; that is one of the things they have done for her. Lots of fine things are tough; they have to be—to win through.”

MRS. RICHARDS had congratulated herself more than once since Carlotta came on not having invited her to call them something more intimate than Mr. and Mrs. Richards—as she had come near doing—as it seemed natural to do, with so many of their young friends calling them by their Christian names, though they had not, as far as she could remember, been invited either. She realized more and more that keeping up one or two small formalities was likely to keep things easier between them—they had probably been invented in the first place with some such end in view.

Another thing she had made up her mind to do was to keep her part in Carlotta as much as possible separate from Gilbert's part. She resisted whenever she could—whenever she could think of it in time—the temptation to repeat to him her conversations with Carlotta, or to ask him questions about what she said to him. Almost from the beginning she had felt instinctively that there might be something where Carlotta was concerned that she and Gilbert would never be able to share with one another. It was a curious thing to feel this without knowing in the least what she was feeling it about, and it was particularly hard for her, with this tremendous new interest in her life, not to be able to talk about it in all its aspects, whenever she and Gilbert were alone. She felt as if something priceless had been given to her with a mysterious penalty attached to it. It was almost as if Carlotta were a time-bomb, she thought with amusement.

Then one evening, about a month ago now, she had had a revelation. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the Bible says, she saw something that she could no doubt have seen a good deal sooner if she had known in the least what she was looking for. It had probably been staring her in the face on many previous evenings while she sat there crocheting on her strips for the afghan she had nearly finished and mulling over her problems and practically never looking up, as on this particular evening she suddenly did. Gilbert, as usual, had been catching up on his newspapers, and Carlotta, also as usual, had come in to ask him something about her algebra, which was the only one of her studies she ever needed any help in. That was the setting for the revelation—Gilbert, his eyes on the book, explaining away that the ratio of any value of A to the corresponding value of B —or whatever it was—and Carlotta, her eyes on his face, listening. Only this time it was as plain as day, from Carlotta's transfigured expression, that what she was hearing was not algebra but the song of songs. Mrs. Richards, wondering why she had not seen it sooner, began suddenly to wonder what she could do to keep Gilbert from seeing it now.

"Was that the telephone, Gilbert?" she demanded frantically—absurdly—at least it was better than throwing the afghan over his head.

THAT was the beginning of knowledge where she was concerned. What Carlotta knew already, or how long she had known it, was of course another matter. Gilbert, presumably still wallowing in ignorance, must at any cost be left to wallow.

She had tried to imagine the probability of enlightenment having reached him in some manner of which she was not aware; and now she tried again to calculate the chances of Carlotta's having written other letters before the one she had left on her table. It was impossible to do it—as impossible as to imagine this one ever coming into his hands. There was an elusive quality about the whole experience that made it difficult for her to hold it in relation to her waking life; it seemed appropriate only to a dream. It was not a dream though; the revelation had at least taught her what to look for, even if she did not always know the significance of what she found.

Finding that Carlotta, under all the serenity, was sometimes acutely unhappy could not surprise her, and reflecting that unhappiness can be so readily attributed to other causes than the real one, it had seemed safe at least to try the subject out a little.

"—Because you know Gilbert promised your father to tell him right away if you were the least bit homesick; or if there were things about America you didn't like—which of course there are bound to be, at least until you get used to them. He wants you to feel free to come home for any reason at all."

Watching Carlotta while she made her this little speech, she had been almost startled to see her turn so pale. "But I tell him all the time—and my mother too! I don't know what I'd do if they made me go back," she said.

"In that case I am sure there is no danger; so we are all right on both sides." Mrs. Richards smiled reassuringly.

"What made you think of it—what gave you the idea there was anything the matter?" A wave of color had succeeded the pallor in Carlotta's face.

"Just a guilty conscience, I suppose. I have been thinking that, with you here, we ought to try to be younger ourselves; we ought to play more, now that we have you to play with us. We are terribly stodgy; you know we are. I want us to be gay." She said it gaily, but Carlotta did not smile.

"The thing I like the best," she said in her grave voice, "is the way you never do anything to make me feel as if I have not been here always; as if I could ever go away."

The earnestness with which she said it should have been enough, Mrs. Richards thought, even with no other key to the situation, to show her there was something very unusual in Carlotta's state of mind.

... I asked only to be near you—near enough to see you smile—to hear you speak. In my heart I believe I shall never be anything but near, whatever lands or seas divide us. You light the world for me now, but then it would still be your shadow falling on it. . . .

Not bad for fifteen, Mrs. Richards reflected; at first she had even thought it a good deal too good; but now, putting everything together—recalling a lot of things she had forgotten—it began to seem less like English composition than she thought it did; it began to seem exactly like Carlotta. But the point was: should Carlotta be like that?

"**H**ow would you like to go with me to look at some old bricks I am thinking of buying for a wall around the garden?" she asked her when she came home from school that afternoon. "It is such a pretty day—we both ought to be out in it."

"I would love it," Carlotta said. "What kind of a wall?" She looked out at the garden, which had only a hedge around it now—"Why do you buy them old? Do they cost less than the new ones do?"

"Not in the end; by the time you work over them the way you have to, they really cost a good deal more. They just look so much better; in an old place like this new bricks would be dreadful; you could see them for miles. Gilbert says I always get things for my ancestors anyway and not for me." Mrs. Richards smiled. "He doesn't mean the useful things—egg beaters and aluminum ware and things like that. He doesn't mean the automobile either, but all the same, it isn't too far to walk, and I do like the ancestors' legs. It's an old house that used to be in the country; they're pulling it down to make room for more city. I will tell you as we go along about the people who used to live there; the Beaumonts."

She had forgotten it was such a melancholy story; and yet, talking to Carlotta, one was

always tempted to make the most of whatever the subject had in it; her face, with its quick changes, drew one on.

"Has anybody ever written it—in a book, I mean?" Carlotta asked her. They had turned in between the broken gateposts by that time and were sitting in an arbor on what used to be the lawn, where little blue hyacinths were already blooming in the grass. The house with its eyeless windows and abandoned doorways was before them, and though the menacing city was as yet too far to break the peace of the spring afternoon, it seemed more desolate, Mrs. Richards thought, on that very account.

"And yet it's been a long time, hasn't it, since you had a war?" Carlotta asked.

"Almost a hundred years. This poor old place has gone down under 'improvements'," Mrs. Richards said.



"I don't suppose you know which room it was that the girl was sick in, do you?"

Mrs. Richards shook her head. It was a story of the yellow fever she had told Carlotta: in almost every room someone had died. The youngest daughter had been the only one of all the family to survive.

"And what became of her?" Carlotta asked.

Mrs. Richards tried to think of what, if anything, had become of Anabel Beaumont.

"What does become of people?" she said. "We always ask that question—I asked you the same thing about your grandmother, you remember, and you said she went home—. That is what the little boy said when somebody asked him what he would do if the end of the world came—'I would go home.' In one



way or another I believe that is what we all do, when the end comes."

CARLOTTA thought this over. "And then I suppose the question comes up—where is home? Does it always have to be the place we started from?—I don't mean the actual place, of course—"

"I know," Mrs. Richards said; "I understand exactly what you mean; I have thought about it a good deal. It seems to me that is where our ancestors come in; we go to the place they have prepared for us, so to speak. I don't mean actually, either; I mean we fall back on ourselves—on what they have made us—"

Carlotta was silent.

"Gilbert always laughs at me about my ancestors—you have heard him. He says I find more use for them than anybody he ever saw. I ask him how he managed to get rid of his. Ancestors are one thing we have to

have whether we want them or not, I tell him. As somebody said—'It was thus the amoeba rose to greatness.'"

"You mean we have to do what they did, whether we want to or not?"

Mrs. Richards shook her head. "Not *what* they did; I believe that *what* business changes more than anything; it's more a question of *how*; it is what they were, not what they did, that they hand on to us—like sealed instructions; tremendously important, too. I always tell Gilbert I depend on my ancestors for doing the best I can—for not giving up. I believe if we could go back—if we could realize what it probably cost them to do as well as they did, or even sometimes no worse than they did—if we could see them managing to go on lots of times when there didn't seem to be anything left to go on for—after the most terrible sorrows—the most terrible sins even—" she paused. "It seems to me sometimes that every one of us in a way has a right to call himself nobly born. Though as far as I am concerned, I would hesitate to call myself anything—I have been put to so little in the way of a test."

Carlotta was looking at her intently. "I have never known anyone before who was happy like that," she said. "The women in my family have never been happy—or even if they were, some of the time, they were always afraid it would not last. I wonder if you feel that way about love too—" The color was rising in her face; she took her eyes away.

Mrs. Richards hesitated; she had not meant to talk about her own experience. But after all—

"You mean do I feel that way about Gilbert? Why shouldn't I—the way we have loved each other all our lives? I would just as soon think of worrying for fear the sun might not come up some morning. No—" she shook her head—"whatever I found to worry over, it could not be that. I used to think sometimes I might be unhappy over not having children—which is one trouble my ancestors didn't have, or I shouldn't be here, I suppose." She smiled. "Seriously though, I really have been happy. —Dear child!" she exclaimed, "Don't look at me like that—as if there was not enough for all of us! You say there is nothing left for you any more in your own country—which I do not believe—but even so, I would rather have you find your

happiness here; I want you to let me see you being happy—"

"There is nothing here for me either," Carlotta said in a low voice. "It seemed at first—but that is already long ago; I have been in a dream. I am awake now; I know that for me the world is empty."

"Then we must find something beautiful to fill it with. Think of the years you have—"

"It is when I do that, that my heart breaks," Carlotta said in the same low tones. "That girl you told me about—that Anabel—did she think about the years ahead of her, do you suppose—do you suppose she saw this?" Her eyes were on the desolate house.

"I am sure she didn't—she never did!" Mrs. Richards exclaimed. "Little as I know about her, I am sure of that. It was long after Anabel's time that the neighborhood began to go down. She was probably a beauty and a belle right there in that very house. And I was certainly an idiot to bring you here in the first place. Come—let's go home, where we have something cheerful to look at—." She put her arm around Carlotta and drew her to her feet. What if she told her she did not want to go—that, for her, home was the waste land more than anywhere?

"**H**AS she had bad news or something?" Gilbert asked that evening when Carlotta did not come to dinner.

"She may have caught cold; I expect we sat too long in that damp summer house," Mrs. Richards said.

"How were your bricks, by the way?"

"Beautiful; the loveliest shade of pink!"

That was the kind of thing she said to Gilbert while they ate their dinner—just the two of them—the way it used to be before Carlotta came. And all the while she could hear herself saying something else: "The child has fallen in love with you, Gilbert; we will have to send her back." He would not believe it, of course; not unless he got the letter; but suppose he did—suppose everything: that he got the letter, that he believed it, and that they did send Carlotta back—what sort of end did that make to anything? As far as she and Gilbert were concerned, they would be back just where they were before—she looked at him sitting there at his end of the table, and at Carlotta's empty place. What would they see there instead of Carlotta, after

they had sent her home—back to a family where the women had always been unhappy, and had probably done all sorts of things besides the one her grandmother had done? Surely it would be better to keep her here—to take the chances, run the risks—to trust the quality in a human being as one would trust it in a metal, or a gem—.

The difficulty of this course, she realized in the days that followed, was that she would have to do her trusting so alone—without letting anyone even suspect she was doing it; she could not tell Carlotta she was trusting her, nor ask Gilbert if she ought to—and how far. More and more it began to seem to her as if she oughtn't—except for the fact that she saw less and less what she could do instead. It occurred to her that it might even be a relief if Gilbert got the letter—so he would know everything she knew and be able to advise her. If only Carlotta would behave more the way a moonstruck girl is supposed to do—if she would just come right out and pine in the open, so to speak, instead of going on exactly the same—except for that deadly difference! It would change her less, Mrs. Richards thought, if she stopped trying not to change.

"You say she isn't homesick; but are you sure?" Gilbert asked her. "Have you noticed her writing very much to anybody over there?"

"Very little—besides the regular letters to her family; it isn't anybody over there—at least I—"

"And you haven't noticed anything over here—anything like one of those school crushes, for instance?"

She shook her head.

"Well, naturally I don't want to act as if I noticed anything," Gilbert said.

His efforts not to notice anything were unceasing. Mrs. Richards wondered sometimes how much he really managed not to see. Did he notice that Carlotta never looked at him these days? He had always had that way of smiling at people, and Carlotta's face had always caught it like a light; it was really one smile for both of them. Did he notice that her face caught nothing now? Her efforts were unceasing too; she would look anywhere rather than at him.

"You don't suppose it could be her school-work," he suggested. "She doesn't ever want

me to help her any more, but I notice she keeps her light on mighty late."

Mrs. Richards, who had noticed the light without thinking of the school work, said it might be a good idea to take Carlotta for a little vacation somewhere. "I could run down to the Gulf with her for a week or two," she said, still not thinking of the schoolwork but wondering all the same why the idea had not occurred to her before. Carlotta would probably want to wait for the Easter vacation, but it would be better to do it right away. She would propose it to her that afternoon when she got home from school—Tuesday—she always got home earlier on Tuesday—.

FOR some reason, however, on this particular Tuesday instead of being early Carlotta was late; later than she ever was on any day unless she mentioned it beforehand—which was another thing she was very thoughtful about—"Was there anything you wanted me for this afternoon? I may be a little late—." She tried to remember whether she had said anything that morning when she went out the door—whether she had looked back and waved her hand or thrown a kiss, as she was sure to do when she turned down the street—. What had she been thinking about, that morning when Carlotta left? She couldn't even remember what dress she had on—. Suddenly, with no reason in the world, she heard herself trying to tell somebody how Carlotta was dressed—a gray wool skirt—one of those pleated skirts, as I remember—and no hat—. She looked at the clock again, and went to the telephone. Carlotta, however she was dressed, ought to have been back more than an hour ago.

Checking on anything that might have happened at school after school is over is not like turning back the clock; it is the sun itself one is putting in reverse. An empty schoolhouse, Mrs. Richards decided, must surely be the emptiest thing on earth. The history teacher, finally run to earth, seemed to remember that Carlotta had missed her afternoon class. One of the girls had said her head was hurting her—she thought she had gone home—. Hanging the receiver back, she began automatically, to reach for the keys to her car. She must find somebody who could tell her more than that. First, though, she would look in Carlotta's room—in her closet—a gray

pleated skirt—. *Behave yourself*, she admonished the woman who kept saying that.

Carlotta's room was always neatness itself; the door, always open, seemed an invitation to come in and see. She was the only girl in the world, Mrs. Richards told her, who didn't even make a dent. This time, however, she wanted to find one—find a sign of some kind—not a note on the pincushion perhaps, nor another letter on the writing pad, but something—. She went over to the closet; she would get that gray skirt off of her mind—.

The closet was perfect too; everything in place; the hats on their little trees, the shoes paired neatly on their rack; all her pretty leather things—the rug-roll, the twin Thermos, the fitted dressing case that looked, she told Carlotta, like some traveler's dream. It was a Vienna shopkeeper's dream, Carlotta said; it was her mother's going-away present. She was putting some of the fittings on her toilet table—the little flat clock, the ivory comb and brush—"I'll just leave the others in," she said. Mrs. Richards suddenly remembered something she had noticed among the others. Carlotta would have no use for the mother-of-pearl opera glasses with the lorgnon handle, she had told her; they would have to wait for an opera; and the little mother-of-pearl revolver—a bit of war *chic* Carlotta called it—had better wait for a war. . . . She picked up the dressing case and put it on a chair. It was not locked, but her hands shook so she could hardly open it; she knew already without doing it that the revolver would be gone.

HER knees were shaking now, but by the time she got Gilbert on the telephone she found she could control her voice. The thing that worried her—she heard herself lying smoothly along—was not imagining anything had happened; she was only wondering why nobody had let her know—.

"Let you know that nothing has?" Gilbert said. She could see him smile.

"Well, anyhow, I want to let you know—in case I don't get back by dinner time," she said. "I've got to run down those silly girls—that history class."

"They'll all be at the movies, won't they? What time is it?" She could see him look. "Can't you give her till dinner time too?"

She hung up the receiver. O God, why hadn't she told him! What would she have to

tell him now—when she came back without Carlotta—without having found out anything? What good would it do to ask anybody where Carlotta went? Again she was reaching for the keys to her car.

It did not take as long, however, to work through these futilities as she had thought it would. When she did come back without Carlotta, and certainly without having found out very much, it was not yet dinner time and Gilbert had not come. So, having already waited too long, she would have to wait some more—only a matter of minutes this time, however—.

There were minutes she seemed never able to remember clearly. It seemed to her she heard Gilbert's voice before anything else—before she heard the car, even. He was on the porch talking to somebody; then she saw the door opening, and there they were in the hall, and he was putting his hat on the table and telling her that there they were—.

"You were dead wrong about her being at the movies," he said, when Carlotta without saying anything had gone on to her room.

"Where was she—how did you find her—is she all right?" She was searching his face for more than he could tell her.

"She was out at the Beaumont place. I don't know what made me think of it; I just did. I remember you said something about its having sort of gotten her down—not that that was any reason for her going back; rather the opposite. Anyhow, there she was."

"What was she doing, Gilbert? Are you sure she is all right?"

"All right to go out there, do you mean?"

He was smiling at her. "It's certainly the last thing I would want to do—pink brick or no pink brick; she was just sitting in the summer house some more. Of course she's all right. She seemed to be rather glad to see me, for a change."

Carlotta did not keep her lights on late that night; she did not turn them on at all. When Mrs. Richards called her, very softly, to her dinner, she was already sound asleep. . . .

THEY were sitting on the sand under a live oak with their feet in the Gulf of Mexico when they mentioned for the first time anything that had happened on what they both called that last day.

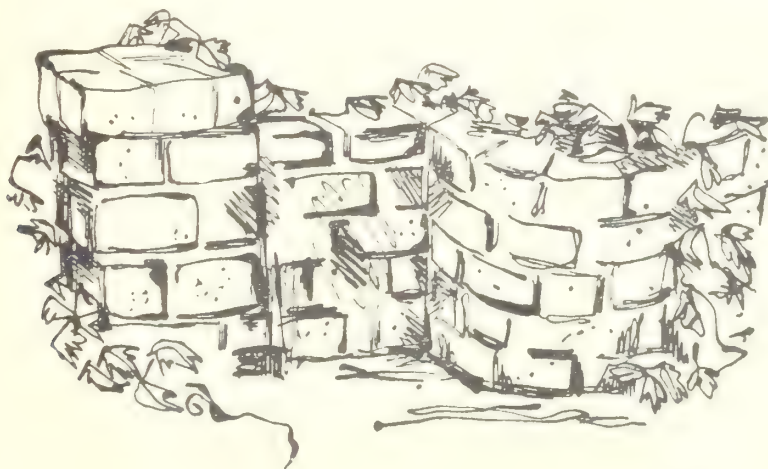
"I couldn't see why you wanted to go back there by yourself—without even telling me," Mrs. Richards said.

"Maybe I went to find you; anyhow, you were there," Carlotta told her now. "I had to decide something—at least I thought I did. It was remembering some of the things we talked about, there in the summer house, that made me realize—it was what you said about the past—you remember?—The past was one thing, you said, that could be depended on—one thing that never—"

"That never lets you down?—as we say—"

Carlotta nodded. "I was thinking about that when I suddenly began to feel better. I am all right now," she said, and added, "I wonder if you are still going to build your wall?"

"I think I should, don't you?" Mrs. Richards said. "We ought always to erect something to commemorate a victory."



Bull's Eye for Dulles

John R. Beal

SIX years had passed since the nations of the world gathered in San Francisco's Opera House to create the United Nations. Now fifty-one of them were met again in the same setting to conclude and sign a treaty of peace with Japan. The interval had recorded some transcendental events in world history: the emergence, for example, of new self-governing nations like India, Pakistan, and Indonesia, signifying a basic trend toward self-determination in the underprivileged parts of the globe; the conquest of the most populous territory, mainland China, by communism.

Also the interval had marked the development—to state the anticlimax—of television as a means of mass communication. But was it wholly anticlimax? Never in history had so many people witnessed the signing of a major international treaty as that signed in San Francisco on September 8, nor had a comparable audience ever listened in on, and watched, the debates that preceded the signature. Here was a covenant sealed before so many millions that the witnesses could be estimated only by “scientific sampling,” and not by nose-count.

There were more reasons than one why the Japanese Peace Treaty Conference was primarily a television show. It was a ceremonial—the treaty itself had been worked out in advance and the assembled nations had been invited to sign or not to sign. As such its

value as spot news was lessened, although 1,044 correspondents covered its sessions. It was held in a structure whose design permitted only the strategically placed selenium eye to look in any direction at will (the news correspondents never did get through beefing about their dress-circle seats) and thus give the nation-wide audience both mass shots and closeups. “I saw Mr. Gromyko raise his eyebrows,” remarked a correspondent's wife to her husband. “I'll bet that was more than you could see.” Indeed it was.

If the images from San Francisco that flashed across the continent in one sixty-secondth of a second were mere shadows, they existed only because there was real substance behind them. The fight was a fight over technicalities: the adoption of a set of rules, the decisions to sign or not to sign. Yet it was a fight that took place only because indirectly it brought the nations to grips with one of the hard central facts of postwar world politics. Essentially it was the forcing of a showdown between Russia and the free world over the future of Japan, a showdown deliberately sought by the United States.

For all its cut and dried ceremonial, it was a show filled with dramatic moments. It had its villains, the black-suited Russians led by Andrei Gromyko who traveled in groups around the Opera House corridor with the sinister air of so many life-size automatons. It had conflict, with Poland's frizzy-haired

The role of John Foster Dulles in the backstage story of the Japanese Peace Treaty inspired Mr. Beal to dig out the facts. Mr. Beal has been a Washington correspondent for many years and now covers the State Department for Time.

Stefan Wierblowski jamming the public address system, and the electronic translating machines of the delegates, with shrill protests while Britain's Kenneth Younger was speaking. It had a period of suspense, when no one felt really sure that there would be a happy ending. But like good formula drama, it did have a happy ending. In the final act the plenipotentiaries of forty-eight free nations filed one by one up to the spotlighted desk below the stage and wrote their names on the parchment.

ALSO it had unexpected twists of plot. Why did Russia fail so miserably to wreck the conference, or at least drag it out while playing one nation against another on the basis of unsatisfied national interests? Those who still imagine that the Russians are inconceivably clever just because they keep their mouths shut before and after their tactical moves were inclined to the explanation that for propaganda reasons Mr. Gromyko wanted to be railroaded. If so, he achieved his purpose admirably. From start to finish the Communist bloc—Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia—remained in splendid isolation, although the free nations were able to pick and choose on the technical issues, demonstrating the fact of their individuality as no propaganda could, while abstaining from voting with the Russians.

More than anything else, the basic reason was that the pillars of the Japanese peace had been solidly built. They were sound. The logic of the American position, as expounded officially by Mr. Dulles after the conference opened, was more than a match for the twisted logic of communism. One of the surprises of the conference was an indication of how the logic had sunk home in Asia, even though one of Asia's most eminent figures, Jawaharlal Nehru, had rejected it.

It came in the expression of Ceylon's delegate, J. R. Jayewardene, Minister of Finance, who said: "I claim that at the present moment the treaty represents the largest common measure of agreement that could be attained among the countries that were willing to discuss peace with Japan. . . . There were sharp differences of opinion, and the treaty embodies the majority view. My government would have preferred it if some of those questions were answered in a different way, but

the fact that the majority don't agree with us is no reason why we should abstain from signing the treaty, which contains the central concept of a free and independent Japan."

This was, after all, only another way of expressing a thought put more tersely and eloquently by Mr. Dulles. "There come times," he said, "when to seek the perfect is to lose the good. This is such a time." The United States scored a grand slam at San Francisco because over Russian objections it convinced all the invited non-Communist nations that the achieving of peace was, in President Truman's words, "like repairing the many strands of an intercontinental cable: each strand must be spliced separately and patiently, until the full flow of communications has been restored."

II

ALTHOUGH the Japanese Peace Treaty called forth the work of many statesmen, the continuing, underlying drive came from one man, John Foster Dulles, who acquired the assignment almost haphazardly.

Mr. Dulles had been appointed a special adviser to the State Department in March 1950, at the insistence of Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan. He was in the Truman Administration's doghouse as a result of his New York Senatorial race against Herbert Lehman; but Senator Vandenberg, on whom the Administration relied heavily for support of its foreign policy in Congress, made it clear that if bipartisanship were to continue Republicans would have to be consulted in the formulation, as well as enactment, of policy.

As a result Mr. Dulles and another Republican, John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, were given posts in the State Department. Mr. Dulles attended high-level conferences and was kept informed of what was going on, but was given nothing specific to do. From his observation point it seemed to him the State Department was making no progress in several directions because too many people had to agree before any positive action could be taken.

One day he said to Secretary Acheson: "You'll never get anything done unless you select someone in whom you have confidence, give him a job to do, and then hold him to

results. Look at the Japanese Peace Treaty—the department has been discussing it for four years without result. Why don't you give someone one year in which to get action, with the understanding that if he can't do it, he fails? Give him a target and enough authority to get there."

It was a fact that since early 1947 the department had been fussing intermittently over the treaty. The United States proposed a conference at which the majority of Far Eastern Commission nations would decide treaty disputes. Russia countered with a demand for a four-power conference. Russia's use of the veto had brought negotiations over Germany and Austria to a complete standstill, and in the light of this it seemed useless to go ahead on Japan. Nevertheless, various State Department committees held meetings and drafted possible treaty clauses—some eighty single-spaced foolscap pages of them. By late 1949, although the obstructionism of Russia remained—in the State Department view—as a potential roadblock, the need for a treaty became more and more urgent.

Mr. Acheson was impressed by Mr. Dulles' suggestion, and soon afterward he assigned him to take over the handling of the treaty. The government had not yet decided, however, whether as a matter of national policy there should be a treaty. The Pentagon was reluctant to give up the command relationship it held over Japan through SCAP. Mr. Dulles discovered that, even before deciding what kind of a treaty to write with Japan, it was necessary to achieve peace between the State and Defense Departments.

IN PURSUING this task he made his first trip to Tokyo. His aim was to make sure it was time to make peace, and formulate the principles which should guide it. General Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, happened to be in Japan at the same time, and in three-cornered discussions with General MacArthur the groundwork was laid for an agreement based on the practical logic of the times. MacArthur supported the contention that after several years any occupation was bound to show diminishing returns. The Japanese had behaved admirably for five years, and were beginning to feel they had earned the right to regain their sovereignty. If cheated of this goal, sullenness and resist-

ance could be expected to rise, and once a nation of 83 million souls decided to fight further subjugation it would be hard to handle. The time to act was before this stage was reached.

Scarcely had an informal meeting of minds taken place on this basis when the Communists attacked in Korea, introducing a new fact into the postwar world: the totalitarian countries were ready to use military force, and risk world war, to achieve their ends. For a few weeks the treaty had to wait while the United States took stock. But assessment of the new situation convinced American officials that peace with Japan was even more necessary than before. The islands had been denuded of troops for Korea, and the Occupation was scarcely more than a name.

The issue was brought formally to a head after Mr. Dulles' return to Washington. The two departments came to a political decision when the Secretaries of State and Defense signed a memorandum which was endorsed by President Truman the next day, September 8, 1950. The President made Mr. Dulles his official representative, with the rank of Ambassador, to handle the matter.

THE decision was to seek peace. But what kind? Mr. Dulles' approach stemmed from his experience as a young man at the Versailles Peace Conference of 1919, when he had seen the vindictiveness of men like Clemenceau corrode the ideals of Woodrow Wilson. As a member of the American delegation he had witnessed the writing of a vengeful peace which built up resentment in Germany which Hitler was able to exploit and which led to World War II.

"You can have one of two kinds of peace," Mr. Dulles said. "One is a Carthaginian peace, which is cruel, ruthless, inflexible, and must be enforced with military strength for a long time. It is a peace that can tolerate no infractions whatever. The other is a peace based on the belief that human nature is capable of regeneration; that if it fails at times, it is capable of better ways of life. This kind of peace is one of magnanimity based on power.

"There is no half way between these two kinds of peace. You must have one or the other. We want the kind of peace that has a good chance of making Japan and the United

States close associates in the future. It cannot be done without the free will of the conquered. It must be a peace of reconciliation."

It was with this philosophy that Mr. Dulles approached his task. The next problem was one of procedure. How to go about writing a treaty? The traditional way was to call an international conference—but that would involve Soviet Russia with her built-in veto. Moreover, during the years of inaction, a new complication had been added to the Far Eastern power situation: Communists had conquered the Chinese mainland and set up a government recognized by seventeen nations, though not by the United States. It raised seemingly insuperable problems of recognition for a conference. Mr. Dulles decided to proceed "through diplomatic channels," which meant that the United States, taking the lead, would confer separately with the other interested nations. This made it possible for Mr. Dulles to talk to Great Britain's Sir Oliver Franks in the morning and Nationalist China's Dr. Wellington Koo in the afternoon when it would have been impossible for the three to meet formally at luncheon for the same purpose. It enabled Mr. Dulles to invite Russia's Jacob Malik to his house of an evening for a frank, hair-down talk about the treaty—although it never prevented Mr. Malik from using every propaganda cliché in the Soviet repertoire in the halls of the United Nations next day.

By November 1950, discussions had proceeded far enough so that the United States circulated among the nations of the Far Eastern Commission, including Russia, a seven-point memorandum embodying the main principles which it sought to write into the treaty.

Almost immediately the progress was upset by full-scale Chinese Communist intervention in the Korean war. Planning was shelved again until the effects of this development could be assessed. But by late January it was apparent the Chinese attack had not been decisive. Mr. Dulles, eager to get things rolling again, made a second trip to Tokyo.

III

FROM his discussions up to this point, Mr. Dulles knew the problem that had to be solved to get a treaty written was the

problem of security. "Security," said Mr. Dulles, "has not been, and never is, automatically solved by victory." Security meant looking in two directions. It meant some sort of guarantee for Japan, which faced the prospect of being turned loose in the polarized world of 1950-51 without army, navy, or air force to defend its regained sovereignty. The United States had positive reasons for not wanting her industrial potential gathered within the Iron Curtain, integrated with the resources of Manchuria, and thus made available to help provide the Communist world with the kind of economy which could underwrite a long war and possibly win it. In view of this, the United States could be counted on to supply the sea and air power needed to protect Japan; but after peace her troops would have to get out and leave the task of land defense to Japan's 75,000 policemen.

Security also meant giving assurance to nations which had been occupied or threatened by Japan that the late enemy would be prevented from rebuilding an aggressive military machine. This problem was not so acute in the Philippines, which had granted American base rights and arranged for an American Military Assistance Advisory Group, but it was a politically live issue in Australia and New Zealand. Although Mr. Dulles was personally convinced that the war-depleted Japanese economy could not support an aggressive militarism in the foreseeable future, he recognized the political psychology of it.

Mr. Dulles devoted his second Pacific trip to clearing up the security problem. With President Truman's approval he made a speech in Tokyo offering the Japanese American troops as garrison forces after conclusion of the treaty—provided the Japanese wanted them. Details could be worked out later and a special treaty consummated after the peace pact. The Japanese willingly accepted. To Australia and New Zealand Mr. Dulles offered a mutual assistance pact, pledging that the United States would regard an attack on either of them an attack on itself. This was announced later in Washington. It is noteworthy that every time a major step was agreed on, Mr. Dulles made a public statement or a speech about it.

After security, the big problems were eco-

nomic, particularly reparations. It was only natural that the Philippines, whose cities had been bombed to rubble, should feel that Japan must pay something toward the damage—a feeling shared by other victims also. Mr. Dulles recognized the justness of this attitude, but he also knew that if Japan were to take her place in the Western lineup she had to be assured a healthy national economy. He knew that the United States, which had already poured into Japanese rehabilitation two billion of the tax dollars she had collected from her own citizens, and had sent thousands of them to help in the task, would have to underwrite the payments indirectly if the treaty exacted heavy cash reparations. He knew too, from the experience following Versailles, that if Japan, like Germany, knew her earnings would be taken away, it would rob her of any incentive to rebuild.

On the subject of economic restrictions, therefore, Mr. Dulles marshaled his strongest arguments for a forgiving peace. Those who worked with him in the negotiations say he was never more forceful and eloquent than in stating the case against binding Japan with economic fetters.

"If you use the lash," he told the statesmen so inclined, "if you exact reparations, if you constrict Japanese economic opportunity, if you act as jailer and master of slave labor, if you drive Japanese shipping off the seas and shut down her textile mills, you will create a peace that can only lead to bitter animosity and in the end drive Japan into the orbit of Russia."

This argument won out. The treaty provides that Japan pay reparations in the only way economically practicable: by providing free services, technical assistance, and manufacturing facilities to the nations she had injured. As an island nation she is allowed all the shipping she can create, and in the other elements of a viable economy she is left free to rebuild herself without artificial hindrance.

STEADILY the treaty was taking shape; steadily, but not smoothly. One crisis centered on General MacArthur's removal as Supreme Commander. Mr. Dulles had been most careful from the start to keep the treaty out of partisan politics, and for some days he did not know whether the political

furor would engulf his work. He made a third trip to Japan—in all he flew 125,000 miles during the treaty-making year—simply to assure the Japanese that General MacArthur's departure did not mean the end of the world. When General MacArthur's subsequent blast at Administration policies omitted mention of the treaty, Mr. Dulles knew it had steered clear of the ruckus.

There still was the job of reducing all the agreed principles to a treaty draft in legal language. The United States had circulated a draft in March and asked for suggestions. Mr. Dulles wanted to keep the treaty readable, and ignoring the eighty pages of clauses which had been gathering dust since 1947, produced an eight-page initial draft. In the accretion of suggestions from other nations it inevitably grew longer, but it remained a relatively short document.

In June there were enough points of dispute still at issue with Great Britain to make Mr. Dulles feel it necessary to take a flying trip to London. The British had worked up a draft of their own. Actually there were four main questions to be settled, but since in a review as brief as this it is possible only to cover the highlights of an operation as complicated as peace with Japan, the knottiest of the four will suffice to illustrate how diplomacy works in treaty-making. This was the dispute over which China to recognize.

Great Britain had face to maintain in its recognition of Red China—face that could be backed by rather cogent arguments about the "reality" of the situation, with Mao Tse-tung in practical control of the great bulk of Chinese territory. From the American standpoint, dealing with Red China was simply out of the question.

In diplomacy you look over a treaty to see what points you are not interested in and then seek to use those points for bargaining. Examining the British suggestions, Mr. Dulles and his State Department deputy, John Allison, found what they sought in a pact called the Congo Basin Treaty, written at St. Germain-en-Laye in 1919. Under its terms all countries had freedom of trade in Africa's Congo Basin, and five nations—the United States, Britain, and Japan included—were given certain customs concessions.

Prior to World War II Japan had cornered 90 per cent of the area's textile trade, seri-

ously undercutting Britain's business. The United States had no interest in the concession, but it was important to the British, who wanted Japan deprived of her favored position. The American negotiators held out until the last minute on this point, but finally yielded. Although the yielding was not a specific horse trade on the China issue, it created a graceful opportunity for Britain to accept the proposed American compromise on China: that neither China sign the treaty. This might look like unnecessary finesse to a Congress which tends to think in terms of "Do what we say or we'll cut off ECA"—but the fact is that it is far more effective with any nation endowed with an ounce of spunk. The London *Economist's* Washington correspondent, commenting on Dulles' tact in this matter, wrote: "Had Mr. Dulles insisted that the Chinese Nationalists should sign the treaty, he would have been acclaimed in Congress; . . . [he] chose instead to seek a solution which would not offend the countries of the Commonwealth." The compromise left it to Japan, after regaining sovereignty, to decide which China should sign peace with her.

The result of the trip to London was joint sponsorship of a revised treaty text by Britain and the United States. The text was revised once again after that, embodying changes proposed by almost every nation which made suggestions, but its main outlines were unchanged.

IV

THE steadiness of progress, however, began to alarm the Russians. After several protesting notes and *aide-mémoire*, the Soviet Union unloaded a major objection in a note on May 7. Although the Russians had been sent every memorandum and draft which was generally circulated, they proposed starting the job over again from scratch, with a four-power conference. Mr. Dulles read the note and started drafting a reply immediately on a yellow scratch pad, in longhand.

In his professional career Mr. Dulles had been senior partner of the important New York law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell. After his reply to Russia had been typed and sent the rounds of the State Department and submitted to the White House, it came back with a handwritten notation in Mr. Truman's

angular script: "This is a jewel." Secretary Acheson, himself a top-flight lawyer, hefted the document before his staff at next morning's briefing and remarked: "This is one of Sullivan & Cromwell's \$25,000 briefs."

The Russians claimed the Potsdam Agreement had specified that four nations—the United States, U.S.S.R., Great Britain, and China—draw up a treaty for Japan. Mr. Dulles replied that Japan was not mentioned in that connection, adding: "This was natural, for the war with Japan was then in full vigor and the Soviet Union was then neutral in that war."

The Russians pointed out that the Cairo agreement specified the return of Formosa and the Pescadores "to China." Mr. Dulles noted that it also mentioned Manchuria and that what it said was "The Republic of China," which was not the Soviet-recognized "Chinese People's Republic." Deadpan, he wrote: "The Government of the United States inquires of the Soviet Union whether it in fact now desires that Manchuria, Formosa, and the Pescadores should be restored to 'The Republic of China.'"

As for Russia's pretended concern about a future offensive military threat from Japan, the note's dry legal language did not fail to make a very sharp point: that the United States certainly was much more concerned about it than Russia since it "bore the burden of Japan's war of aggression for nearly four years as against six days of Soviet Union beligerency."

When, in spite of all its protests, Russia accepted the American invitation to the San Francisco conference—an invitation put on a take-it-or-leave-it basis—most people following the treaty progress were surprised. The State Department's professionals were not. They knew that Japan was one of the two great prizes of the postwar world in the struggle between Russia and the United States—the other being Germany. They could not imagine the Soviet Union letting the island empire slip out of reach without fighting to the last.

AT approximately the mid-point in the negotiation of the Japanese treaty, Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk, whose bailiwick is the Far East, looked back over the steps which had taken place and

was struck by the thought that here was a model operation for future American diplomats to study. He considered detaching a foreign service officer to "live" with Mr. Dulles just to record the story so that budding statesmen might profit from learning how a master performed. Regretfully he concluded that the process was by then too far advanced to make such a project successful, but it was a tribute to the craftsmanship of the job.

Although Mr. Dulles was a Republican and had been thrust on the department, State did not begrudge him his success. It gave him complete co-operation and saw to it that he was detached from all other duties to perform his assigned task. It supplied him with a top-flight career officer, John Allison, as deputy (Mr. Allison flew around the world in the interests of the treaty), and wherever Mr. Dulles traveled, American Embassy officials were at his beck.

When the show reached San Francisco, it became a team operation. Secretary Acheson called the signals, Mr. Dulles carried the ball, and Mr. Rusk organized the interference. There was work still to be done.

While most of the free governments went to the conference inclined toward the treaty, many of them had misgivings based on political situations back home. There were groups in every important country opposing the treaty and their influence had to be taken into account. It was important that the United States should understand what these domestic considerations were, and have a chance to offer its suggestions for coping with them. The obverse of this was that some would-be signers had doubts about the constancy of the United States, particularly in the light of Congressional moves which periodically threatened to undo Executive action in the foreign policy field. Was America getting them into combined commitments from which it would later withdraw, leaving them unable to carry on against Russia by themselves? Such delegations had to be reassured. The backstage story of San Francisco, never spectacular, was one of patient back-and-forth communication which steeled both sides to the task ahead.

V

THE overall result was a remarkable demonstration of how the United States can win response if it accepts its newly achieved responsibilities and applies intelligent leadership to them. It was a diplomatic maneuver in which America seized the initiative and kept always ahead of events. It was hard-headed, based on American interests first because the United States was the responsible power, both in the Pacific war and afterward, and the contributor of her substance to the vanquished; but it was also tactful.

It was imaginative in the execution, for the Russians never got nearer than the sidelines, although they could have had a full partnership in it had they been willing to accept the democratic principle of compromise and majority rule.

Most of all, it was making peace in the open. No major pillar of the peace was erected without a public display of it. Each time Mr. Dulles developed a new concept in the treaty-making, his procedure was to plumb its appeal with all interested parties, and then to tell the public about it in a major speech or policy statement. This often had the effect of creating political controversy while the public educational process went on. "I believe in open covenants," one of Mr. Dulles' aides remarked irritably during one period of troublesome dealing on the reparations question, "but I think they should be secretly arrived at." He was expressing more pique than conviction, because the publicity created additional work. Those who took part in the treaty-making concede that despite such irritations, the open way gives peace a broader, sounder base.

The Japanese Peace Treaty was written the open way. It can, in fact, be fairly described as the first approach to achievement of Woodrow Wilson's ideal of "open covenants, openly arrived at," in a sense much broader than that of the physical signing before the millions of common citizens who watched their television sets.

The Easy Chair

Crusade Resumed

Bernard DeVoto

IF I PUBLISH a book, within two months up to a hundred and fifty people, in newspaper and magazine space allotted to them for the purpose, will tell the public how bad they may think it is. Everyone who publishes ideas and everyone who practices one of the arts has to submit to criticism. The appraisal of ideas, books, art, and skill is considered to be in the public interest and so the freedom of criticism has been buttressed by many safeguards. A writer, for instance, can make it hard or impossible for you to quote from his book unless you are quoting for the purpose of criticism but he can do nothing about that. As for what you say about the book, or within the laws of personal libel what you say about him as the author of it, he cannot restrain you at all. The same holds for painters, musicians, actors, vaudeville performers, philosophers, college professors, and politicians. So long as you are appraising their products or performances, society sanctions you to say whatever you may choose to. It does not even require what you say to be true, or for that matter honest; better to risk a certain amount of error, bias, and dishonesty than restrict criticism.

Thinkers, writers, and artists expect public criticism of their work; they regard it as a necessary accompaniment of their job. Being a robust folk besides, they are always amused by a type of business man who is too timorous and sissified to take criticism. He is usually a manufacturer or a retailer of consumers' goods. He regards it as his right, granted by God and protected by the Constitution, to sell anything he can induce the public to buy and to offer it for sale in full immunity from criticism.

If his shirts go to pieces at the third wash-

ing, if his hairbrushes break off the ends of women's hair and force them to take expensive treatments at the beauty parlor, if this year's model of his radio sets differs from last year's only in that it distorts musical tones 50 per cent more and costs twice as much—society must restrain anyone who wants to tell the public so. Society in fact has got to treat this sensitive thing a good deal more tenderly than that. It must license him to lie about his product as much as he sees fit. If he wants to advertise that his hairbrush, far from damaging women's hair, repairs any damage which age, climate, and accident may have done up to now and will protect it from all such damage hereafter, his advertisement must not be exposed to the brutality of literary criticism. It would be morally wrong, un-American, and an offense to nature to tell the public that his stuff is lousy and that he lies about it.

This does not alarm me. (Though I am willing to suggest to Mr. John Chamberlain that it may be one reason why, as he has been complaining lately, writers tend to picture business men as unable to take it.) Rather, I find it endlessly fascinating. Which is another reason why I periodically return to the only mission I have ever set myself, that of trying to get for the American housewife a kitchen knife she can cut something with.

LAST spring the editors of a magazine invited me to examine in their columns some aspects of business which, it was clear, had failed to inspire my admiration. So I described some tribal magic of the advertising business and speculated about the motives of certain manufacturers who hired the magicians. Did they or didn't they believe

that the ads they paid for told the truth, and what did the answer suggest about on the one hand their intelligence or on the other their ethics? I also described the poor quality of certain manufactured goods, including the kitchen knife, and wondered aloud whether some businesses might not be systematically degrading their goods as a matter of policy.

The results were as usual, howls of anguish and protestations of purity that would have got the howlers a universal horse laugh in the comparatively uneffeminate world of literature. There was only one novelty worth mentioning. In Canada, where business men must be either self-confident or blind, a national advertising association invited me to address its annual convention. On this side of the line there was no such dalliance with evil. Instead an officer of a national advertising association buckled down to his duty. He wrote to the magazine in which my piece had appeared, demurring to the editorial note which had described me as "obviously no Leftist." He advised them forthwith to take a gander at page 350 of the Fourth Report on Un-American Activities in California. California had the dope on me: on that page I was "listed as being associated with some others who are definitely known as Leftists . . . as [he meant 'in'] denouncing the Thomas Committee investigating un-American activities in America." Possibly I was all right, he said, "but association with such activities would leave this [open?] to question."

So far this was routine; time was when to allege a flaw in business was only morally revolting but for some years now it has been clear proof of treason. The novelty came when the hurt but game pantywaist ran off a number of copies of his letter and sent them to places where they might do some good, including the offices of *Harper's*. The *Harper's* official he picked out was the business manager.

Let's look this over. I had said that some kinds of advertising were full of fallacies, as on occasion reviewers have been known to assert that books of mine were. Thereupon an officer of a presumably powerful advertising association sent to my employers, choosing the man who sells advertising space, an imputation made on the letterhead of his organization (but phrased so as not to be actionable) that I am a Communist or a fellow-traveler.

He was saying: we are in a position to control a lot of advertising contracts, better watch out what your columnist does. In short, I had criticized a sacred institution and maybe he could get me fired. A nice try but since it was documentary it comes within my immunity as a literary critic and I may add that it was silly, classified him, and stank.

TO RESUME my mission. Presently the magazine which had published my piece ran a couple of others that undertook to refute it. One was by an officer of a big advertising agency, who said that I could probably have made a fortune writing advertising copy. Since even on the rack I believe in complete freedom of criticism, I took that in silence. The other was by the head of an organization which I greatly admire. It was a good piece but had some holes in it. Thus when he got round to kitchen knives he said that I was altogether wrong. Very fine knives, he said, are available at all good stores. Today's knives are a lot better than those we used to get. In his organization, as in all other good ones, there is an unvarying relationship between the price asked and the value given, and no knife is sold till it has passed severely scientific tests in the firm's laboratory. Finally, just so that I would have to eat my words, but with the privilege of first cutting them to convenient size, he was sending me a selection of kitchen knives from his own stock.

The case of the housewife and the kitchen knife is simple. It is true that she can get good knives. If she has a friend with the right skill and equipment, she can have him forge and turn her one from any available piece of good steel, say an old rasp. For a good paring knife she can go to a store that sells cobblers' supplies and buy the kind of knife that is used to cut sole-leather; or, since the handle of a cobbler's knife may be too thick for her hand, she can go to a school-supply store and buy the kind that is used for cutting stencils. Neither costs more than fire-sale junk and both are incomparably better than anything sold as a paring knife. If she wants a good butcher knife, she can frequent auctions and second-hand stores till one turns up, which is what her butcher probably does, or she can wait till the butcher retires and buy one from him. If she wants a good carving

knife, the best idea is to inherit one. Or she can pay outrageous prices for imported English or Swedish knives, though good English cutlery is getting increasingly hard to find.

What she can't do is go into a hardware store in the expectation that the price asked for American-made knives will have any relationship to their quality, or that at any price she can buy a really good American-made knife. Chisels, planes, scalpels, yes; kitchen knives, no. She will be offered knives of ingenious and somewhat bewildering shapes, knives with handles painted or stained any color to match the woodwork or her apron, knives with blades as shiny as her trustful eyes. They look wonderful but they won't cut anything. They are made of what is, inaccurately, called stainless steel, an admirable material for many things but never used in cutting instruments that have to be sharp, the chisels and scalpels I have mentioned, say, or the guillotine with which the copy of *Harper's* you are reading was trimmed. The chromium that makes them shiny and retards the rate at which they stain makes them incapable of holding an edge. If there were enough to make them stainproof they would not take an edge to begin with.

That he was sending me some knives showed that the executive was a kindly man as well as a lover of truth, but it was clear that top-level problems of management took all his time and had necessitated his taking the firm's testing rooms on faith. Whereas years of the crusade have made me and my family experts on kitchen cutlery. I felt a little sad but the truth must prevail and I intended to turn his gift over to a housewife whose sentiments about some sectors of American business make mine seem old-issue Republican.

THE three knives I received were beautiful. Two of them had been designed by someone who had studied abstractions at the Museum of Modern Art. As artifacts they were so pleasing that you would have been willing to hang them on the living-room wall. The blades were so shiny that they could have been used to shave by, though not with. But functionally neither of these two was a knife. One, which I find sells locally for about \$1.25, had no edge. If the testing room had made sure that the children couldn't get lead-poisoning from the handle, the home-

safety board would have certified it as a toy. I succeeded in giving it an edge but only as you wave to the engineer, for I had to sharpen it again every time it was used. The other, which sells for about \$3.50 here, had an edge but declined to keep it. Slice a meat loaf and retire to the oilstone and steel. We have lent them to butchers for use and comment and they always cause quite a stir. Everybody in the shop gathers round and there is a period of silence and awe before the comment begins. I am unable to report the comment; the anti-obscenity laws forbid. It adds up to this: in the judgment of men who have to have good knives, these are worthless. Hardware dealers whom I have consulted as a check say the same.

I myself would not go quite so far. I judge that they are worth up to fifty cents apiece as stage properties to someone who wants an art photograph of the kitchen. But let's be fair. The Easy Chair classification of manufactured goods recognizes three categories: those that are made to be used, those that are made to be sold, and those that are made to be replaced. These knives are in the second category, not the the third.

THE third knife surprised me. The accompanying printed matter said it was made of that advertising specialty, a new, secret material developed by our own scientists, and was manufactured by our secret process with a security check at the factory gate. Research has failed to reveal to me what the material and process are but I find that the scientists of another manufacturer are secretly producing identical knives. It is a pretty good knife, the first one with a "stainless" blade I have ever seen. You can cut celery or butter or beef with it and find that the edge has not turned. It had an edge when it arrived and kept it for what is these days a phenomenally long time. True, if I had paid for it myself I should have been entitled to my money back fifty-seven months before the accompanying bond expired, but these days a knife that needs only a few licks with the steel amounts to an industrial miracle. It sells here for \$3.50 and my butchers, my hardware dealers, and I agree that in comparison with the other two it is worth every cent it costs. We figure that it is fully half as good as a knife that would sell for \$1.25 (bearing the inflation in mind)

manufacturers went back to using carbon steel as they did in a happier day, as manufacturers of edged tools still do.

This knife has reawakened my congenital optimism. It may be that if the scientists of enough manufacturers make enough secret experiments, ten years and fifty million knives from now the industry will be able to circle back to 1900. With, of course, the customer paying for the experiments, and provided that advertising theory does not forbid.

When the housewife in question reported to the donor the results of our home testing-laboratory, he abandoned the position he had taken in public about my article. His new position was that though she might want a knife that would cut, her desire was eccentric, for the American housewife in general assuredly did not, and that the sacred obligation of American business was to provide the customer with what he wanted. Women wanted, he said, just such knives as with dedication that matched its ingenuity business was selling them.

There is much in what he says, though there is less in it than he believes, as is attested by the number of women with blood in their eye who curse the business system in language that defies the Committee on Un-American Activities. I'm sure that there is a big demand for shiny knives that are functionally worthless. But I'm sure too that the demand has been created by economically wasteful advertising. You develop new selling points: stainlessness, color in the kitchen, modern design, secret processes, caste prestige, and whatever else your advertising agency can dream up. You bludgeon the customer with them in advertising campaigns till you have convinced her that those are the attributes knives should have. Naturally you sell a lot more knives. Though the selling points you have given the product are factitious there are a lot of them, whereas apart from them a knife can have only one, that it is a good instrument for cutting. Meanwhile producing a more salable knife has made it impossible for you to produce a good one.

AT A later time this seminar will take up in detail the economics of "Hell, we sell more, don't we?" Let's glance now at the odd way in which production for

nonfunctional use, or to be precise production for sales, works out. You will recall the fearful damage that has been done since 1932 by the paternalism of our government. It has undermined the sturdy old American virtues. It has destroyed self-reliance, initiative, personal enterprise. It has robbed our people of the precious privilege of doing things for themselves and given them a decadent desire to have more and more done for them. And as a consequence it has forced them to conform to the rigidities of a bureaucratic system against which the will and self-help that were once our greatness break in vain.

Well, business makes a bread knife that sells fast but won't cut bread. So the baker has to cut it, with a machine that has no stainless steel in it, before he packages it and the advertising agency thinks up the glorious word "pre-sliced." Business goes on to make a butcher knife that won't cut meat; so the butcher has to pre-cut chops, pot roasts, and for those who can afford them steaks. Continuing its inspired policy, business makes a great variety of knives that rank as bijouterie but won't cut anything; so more and more food has to be pre-cut. If the sturdy American housewife has ideas of her own about the size, shape, thickness, or weight of chops or any other food, she is simply out of luck. She will damn well take what a paternalistic business system that is undermining initiative and individuality sees fit to give her. By now pre-cutting has opened up a big new demand for cellophane, so there is additional reason to poison her mind with socialistic visions of ease. Propaganda campaigns, paid for by the consumer, celebrate the enervating vision of security—excuse me of convenience, labor-saving, and an increase in leisure that may be used for personal development. Small wonder if, a helpless victim of bureaucratic philosophy, the housewife repudiates the personal responsibility that once made the American home sacred and increasingly demands food she does not need to cut and knives that need not be sharp since there is nothing to use them on. I direct the attention of the Un-American Activities Committee to manufacturers of kitchen knives and the advertising agencies they subsidize. They may not be Communists but association with such activities would leave this (open) to question.

The Millionth Frenchman

Laurence Lafore

Drawings by Bill Ballantine

THE record crop of American tourists who attended the two-thousandth birthday celebration of the city of Paris last summer had good reason to feel that they were living in an era of Franco-American good feeling. Whenever I see a newspaper advertisement showing these tourists taking their ease in the boulevards, I think of the grimmer days six years ago when Americans were publicly booed in French streets, and of the desperate measures which were conceived to save the ancient edifice of Franco-American friendship from collapse.

In those tense months before and after VE-Day, I was one of a few dozen Americans who were working very hard at salvaging the legacy of Lafayette and Franklin. Many people came to us with helpful ideas; I remember one enthusiastic Frenchman who invaded the Embassy, where I was employed in the press office, with a project for celebrating the Fourth of July. He proposed that Grace Moore and Lily Pons be dropped by tri-colored parachutes onto the Arc de Triomphe. It was his plan that the two songstresses would carry microphones and would sing the two national anthems as they fluttered Arc-wards. Other proposals, no less imaginative, came to us in every mail. The most imaginative of all, however, had this curious distinction: it was actually put into operation, and it actually did some good. The story of its conception

and execution forms one of the least known and most peculiar episodes in the history of America's propaganda effort.

At the end of May 1945, the situation of Franco-American friendship was deteriorating rapidly. The French were growing more and more sensitive about their national pride. The Americans were growing more and more homesick and more and more brash. Increasing numbers of what the French called "excesses" (which might mean anything from running over widows in jeeps to fighting gun battles in night clubs) were being charged to the GIs. The Paris papers were beginning to refer apprehensively to their city as *Chicago-sur-Seine*. Worse still, a particular crisis of unprecedentedly alarming proportions was threatening. It was the sort of crisis with which all of us in the Embassy and the OWI were painfully familiar, but it was more appalling than any of its predecessors.

In its first stages, it took the form of complaints that the Americans were not repatriating the French prisoners and *déportés* in Germany fast enough. Over two million Frenchmen had been captive in Germany before the Nazis began to retreat across the Rhine. Most of them were prisoners of war who had been captured in 1940, the rest conscript laborers or political prisoners. Naturally their welfare and repatriation were the concern most deeply felt by all Frenchmen.

Laurence Lafore, who is the author of a doctoral dissertation called Press and Diplomacy in Liberated France, and a teacher of history at Swarthmore College, participated in the feverish incident of international relations here described.

...American rumors, wholly un-
 ... explosive and generally
 ... Americans were deliberately
 ... reputation. They were
 said to be detaining the French in Germany
 ... or to weaken the French
 nation in order that it might more easily fall
 prey to Yankee Imperialism.

In point of fact, the Americans were doing
 a superb job. By the end of May hundreds of
 thousands of captive Frenchmen had been
 brought home, and the gigantic job of liberat-
 ing, sorting, and transporting, was proceeding
 smoothly and rapidly. But intelligent French-
 men laughed in our faces when we tried to
 give them the facts. We were up against a
 combination of raw sensitivities and Cartesian
 skepticism which led us into a steel web of
 unreality whenever we tried to get the truth
 into French minds or French newspapers.

The only way, in such a situation, to pre-
 vent infinite damage was to undertake what
 we psychological warriors had come to refer
 to in office memoranda as a Dramatic Gesture.
 Some fertile minds in OWI accordingly
 worked out a suitable Dramatic Gesture and
 put it into effect almost overnight. It was far
 more dramatic, in the end, than anything they
 had bargained for.

THE man chiefly in charge of the arrange-
 ments was an enterprising young news-
 paperman whom I shall call John
 Holmes. Holmes and I were sharing a house
 together on the Left Bank at the time, and
 I was able to follow the development of his
 Gesture, appreciate the hard work and imagi-
 nation that went into it and, to my own
 astonishment, participate fully in its remark-
 able climax.

The original scheme was for a simple cere-
 mony, with the press in attendance, to cele-
 brate the repatriation of the millionth French-
 man from Germany. As soon as the outline
 was put into Holmes' hands, however, it
 ... to expand and to take on the rich and
 ... coloring of a Japanese Imperial

The first thing Holmes had to do was to get
 the French government to co-operate and
 then to locate a prisoner. To the former end,
 ... at once paid a call on the Ministry of
 ... *et Déportés*. The Ministry
 proved co-operative, so he took off for Ger-

many to find a suitable candidate for the posi-
 tion of Millionth Repatriate.

It was when he arrived in Frankfurt by air
 that his troubles began to arise and he met
 his first frustration. It was of a curiously
 baffling sort: there *were* no more French
 prisoners in the American Zone. The last of
 them had been repatriated several days before.
 There were, to be sure, a few *déportés*—con-
 script laborers or political prisoners—still
 around, but the Ministry had laid down an ab-
 solute veto on *déportés*; the Millionth One,
 the French government had insisted, must be a
 Prisoner of War. (There were complicated po-
 litical reasons for this. The Ministry thought
 that the deported ones were mostly Com-
 munist, and they didn't want the Com-
 munist to get hold of the celebration and ex-
 ploit it.) Since the success of the project de-
 pended upon the co-operation of the Ministry,
 Holmes didn't dare to produce anything ex-
 cept a POW. He would have to look else-
 where.

He had met a second, though minor, frus-
 tration in Frankfurt, too. He learned there
 what no one in Paris had known—something
 over twelve hundred thousand Frenchmen
 had already been repatriated. The true Mil-
 lionth One had returned unnoticed to France
 weeks earlier. But arrangements were already
 going ahead in Paris for the celebration, and
 it was obvious that you couldn't plan a cele-
 bration to welcome back the Twelve Hun-
 dred Thousandth, let alone the Twelve Hun-
 dred Thousand Four Hundred and Thirty-
 First. *Le millionième* slid off the French
 tongue. *Le douze cent mille quatre cent*
trente-et-unième would have sounded idiotic.
 Instantly Holmes decided that strategic con-
 siderations demanded a sacrifice of both accu-
 racy and tactical advantage. *Le millionième*
 it must be, if one could be found.

There was none anywhere in the American
 Zone. Nor was there any in the French Zone,
 it turned out on investigation. With mount-
 ing horror, Holmes telephoned the authori-
 ties in the British Zone, hoping that he would
 not have to deal with the Russians, who were
 notoriously sticky, even in those days, about
 DPs.

The British were discouraging at first;
 they said they didn't *think* they had any
 prisoners left in stock. But after a careful
 search they succeeded in locating one, a non-

journalists were permitted to feast their eyes on the sight of a German girl who had been put to work shining the shabby shoes of depressed Latvian DPs. Then we were taken to lunch, a splendid meal accompanied by good French champagne and a large number of toasts. Then we were taken on a second tour of the camp.

It was becoming clear, even to the beguiled newspapermen, that inquiries about the Millionth One were being discouraged. He was conspicuous by his absence. Growing more and more curious, I detached myself from the party and sought out Holmes. I found him in a small outbuilding in the company of a British colonel, the French captain from Baden-Baden, the Millionth One, and a gruesomely underfed little Frenchman, an inmate of the camp, noticeably diseased and decidedly cadaverous, in the grim striped uniform which the Germans had put on the victims of their concentration camps. Both the Millionth One and the political prisoner (who was thereafter referred to as "the salt-mine character" by a harassed and unfeeling Holmes) were dissolved in hysterical tears. It was clear that Jean was in no condition to be exhibited to the French journalists.

The trouble, it turned out, was that Jean had decided he would rather be court-martialed than repatriated and had told the French captain so. This reason for this unusual preference, it seemed, was his unwillingness to be separated from the salt-mine character, who had become more or less his buddy.

Cajoling and threats were of no avail. The

more Holmes pleaded, the more the British colonel persuaded, the more the French captain raged, the harder Jean and his friend cried and the more despairing they looked.

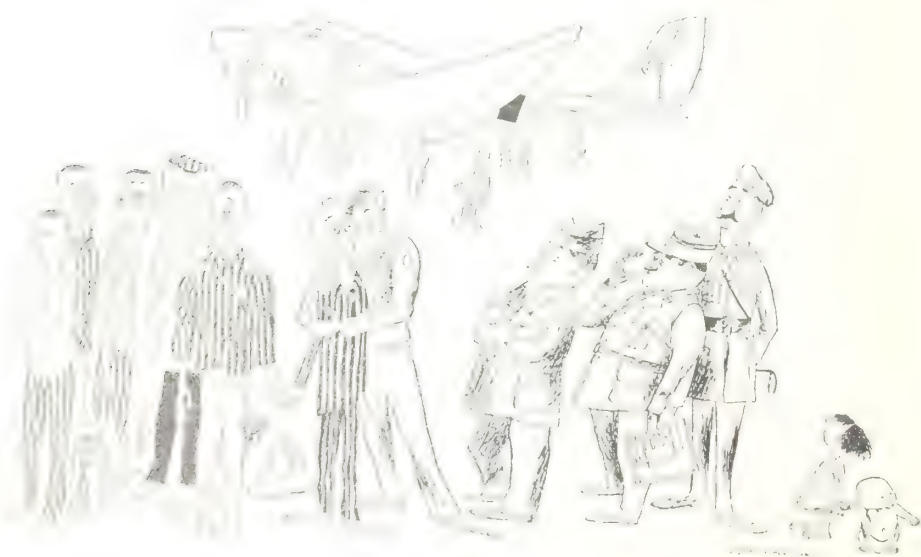
An impasse had clearly been reached, and once again it was Holmes who chose the direct way out. The French officer was strongly of the opinion that the Millionth One and the salt-mine character must be separated. In a state ceremony, he felt, the hideously pathetic mien of the latter would be shockingly out of place. It would be indecorous. It would strike a grim note on an occasion of rejoicing, like a bridesmaid with eczema. But Holmes felt that the Millionth One with his friend would be better than the Millionth One alone in handcuffs.

In the end his view prevailed. The captain gave in sullenly. Jean gave in, even more sullenly, and patted his chum on the head. Arrangements were made that the human wreck would accompany him back.

After his face had been washed, the Millionth One was sent out to meet the press, leading his friend by the hand. The friend, unfortunately, was not in a condition to grasp the circumstances; he was still heaving pitifully with great sobs and clutching his protector's hand with a death grip. It was in some ways a touching scene.

The press conference was not entirely a success. The celebrity was still disposed to taciturnity, even hostility. Although he had won his point, he remained despondent and suspicious, and he answered the questions which were asked him in monosyllables, pausing occasionally to wipe away some residue of

tears. Holmes and the French captain remained apprehensive to a degree, but nothing really disastrous occurred. With difficulty, the essential information was squeezed out. Name, age, occupation, circumstances of his capture in 1940 (he couldn't recall them), family connections (none). It was with the approach of the photographers that Holmes became really nervous; the pitfalls of photography were numerous and unthinkably deep.



WITH the clicking of cameras, however, a change began to take place in the *millionième's* stubborn, animal hostility. After the first few shots his coarse features brightened and his set expression relaxed. With increasing alacrity he would turn his head and alter his stance as directed. It was clear that the cameras had at last driven home to him that he was a hero. Until then, I think, he had imagined that a horrible punishment was awaiting him in Paris; now he seemed to make the simple association between photography and Hollywood. There were flashing smiles and even cheerful exchanges of repartee. He whispered directions to the salt-mine character who proved, however, wholly unresponsive, and remained tearful.

Jean was a transformed character within half an hour. He had become the best possible Millionth One. He chattered gaily and led the camera men around to suggest suitable backgrounds for his posing. It was all very gratifying.

It was when we were actually boarding the plane for the return trip that the final difficulty arose. It was occasioned this time by Jean's unhappy chum, who obstinately refused to climb on board. Jean himself, whose behavior had now passed beyond co-operation into arrogance, held muttered conferences with his friend and then explained the problem to us. We had assumed that the friend, clearly in a highly unstable condition, was averse to air travel. The reality was far worse. He didn't mind the plane, it appeared, but he had five *copains*, survivors like himself of concentration camps. He was unwilling to leave them, even when supported by Jean. Indeed, Jean reported calmly, he would *not* leave them. And unless the salt-mine character came to Paris, Jean said, there would be no Millionth One.

Holmes and the French captain and the British colonel were appalled. The complicated bureaucracy of repatriation had not gone into operation; the five men had not been processed, checked, tagged, listed, investigated, fumigated. But worse than that, we foresaw a chain reaction. Suppose the pals had pals of their own? A sort of unauthorized mass repatriation loomed.

It was impossible to reason with the salt-mine character, who would simply bury his

head in his hands and sob when addressed by anybody but Jean. It was impossible to reason with Jean, who was displaying the kingly temperament of a *grande vedette*. The French journalists, already aboard the plane, were beginning to peer out of the windows with expectant curiosity.

Once again Holmes chose the path of direct action, which led over the protesting forms of the French and British officers. He virtually ordered them to produce the five *copains*, come what might. He made himself directly responsible to General de Gaulle, President Truman, and Mr. Churchill for the consequences. The *copains* were summoned.

When they arrived they were seen to be in an even sadder state, if anything, than their friend. Horribly emaciated, they still wore the tattered striped convict uniforms. Their faces were, in several cases, covered with leprous afflictions. If the tone of the proceedings in Paris would be lowered by one such human wreck, it would be altogether destroyed by six of them. But there was nothing for it but to put them on the plane. Happily, they proved more blindly accessible to commands than their companion, and the chain reaction did not materialize.

The flight to Paris was a nightmare, once it got started. There were not enough seats for the expanded *suite* of the Millionth One, and out of deference to their ghastly sufferings, a half-dozen of the journalists agreed to sit on the floor in order to accommodate the victims of Nazism with bucket seats. The floor was crowded and the journalists were tired and irritable. They began to murmur about the inadequacy of the accommodations provided by the Americans and to draw pointed comparisons with their treatment at the hands of the British. The initial discomfort, however, was rapidly seen to be trivial when the victims of Nazism began to get airsick, which they did almost immediately after the take-off. By the time we arrived at Paris the cabin of the plane resembled a troop hospital in the Crimean War prior to the ministrations of Florence Nightingale.

Only the Millionth One appeared to be enjoying himself—an enterprising photographer had gotten a shot of him inside the plane, and this seemed to sustain his morale for the entire trip.

1945 from this dispiriting atmosphere that we alighted onto the runway at Le Bourget and confronted a scene which caused our gloom to evaporate. Ranged before the long buildings of the airdrome were several thousand military personnel of assorted branches and nationalities. There was a bagpipe band of Highlanders. There was a squadron of French naval cadets. There were endless units of American GIs. There were several tanks and serried rows of jeeps. As far as the eye could see in either direction, perfectly disciplined and flamboyantly uniformed troops stood at attention. In front of them, also at attention, stood generals of the American, French, British, and Soviet armies. Behind the troops thousands of onlookers cheered and waved small flags. Above them, banners of the United Nations floated colorfully on the summer breeze. In the clear afternoon skies whirled formations of the Ninth U. S. Air Force, from whose planes fluttered down leaflets which read *Hommage au millionième*.

The bands played the national anthems of the four principal Allies. The Millionth One, who had so lately been a pathetic creature, stood in a suitable pose of solemnity and triumph, rigidly at attention, at the door of the plane. Below him, on the ground, the French newspapermen were borrowing one another's handkerchiefs to effect some necessary tidying up and also standing at attention. Among them, the pilot of the plane stood at attention. I stood at attention. Behind us, inside the plane, Holmes was sweating at the work of suppressing the six extraneous passengers. (What he did with them I never liked to ask. They were never seen again by the rest of us.)

It took quite a while to complete the concert of band music. Then several of the French units formed a sort of honor guard for the Millionth One, who was smartly saluted by the generals and kissed on both cheeks by an unidentified but extremely eminent Italian who wore morning dress and a white beard. Between two columns of French police who held back the surging throngs, the Millionth One and the generals and the bearded gentleman proceeded toward a waiting limousine. They were followed by the journalists (who also got a big welcome from the crowd) and by me.

In the parking area, into which the aisle of MPs led us, all was confusion. A sea of cars, mostly jeeps, was immobilized by the crowd, which was screaming hoarsely and pushing roughly. The Millionth One and his impressive escorts had disappeared from view. Any semblance of an official party had dissolved, and I was beginning to wonder how I was to get back into town when I found myself pushed up against a jeep. In the jeep, in addition to a driver, was Susan Lampson, an American correspondent whom I happened to know fairly well. She was at the time covering women's fashions in Paris, but she was entitled to the uniform of a war correspondent and to a jeep, and she made full use of both of them. "Get in," Susan said. I got in, and she ordered the driver to start the jeep. "Can't stand crowds," she said. I thought of telling her that I couldn't stand corpses, of which a great many seemed likely if the jeep were to move a yard in any direction. But the driver was a seasoned GI; he yelled and the crowd moved aside. The jeep ploughed forward into the street.

A number of other cars, mostly bearing high brass, followed in the path which we had opened, but there was only one ahead of us. It was the limousine which contained the Millionth One. Before it, eight or ten American MPs on motorcycles, who had been waiting prudently outside the airport, fell into line. Two others drew up beside us. We were caught in the line as Number Two Attraction in the greatest motorcade of postwar France.

WHEN I had last seen the broad and squalid avenue which leads from Le Bourget to Paris, it had been sleeping, dismal, and gray in the early morning light. Now it was exuberantly wide awake. The pavements and the balconies were jammed along the entire route. The houses were hung with endless rows of flags of all the United Nations. Bunting was strung across the street and so, at intervals, were enormous streamers reading "*Hommage au millionième*" and some others, dating from VE-Day, which said "*Vive la victoire*." Still others, noticeably frayed, dated from the previous August and said "*Bienvenu à nos libérateurs*."

All along the way Susan and I were enthusiastically cheered. Neither of us, naturally, had ever been in such a position before,

and we were uncertain how to act. At one point, Susan tried standing up on the seat and shaking hands with herself in the manner of a successful pugilist, but I discouraged this, pointing out that the gesture was unknown to the French and might possibly have an obscene meaning. After a brief debate we agreed to replace the attitude of a Hero of the Ring with the manner of a Royal Progress. From then on Susan contented herself with nodding and smiling graciously and occasionally waving a gloved hand. Fortunately she had with her a small tricolor which, she said, she always carried just to be on the safe side. I waved it to the cheering Parisians while we speculated on who they thought we were. There were frequent wild cries of "*Vive l'ambassadeur*" and, more often, "*Vive les Wacs*."

When we reached the city itself, we were treated to a new form of greeting. At regular intervals, the two leading cars were showered with roses. (I learned later that Holmes had arranged to have several carloads delivered to householders along the route for this purpose.) Susan selected a bouquet from those that fell in her lap and waved that at the populace. It added immeasurably to the regal effect.

Thus we came to the Place de l'Opéra.

The OWI offices were situated in the Place, opposite the Café de la Paix, and the staff was gathered on the balcony to study the effect of its planning. Susan and I had both worked for OWI until quite recently, and we were pleased to abandon the Royal Progress attitude temporarily as we passed the familiar building. For the benefit of our late colleagues, we adopted a Dictator - Reviewing - Youth Group pose, staring grimly first to one side and then the other. One of the OWI people, I am sorry to say, recovered from his shock in time to thumb his nose at us before we were quite past.

The procession swept down to the Louvre and across the river to the Gare d'Orsay. Here it halted, and the Millionth One alighted.

So did Susan and I. Liveried footmen escorted us to the main waiting room, where an area, set off with potted palms and heavily carpeted, had been reserved for the *Vin d'honneur* which the Minister of Prisoners and Deported Ones was presenting to the Millionth One.

Behind a potted palm Susan and I consulted while the dignitaries who had been behind us in the cortege streamed in.

"Are you going all the way?" she asked.

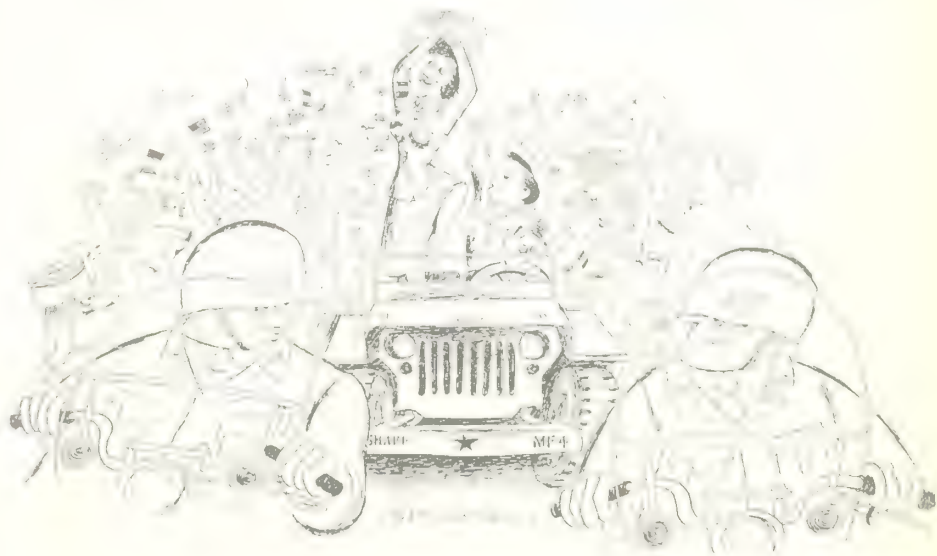
"All the way?"

"The motorcade is to proceed to the *millionième's* home town, near Toulon, on the Riviera. All the villages will be decorated and at night there will be fireworks in the larger cities."

I felt suddenly very tired. It had been a long day. I excused myself from the six-hundred-mile trip to Toulon.

"I *think* we could save our place in the procession," Susan said eagerly. I shook my head and sought an inconspicuous way out of the enclosure between two potted palms. As I left, I noticed the Millionth One standing in the center, holding a glass of champagne and bowing and saluting, wreathed in smiles.

The streets were strangely quiet in the evening sun. A great tranquillity seemed to have settled on the Left Bank and upon my house, when I reached it. On the bedroom floor lay one of the Ninth Air Force leaflets which had floated in through the open French windows. Wearily I picked it up. Then I crossed out the words "*au millionième*" and rewrote it so that it read "*Hommage à Holmes*" and pinned it to the front door.



Some of the Boys a Little While Had Names

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

I SPEAK of a street in Denver, Colorado:
Out of the distances of Summertime
Came teamsters under apricot parasols,
So high, so stately moving
On the great green beautiful elephant sprinkling wagons
Raking the dust with rainbow tines of spray;
You could smell a rainy push of cool and scuff
The thunderheads between your toes and wander
Over the cinnamon-silvertip Rocky Mountains,
Never returning.

There were autumns of jingle-bob cattle and swallow-fork cattle
Sloping out Downing Street,
Horses in sunbonnets, golden balls on the hames
Of the horse-collars.
And some of the boys a little while had names
As you'd name a sulphur-saffron star Arcturus,
Or name a child Joe Gans or Agamemnon,
Or name a nick a moon in an agate marble,
Discrete, distinguishable from the moon in the sky
As long as some could still recall the meaning.

But now there are no cattle passing by.
The crack of a drover's whip, if there were one
To crack a whip, would be phenomenal:
The moon is silence lighted by the sun.

The boys strode up the lion ramps and down,
They panted and they boasted and they rested
Paler than lily-white Pollux, lily-white Castor,
Handlebars under the trees like dappled antlers
Pleaching the moods of maple to box-elder
Until the trees, insensible to names
Of vests and watch-chains, golden vegetables,
Respected lusts and temperate honesties.
Quit being trees: there was no pollarding
For higher growth and slowly they came down
By fractures of mild tempests and new times.

You could ride your bicycle out Downing Street
To the very end where you had to make a choice:
You could go the way the cattle had to go
Or hook to the West toward Riverside Cemetery
Where people had to go, or you could be
Impractical about alternatives.
You could change the street each evening at the summons
Of tomorrow's candlepower by wick, by sun.

After Hours

Dog Eat Dog

GIBRALTAR is the only port I have ever put into the looks of which made me glad that I couldn't go ashore. The Rock is sun-baked, and a blond city entirely made of official buildings climbs up its side all one color, all of it desolate. The bright blue water of the harbor, however, is alive with small craft, especially when a big passenger ship calls there. It swarms with bumboats, some of them rowed by two men (or more often a man and a boy), some of them propelled by gasoline engines, all of them hell-bent for the big ship around which they jockey for position in what looks like a completely dog-eat-dog kind of primitive free enterprise.

As the little boats come within range their pilots throw stout fishing lines weighted at one end with a knot of rope up to the passengers at the railing. The passengers grab; sometimes they miss and the snarl of line drops into the harbor. After the ship I was on had been there waiting a few minutes to discharge some passengers and pick up some Italian immigration officials, lines went from the railing to little boats from stem to stern of the ship. In the boats were crates of sherry and brandy, the bottles wrapped in straw, baskets of figs and bananas and peaches. "Spanish" shawls (probably from Liverpool or Chicago), cartons of American cigarettes, silver trinkets, and Basque berets. Since the boatmen spoke only Spanish and few of the passengers spoke anything but English or Italian, there was a good deal of meaningless

shouting and head-shaking and gesticulating. The real business was done by holding up fingers to indicate price. Prices were in dollars.

Ordinary Spanish brandy was selling for a dollar a bottle; good Spanish brandy (Fundador) for \$1.25. Cigarettes were a dollar and a half a carton but could be got for a dollar after some haggling. The boatmen put their wares in soft market baskets and the passengers pulled them up, put the money in the baskets, and sent them back down. During the hour that the buying went on, the prices came down a little, but they hit a very firm bottom and the fact that the ship was about to sail did not, as many of us thought it might, bring them down in a final flurry. There was no haggling between one boatman and another and rarely were two adjacent boats selling the same wares.

BY THE time we were ready to pull out of the harbor the deck of the ship was littered with bottles of brandy and baskets of fruit and many more passengers were wearing berets than before. One American passenger was overexpansive. He found a bargain in cigarettes at a dollar a carton and was naïve enough to send four dollars down in a basket before he got his cigarettes. The Spaniard in the bumboat took the money out of the basket, stuck it in his pocket, yanked on his line, broke it, and was off.

"You damn thief!" the man yelled at him. Then he had an inspiration. He picked up the sizable knot of rope that had been on the end of the broken line and threw it at

the Spaniard, now about seventy feet away. It was a Sunday pitch. The knot hit its target *by the face*. The American's grimace of anger changed to a smile of satisfaction, and the passengers around him cheered.

Standing next to me at the railing was a *man of the crew*.

"Nice aim," he said with obvious satisfaction.

"Tell me," I said. "How come you can get Fundador for a dollar and a quarter? Is it cut?"

"It's okay," he said. "I got some myself. They get it at Tangiers. That's a free port. The syndicate buys the stuff for them."

"You mean these fellows are not in business for themselves?"

"Hell no, mister," he said, somewhat scornfully. "They're all controlled from Naples. See these motor boats that circle around? They're syndicate boats making sure none of the boys pull a fast one. It's not healthy for outsiders to cut in on this racket. What do you think this is, free enterprise?"

He picked up his two bottles of brandy. "See you," he said, and walked off down the deck.

Gruesome-on-the-Ganges

DURING the second week of September there was an epidemic among movie critics of their occupational disease—schizophrenia, in the form of calling a film a masterpiece in the same paragraph in which they run it into the ground. Mr. Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times*, who enjoys the uneasy privilege of reviewing a picture twice (once in midweek and again on Sunday), was hit by the affliction in a mild form when he came to deal with "The River," a Technicolor spectacle filmed in India by a French director under American auspices. Mr. Crowther found it one "of the most intriguing and well-intended pictures of the year," and you may have seen him quoted in newspaper ads as saying that "against the colorful background of a holy river in India and the busy placid miscellany of the pungent life along its banks, Jean Renoir has filmed a haunting reverie. . . ." Yet near the end of weekend alterthoughts Mr. Crowther came to an additional conclusion about Mr. *He has not got a picture of India.*

. . . He has not even got the story of a river in all its moods. . . . He has got—we hate to put it bluntly, but it really comes down to this—a sort of dreamy philosophical discourse, illustrated with motion-picture scenes."

Why does Mr. Crowther hate to put it bluntly? In his Sunday column he manages to say that "The River" is so incompetently conceived that only a spoken narration holds it together, that the members of the cast "toil rather loosely with a drama that is fitful and overwrought," and that the latter "has nothing to do with the river nor with the native population along its shores." His thesis, though paradoxical, is the admirable one that this picture—together with "The Medium," another over-inflated importation I have heard described as "worse, if this were possible, than 'Tales of Hoffmann'"—is so intent on wooing the ear that it neglects the eye. In other words, "The River" is anticinematic; it goes against the nature of film. It is, in addition, a thoroughly obnoxious movie, but I must confess that I find its abhorrent qualities (which represent incompetence and sinusal pathos on a merely routine level) far less aggravating than the elaborate deference with which the critical fraternity greeted it, slurring over major defects as though they were minor and never letting on to the reader that "The River" might be trashy and unimportant, as it most certainly is.

Mr. Crowther was not alone in the difficulty. Mr. Otis L. Guernsey, Jr., of the *Herald Tribune* joined the same two films together and described them both as having "more than average interest" and showing "that the screen is generating as much excitement and imagination as it ever was." This did not prevent Mr. Guernsey from remarking that in "The River" the "human problems seem oversimplified" and that "the characterizations are, on the whole, rather shallow"; in fact, he thought this awkwardness deliberate and used the accurate phrase, "a kind of Technicolor super-travelogue," as though he meant it as a compliment. I take it that he did, since the insufferably patronizing picture-postcard treatment of "The River's" background seems to have struck him as its "greatest charm." Indian readers of the *Tribune*, if any (and if any of them were so little nauseated by the film that they can read

about it) may gag on Mr. Guernsey's admiration for "the peculiar atmosphere of this exotic country." His delight is so personal that I wish, in some ways, he had not testified to its origin, but the words are in print. "News of 'The River's' quality," Mr. Guernsey said, "had leaked out long before its opening. . . ."

LET'S be blunt, Mr. Crowther. Metropolitan movie-reviewing can be terrorized by the build-up. A picture which is sponsored by the Theatre Guild—or which opens at the Paris, the Sutton, or the Park Avenue—may have its little weaknesses but it gets the benefit of the doubt. Who knows, maybe (here comes Archer Winsten in the *Post*) "another great has been added to motion picture history"? By now it is platitudinous to observe that the correlation between box-office and movie reviews is a flat negative, but usually this statistic is argued against the audience. If there is a pollster in the house, will he please get up and speak for his profession?

I suggest a conceivable corollary: that the New York reviewers either cannot tell good pictures from bad or do not indicate the discovery once it has been made, and that movie-goers have long since become aware that their own judgment is more reliable. Movie-goers, that is, except for the limited group at whom the advance advertising is directed, which may be defined as that class of persons who model themselves on *New Yorker* fiction.

In justice to the reviewers (Mr. John McCarten of the *New Yorker* liked it, too) who were attracted by the Indian scenery Mr. Renoir's camera was unavoidably pointed at, I must admit that the Ganges is a handsome stream and that it is interesting to know that along its banks the smokestack is as much a feature of the landscape as on the Delaware. The director has been sufficiently faithful to his medium to allow the camera now and then to exercise its natural function of revealing the visual qualities of unorganized experience, but only now and then and only between the interstices of his "philosophical discourse" about young love, and the wheel of life, and how poignant it all is. An Indian girl named Radha does a dance, as appropriately as Bing Crosby bursting into song while crossing the desert on a camel, in which

she is at least relieved of low Occidental instruction. She is said to have joined the because it was the first American made in India, and to have stipulated be her last—a misfortune, since she is the personage of distinction in the picture and does not merit the oblivion which will mercifully descend on her associates.

Of course "The River" was "well-intended," in Mr. Crowther's phrase, but so was the original dedication to quality of the special-audience houses (like the one in which it is now playing) which has operated to achieve this suspension of judgment among their patrons. No quarrel can be taken with the management for seeking to fill their seats, or with the integrity of the critics in speaking their minds, on any grounds of motive: these are the friends of film. But when such a phony as "The River" has to be treated as a work of art even by the critics who expound its abysmal failings, then it may be desirable to cancel the authority of the "quality" label and say that what has been done to film is a disservice.

The old trade phrase for art theaters, "sure-seaters," which once meant that you could always count on getting in, now has a new connotation, which is that if the film is pretentious enough some people will always pay to see it. The plan, furthermore, is to market "The River" at "theatrical" prices, two showings a day, all seats reserved, in a bid for the "class" customers. Beware, henceforward and indefinitely, of all such devices to debase the level of your economic self-expression. A refusal to see "The River" shouldn't save you more than a refusal to see "David and Bathsheba."

"The Love of Four Colonels"

IT SEEMS more than likely that before the winter is over a variety of plays now running in London will be seen on Broadway. Almost surely John Gielgud will bring "The Winter's Tale" here. In London one heard it spoken of last summer as "the best Shakespeare production in years," and people wondered, "Why can't we have this sort of Shakespeare all the time?" I couldn't get in; it was sold out. There will also be the Old Vic again, and a play by a young man named

Peter Ustinov, who is as smart as paint, called "The Love of Four Colonels." I am happy to nominate it as the play least likely to succeed on Broadway for this season.

I have heard that the Theatre Guild has bought it, but hope that Mr. Ustinov, who is as bright as a button, keeps his play in London where it is very good fun, and where it belongs. It certainly isn't worth going to London to see, but if you happen to be there you shouldn't miss it. It is quite distinctly one of those *vins du pays* that should be drunk not too far from its vineyard.

But Mr. Ustinov, who is as clever as a fox, wants to bring his play, unabridged and unabashed, to New York. This may be because he plays the leading role in it and it gives him the most extraordinary opportunity to show off his talents as a comedian, mimic, versifier, punster, parodist, and social satirist. If he does, I suspect that Mr. Ustinov, who is as quick as a wink, may be sorry.

American friends who had seen the play before I got to London all recommended that I see it. English friends, with one exception, told me not to waste my time. But then Americans drink pink gin in London who wouldn't dream of drinking it at home, and Englishmen who know about American martinis are always surprised to see an American who likes pink gin. "The Love of Four Colonels" is pink gin (which is England's *vin du pays*).

It is a play with a most elaborate scheme, starting with a scene in which four colonels, an Englishman, a Frenchman, a Russian, and an American on occupation duty in Germany, hold a conference which is made funny by the Russian's getting up and leaving whenever things don't go his way. In this scene the American colonel, who has occasional trouble with his American accent, betrays that he is helpless without his psychiatrist. The Frenchman is displayed as a charming and practical romanticist; the Englishman as a charming, disillusioned, stiff-upper-lip, guns-and-dogs man who has written poetry under an assumed name ("It wouldn't do for a colonel to write verse under his own name . . .," he says, "especially a colonel on

the active list"). The Russian spouts dogma.

When things finally begin to happen in this play they really begin to happen. Peter Ustinov, who is as sharp as a knife, appears as the wicked fairy and a young lady in a British army uniform appears as the good fairy. Doors open without any but Mr. Ustinov's cleverness to open them, and the supernatural takes over. The play then proceeds in a ruined castle where Sleeping Beauty, no kidding, lies sleeping, and the four colonels are invited to act out their dreams of romantic love on a stage within a stage (are you still with me?) with Sleeping Beauty as the girl of their dreams. Well, all this has given Mr. Ustinov, who is as ——— as a ———, a chance to write four short parodies, to wit: a French eighteenth century drawing-room comedy, a Shakespearean bit, an American gangster film, and a Chekhov. Mr. Ustinov plays the foil in each of these plays, and he's as funny as a crutch. He has the most mobile face I have ever seen on the stage and a tremendous range of color and expression in his voice and in the movements of his body.

HE is in fact a talented fellow, as he well knows. What he doesn't know is when to stop. Mr. Ustinov should feed himself to his public with an eye-dropper, not with a hose. His play is about three quarters of an hour too long, and about ten stone too heavy-handed most of the time. His parody of Americans is sometimes extremely apt and patronizing as only British parody of Americans can be. Americans expect that in London as they expect pink gin; they also expect a different pace in the theater from what they expect in New York. Mr. Ustinov should know that Americans don't mind being kidded but they do mind being bored. If he will cut his play to the quick—and the funny—there will still be plenty left, at least as much as its wit and intellectual content can carry; and I will withdraw my nomination.

He might very well have a play that would succeed on Broadway.

—Mr. Harper



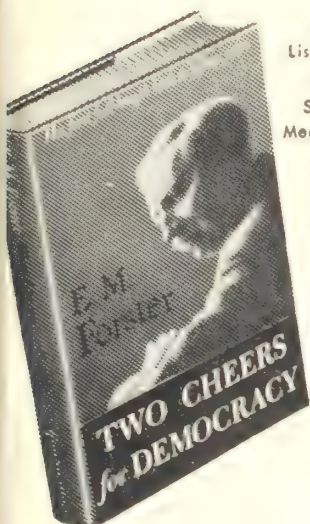
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THE EDITORS

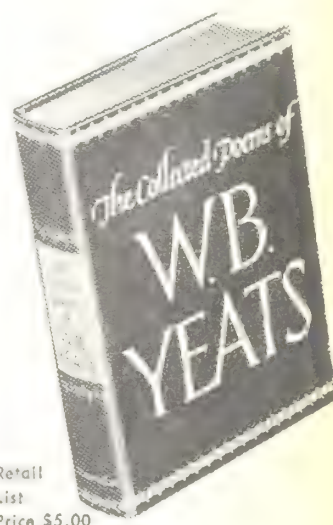
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NEW BOOKS

Forrestal, Kennan, and Assorted Celebrities

Charles Poore

JAMES VINCENT FORRESTAL (1892-1949) was President Roosevelt's last Secretary of the Navy and President Truman's first Secretary of Defense. His personal notations on those years of tumult, *The Forrestal Diaries* (Viking, \$5), have been ably edited by Walter Millis of the New York *Herald Tribune* and Eugene S. Duffield of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* to make an important chapter in our time's extraordinarily full book of revelations.

Indeed, the editing, a brilliant pastiche from the world's singularly restless history between July 1941, when the diary entries began, and March 1949, when they ended, just before Mr. Forrestal's tragic death, is a work of such insight and devotion that it almost overbalances the fundamental material—which tended, as Mr. Millis has observed, to be “a record of what he might forget rather than of what he was certain to remember.” Yet what he did put down in diary or letter or memorandum form throws a continuing light on the steps that led into the rocky, red-shadowed labyrinth of our time.

As long ago as September 1944, when the shade of the future looked rosier, he wrote a friend:

I find that whenever any American suggests that we act in accordance with the interests of our own security he is apt to be called a god-damned fascist or imperialist, while if Uncle Joe suggests that he needs the Baltic Provinces, half of Poland, all of Bessarabia, and the Balkans to the Mediterranean, all hands agree that he is a fine, frank, candid, and generally delightful fellow who is very easy

to deal with because he is so explicit in what he wants.”

Mr. Forrestal's point of view was not widely fashionable at the moment. Ironically enough, people who have since grown a thought touchy about guilt by association with other sorts of fellow-travelers, were in that day fairly bold and resolute in exercising their right to detect fascists and imperialists as hysterically as they pleased. A year or so later, when Stalin's acts, if not his words, were getting franker by the minute—though not, as yet, about Czechoslovakia, say, or Korea—Mr. Forrestal saw an American armored division at Potsdam. It filled three miles of road with very solid armor, and it seemed to have impressed the hell out of the Russians.

“There came to my mind,” an entry in *The Forrestal Diaries* records, “the President's remark about Stalin's observation about the Pope: When Churchill suggested that the Pope would still be a substantial influence in Europe, Stalin snorted and said, ‘How many divisions has the Pope?’”

“How Many Divisions Has the Pope?”

THAT one question may be the single most fatefully significant remark of this century. It is so incredibly pat that it deserves to be apocryphal. It belongs to art; nature would normally conceal it. Through all that followed in the negotiations with the Russians as they broke one Yalta and Potsdam agreement after another it might stand as the handwriting on the Iron Curtain.

You think of it when you are reading the

The Swivel Chair

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THE occupant of the swivel chair is like the English Cuckoo. He lays his gross egg of propaganda close by that nest of good will and good art — The Easy Chair — hoping to profit by its warmth.

Perhaps, however, the cuckoo is to be pitied rather than despised. He does not know the joys of incubation, he is the creature of the harsh wind of expediency. Egg-heavy and homeless his mate must grasp at straws. He knows no integrity, but the

integrity of necessity.

There has never been a book like this one . . . That is a sentence that is allowed to occur in the Swivel Chair only once a season. On this particular occasion we refer to a book called *LIFE IN AMERICA*, published in association with the Metropolitan Museum of New York and written by Marshall B. Davidson of the museum. Two spacious volumes which overflow with pictures and with words — contemporary paintings, contemporary comment, illuminating interpretation, of five hundred years of American history — that is *LIFE IN AMERICA*.

This book does many things. In its pages you may walk in the past as if it were a garden. You may re-examine the wall from which Wall Street took its name or descend into the Comstock Lode or see the first big-money fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan or the Cincinnati Redstockings' baseball game in 1869.

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This is self understanding in the light of which we may re-examine all we have read or seen or felt and thereby find a sudden realization of what

other histories must mean to other nations. In describing the making of American character Mr. Davidson has shown us the quality of national character everywhere.

"WOLF WOLF" cries the occupant of the Swivel Chair, more loudly than any Manhattan spinster — "great heavens, it *is* a wolf!" —

Certain lightminded gentlemen in the trade have suggested that *LIFE IN AMERICA* is Houghton Mifflin Company's answer to television. If that is true, then Houghton Mifflin has an answer to the comic book too.

There has never been a book like . . . We have recently published a book, *MINN OF THE MISSISSIPPI*, by Holling C. Holling (his friends call him Holling). It is for young people and is the story of a snapping turtle and an underwater journey from Minnesota to the Gulf which took forty years. It is quite an experience to see America from the bottom of the Mississippi.

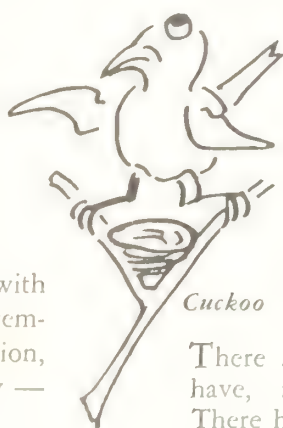
There is more in the Mississippi than even Huck Finn ever dreamed of. Minn's biography, her many portraits in color, are rich beyond belief in Mississippi lore and the text is yet further enriched by a myriad of marginal drawings depicting the geography of her travels, the details of her growth and the history of River and Minn's forty years — years that changed the Mississippi even more than they changed Minn.

There *has* been another book like Minn. There have, in fact, been three others. There has been the story of a wooden Indian upon the Great Lakes — *PADDLE TO THE SEA*; the story of a giant cottonwood which stemmed a century of traffic on the Sante Fe Trail — *TREE IN THE TRAIL*; and the story of an ivory mascot — *SEABIRD* — that sailed the seven oceans in an era that stretched from clipper ships to clipper planes — four books by Holling which will make an epoch in a child's life and set him dreaming happily of all the worlds he has yet to see. He can lose himself in page after page of pictures in full color, and in the looking learn happily much that will help him in school as well.

A recurrent figure in America's folklore is the character who is a little too smart for his own good. Before the white man came here the Indians called that character "Old Man Coyote", the Negroes called him "Brer Rabbit", the Yankees called him Sam Slick. He lives today in a comic strip. His name is Seminole Sam. Compared with such, poor Swivel Wit in his revolving throne is but a plumber's assistant in the confidence game. None the less he's of that ilk, ready to turn a quick sawbuck, always knowing which side his bread is buttered on. Yet may it not sometimes be that bread is buttered on the side of truth?



The Swivel Wit



Cuckoo

Wolf Wolf



... account of the spectacularly acrimonious dissension that attended what was meant to be unification of our armed services. You think of it when Mr. Forrestal is talking about the Berlin Airlift. You think of it in the arguments over European policy, from Whitehall to Tel Aviv, in the crosscurrents of everybody's changing and conflicting views on China as the years wore on. You think of it each time a Soviet lunge threatens to overturn the world's battered apple cart.

A lot may have been left out (in the first instance, by Mr. Forrestal) of the Forrestal papers. Let's not overlook the fact, though, that a lot has also been left in. You can trace here, for example, the growing doubt that we really needed to argue so fiercely over the value of Russian help in Asia, since there seemed, in any case, absolutely no practical way of preventing them from extending that devouring aid. Was it to help us that they mixed into Hungary, Bulgaria, or Rumania?

Hindsight may tell us, after reading *The Forrestal Diaries*, that we should not have demobilized so fast. But can hindsight assure us that this country would have agreed to let industry stay on a war footing indefinitely after V-E and V-J Day? Which of our political parties would have enthusiastically endorsed the cost?

Mr. X Passes By

A COOL, Socratic pragmatist of diplomacy, George F. Kennan, has written a short book, *American Diplomacy: 1900-1950* (Chicago, \$2.75), for a long influence. Mr. Kennan is the "Mr. X" whose famous paper on "The Sources of Soviet Conduct" in *Foreign Affairs* for July 1947 clarified a vast lot of fuzzy thinking about the Byzantine-Marxist minds behind the Soviet guns. It was Kennan, a State Department career man, whose lucid reports when he was our *chargé d'affaires* in Moscow impressed Forrestal and helped shape his prophetic thinking. Read this book and you'll see why.

"Sources of Soviet Conduct" and a paper, "America and the Russian Future," were reprinted (suitable enough, I suppose, since it's the tail that wags the dog, even when the tail is double) as appendixes to *American Diplomacy: 1900-1950*. The main body of Mr. Kennan's quietly explosive book

is based on a series of lectures he gave at the University of Chicago, an institution that cherishes lit'ry and intellectual masterpieces—though only rarely when they are so young as to attract attention to the youth of that university.

Mr. Kennan adds poise to his forcefulness by writing in something like the style of the whig historians. He discusses, more in patient sorrow than in righteous anger, our embroilment with Spain at the turn of the century, the peculiar improvisation of the Open Door Policy, and the diplomatic backgrounds of World Wars I and II, exposing the faults of honorable men with a kind of stinging kindness.

At the end he says—or, falling into the spirit of the book, perhaps I'd better say he is inclined to venture to suggest—that we'd better, ah, learn to keep our shirts on and our socks pulled up, our eyes peeled and our powder dry. How, in an age of thunder, we are to contain the Bolshies while practicing universal decorum, he never quite indicates. Though he deplores some of Theodore Roosevelt's expansive ventures, I suspect he's pretty close himself to the philosophy of speaking softly and carrying a big stick.

In Bill Mauldin's World

WELL, far from the ramparts of the Pentagon and the State Department's cloudy meadows there are more and more young men these days implementing instruments of policy. They live and die in Bill Mauldin's world. You will meet one uncommonly interesting group of them in *Those Devils in Baggy Pants* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3), by Ross S. Carter, who wrote this rambunctious account of his parachute outfit's adventures in Morocco and Sicily, at Salerno and Anzio, in the drop at Arnhem and during the Battle of the Bulge. They were not always couth, in love or in war. Although Mr. Carter emerged as a lonely survivor with a sergeant's stripes and a row of ribbons that mean something, he died of cancer soon after enlisting again with an airborne group bound for Alaska. He was not able to give his book a final polish, and whoever did so was perhaps too zealous in the wrong places. But the unvarnished stuff of valor is there.

New books from 4 favorite authors

**GRAHAM
GREENE**

▶ **The END of the AFFAIR**

His novel of an adulterous love affair brilliantly dramatizes the conflict between sacred and profane love. "Enthralling; a potion blended by a master hand."
— HARTLEY, *London Sunday Times*. "The finest book he has written." — BETJEMAN, *London Daily Telegraph*. \$3.00

**JOHN
STEINBECK**

▶ **The LOG from the SEA of CORTEZ**

The exciting day-by-day record of marine adventure from Steinbeck's *Sea of Cortez*, together with a moving memoir of Ed Ricketts, the scientific friend who shared the voyage. \$4.00

**IRWIN
EDMAN**

▶ **UNDER WHATEVER SKY**

An urbane philosopher's many interests and moods — thoughtful, ironic, gay — reflected in a book of varied pleasures to be savored often and at random. \$3.00

**GENE
FOWLER**

▶ **SCHNOZZOLA**

This wonderfully warm and funny life-story of a beloved clown — filled with his own brash humor — spans 50 years of American entertainment. "A great book. No arguments about it." — McNULTY, *N. Y. Times*. *Illus.* \$3.00

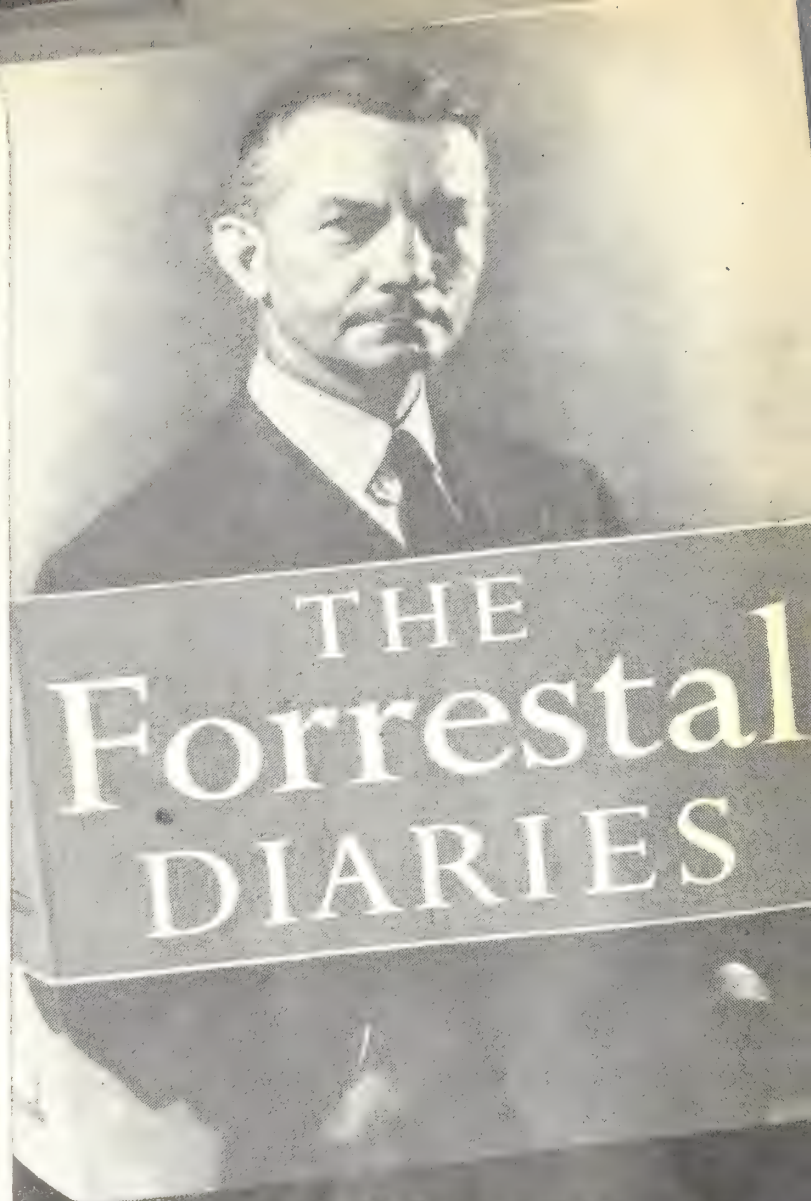
**THE STORY OF
JIMMY DURANTE**

Two talented first novelists

WINSTON BREBNER A novel of breath-catching intensity, the story of an idyllic love affair that leads to a strange and desperate pursuit. \$3.00

THE SECOND CIRCLE

HERBERT GOLD "writes with charm and talent ... benevolent wit, radical perception, and intellectual vigor." — *The Nation* \$3.50 **BIRTH OF A HERO**



During some of the most important years of modern history, he wrote this journal for his own private use. **Now it becomes the most revealing public document of our time**

As our wartime Secretary of the Navy and our first Secretary of Defense, James Forrestal was at the heart of national and international affairs. And in his personal diaries and papers, kept from 1944 until shortly before his suicide, he named names ... facts ... circumstances not previously known even to many in high places. This extraordinary material, presented as a connected narrative, gives us an unparalleled picture of these significant years and personalities, and of how the wheels of government go round. *Illustrated* \$5.00



NEW BOOKS

Trial of Fame

THE CELEBRITY (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50) by Laura Z. Hobson, whose *Gentleman's Agreement* was a bestselling novel that made an excellent picture, is a novel about a man whose outstanding novel makes an excellent picture, though any resemblance to living people—not counting the 333 celebrities mentioned by name in the book—is, of course, purely coincidental. The theme of "The Good World" (the novel within Mrs. Hobson's new novel) is a benign world government set half a century from now in a peaceful future—scarcely the state of affairs that George F. Kennan foresees. The uproars and upheavals that the publication of "The Good World" sets off in its expanding vicinity, however, have rather bearish effects on good will among men.

Or, for that matter, women. They are all variously scorched by the blaze of fame and fortune kindled by "The Good World." The idealistic author of the book, Gregory Johns, disdains the promotion and commotion, the clamor and the glamour. It is his immensely ambitious brother, an entertaining mountebank, who becomes The Celebrity, and thus gives savor to Mrs. Hobson's satire. And it is through the brother's eyes that we most convincingly see a sort of Mae-Murray period revival of Hollywood's wicked, dated splendor.

The spoofing of Manhattan's literary life is a pleasure to read; no villains need be, when passions spin the plot. Nevertheless, there are some cads around who didn't appreciate Gregory's fine book. Fortunately, they're in a miserable minority, and we hope they'll be wiped out in the Fifth Atomic War that is to precede "The Good World," if not sooner.

I had a fine time reading *The Celebrity*, but it seems to me that from here on out there might be an annual quota plan of some kind on novels about novelists writing novels. *The Spellbound Village* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75), Julia Truitt Yenni's thin but entertaining, Woolcott-haunted fable about a writer who is a book's community by the ears with a novel she'd finished

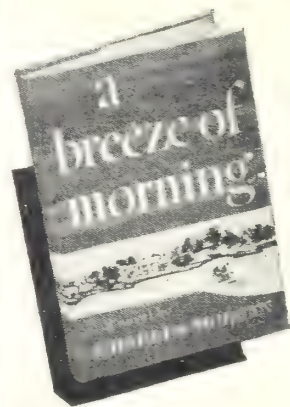
before she ever saw the place, is still fresh in my mind. And just before I read Laura Hobson's lively exploration of the wages of publicity I read Graham Greene's *The End of the Affair* (Viking, \$3).

Now Graham Greene is one of the most skillful novelists in England today, and you always look forward to seeing what he's going to do next with a lively expectation bred of pleasures past. But there is certainly not much to get excited about in *The End of the Affair*. For it is a glum and laborious tale of a man groping toward salvation through sin and skepticism. The fact that the smug sinner happens to be an author whose novels are sometimes made into pictures might stir a little sympathy for him in charitable circles but even that is not enough.

The heart of the matter here is that it is very difficult to give a hoot for the hero, Maurice Bendrix, in the hell of his jealous remorse or in the hope of his redemption. He doesn't deserve the lost lady who lavished so much adulterous love on him. He doesn't deserve to see the miracles Mr. Greene offers. And he decidedly doesn't deserve all the plotted care that Graham Greene has wasted on his creation. His most fiendish punishment, perhaps, lies in having to discuss, endlessly and aimlessly, the lady of both their choices with her fabulously dull husband. He really deserved that.

William Steig's new book of drawings, *The Rejected Lovers* (Knopf, \$2.95), is very strong medicine. It should kill or cure impressionable people suffering from love unrequited or love unplighted with just about the same speed and surprise and vigor. It is Mr. Steig's disquieting notion that "the behavior of the typical jilted lover is one symptom of a general world-craziness that has prevailed for a long time." Then he puts his sufferers from what the lady in "Carmen" likes to shout about as *l'amour, l'amour, l'amour!* in straitjackets and tosses them on the analytic couches of his staggeringly subjective cartoons. On facing pages he reprints many more or less apropos quotations from bards and soothsayers, such as Shelley, Rabelais, and Ishmael in *Moby Dick*. Never did I see the expression "out of context" so unexpectedly illus-

A BREEZE OF MORNING



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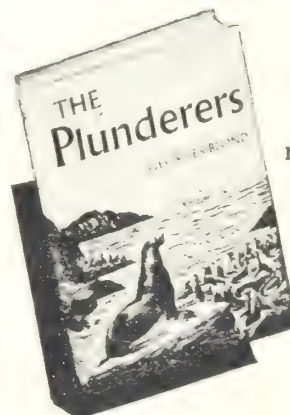
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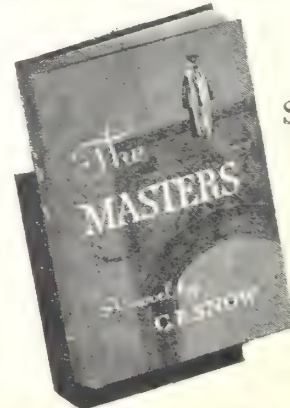
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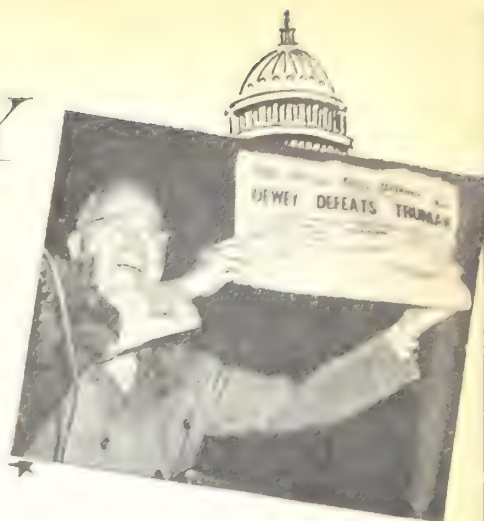
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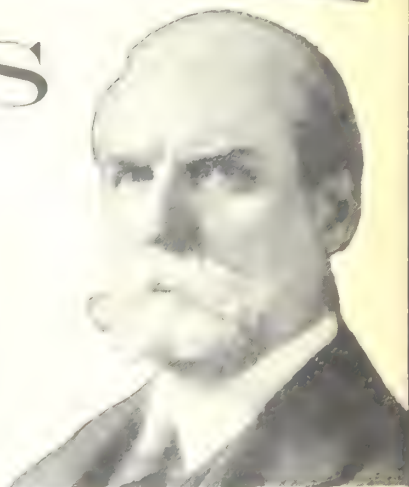
Over 1000 pictures and 770 pages of lively text tell the complete, dramatic story of our 41 presidential elections. An exciting and informative new look into our past. **\$15.00**



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IMMIGRANT'S RETURN

by Angelo Pellegrini

The author of *The Unprejudiced Palate* writes a noble, impassioned interpretation of his adopted U. S. — the result of a journey back to Italy where he saw America through new perspectives and discovered all that it meant to him. Written with all Mr. Pellegrini's special vigor, humor, warm sensitivity. **\$3.50**

The Autobiography of an UNKNOWN INDIAN

Will India remain free? NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI believes his country will fall again under foreign domination — probably American. Whatever our future influence there, his book is important. For, through the story of his own life, emerges perhaps the best picture of contemporary India that has been written. **\$6.00**

HITLER'S INTERPRETER

by Dr. Paul Schmidt

The Nazis' secret diplomacy (1935-45), seen behind locked doors by Hitler's chief interpreter (published in part in *N. Y. Times*). **\$4.00**



was called everything from
"a brilliant journalist" to
"a brilliant under-
graduate Yale has seen in years."



William F. Buckley, Jr.

author of

God and Man at Yale

The Superstitions of "Academic Freedom"
Introduction by John Chamberlain

Buckley's career at Yale (class of '50) was brilliant and stormy. The class historian described him: "The most outspoken *News* chairman in 70 years, William F. Buckley, Jr., neatly undercut tolerance, tomfoolery, and everything to the left of Senator Taft... we had none to match him." His first book amounts to a declaration of war against the present drift of American education. Using his own alma mater, Yale, as a case in point, he shows how "academic freedom" is being used to undermine traditional American



HENRY REGNERY COMPANY
20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

NEW BOOKS

trated. The Steig lines are illustration enough.

Man Is the Measure

THE condition of man in this triple-thinkers of the fourth estate will find all sorts of material for controversy in Lewis Mumford's new book, *The Conduct of Life* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5) which crowns a majestic life work Mr. Mumford began in *Technics and Civilization* and continued in *The Culture of Cities* and *The Condition of Man*. For it is Mr. Mumford's great and special gift to begin by making every aspect of existence on this odd planet look desperately complicated and then suggesting that we work toward solving them by a more resolute and imaginative (and complex) use of the simplest virtues, particularly faith, hope, and charity.

He doubts that modern civilization can be improved enough to escape disintegration, in spite of all the work of all the charlatans and movers and shakers and saints. One chance after another for heroic action bringing men together has been missed. We have not been true to one another; we live on darkling plains; we've made messes of things, from hell to breakfast.

A technocratic transcendentalist at heart, Mr. Mumford likes what the machine—any kind of a machine—could do, and hates what the machine has done to us. "The skepticism of systems is a basic thesis of this book," he says, "but it has another name: the affirmation of organic life." Stimulating, subtle, and studded with the terrible jargon of the irreligious revivalist in the sciences and the arts, his book nevertheless serves human liberty. For Mr. Mumford can tot up a million and one faults in man. But he goes right on believing in him.

Tis (All) of Thee

THE condition of man in this country is surveyed in a rich and impressive pictorial cavalcade of our history, *Life in America* (Houghton Mifflin, 2 volumes, \$20 the set) by Marshall Davidson, in association with the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The paladin of that

"20th Century Literature in America"

a new series

FICTION

THE MODERN NOVEL IN AMERICA, 1900-1950

By Frederick J. Hoffman

Starting with Henry James and the art of fiction, this critical survey traces the progress of the American novel. The author shows that most American novelists—from Theodore Dreiser to John Steinbeck—have been more interested in life than Jamesian art. It has only been in the last few years that novelists are once again coming to realize fully the importance of technique. Among other authors discussed in detail are Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner. Bibliography and index. **\$3.00**

DRAMA

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN DRAMA, 1900-1950

By Alan S. Downer

Within the short span of fifty years the American theater has moved from the boisterous clichés of light melodrama to a serious art form of true American origin and inspiration. When did this move toward genuine American drama begin? How has it developed? Where does American drama stand today?

Alan Downer's excellent appraisal of the American theater starts with the melodramas of Clyde Fitch and shows how early serious works, such as William Vaughn Moody's *The Great Divide* and Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon* were to make possible the later finish and sophistication of Tennessee Williams or an Arthur Miller. Bibliography and index. **\$2.50**

POETRY

ACHIEVEMENT IN AMERICAN POETRY, 1900-1950

By Louise Bogan

American poetry in 1900, says Louise Bogan, poet and critic of *The New Yorker*, was imitative, sentimental and "genteel." The subsequent struggle of the poet to establish himself as a serious creative artist has been achieved only against severe handicaps. Along with a discussion of foreign influences, the importance of public reaction, and the role of the "little magazines" on the development of American poetry, Miss Bogan presents sharp drawn studies of thirty or so individual poets, from Ezra Pound and Edward Arlington Robinson through Carl Sandburg and Amy Lowell to Wallace Stevens and W. H. Auden. A selected anthology of modern American poetry completes the work. Bibliography and index. **\$2.50**

Also coming

Three subsequent volumes, to be published in Spring, 1952, on Non-Fiction, Short Fiction and Criticism will complete this series. Additional information will be sent on request.

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NEW BOOKS

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON

icture palace. Francis Henry Taylor (possibly writing with an authentic quill pen), says in his foreword to these opulent tabloids of our yesterdays that the idea was to reduce "a picture of American life as a whole—a picture composed of many pictures—which would glow with the somber integrity of an Eakins and ring with the joyousness of Whitman." In Marshall Davidson, a graduated curator of the fine American Wing up there, and now the Metropolitan Museum's editor of publications, they found just the man to carry out that assignment with wit and scope and relish. Eakins and Whitman, forsooth! They're here all right. But they are kept in their proper places as merely part of the infinitely varied story of America. For Mr. Marshall has had the courage to take hundreds of pictures that would never in this world be found hanging permanently on the Metropolitan's walls and building with them, and others. Eakins-Whitman, a superb panorama of what America has really looked like down the decades of turbulence and tranquillity.

A riverscape by Eakins, a phrase by Whitman, a photograph of Easter morning on Fifth Avenue at the turn of the century supplied by the Public Roads Administration, a superhighway drawn from (Harry Bruce's) *Life*, a painting of Pocahontas, and a flapper by John Held. I have their places. I'm not ready to agree with Mr. Taylor that this patriotic bouillabaisse makes "a visual-literary form as revolutionary in our time as was the novel in the eighteenth century and the short story in the nineteenth." But it's quite a try, anyway. And this is quite a year for picture books. It will probably assume vintage stature before it's over.

People's Choices

And here, at long last, is Stefan Lorant's *The Presidency* (Macmillan, \$15), a brilliant and absorbing picture story of our rowdy, revealing Presidential elections from Washington to Truman that has taken seven long years to put into his dynamic pattern. It was well worth Mr. Lorant's time. He has already shown what he can do in

John P. Marquand

MELVILLE GOODWIN, USA. A new novel about the public and private life of a two-star General who commanded a division in battle but could not command his own heart. \$3.75

Dumas Malone

JEFFERSON AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN. This new volume in the great work that "supersedes all previous biographies" tells the story of Jefferson's eventful ministry to France and his first differences with Hamilton. It maintains the same magnificent level of achievement that characterized *Jefferson, The Virginian*. \$6.00

Samuel Eliot Morison

ALEUTIANS, GILBERTS AND MARSHALLS* June 1942-April 1944. "A treasure for posterity" . . . a new volume in "the great series in which Admiral Morison has been describing the naval operations of World War II with a combination of sound historical judgment, experience of battle conditions, and high literary skill that has seldom been matched."—From an editorial in the *New York Herald Tribune*. Profusely illustrated. \$6.00

Oscar Handlin

THE UPROOTED.* The epic story of the great migrations that have made the American people. "Oscar Handlin has written a very unusual book, one recreating with poetic insight as well as historical knowledge the immigrants' experience in leaving Europe and starting afresh in the New World. It is both an informative and a wise book."—ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER. \$4.00

Donald Day (Editor)

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S OWN STORY. Here is FDR himself, the man and the President, revealed through his own public and private papers by the compiler of *The Autobiography of Will Rogers*. A unique, entertaining volume, it is a *must* for every collector of Rooseveltiana. \$4.00



* Atlantic Monthly Press Books

THE MARK OF GOOD BOOKS
SINCE 1837



"The Lobby That
Can't Be Licked"?

Muddy Waters

THE ARMY ENGINEERS AND
THE NATION'S RIVERS

By Arthur Maass

Foreword by Harold Ickes

THE co-author of the controversial *Harper's Magazine* article hammers out that hard-hitting indictment of the Army Corps of Engineers—its irresponsibility, its unholy alliance with pressure groups in developing the nation's water resources. The author suggests that the public would be better served if rivers were developed according to an over-all plan instead of piecemeal out of the pork barrel. 4 maps. \$4.75

AMERICAN CONSERVATISM IN THE AGE OF ENTERPRISE

By Robert Green McCloskey. How democracy came to mean "laissez faire" in the age of the entrepreneur—a metamorphosis of meaning which still haunts statesman and citizen. \$3.25

THE COURT AND THE CONSTITUTION

By Owen J. Roberts. Have Supreme Court decisions broadened federal power at the expense of state power? An important question discussed by the former Associate Justice. \$2.00

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By Arthur M. Schlesinger. "Provocative enough to open an entire new area of thinking for most Americans."—*Christian Science Monitor*. \$2.25

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Harvard University Press
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

BOOKS IN BRIEF

memorable pictorial volumes on Lincoln, FDR, and the savages and savage visitors of the New World. Now he has given our most dramatic public tribal ritual dance, the quadrennial Presidential saturnalia, enduring form, for the edification of scholars and the pleasure of the people's choice-makers at large. You see here Truman, the only President we ever had who could get a pretty girl to sit on his piano while he played it, and Grant sitting beside a vacant chair as if wondering what the Presidency would do to the luster of the general's four stars on his shoulder; doctors at Garfield's bedside and FDR in the photographs that, so many people retroactively knew, showed him as not well. The losers, the also-rans, the minor candidates, are duly given their places among the portraits and photographs and caricatures and cartoons. Sometimes they steal the show. If not the Presidency.

The magic of Lincoln's name is reasonably invoked to launch another fine new picture book, Roy Meredith's collection of 172 portraits by the incomparable Matthew Brady, *Mr. Lincoln's Contemporaries* (Scribner, \$6). The portraits are magnificent in their austere depth, dignity, and simplicity. They range from the serenely beautiful Mrs. Stephen Douglas to a coin profile of Grant, with all sorts of potentates and politicians, theatrical stars, a bloomer girl, and a gallery of Civil Warriors included for appropriate measure. But why are they so ready to be sad or grim or sorrowful? Why does everybody in a Brady photograph always look as if Brady had just said: "There is terrible news from the battlefields today; terrible, terrible, news. I don't like it. Do you?"

One reason might be, of course that, as Mr. Meredith tells us, the cost of a Brady photograph ranged from twenty-five dollars to seven hundred and fifty dollars for a "Brady Imperial." That was true money in the mid-nineteenth century.

Cuppy and the Beasts

IN *How to Get From January to December* by Will Cuppy (Holt, \$3), a cheerfully irresponsible gambol down the zodiac, edited by Fred

Feldkamp, Mr. Cuppy, who died in 1949, left us a calendar of notes for all occasions. Nothing alien was human to him until he had examined it with care. Then, of course it grew stranger than ever. Thus he would write: "You've probably never thought about it much before, but the hippopotamus can walk along the bottom of a river with great rapidity," and leave you wondering not so much about the preposterous reasonableness of his notion, as what he happened to enter it solemnly under the date of October 13. On April 1, more logically, he was deciding that the date "provides a outlet for practical jokers at just the right time—it's a little too early for rocking the boat and a little too late for shooting the neighbors by mistake while out hunting ducks."

On Bastille Day, perhaps somewhat enigmatically, he said that "the typewriter is a boon to authors as it enables them to say more and mean less than any other invention. That stopped me cold. Then I went back and read again in *The Celebrity* the reverie of Abby, wife of Gregory Johns:

"At the center, she thought, of the great widening circle of the agent who sell a book and the printer who print it and the publishers who publish it and the critics who review it and the bookstores who sell it and the readers who read it and the movie studios who buy it—at the center of all this world was an author who wrote it. Haltingly she tried to put it into words for Thor: 'Without that author,' she ended 'where would any of that world be? If he hadn't leaned over a pad of blank paper, or faced the dead motionless keys on a typewriter, where would any of it be?'"

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Lost Sea, by Jan de Hartog. This is a marvelous tale, such as one thought could no longer be written of a child's world on the Zuider Zee before the dams were built which finished it forever. It is the story of a child snatched in the night by the

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Pick Skipper to serve as a "sea mouse"—an illegal, under-aged seaman, on the ships of the Protestant fishing fishermen of Huizen; of the madful sea fights between the Huizen fleet and the Catholic ships of Volendam, all woven together with the story of a mermaid told by a teller of tales, a "Liar," who one aboard one memorable night when the sea-mouse was supposed to be asleep. It is a magic tale which has a particular pathos from the fact that it tells of a wonderful vanished world, as obsolete as the dinosaurs, which yet existed in the memory of a living man. In that, it is, of course, like every man's childhood, and what Jan de Hartog, distinguished Dutch playwright (his play, "The Four Poster," will appear on Broadway this autumn), has done is to recreate, in special and lovely terms, the beauty and wonder and poetry of childhood. Harper, \$2.50

Lucy Carmichael, by Margaret Kennedy.

I explain how I feel about this book I'm afraid it will damn it for many readers, but I mean it as high praise. Not since I was worshipfully identified with Jo and the fate of the other March sisters in *Little Women* have I actually cared so much what happened to so human and so good a heroine as Lucy Carmichael. From the tragic moment on her wedding day when she was killed at the altar, through the ensuing few years till she finds herself again at the astonishing Ravenshoe Art Institute—with its unforgettable staff and complicated politics—one is absorbed in her struggle to find her way back to life. One believes it, one believes in her, in her faults, in her indomitable purity of spirit, and in her absolute, stuffy goodness. I, for one, wept with joy at the way it works out, in a pleasant a weeping bout as I've had in a long time. Not a witty, distinguished literary creation for a time perhaps, but a contemporary novel of remarkable narrative force, satisfying in its humor and understanding. Rinehart, \$3

The Grass Harp, by Truman Capote.

One who has always been per-

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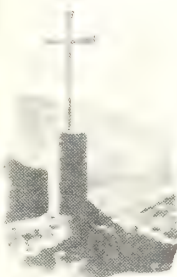
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

suaded by Mr. Capote's particular brand of magic I resented this book. It seemed to me less like his work than a weird mixture of inferior Carson McCullers and Robert Nathan, with a touch of Saroyan thrown in. A sixteen-year-old boy sits around a kitchen table (Southern) with two downtrodden, half-mad, yet wise old ladies, one colored, and learns about life from them. (McCullers.) At one point the three of them, the boy narrator who wavers between seeming too young and too old for his age, and the two old women, try to escape life and go to live happily in a tree house. (Nathan's *One More Spring*.) And Saroyan keeps raising his head in every exaggerated episode. It is a weird tale, not without charm and a certain philosophy, but the whimsy triumphs over the magic in this reader's view.

Random House, \$3

A Way Through the Wood, by Nigel Balchin.

This is a novel told with Mr. Balchin's unfailing gift for narrative excitement, which on one level seeks to prove the inevitability with which our given characters carry us each to our own special fates. On another level it is a hare-and-hounds detective story: the reader knows whose car killed the man on the bicycle and wonders constantly if the culprits will be caught. On still a third, it is a triangular love affair. As a whodunnit, it's fine; as a love affair and character tragedy it is less convincing. Perhaps people do go on being their same selves over and over, learning nothing, but the constant reiteration of what seems the identical domestic scene makes very dull reading. Granted that up to a certain point people don't change, surely there is a thing called conversion which doesn't apply only to formal religion? A good story and some very witty writing help to make up for the tiresome scenes. Not Mr. Balchin's best, but good. Houghton Mifflin, \$3

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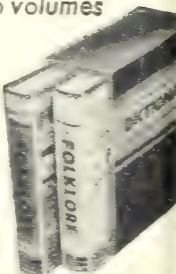
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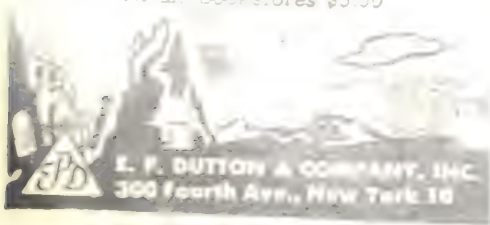
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ess Englishwoman's marriage to a Parisian Frenchman, as typical in his love for art as in all the other ways, is amusing as it goes along, yet, oddly, the total effect of these lives in postwar Paris is dull. One has been here, better, before. Ada Leverton, in *The Limit*, did up the British and Americans years ago, and with more heart. Miss Mitford herself has proved a witty authority on the difficulties of love in an international climate in previous novels. And devilish as the intrigues of the young man, the "blessing," turn out to be in his efforts to keep his parents apart—a new gimmick, to be sure—they start only when the book is half over and the interest of the reader has got to a very low ebb. Good to read in snatches and for superficial amusement but not for sustained interest or satisfying laughter.

Random House, \$3

The Strange Children, by Caroline Gordon.

Miss Gordon chooses a Tennessee background and a few sultry summer days as setting and time for a very living drama which at the same time (like the game of charades played by the characters) serves to illuminate a discussion. The discussion, brilliant and all the more absorbing for being an integral part of the plot, is of comparative religion, a certain amount of psychiatry, the Civil War, present attitudes of North and South. Miss Gordon has made these conversations all the more difficult for herself by translating nearly all of them to the reader through the mind of a child, a rather remarkable girl of nine who becomes, herself, involved in some of the moral problems at issue. No questions are answered, but nothing fails, novel-wise. The story is intense and credible, the background is real, the people, including the child, very much alive. And the questions raised are as vital now as when first asked or answered by St. Augustine or Freud. Miss Gordon has always been an accomplished novelist but this seems an extraordinarily successful blending of story, atmosphere, and thesis.

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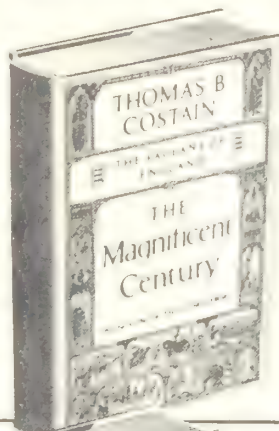
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

son, and his relationships, with three women—his mother, his wife, and his mistress. Oddly enough, and as is not often the case with mother-and-only-son relationships, it's the mother who comes off best, though not in any lovable way. She is at least true to her traditions (class) and stands for something. As for the others—the self-seeking, humorless wife, the glamorous, radio-singing mistress, the unimaginative, frightened husband—one feels that none of them is in any way capable of facing up to life and taking it in both hands, for better or worse. They give the impression of cheating life not by breaking its rules, though they do that, but by seeing it small. A picture of middle-class New York life before and during the war. Perhaps it's the subject that palls, but the perspective makes it all seem tiny and unimportant in spite of some good characterization.

Norton, \$3

Fabia, by Olive Higgins Prouty.

Mrs. Prouty has now written five novels about the Boston Vale family (as well as *Stella Dallas*) and her readers know what it means to be part of that eminent respectability. *Fabia Vale*, very young, very modern, has an unhappy love affair and goes to New York to forget and find a job. She also finds herself in love with an older man, a doctor who is married and has two children nearly as old as she is and a wife whom he does not love but whom he cannot bear to hurt. How they escape from the dilemma of their false relationship into the comparative sanity of the real world is the story of the book. Unfortunately even the "real" people and "real" situations are so oversentimentalized and so pat in their morality that one finds it difficult to sympathize with the characters even when one sees them in their best moments.

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NON-FICTION

Schnozzola, by Gene Fowler.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

actor is to be born poor, and, if possible, with some other supposed handicap. (If psychiatry has a word for it I'd like to hear Jimmy pronounce it.) "Schnozzola" is the son of an Italian barber from the Bronx and his handicap is, shall we say, obvious. Lou Clayton, his lifelong partner and the dancer in that famous combination of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, was the son of poor parents from Flushing, Long Island, and at the age of nine was so crippled by a fall under a trolley while selling papers that for years he had to wear a built-up shoe in order even to walk. . . . It is interesting to learn these facts, to learn how the famous team first got together—and stayed together—till, in Jimmy's words, "death do we part." And to learn—a little skeptically—that Jimmy doesn't intentionally manhandle words. They come to him that way. (I must confess that after reading a book full of quotes of his energetic word-scrambblings the reader begins to find ordinary words rather difficult to arrive at.) The story is all here but a little of it goes a long way. The stories are larded over with sentiment, with a laugh-clown-laugh stickiness that seem unworthy of so astrigent a subject. But maybe that's the way it is. Viking, \$3

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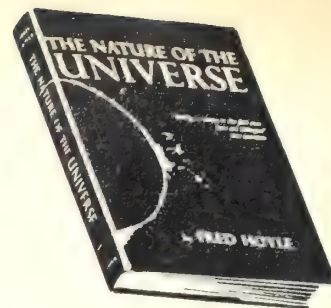
into the Christmas rush for best-sellerdom. In November Appleton-Century will publish Willard Motley's long-looked-forward-to second novel, *We Fished All Night*. (His first was *Knock on Any Door*.) Random House announces that John O'Hara's *The Farmer's Hotel* (set in a small Pennsylvania town) will also appear in the same month, his first since the much discussed *A Rage to Live*. On November 2 Farrar, Straus & Young are bringing out Alberto Moravia's *The Conformist*, which they advertise as "more dramatic and earthy than *The Woman of Rome*, more poignant than *Two Adolescents*," and, if the picture that goes with it is any indication, it is more sultry than anything. On November 7 comes Berry Fleming's *The Fortune Tellers*, from Lippincott, a Literary Guild selection. . . . In December Houghton Mifflin points with pride to a long new novel by John Dos Passos, *Chosen Country*, a love story whose scope includes a hundred years of America's history.

And Then Comes 1952

When one consults the publishers' lists for 1952 the future for fiction looks anything but dark. The lists include, for instance, a new novel by Rebecca West, her first since *The Thinking Reed*, and John Masters' *The Deceivers* (his last was *Night-runners of Bengal*), both from Viking; Daphne du Maurier's *My Cousin Rachel*, and *The Easter Party* by V. Sackville West, from Doubleday; Frederick Buechner's *The Seasons' Difference* (his *A Long Day's Dying* was published last year) from Knopf; Frederic Morton's *Laughter in the Evening* from Harcourt; and *The Fault of the Apple* by Frederic Wakeman (*Shore Leave, The Hucksters*) much later in the year, from Rinehart. It's hard indeed to gloom over a prospect like that.

Theater Outlook

In addition to Gene Fowler's book on Jimmy Durante and the several books on show business as a whole which have already been published this fall a distinguished list of thea-



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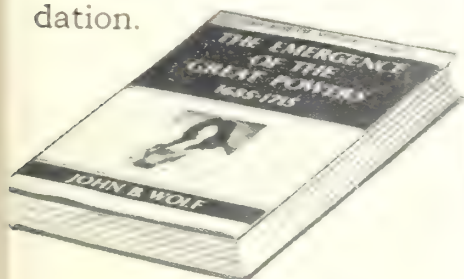
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ter personalities will be celebrated in books to appear within the next few months. In November Macmillan will publish the memoirs of Jean-Louis Barrault, the French actor whose performances in French movies have made him well known to many Americans. It is called *Reflections on the Theater*. . . . In December, from Prentice-Hall comes *I Never Grew Up* by Cobina Wright, who was once in opera and now writes a syndicated column about Hollywood and Hollywood folk, and her book will contain many stories of same. . . . January will boast a rich crop. Macmillan is publishing *Henry Irving; The Actor and His World* by Laurence Irving, O.B.E. The book will include forty-eight full pages of photographs. Agnes de Mille's *Dance to the Piper*, from Little, Brown is the Literary Guild's choice for January and should reveal a lot about the modern dance that has revolutionized American musical comedy. And, as a January finale, Doubleday is publishing the memoirs of Ezio Pinza to be called guess what: *Across a Crowded World*. Later on in the spring Harper will publish *Ah, My Foes and Oh, My Friends*, Tallulah Bankhead's autobiography written in collaboration with Richard Maney.

Life Goes On

The biographers, too, are keeping their pencils sharpened. A biography of Whistler by Horace Gregory will come soon, from Random House; Alpheus Thomas Mason, whose *Brandeis* was published several years ago, is now working on a biography of Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone for Viking; Marchette Chute (*Shakespeare of London*) plans next a biography of Ben Jonson for Dutton. . . . Wilfred Funk announces a biography of Judge Harold R. Medina by Hawthorne Daniel for spring 1952. . . . Sometime in February, with considerable excitement, Harper will publish *Grandma Moses: My Life History*, with sixteen pages of color reproductions of her paintings. She writes: "My granddaughter says I am a witch except I ride on a paint brush." Save your Christmas cards and find out where they came from.

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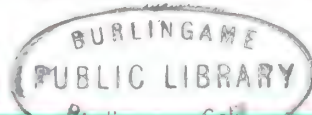


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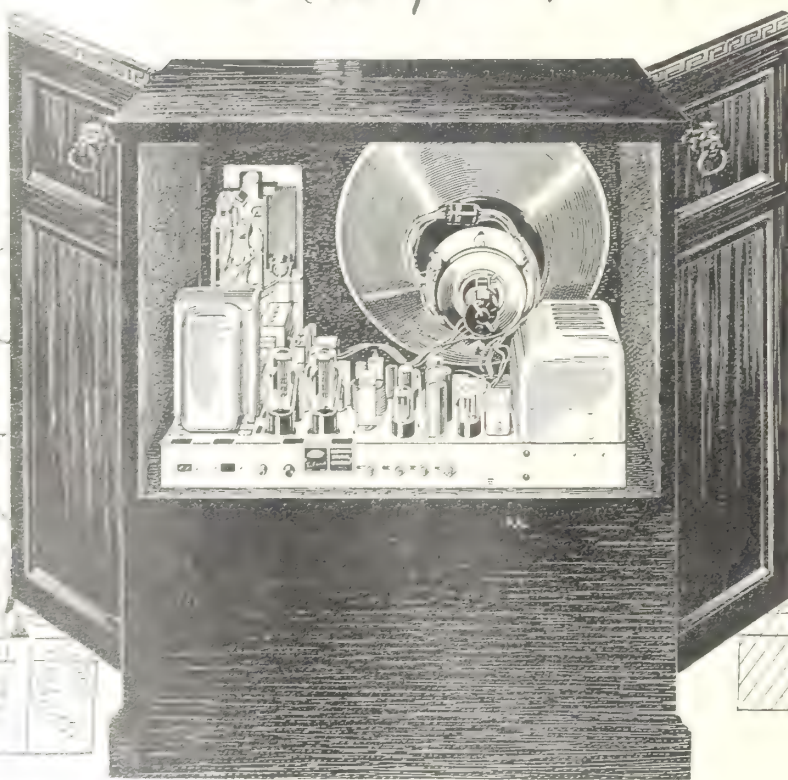
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MAGAZINE

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB's two articles (October and November) on the closing of the "Great Frontier" that led the Western world out of medievalism into what has been called "the modern age" have already stirred up a storm of discussion. To broaden the picture we will ~~present early next year~~ *present early next year* Peter F. Drucker on "The Twentieth Century Frontier"—industrialization—and its underlying implications for our foreign as well as economic policy.

MEANWHILE, with the United States well in the forefront of developing this new frontier, we also have, in the January issue, *John Kenneth Galbraith* of Harvard to explain "The Unseemly Economics of Opulence" under which this country operates; and a sprightly ~~sketch by Robert J. Dauvoine, of Manly Fleischmann~~ *sketch by Robert J. Dauvoine, of Manly Fleischmann*, the little-known man who heads the nation's two key industrial mobilization agencies: the Defense Production Administration and the National Production Authority.

TO HIGHLIGHT the current complicated Pakistan situation there is BBC correspondent *Julian Duguid's* dramatic and colorful account of a trip he made recently in "A Taxi up the Khyber." And we're happy to announce to the many readers who cheered us on for publishing *Glen Haley's* first story, "I'll Call You Eager," last August, that scheduled for next month is a new Haley story, "The Queens of the Flowers."

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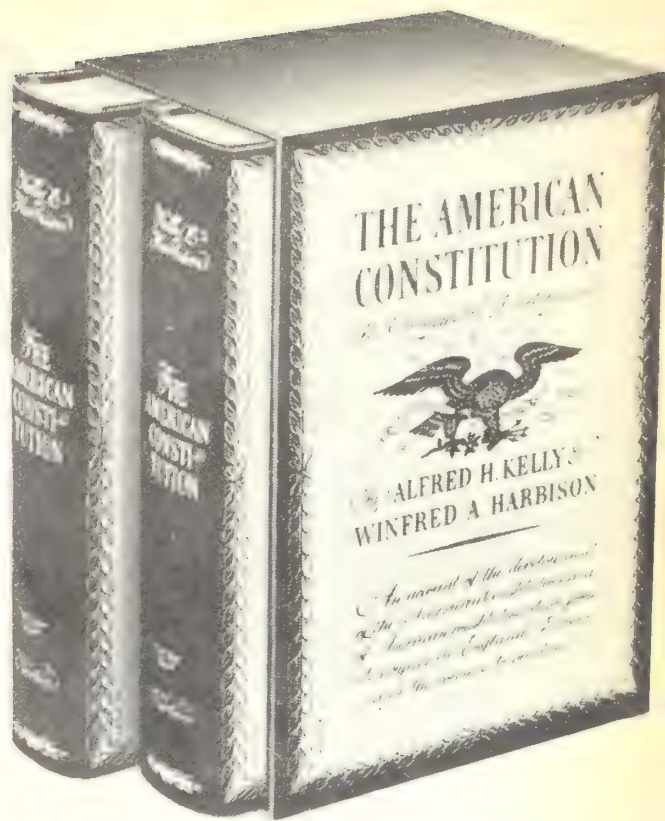
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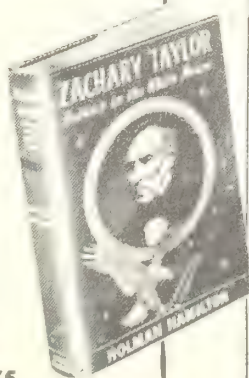
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Personal & Otherwise

WHEN P & O objected, in the July issue, to Dr. Frederic Wertham's implication, in a *Reader's Digest* article, that juvenile delinquency was caused by comic books, the good doctor wrote a letter to the editors (see the September issue, p. 16) in which he presented his point of view in a more moderate version. Now he is talking only about "crime comic books" (not comic books in general, as in the *Digest* piece), and about what can be traced "more or less directly" to them "as one factor." This is an improvement, we must say. It shows that the doctor is now aware that, as P & O said, "there are comic books and comic books," just as there are psychiatrists and psychiatrists. It also, and more importantly, recognizes that there are other "factors" which may have contributed to the increased brutality and violence of juvenile delinquency in recent years.

If the doctor had said so in the first place P & O would not have bothered with his *Digest* article, even though it would have been amused by the kind of "scientific" approach which assumes that if two things coincide in time, as did the rise of the crime comics and the increased brutality of delinquent youth, one must be the (pardon me: *a*) cause of the other.

One to think of it, however, this assumption really what got our blood pressure in the first place. The thing we minded about the doctor's article was that, inadvertently or not, it gave the impression that juvenile delinquency is directly traceable to comic books. The readers of that article absolved of any responsibility as parents or citizens. The only action rec-

ommended to them by the article, by implication or otherwise, was, in fact, to burn the comic books which have already been sold and to ban future issues from newsstands.

The doctor now wishes to make it clear that he knows that "broken homes, slums, and such" also contribute to delinquency. "Comic books," he said in his recent letter, slipping back into the all-inclusive term, "are only one factor; but . . ." and this was supposed to justify his entire case ". . . it should be easier to clean them up than to abolish the slums."

No doubt. And easier to burn them, too. So, let's do the easier thing, the thing that least inconveniences our minds or our morals or our pocket books, and then forget about it.

THE real point, it seems to P & O, is that the anti-comic-book crusade, like other current attempts at book-burning and censorship, is a symptom of a particularly dangerous kind of fear—the kind which springs from not knowing what or where the danger, if any, is. It is the kind of terror a child knows, alone in the woods at night, when placeless whispers shift in the featureless dark. There is no escape from such childish, unfocused terror except to focus it on the first available object, to localize it behind that particular bush (or idea or kind of book). If he does that, he has something to hurl things at or to fly from, and he can feel safe again.

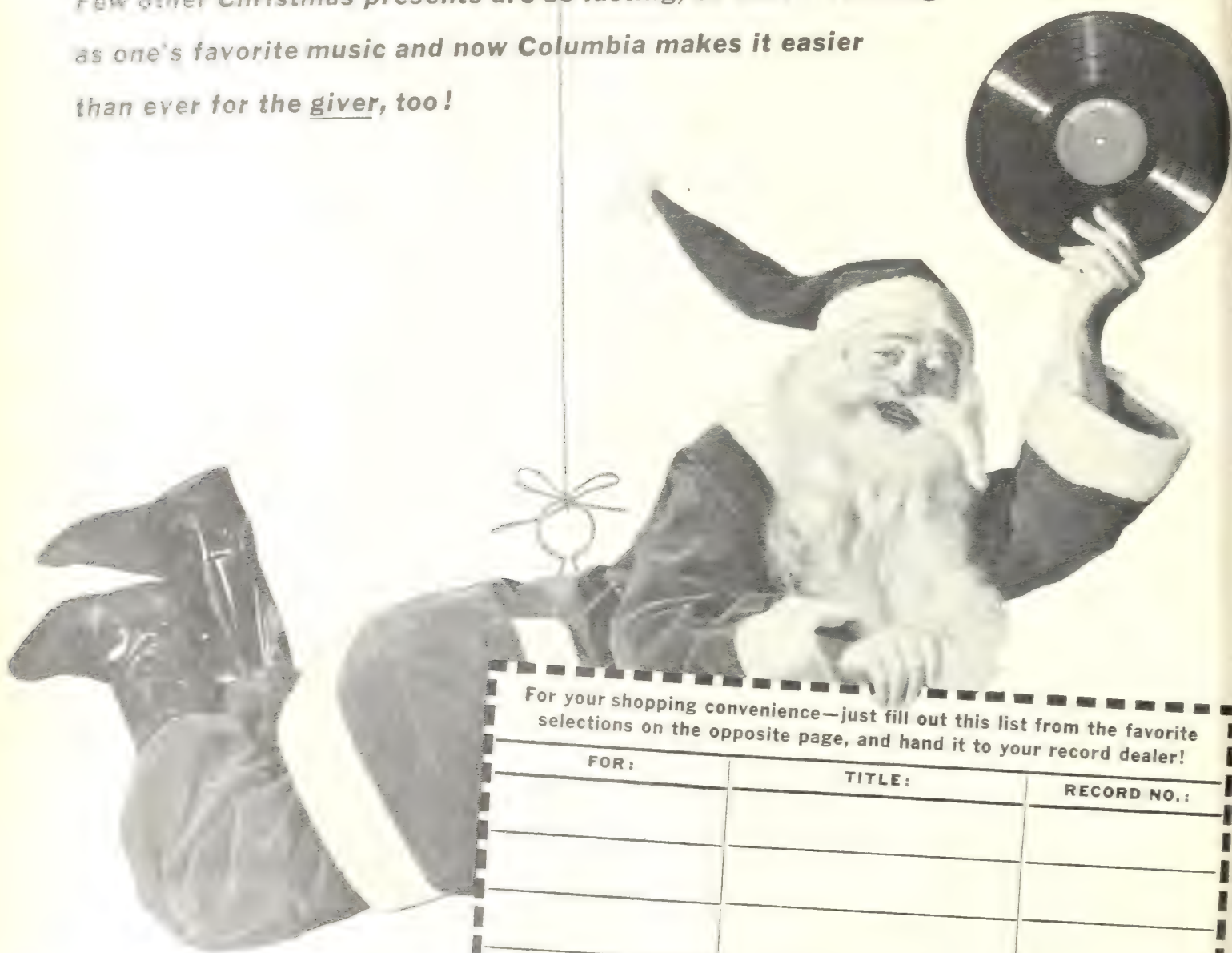
But, as Thoreau knew, men have to learn that "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear." The decision you impetuously make to free yourself of terror may, in fact, expose you to danger by diverting your attention



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Symphony No. 38 in D Major, K. 504 ("Prague") (Mozart). Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. ML 4313.

CONCERTOS

Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-Flat Major, Op. 73 ("Emperor") (Beethoven). Serkin, piano; with Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra. ML 4373.

Violin Concerto No. 1 in D Major, Op. 6 (Paganini). Francescatti, violin; with Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra. **Violin Concerto No. 3 in B Minor, Op. 61. (Saint-Saëns)** Francescatti, violin; with Mitropoulos conducting Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. ML 4315.

Violin Concerto in E Minor, Op. 64 (Mendelssohn). Stern, violin; Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra. ML 4363.

Piano Concerto in A Minor, Op. 16 (Grieg). Gieseking, piano; with Von Karajan conducting Vienna Philharmonia Orchestra. ML 4431.

Concerto in D Minor for 3 Pianos (Bach). Robert, Gaby and Jean Casadesus, pianos; with Mitropoulos conducting Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, (coupled with Bach French Suite No. 6). ML 2196.

Cello Concerto No. 1 in A Minor, Op. 33 (Saint-Saëns). Rose, cello; with Mitropoulos conducting Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, (coupled with Bloch: Schelomo). ML 4425.

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from the real enemy, if there is one. If, in the midst of the political and social upheavals of our times, we localize our fears in frantic, emotional attacks upon comic books, or the allegedly subversive influences in the schools, or some bogymen in public office, we may be able to sleep more soundly, under the illusion that we know where the danger lies and can therefore cope with it. But we may be attacked from another quarter while we snooze.

We would do better to stand our ground until we know what we are doing. Our terror will at least keep us awake. And if we can command our wits and our senses, either we will discover that the fear is baseless or we will learn precisely where and what the threat is.

The violence and brutality which mark so much delinquency—both the adult and the juvenile kind, both public and private—and which are reflected in the crime comic books, as in many contemporary novels and paintings, are products of a moral and social confusion of which we may justly be afraid. The banning or burning of crime comics will not cure the disease of which they are a symptom; it will simply make it temporarily easier for us, as parents and citizens, to quiet our fears under the illusion that the danger is removed. There is wisdom in refusing to meddle with drugs that stop the snuffle or the aches and pains and give the illusion of health while the disease itself is left to spread unchecked.

Misdirected Jockpots

Samuel Butler, who was perhaps unduly acid on occasion, observed in his *Notebooks* a good many years ago that bequests for scientific and educational purposes were taking the place of those for charitable purposes. "They will be as mischievous or more so," he added, "and will no less surely have one day to be restricted if not forbidden."

If Butler's iconoclastic comment has any truth in it (and there have since been bequests for both educational and scientific purposes which have been mischievous enough), the Ford Foundation has it within its power to do more mischief than any other single outfit in the history of mankind. For, in terms of assets, the Ford Foundation is to its predecessors about what the Rockefeller Foundation was to the pocketful of money the founder used to hand out to such

It is time, therefore, that someone should give us the kind of thoughtful, undazzled look at the new bounty-dispenser which **Robert L. Heilbroner** provides in his article on "The Fabulous Ford Foundation" (p. 25). No one, least of all Mr. Heilbroner, would be rash enough to believe that any one man's insight into the problems—and the possibilities—of such a vast and still uncrystallized project could be conclusive. But neither should the vastness—nor the glamour—of the conception be permitted to blind us to the fact that the public, as well as the board of trustees, has the responsibility of seeing that the Ford bequest does as much good and as little mischief as possible.

Mr. Heilbroner is now a free-lance writer, a condition for which he apparently holds *Harper's* partly to blame. It seems that back in the days when he was working as an economist with various business concerns, he occasionally wrote things which he sent to various editors who sent them back. Then, in 1947, he wrote a piece called "The Uncomfortable Paradise of Full Employment" which he sent to one of our editors. After waiting for two months and hearing nothing, he forgot about the piece and (presumably) attended to business. Then one day came a letter from the man he had sent the piece to. It seems this editor had just moved from one suburb to another, had finally got his stuff unpacked, had found the manuscript, read it, and liked it, and was sending it along to the office for further consideration.

Well, to make it short, we published the piece in April 1947. Since then he has written five others for us—most recently, "The Socialist Devils of England," last October—and he has also done articles for many other magazines including *Harper's Bazaar*, *Life*, *Esquire*, and *Coronet*.

Women Around the Cave and Around the House

You can still stir up quite a lively debate, even among female college students, about whether or not woman's place is in the home. Only the other day P & O overheard five or six college girls discussing the question in language that would have been quite familiar at any Women's Rights convention a generation or two ago. The same old arguments, pro and con, were produced one after the other and inspected as if they were still as

pertinent as they were in 1900.

The ironical point was that two of the students who defended the boiler-plated Victorian position were married and had children who had to be in play school while the mothers went to college. It didn't seem to occur to either of them that their own personal experience had anything to do with the subject under discussion. Women's rights and women's duties, like business cycles and the Platonic triad, existed for them purely in the realm of abstraction.

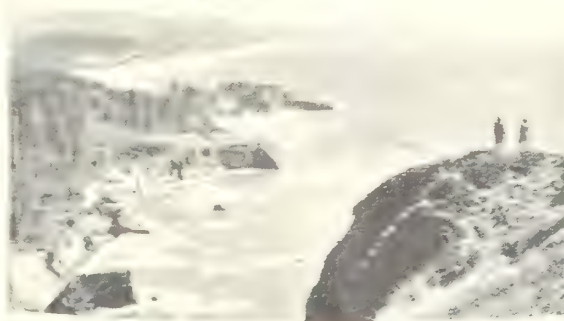
Of course, these young women are keeping good intellectual company: they are the heirs to a great intellectual tradition. As *Michael Fry* points out at the beginning of "A Kind Word for the Cave Man" (p. 90), some highly respectable thinkers, from Thomas Hobbes to Sigmund Freud, have entertained theories which had almost no relation to the ascertainable facts about women's role around the house—or around the cave.

MR. FRY is, to be sure, more concerned with the truth about man's treatment of women than with the specific facts of female domestic life, and his interest (so far as the present article is concerned) is admittedly related to what *Nancy Barr Mavity* is talking about in her article on "The Two-Income Family" (p. 57).

Mrs. Mavity (in private life Mrs. Edward Rogers) begins by telling us that she is a wife, a mother, a grandmother, and a dodo. What she means is simply that—like the college girls I overheard, and like many others who are and have been concerned about such things as woman's role as homemaker vs. her role as a career girl—her ideas and theories have been undercut by actuality. As she puts it, her daughter's generation has "perpetrated a revolution" right under the nose of the older generation, and has done it without parades, crusading, or lobbying. And, he might have added, without knowing it themselves.

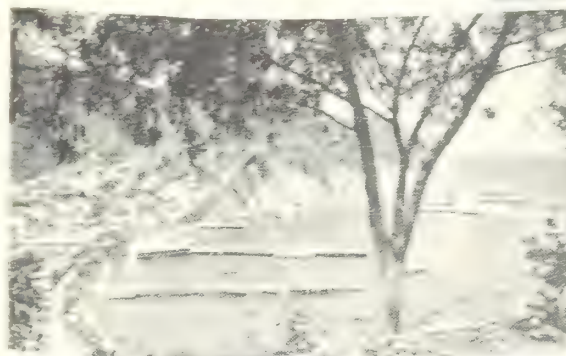
Mrs. Mavity has been a teacher (of English and psychology) at Connecticut College, an advertising writer, a publisher's reader, a "roving" magazine writer, a newspaper reporter covering everything from mur-

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ders to the UN Conference, and (since 1942) the literary editor of the Oakland, California, *Tribune*. She has written many magazine articles (including one for us, back in July 1926, on "The Wife, the Home, and the Job") and about a dozen books, including novels, biography, and texts.

Mr. Michael Fry, who speaks up for the cave man, admits to having led a Jekyll-and-Hyde existence, split between writing and biology. He got a science degree from the Sorbonne, was Master of Biology at Highgate College in London, and for a time lectured in anthropology to classes of premedical students. During the war, while playing what he calls "a modest part in the Battle of London," he also carried on researches in common-cold viruses.

At present he is Reuters correspondent at the United Nations, but he still carries on with biological research in his spare time and has finished writing a book on *The Biology of Civilization*. He is married to Vina Barnden, the Australian concert pianist, and they have a six-year-old daughter, Louise.

Julius Kroll's understanding caricatures of the life of the cave man are, we hope, the antithesis of the misrepresentations of which Mr. Fry complains. Mr. Kroll has worked for twenty-five years as a newspaper and magazine artist. Having practiced his profession in Germany, Argentina, and Denmark in his early years, he decided to remain in the United States when he came here to cover the World's Fair in 1938. His drawings have been used by movie companies and by many American publications.

The New Yukon

You can judge from the "Letters" column this month that not all readers of *Harper's* accept the thesis of Walter Prescott Webb that the frontier of the Western world, which has been the foundation of capitalist wealth for, lo, these four hundred year, is gone irrevocably. (See Professor Webb's revolutionary articles in the October and November issues.)

Not to engage in this controversy but merely to point out how Western capitalists are still digging for bonan-

P & O directs your attention to Bartlow Martin's "North to Find Iron: the Great Ungava Mining Project" (p. 33), the first of two essays on a modern pioneering venture in the wilderness of Labrador.

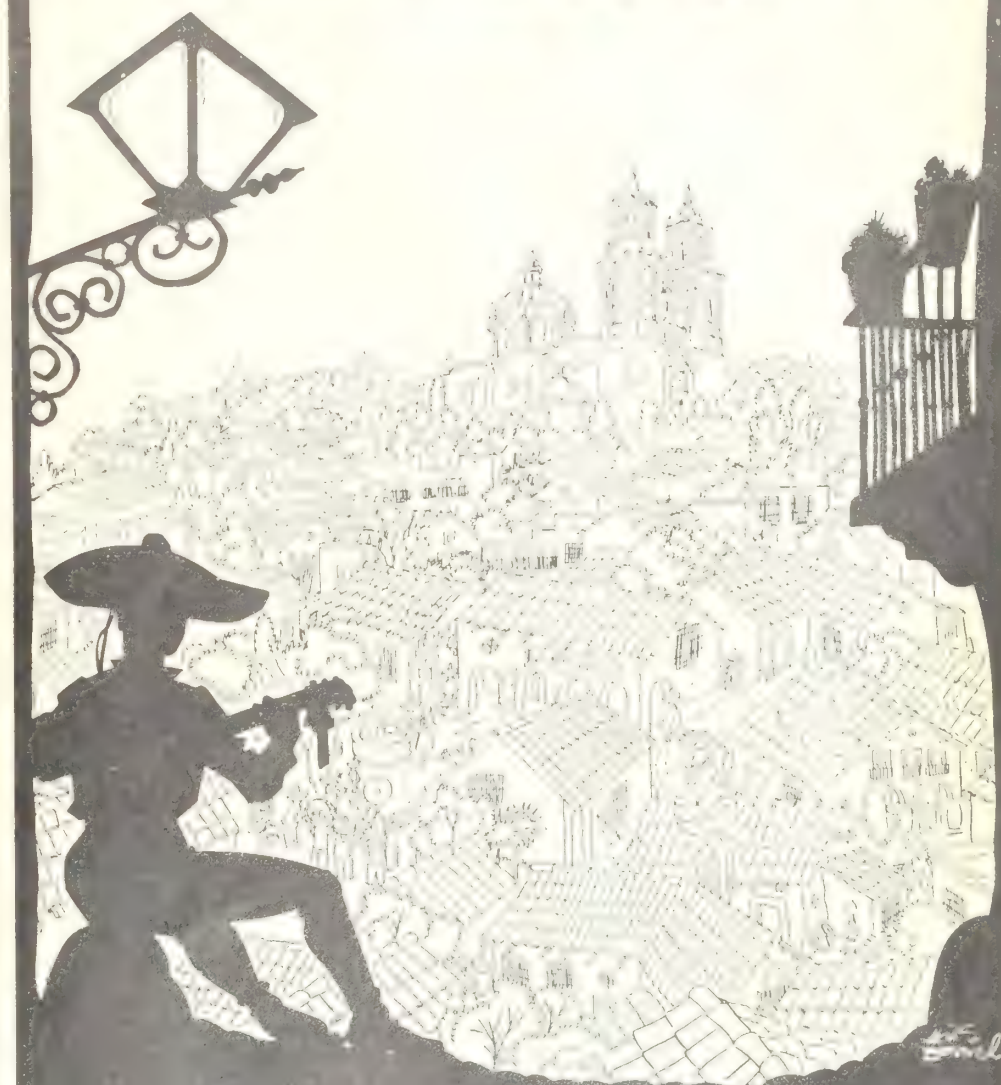
Mr. Martin is well known to our readers as the author of articles on politics, and social problems—recall, for example, "Butcher's Boy" (November 1949) and "The Human Story" (August 1948). He has also written a great deal about logging and miners. His article on "Blast in Centralia No. 5" (March 1948), which concentrated on a coal-mine disaster, was one of the high spots in *Harper's* history; he has also covered stories on uranium, and copper mining in a variety of magazines. Fascinated with the geological aspects of the industry, he has a collection of rocks at his camp in Northern Michigan picked up in various places where he has gone as a reporter—the gold districts of Colorado and in Dakota, the silver district of Colorado, and the iron and copper and uranium districts in Upper Michigan and Minnesota. From his trip to Labrador last summer he brought back a packsackful of rocks and maps.

Mr. Martin commented to us, "The Labrador story was as interesting as exciting as any he had ever heard of."

[This undertaking [he said] is so big it's really hard to grasp. It gives you a new respect for the men who opened up the old mineral regions in the States a hundred years ago. About the time I arrived at the Virgin Islands, the contractor, MMK, had a fire which burned his garage and shop, destroying a bulldozer and much other equipment. The total loss was about a quarter of a million dollars. But nobody was paying a lot of attention—they were cleaning up the mess, salvaging what could be salvaged, and, a few days after the fire, already erecting a new garage. A hundred years ago much smaller fire losses put a lot of pioneering U. S. mining companies out of business; indeed, many of them were capitalized at less than that. The Labrador-Quebec ore project is really huge.

The maps for "North to Find Iron" were made by Sigman-Ward.

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Fish and Folk

●●●It takes no leap of the imagination for one to guess from reading "The Black Mollies" (p. 48) that the author is a parent. *Sloan Wilson* is the father of three young ones, five years old and under. He is also assistant director of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools. He has written a novel, *Voyage Somewhere*, and many short stories.

Mr. Wilson was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1942 and served with the Coast Guard from 1946. He then worked as a reporter on the *Providence Journal* until he took on his present job. He wrote his first story for *Harper's* ("The Most and Most Powerful Machines," July 1946) on a small high-octane gasoline tanker in San Fernando harbor, Luzon.

The drawings for "The Black Mollies" are the work of *Rudi Lesser* whose prints have been displayed in one-man shows at the Smithsonian Institution and the Baltimore Museum and are included in permanent collections of a number of museums in the eastern United States. Lesser was born in Berlin and received his art training there. He lived in Denmark and Sweden for thirteen years and worked for Scandinavian periodicals; he has been in this country for five years.

●●●*Paul E. Deutschman*, whose "Success Story from Sardinia" (p. 64) reports on a sentimental journey which he made to Iglesias last spring, knew Sardinia from a year he spent there during the war—after he had been through the North African campaign and seen a succession of towns liberated by the Allies. At that time, in 1944, he was distressed at the false views of Italian life which were being published in American magazines, and he sat down and wrote an article about Iglesias, which, he says, "was one of the most miserable and one of the most typical" Sardinian towns. This was his first article, except for a humorous piece in *Yankee* and, through a series of pleasant turns, it was printed in *Life*.

Before the war Mr. Deutschman had worked in various advertising agencies and written and produced radio programs. After separation from the Army, he spent two years

foreign news editor at *Life*, then
 ned to write as a free lance
 has had articles in many major
 zines. "Success Story from Sar-
 " is his first piece in *Harper's*.

thor Marokvia's drawings of
 nia are based on direct knowl-
 of Italian life, for Mr. Marokvia
 ed as an engineer in Italy as
 of his varied European career.
 youth he also studied the piano
 Germany and the ballet in Paris;
 ter illustrated and wrote travel
 s from most European countries
 pent fifteen years as a painter in
 ce. Mr. Marokvia arrived in
 York City on Christmas Eve,
 since then he has been drawing
 painting and seeking to know
 understand his new country.

in "The Great Deeps" (p. 71)
on C. Eiseley explores a double
 e in searching for life at the bot-
 of the ocean and in reviewing
 ials and errors of the pioneering
 etists of the past century. Dr.
 ey, who is professor of anthro-
 y at the University of Pennsylv-
 and curator of Early Man at
 University Museum, has written
 times for *Harper's* on subjects
 in traverse the borderland be-
 en archaeology and physical an-
 ology. "The Great Deeps" is
 ed as a chapter in a book on
 in he is engaged. If it treats the
 ct of the origin of life somewhat
 conclusively, Dr. Eiseley wrote us,
 are two good reasons why: first,
 e description of *Bathybius* life is
 the most inscrutable mystery, and,
 ed, it is a subject which, even in
 ystery, deserves a chapter to it-

Eiseley sent P & O this special
 t on the attitude of Thomas
 y Huxley, the great nineteenth-
 y evolutionist, toward the
tybius controversy:

"Huxley, always more or less at
 with the clergy, once remarked
 ally that '*Bathybius* is far too
 nvenient a stick to beat this dog
 ever to be given up,' and he pro-
 t, a little too ingenuously per-
 p that

at *Bathybius* were brought up
 le from the bottom of the At-
 ic tomorrow, the fact would not
 e the slightest bearing, that I
 discern, upon Mr. Darwin's

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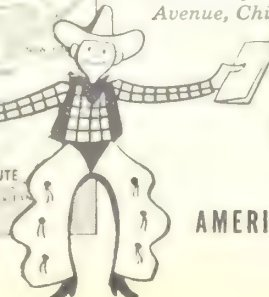
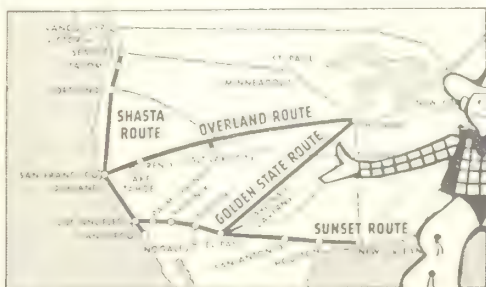


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P & O

... of these are of the
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"This comment jibes badly with Huxley's remarks upon one of Haeckel's monera: 'One of these beings... is the simplest bit of living matter possible.... Its existence proves the absence of any mysterious power in "nuclei."' "

"Nevertheless, in simple justice to Huxley, it must be admitted that he had been far more cautious than many of his confreres. Through the misfortune of describing the creature, however, he drew the full blast of anti-evolutionary criticism upon himself. 'Darwin's bulldog' was too fine and brave a target to be ignored, but the stature of the man who once wrote,

All our knowledge and all our investigation cannot take us beyond the limits set by the finite and restricted character of our faculties, or destroy the endless unknown, which accompanies, like its shadow, the endless procession of phenomena.

is not diminished by one human error. Science grows not alone by discoveries but by the rectification of its own mistakes."

●●●It seems pertinent to report the facts of the matter—that is, to tell something about the children of *Don Morris*, whose "Front Wheels Gone, All Wheels Gone" (p. 77) has to do with children at work at home. They are three in number: Marcia, who is ten and has gone to school in six cities; Donald, who is six and enjoys testing toys for stress-resistance in a spirit of even-tempered inquiry; and Jimmy, who is two and full of the Old Harry.

Mr. Morris is editor of the *University of Chicago Magazine*. He is Chicago-born and a graduate of the University, but his wandering career has taken him much abroad in the United States. He had jobs on several newspapers in his own city and in Decatur, Illinois, and in Santa Fe and Taos, New Mexico. He worked from 1938 to 1943 in the publicity office of the University of Chicago and for six years on the staff of *Life*, as a correspondent in Chicago, Dallas, Washington, and Boston.

Mitsu Yashima, whose drawings enliven Mr. Morris's piece, is the

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
HARPER & BROTHERS (a Corporation)
FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1951.

EDWIN G. BOHREN, Notary Public

other of two children, one born in native Japan, one in this country, where she came in 1939 with her husband, Taro Yashima, the artist. Mrs. Yashima studied art in American museums and at the Art Students League in New York. She has worked for the OSS and the U. S. Army and has written for other magazines. Like Mr. Morris, this month she appears in *Harper's* for the first time.

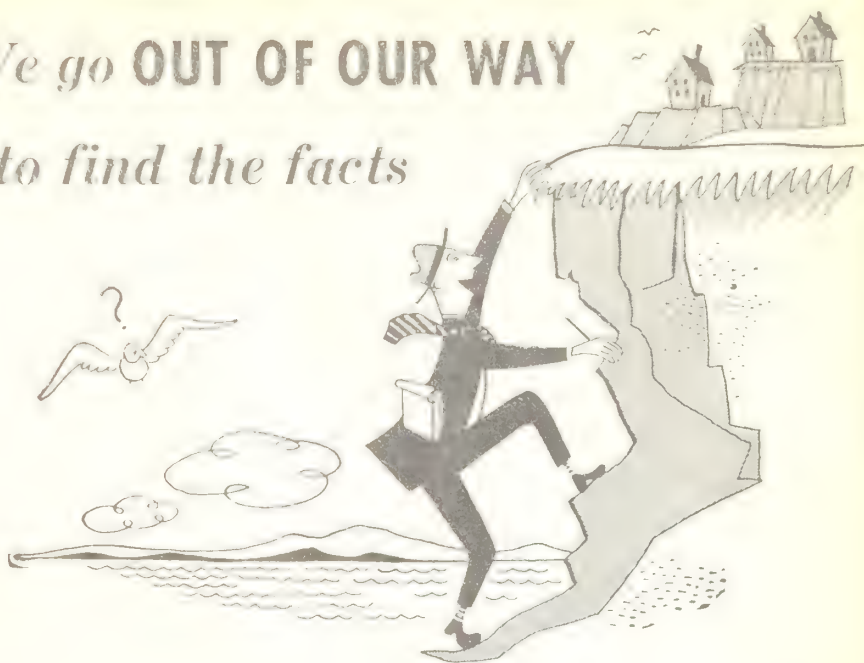
••**Dr. Laurence Farmer**, whose sympathetic article on "The Old People" (p. 79) brings up one of the central problems to be solved in America today, practices medicine in New York City and holds senior appointments in his specialties (internal medicine and allergy) at Bellevue and Lenox Hill Hospitals. For several years he has been a medical consultant in the New York City Department of Health, and he has one extensive laboratory and clinical research. Besides numerous scientific papers, he has recently begun to write popular articles on medical and related subjects.

Dr. Farmer was born in Montgomery, Alabama, and spent his childhood in New York City. His family moved to Germany and he went on with his secondary and professional education there. He later held a teaching position in the university in Berlin. Since his return to this country, he has lived at Great Neck, Long Island.

••"The Man from the Soviet Union" (p. 83) concludes the series of articles reporting on some of the raw spots of our troubled world which *Harper's* has published since **Martin Flavin** sent us his first—from Korea—early a year ago. Mr. Flavin's chief and characteristic method has been to seek out, in the course of his ten-month trip around the world, some important individuals and by kindly and patient interrogation to expose their personal role in the contemporary international drama. Last month, in "Red Blunders in Berlin," Mr. Flavin made a tour of the ruined German capital and set the stage for his report in this issue on political refugees from East Germany.

Mr. Flavin's article is a demonstration of the kind of information which may be obtained by interview-

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P & O

ing those hardy and desperately frightened people who come West to escape Soviet rule. The influx is largest in Berlin, but the International Refugee Organization reports that there are in addition roughly 1,700 to 1,900 refugees coming into Western Europe from the Soviet satellites every month. According to Michael Hoffman, reporting in the *New York Times* (September 19, 1951), these people face a two-to-one chance of being welcomed by German or Austrian officials with a jail sentence. Naturally, therefore, they may be reluctant to make themselves known to Western authorities, and much valuable intelligence undoubtedly is lost.

"Whether one considers the treatment they receive when they first stagger across the frontier," Mr. Hoffman comments, "or the problem of their ultimate resettlement, the conclusion is inescapable that, from start to finish, the policy and administrative machinery of the United States government (and the Western governments in general) is hopelessly unadapted to deal with the newly escaped refugees from communism."

Mr. Flavin is the author of "Children of the Moon" and other plays, *Journey in the Dark* and other novels, and a book about Africa, *Black and White*. His gifts as an artist lift his reporting above the level of mere "intelligence," but he has also the reporter's acumen in spotting a politically significant trifle.

...As a Christmas book feature we have "Magic Then and Now" (p. 104) by *Elizabeth Enright*, who is an author and illustrator of children's books and a short story writer. Rinehart last month brought out two of her juvenile stories, "Spiderweb for Two: A Melendy Maze" and "A Christmas Tree for Lydia."

... "The Assuagers" (p. 63) by *Katharine Strelsky* comes well in the same issue with an article on the old people. Mrs. Strelsky, whose work has appeared before in *Harper's*, is an American living in Paris. At present she is combining work on English with the actress Danièle Delorme and scholarly studies of the Italian poet, Gaspara Stampa.

Claire Nicolas, who contributes "All Souls" (p. 89), her first poem

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New York

P & O

Harper's, is a native of Holland and a graduate of Smith College. She married to Robert Winthrop, the sculptor, and has two children.

Figures and Fiction

The knell of the passing year bids us to scan the fiction published in *Harper's* during 1951 and pass along to the reader some statistics. Perhaps this simple notion will fascinate you less than us, but we hope it may interest you as a reader who likes good fiction and who is curious where it comes from, and who enjoys drawing his own critical conclusions (about the writers and about *Harper's* choice). In 1951 *Harper's* presented two new story writers whose work had never before been published. These newcomers were Glen Haley and John Stockwell.

Eight writers were new to *Harper's*; they are still little known to the public, though they had all been published before and some had made a very hit one way or another. We include the following in this amorphous category of "comers"—how many do you know?—Susan Kuehn, Frank Rooney, Elizabeth Sewell, Anna Smith, Stephen Becker, and John McNulty.

Another group of seven were also new to *Harper's* in the role of short story writers (though we have published poems by three of them); they were all well known to the public as authors of fiction, verse, criticism or plays. They were: Anne Audwin Winslow, James Aldridge, John Balchin, Arthur Koestler, Frank Van Doren, Gilbert Highet, and Arthur Miller.

Finally, there were eight whose names had appeared in *Harper's* before: Kay Boyle, Wallace Stegner, Elizabeth Enright, Lowry Charles, Dorothy, Hortense Calisher, Joyce Kilmer, Victoria Lincoln, and Sloan Wilson (in this issue).

It is impossible to say which category of writer pleases the editor most. The old friend of distinction, the new friend of distinction; the little known but yet not unheard-of writer, or the brand-new discovery. It is good to know that all were with us during the first year of the second century of *Harper's*.

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LETTERS

Spain and Franco—

My sincere congratulations for your moral courage in shouting the truth amidst a crowd evidently dominated by a fear complex ["Spain Against Franco", September]. . . .

I was under the impression that Americans were utterly blind to the reality of the situation until your September issue reached me. Now I know that the "gamble in Spain" by official Washington, and its tragic consequence, has been exposed by a widely read magazine. You may rest assured to have rendered a great service to the U. S., Europe, and humanity. . . .

As you know, Spain or Iberia is integrated by two independent nations, but our national problems are the same since both Spain and Portugal are the victims of the same enemy. In fact, Franco wouldn't be the tyrant of the Spanish people if it were not for the help given by Salazar to Sanjurjo first and then to his successor, Franco. . . .

I ask that my name be kept secret lest I be sent to Farrafal and my aged mother deprived of the only support she has.

(Name Withheld)
Portugal

To the Editors:

When I stepped off the boat in New York, September 1, after "doing Spain," I was startled beyond words by the title of the leading article staring at me from the cover of your September issue: "Spain Against Franco." This I must read, I said; and as I read my sense of justice rose to a point of wanting you this big NO.

First, let me admit I did not consort with the underground, as author Marabini professedly did; nor did I support the Spanish government, as Marabini the Frenchman evidently is. I am a school supervisor, interested in

ing what could be learned, principally from other school men with whom I spoke freely in Madrid, Saragossa, and points en route.

I found no secret government agents eavesdropping or peeping around corners at me. Other than the passport-baggage-currency routine, common to all countries of Europe (i.e. free countries), I was not approached, detained, questioned, molested in any shape, form, or whatsoever have you. . . .

Quit it, Mr. Editor, please don't sell out the pages of a once-brilliant literary magazine to any more "leftist independents" like Marabini.

JAMES F. WIPFIELD
San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editors:

I am anxious to express to you my appreciation of your work in your courage and discernment in publishing "Spain Against Franco." Such articles are of extreme importance in these days when we are in danger of finding the "American way of life" in terms of gadgets rather than in principles.

ALFREDA N. REEVE
Appleton, Wis.

To the Editors:

The report "Spain Against Franco" in your September issue was like an invigorating stream of fresh air in an otherwise impure political atmosphere. I recommended it to the State Department for serious study and consideration.

KENNETH R. BURLEY
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

New Frontiers—

To the Editors:

As a student, teacher, and writer of history, it has been my experience that Walter Prescott Webb provides provocative reading. This is true when he discusses the influence of barbed wire upon the West, the impact of Massachusetts machinery upon Texas, or, as in your latest offering ["Ended: 400 Year Boom,"

October], the influence of non-European frontiers upon Europe.

It may well be, as your own discussion of the article indicates, that a bonanza psychology is essential before a frontier can have a significant historical influence. Northeast America was a Scandinavian frontier during the five centuries before Columbus; but the gold discoveries of Cortez and Pizarro far surpassed Greenland fisheries as historical influences. What I am suggesting is that frontiers are not developed until they offer at least a promise of rather handsome pay; their discovery often long precedes their exploitation. And many times a frontier cannot be developed until environmental adaptations are made; I am reminded that Manchuria has been a battleground during the present century because it established a new wheat frontier and a new industrial complex. In other words, Manchuria has only recently been a worthy prize of war; and it became such through a bonanza psychology.

HURST K. MAJORS
Manhattan, Ka

To the Editors:

Walter Prescott Webb's obituary on the Great Frontier is over-pessimistic. Who knows what treasures abound in Antarctica or Africa? Canada is booming—iron ore and Webb belittles man's searching substitute frontiers, but science through harnessing sunlight, can produce food synthetically, enabling mankind to feed itself.

Because freedom for the individual, democracy, and Protestantism developed in an age of geographical expansion, it is not inevitable that they will disappear with the frontier. Democracy, it might be noted, antedates the birth of Christ.

SAM LAMB
St. Louis, Mo

To the Editors:

A few short weeks ago, Professor Webb's able and interesting article on the end of the 400-year boom

LETTERS

would have commanded my complete assent. Today, it fails to do so. . . .

What has happened? This: an annual meeting in New York of the American Chemical Society—18,000 members—and the remarkably revealing and heartening addresses by President Conant of Harvard and a few other scientists of high rank. . . .

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Coal and oil yielding a wide variety of valuable chemical products.

And all these extraordinary achievements within the first years of the next century! And they have momentous moral and social, as well as economic and material, implications and consequences.

No new frontiers forsooth! Plenty of them and a new boom that will last centuries. Professor Webb should revise and rewrite his very excellent but belated article.

VICTOR S. YARROS
La Jolla, Calif.

Pennies Saved—

To the Editors:

I had been vaguely aware that Beardsley Ruml was an extremely talented financial thinker, but my thanks go to the September *Harper's* ["Our National Need: Savings"] for acquainting me with his talents as a humorist. His article on the need for saving was an exquisite bit of satire on bankers' economic intelligence. Every time I go to the grocery store or open a bill I think of it and chuckle. My days are made light when I examine my stationary bank balance. . . .

Yes indeed, Beardsley Ruml is not only a great financier but a great humorist. I need both his talents when I see what becomes of my husband's pay check.

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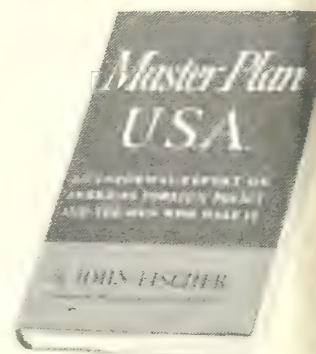


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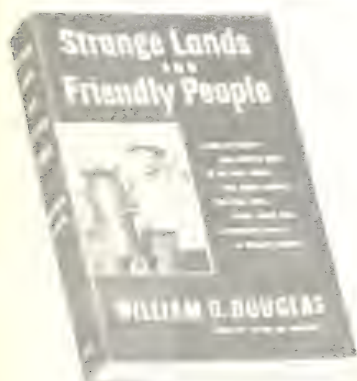
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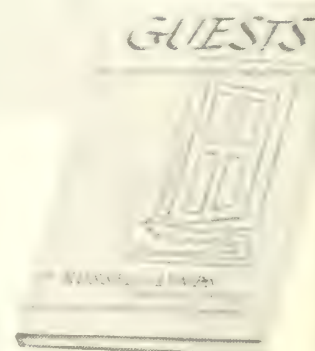
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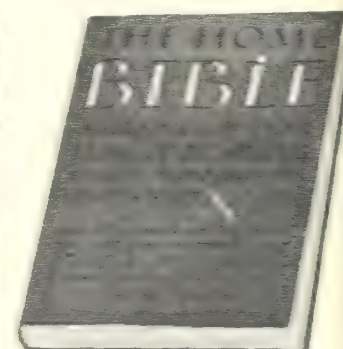
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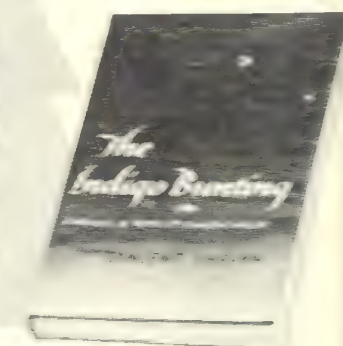
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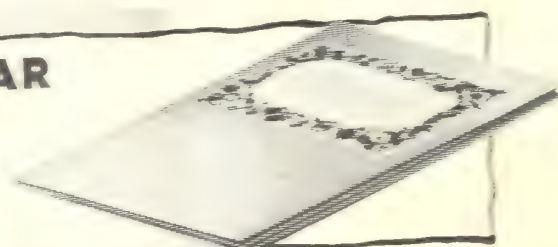
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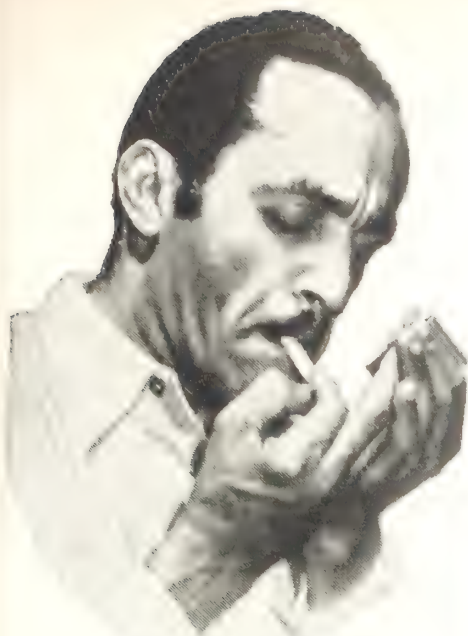
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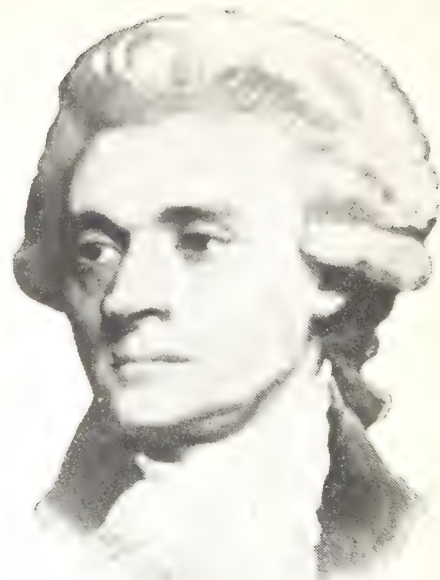
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A sound child body—the founda-

tion of a sound adult body—must be built from the food that goes into it. The true effect of a mother's care during childhood has only begun to be understood. And, since eating habits are formed in childhood, the conscientious parent can do much to insure the child against later penalties of wrong eating.

The protective foods should be used generously in the daily diet. Important among these are bananas—long prescribed by doctors as one of the first solid foods for infants. Bananas have a well-rounded supply of vitamins and minerals, and are distinctly beneficial in their action upon the digestive tract. Because of the many appetizing ways in which bananas can be served, as well as because of their nutritional value, they are now being more widely used than ever.

FOR HEALTH, EAT AND ENJOY A PLENTIFUL VARIETY OF THE "RIGHT" FOODS

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

New Models in Pork Chops

If you were to design a pig, you'd probably start with some *well-streaked* bacon, surround it with *tender* chops and *meaty* roasts, and append a couple of hams—ones that would fit nicely in an apartment-size oven.

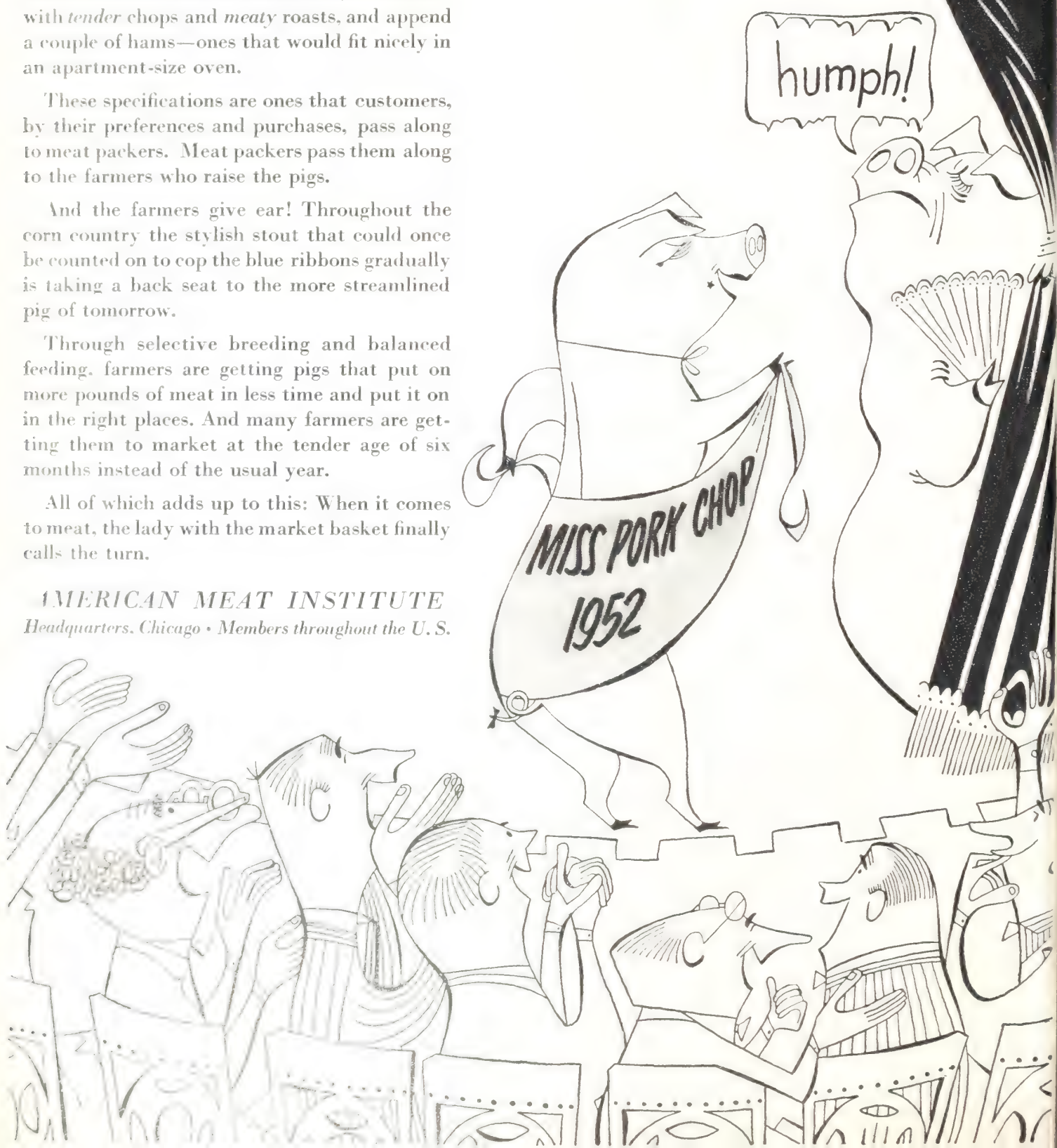
These specifications are ones that customers, by their preferences and purchases, pass along to meat packers. Meat packers pass them along to the farmers who raise the pigs.

And the farmers give ear! Throughout the corn country the stylish stout that could once be counted on to cop the blue ribbons gradually is taking a back seat to the more streamlined pig of tomorrow.

Through selective breeding and balanced feeding, farmers are getting pigs that put on more pounds of meat in less time and put it on in the right places. And many farmers are getting them to market at the tender age of six months instead of the usual year.

All of which adds up to this: When it comes to meat, the lady with the market basket finally calls the turn.

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Harper's

MAGAZINE

The Fabulous Ford Foundation

Robert L. Heilbroner

ON THE fourth of December, 1915, one of the strangest caravans in the annals of American history set out on a voyage for the fleshpots of Europe. The beast of burden was the good ship *Oscar II*, an old single-stacker from the Scandinavian Lines; the goods it carried were an assorted lot of feminists, cranks, do-gooders, students, joyriders, correspondents, and sincere devotees; the purpose of the adventure was to bring peace on earth to a continent that was tearing itself asunder with terrible ferocity. At the rail as the ship sailed was a thin spare man with keen eyes and a face lined with conviction, a man with an immense amount of money and an equally immense amount of gullibility: Henry Ford.

The story of the Ford Peace Ship has come down to us as one of the great guffaws of history; from beginning to end it was a journalist's delight. Never has so grandiose a project foundered on such Lilliputian trivia. Invitations were sent to every Congressman, Senator, and State Governor; invitations were declined by all the notables. Blessings were

sought from the Pope and from the President; the telegram to Rome was addressed to a Pope dead a thousand years, and President Wilson refused to give official countenance to the trip. Hardly had the delegates been at sea a week when they fell to fighting among themselves; rumors of a mutiny reached other ships who solicitously offered help.

When the *Oscar II* reached Christiana, Norway, Ford was quoted as saying: "The landing of the peace pilgrims will be regarded as the most benevolent thing America ever did"; within a week he had sailed back for America with hoots and jeers ringing in his ears. "I didn't get much peace," he announced with characteristic aplomb, "but I learned that Russia is going to be a great market for tractors."

It has taken America a long while to reassess this comic-opera footnote to its history; the verdict of a heartless, not to say jingoistic press sank deep. But in retrospect, a kind of admirable if naïve purpose shone through the superficial foolishness of the venture. As Mark Sullivan has written in *Our Times*: "If

Even in a country accustomed to bigness the mammoth Ford Foundation is something new and controversial in the philanthropic field. Mr. Heilbroner here evaluates in concrete terms the achievements and shortcomings of its first year of operation.

buffoons pirouetted across the world stage in 1915, they were not Ford and the half-dozen who participated with him in the project of halting the madness of Europe; the buffoons were the rulers and statesmen and diplomats whose inability to maintain peace among civilized nations stood as the most tragic failure in all the annals of humanity."

AND now, thirty-five years later, another Ford ship has set out on an equally audacious mission. Bigger, more modern, infinitely more carefully engineered than the *Oscar II*, it is also dedicated to the proposition that a few men of good will and a great deal of money can do something to make this a more decent world to live in. The captain and the crew of the new Ford ship of peace are quite aware of the fate of the *Oscar II*, but they are willing to run the risk of looking like fools, if they can thereby deflect by an inch the forces of ignorance and intolerance that have conspired to make such a mess of modern times.

The new Ford venture for man's welfare is the Ford Foundation, an immense philanthropic trust set up in 1936 by Edsel Ford, enriched in the forties by the acquisition of his and Henry Ford's estates, and launched on its mission in 1950. Not being people to do things by halves, the Fords have created a behemoth of an institution that makes the previous giants in the field—the Rockefeller and Carnegie and Duke and Kresge trusts—look like exhibits out of the Hundred Neediest Cases. In a nation accustomed to philanthropy on a mammoth scale, this is still big enough to evoke an astonished whistle: half a billion dollars—which as we shall see later is a moderate estimate of its wealth—is money even as the government counts it.

And not only is the Ford Foundation big, but its objectives are as wide as the sky. It has marked out for itself five areas of human affairs which make old Henry Ford's ideas look like timid conservatism. The Foundation not only wants to strengthen peace, but its program also aims at aiding democracy, advancing education, supporting economic well-being, and extending our knowledge of human behavior. Nothing picayune about that.

And in addition to being big and ambitious, the Foundation is courageous. To carry out

its program it has picked Paul Hoffman, a strong and independent man, to guide the Ford millions as he and his associates see fit and as they deem best. Hoffman took the job only after he was convinced that Henry Ford II would have the courage to support activities which might possibly redound unfavorably to the public-relations value of the name of Ford—activities which might tar the Ford name with vicious labels or defame it with cheap ridicule. "We may sail twenty peace ships," said Hoffman, "and not a one of them may reach shore." Young Ford said that was okay with him. Hoffman took the job and chose as his chief associates such vigorous men as Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago; Chester C. Davis, who had had long government and Federal Reserve experience; H. Rowan Gaither, Jr., San Francisco lawyer and chairman of the Rand Corporation; and Milton Katz, Harvard Law School professor and Ambassador-at-Large for ECA. In Hoffman's own words: "The Ford Foundation has the biggest blank check in history."

THEY wrote \$23,000,000 out of that blank check in a year of operation—an expenditure equal to that of the ten largest foundations in 1944.

A little over \$1,300,000 went to bolster up the Free University of Berlin—an outpost of democratic learning at the most exposed salient of our cold war frontier. Something like \$1,200,000 is ticketed for the first real big-time experiments in making radio and TV shows of an adult caliber that will be good enough entertainment to hold their own commercially against the pull of soap operas and wrestling bouts. Five millions have been set aside for overseas expenditures. In India and Pakistan this money will go for spearhead projects like simple demonstration farms where food output may be raised by as much as a third in ways that can be copied from village to village, and for a kind of technical high school where young Pakistanis will learn how to use machines and how to teach other young Pakistanis how to use machines. More than a million dollars has been used to improve our education by giving outstanding young instructors a chance to take a year off to better their own teaching abilities, and another million plus is being used to see if

16½-year-olds can take a year of college before they get pulled into the Army—and thereby bridge the educational gap caused by our military program.

And these are just the more spectacular expenditures. Ford money has also been used to finance the resettlement of refugees from behind the Iron Curtain, it has gone into the international exchange of students and scholars, it has been tapped to help support an institute for a freer press, and it is being used in a dozen projects for adult education.

The Foundation maintains its head office in Pasadena, where Hoffman and his associates engage in that most arduous of all activities: thinking. In the offices in New York are the bright young men who do the actual contact work with organizations who will carry out Ford-financed ideas. They lead a busy and rather bewildering life. On Monday they will be investigating a plan for elementary education in the Belgian Congo, on Tuesday a program for the psychiatric care of orphans, on Wednesday documentary radio programs for Latin America, on Thursday a study of Midwest regional planning, on Friday a proposal to reform penal institutions; and on Saturday they stare at the mess of papers they haven't been able to get to on Friday. On Sunday they rest.

And there is a becoming air of humility about these working echelons. These are not—very definitely not—bright young men who throw their weight around along with the millions over whose disposition they have such influence. On the contrary, they are full of a sense of responsibility and even despair, a state of mind which comes to those who wield the quite awful power of being able to help some, but not all. No one here claims to know all the answers. "Really," they kept saying to me, as I bothered them with questions, "you can do *us* a favor by telling us what you think of our whole setup."

It is a very hackneyed word, but in some ways the Ford Foundation is really rather inspiring.

SO MUCH for the fanfare. There is another and more critical appraisal which can be made. The Ford Foundation, in a year of shakedown cruising, has been as much a disappointment as it has been a success. What with all the splash of wake and the

exuberance of its crew, that huge spread of financial canvas has sailed the Ford galleon majestically down the main at a speed that might be estimated at a spanking one knot.

For the Ford trustees and officers have found that it is no easy task to play God. God, after all, knows the worth of His possessions. That puts Him one up right away on the men who run the Ford Foundation. And although the Almighty may be inscrutable, there is a Design in the apparently jumbled goings-on under His supervision. The Ford Foundation, on the other hand, while likened by the easily impressed to an act of Godlike beneficence, has been less flatteringly characterized when it comes to Purposes. Skeptics have compared it with a great lumbering beast with its brains in Pasadena, its vital organs in Detroit, and its legs in New York City; furthermore they have charged that since a rather elementary nervous system connects the parts, the vital organs do the thinking, the brains do the traveling, and the legs digest all the information.

II

WHETHER the Ford Foundation is in fact nothing but the largest grab bag in history is a question we will have to leave for the moment. First, let us look at the curiously anomalous financial position in which the Foundation finds itself and at the extraordinary fact that it really doesn't know how much it is worth.

For the Ford trustees administer an institution whose wealth, although immense, has no real market value. There is, of course, a dollars and cents figure on the balance sheet—\$492,678,254.79 as of December 31, 1950. But apart from a \$68,000,000 petty-cash fund of liquid assets, the Ford Foundation's wealth consists almost entirely of stock: it owns nearly 90 *per cent* of the Ford Motor Company! But the Ford Motor Company has never sold its stock on an exchange and hence the price of its shares on the Foundation's books—\$135 each—is purely a tax valuation; a figure not without meaning but traditionally below market values. It would not surprise me if the trustees would turn down three-quarters of a billion dollars cold cash for the assets on that balance sheet.

But what is odd is that this enormous

wealth is a kind of imaginary fortune. Since there is no open market for the Ford stock, it is difficult to see how the trustees can sell their assets to diversify principal or spend any substantial part of their capital for a worthwhile project, even if they want to.

Odder yet is the fact that the Foundation trustees do not know what their *income* is going to be. Publicly they have announced that the Foundation has something like \$25,000,000 available for expenditure per year. But like the half-billion dollars of real but unavailable capital, the \$25-million figure cannot be taken at face value either. Last year was a good year for Ford cars and dividends were high; the Foundation income for 1950 has been kept a family secret but rumors (and where there are no facts there are juicy rumors) have placed it near \$100,000,000. But in another year income from the Ford Company stock could be very small. It could even be nonexistent.

It is for this reason that the Foundation is now putting its surplus income into a stabilization fund—a nest egg into which to dip, if lean years should come.

Oddest of all is that while the Foundation will derive virtually all its income from the Ford Motor Company, and while it owns the Motor Company almost lock, stock, and barrel, it has absolutely no voice in the determination of company policies such as the payment of dividends. For the stock it owns is all *nonvoting*. Should Ford decide that next year is the right year for it to have a little price war with General Motors or should it play games with its depreciation policy or should it engage in any number of perfectly sound hard-headed business maneuvers, the Foundation can only accept its fate and hope that it will not find itself too strapped for spending money. It is interesting to speculate on the possibility that Henry Ford II and Benson Ford, both of whom are trustees of the Foundation *and* directors of the Company, might find themselves wrestling with a situation where as business men their interests would lie in minimizing dividend distribution, while as public benefactors, their interest would lie in having as much money to spend as possible.

There is, of course, a reason for this financial straitjacket. The Ford Motor Company has always been a jealously guarded

private preserve, and while that has provided formidable advantages in the way of secrecy (Walter Reuther will be pleased to find out more about Ford's finances when the Foundation starts announcing its income by giving out figures for 1951), it has also posed very considerable financial problems. Charitable motives aside, there was no alternative for the Fords but to give their money to a foundation; had their estates not thus been made tax-exempt, it would have been necessary to risk dismembering the empire by selling its stock on the open market in order to pay the huge death duties involved.

III

BUT financial tangles are the least; while the Foundation finds itself in the unenviable position of a wealthy but financially incompetent cousin whose affairs are tended by the poorer but sounder-minded members of the family, it is certainly no mere appendage of the Ford family when it comes to programs and purposes. In fact irate Ford dealers have already accused the Foundation of espousing heinous doctrines without regard to their impact on buyers of Mercurys and Lincolns.

More important is the critical dismay of many of those who have tried in vain to latch onto some of the Foundation's money. For while the Ford prospectus covers heaven and earth, the interpretation of that prospectus lies in the hands of the high priests of Pasadena. The attempt to fathom their purposes has caused a good deal of consternation among the institutions who lined up for their philanthropic alms in the full confidence that Ford would go Rockefeller one better. The prospectors have found out that the vast Ford cornucopia disburses its fortune out of the narrow end of its gigantic cone, and that this narrow end seems to have the diameter of a clogged eyedropper. For of all the \$23,000,000 which the Foundation has *earmarked* for expenditure, as of early October less than half had actually been *spent*.

This is probably natural enough in view of the fact that the organization has had no chance to learn while growing, as most big institutions have; it was born a giant. And furthermore it was not buying assembled merchandise but men's working abilities,

which are much harder to appraise. But at least it seems significant that of the money which has actually been spent, only a spoonful has found its way into the hands of the established educational and welfare institutions of the country. The large expenditures—the overseas grants, the radio-TV workshop, the faculty scholarships, and the 16½-year-old experiment—have by-passed entirely the plans and the pocketbooks of the great majority of colleges, schools, councils, committees, institutes, and organizations who have spent their lives in the very fields in which the Foundation is supposed to be interested. No wonder there is somewhat less than whole-hearted support for the projects which the Foundation in its greater wisdom has selected.

In due justice, it must be said that with the publication of the Fords' wills, the gold rush started; it was the hottest since the Klondike. Applications have come pouring in at a rate of two hundred to five hundred a week; they have ranged all the way from distressing stories of personal misery to long printed documents with charts. A few are funny, a sprinkling are mad, most are dead serious. And they all have the common denominator of being expensive.

Within a year the sum total of requests for aid—including a few modest projects without price tag such as converting the Mediterranean into a fresh-water pond and doing something about the formation of icebergs at the South Pole—would probably have more than paid for the total national debt of the United States. Some four thousand applications, totaling over a quarter of a billion dollars, poured in from universities and colleges; one university alone put in two hundred separate and distinct projects for consideration (it wound up with a batting average of .000). One of the Foundation's officers proposed that the Pasadena headquarters be named Itching Palms.

But while there is of course an element of comedy and a trace of indecorousness in this spectacle of gowned dignitaries tripping on their hems as they scramble for the grab bag, there is a more serious side to the free-for-all. For most of the scramblers are people who have spent their working lives trying to do on a smaller scale what the Foundation now proposes to do in bold and massive strokes. It is to be expected that they will scramble—they

should scramble. And if they do not happen to be included in the list of donees, at least they should be able to look at the Ford program and admit, however grudgingly, that it makes sense.

This is just what they don't. And the criticism one hears is not merely a disagreement about the merits of the projects that have made the grade. That sort of criticism, after all, is the occupational disease of all foundation life; every disgruntled donee can call a foundation's pet projects "mere grants of charity" or "ill-coordinated and ineffectual."

But the criticism one does hear is of a different nature and more disturbing. It is a criticism of attitudes rather than projects, and a questioning of whether the Foundation's programs are in line with its objectives. One finds disquieting testimony to a We-Know-Better attitude at the top of the Foundation which sits ill with outsiders who think they know *something* of these problems. "And do they know better?" snorted one university official. "They talk peace and support cold-war irritants. They talk education and 'advance' it in ways that would hardly have the support of more than a minority of the nation's educators. They talk of adult education and dribble money away in a garbage-pail program with no real plan behind it. In the meantime there are perfectly good programs under way that are threatened with disaster for lack of funds, good schools which can't make ends meet, deserving but unspectacular work that needs financing. The Foundation doesn't want those. It goes in for the big international splash, the trail-blazing grant that leads God knows where, and for the pet hobby horses of its topkicks. It's all very discouraging."

IV

BETWEEN the open-mouthed admiration with which the Ford Foundation was greeted by the professional adulators of all merchant-prince beneficence and the irritation with which it is discussed in some academic circles, there is a considerable gulf. Perhaps it is a measure of the confusion which still exists about the purposes that lie behind the Foundation—a confusion, by the way, which had its ultimate expression when a lady

called up the Pasadena offices and asked if she could arrange for a fitting.

Having established the Foundation as a philanthropic institution second to none, Henry Ford II (who is the real hero of the story) did two quite extraordinary things. He arranged for the appointment of "outside" trustees—people like Karl Compton of MIT and Donald David of the Harvard Business School—who not only outnumbered the "inside" trustees (the Ford family) but who could outvote them. In a word he gave up control over his own Foundation; a truly spectacular gesture of self-denial and a real avowal of the public nature and responsibility of the Foundation. And having done that, he set up a study group with powers unlimited to tell the trustees what was the very best they could do with the money for the welfare of mankind. In fact he wrote to H. Rowan Gaither, Jr., who headed the committee:

We want to take stock of our existing knowledge, institutions, and techniques in order to locate areas where the problems are most important and where additional efforts toward their solution are most needed.

We want the best thought available in the United States as to how this Foundation can most effectively and intelligently put its resources to work for human welfare.

For two years the study group grappled with this order. It interviewed a thousand people, put in the equivalent of seven man-years of labor, wrote two books. It had to; after all, there are many things a foundation can do. It can take an inspiring project and bring it into concrete existence: Carnegie built libraries and started us on the way to having the finest public library system in the world and the Rockefellers built medical centers until we lead the world there, too. A foundation can take a specific evil and blot it out: Rockefeller money obliterated hookworm in the South and the Rosenwald Foundation had a real and lasting impact on the problem of race relations in America. A foundation can play by ear for special talents: witness the Guggenheim fellowships and the Juilliard scholarships.

But what the study group said the people needed was not more buildings, institutions, medical help, or housing, important as all these are. What the people needed, said the

study group, was help in getting along with other people; guidance in organizing and benefiting from the richness of a democratic society; more understanding of how to live in peace with themselves and with their neighbors. The study group chose five areas where Ford money could do what it thought was the most good, even though the visible return might be very scanty: the establishment of peace, the strengthening of democracy, the strengthening of the economy, the encouragement of education, and the understanding of individual behavior and human relations.

The Foundation would have made it a great deal easier for itself had it not accepted the report of the study committee and proceeded to put it into practice. It could have built a playground or two or a hospital here and there and everybody would have applauded and said how wonderful that the rich had such social consciences. But the trustees were not looking for cheap kudos. This was, as they very well knew, money that, save for the provisions of section 101 (6) of the Internal Revenue Code, belonged to the Treasury and hence to the people of the United States. And this is, after all, a generation with less veneration for the sanctity of the fortunes of the very rich. In a real sense the trustees felt called upon to justify the existence of what might have looked like nothing but the biggest tax dodge in history by doing something with the money that was so demonstrably wise and efficacious that no one could construe their motives amiss or say: "What have these people done for welfare that couldn't have been done better by the peoples' own welfare agency—their government?"

V

IT is only after one has taken cognizance of the nobility of its goals and the difficulties of their attainment that one can arrive at some sort of judgment on this big, butter-fingered, eager-eyed child of a foundation. For it is going, as all foundations do, through what Dr. Alan Gregg of the Rockefeller Foundation once called "children's diseases."

We could spend all day arguing about each project that has been accepted and each one that has been rejected and we wouldn't come up with very much more in the end than one

man's opinion as against another's. The Foundation may well be making hideous mistakes and scattering its money like buckshot, or it may be displaying the rarest of acumen and subtle generalship. There is only one judge of that: time.

But while it makes little sense today to criticize the Ford Foundation for acts of omission or commission, it seems perfectly fair to take a long look at the way in which it has gone about its business. An enormous institution, responsible to no one but itself, devoid of all need to show "results," capable of influencing for better or worse much of our thinking and many of our institutions, must live in an atmosphere of public criticism and public understanding. Here, then, are two questions that I should like to see the Foundation wrestle with:

(1) *Can the Foundation cut its ties with Ford?*

This is not a question that implies sinister "influences" or casts aspersions on the excellence of the Ford Company management. It is a question put in the best interests of the Foundation itself, for it asks whether any foundation should be in a position where it cannot call its own financial shots. A foundation should have complete freedom in the use and disposition of its resources and its income; and this is manifestly impossible so long as it is tied to a commercial enterprise. I venture to guess, in addition, that in its program to strengthen the American economy, the Foundation will espouse the widest possible distribution of corporate wealth. Where better to begin than in its own backyard?

It is only fair to add that the trustees themselves are acutely aware of the problems which grow out of the tie to Ford. The crux of the question they face is apparently this: how can the Ford stock be distributed without running the risk of wrecking the Company? To try to strengthen the national economy while undermining one of its important units would hardly make much sense. Possibly there is no early way of accomplishing the divorce without undue danger; yet sooner or later a way must be found.

(2) *Can the Foundation learn to stop, look, and listen?*

It did its preliminary planning—decided upon its general objectives—only after long and

thoughtful study and wide consultation. But since then there has been an apparent tendency toward something that looks very much like arbitrariness. One has an uneasy feeling that too many of the projects can be identified with the well-known intellectual predilections of its top officers. This is natural in the early stages of such an enterprise, but it raises many questions about the future. There is a suspicion that ideas which do not happen to fall in line with the Pasadena brand of "contributory thinking" are given short shrift—even when these ideas may be firmly held by a great many quite respectable authorities. There is the impression that the Foundation is sympathetic toward the dramatic gesture, at the expense of many workaday organizations which have been plugging away at some of the Foundation's goals so long that they have lost their glamour.

Item: The Foundation has not yet seen fit to aid any of the excellent civil liberty groups working in the country; none of them quite "fills the bill." Instead it will set up its own.

Item: One of the higher officials of the Foundation sets out on a round-the-world tour to study conditions—and allots, in his plans, only one month for the expedition.

Item: A university president writes to a high official in Pasadena saying that he would like to meet him in New York or elsewhere at his convenience and specifically says that he recognizes that it would be impractical to meet in Pasadena. He receives as answer a note to the effect that it is impossible to meet in Pasadena, period.

This sort of behavior naturally instills in the Foundation's critics a feeling that the thinking in Pasadena is insulated, arrogant, and hurried. This generalization does not apply, so far as I can see, to the men in the lower echelons to whose open-mindedness I have already borne witness; nor, for that matter, will anyone who knows Paul Hoffman charge him with a lack of humility. Yet the effect is somehow there—a kind of remote playing God and a disregard of counsels which may perhaps lack the desired element of "pioneering" because they are tempered with experience.

Perhaps the fault can be summarized in saying that the Foundation lacks good public relations—not in the narrow sense of putting out releases and announcements, but in the

deepest sense of inspiring a feeling of good will and sympathetic support from its fellow-workers. One wonders, sometimes, if the Foundation feels it has any fellow-workers.

It is true, of course, that too many cooks spoil the broth and that an idea which pleases everybody is apt to be a platitude. The Foundation could hardly keep open house and run its affairs efficiently. But neither can it decree new directions in philanthropy—with the inevitable effect on the whole trend of institutional activity—without some larger degree of general participation than the sages

of Pasadena now seem to be willing to admit.

Perhaps Julius Rosenwald summed up the difficulties as clearly as anybody. "It is nearly always easier," he said, "to make a million dollars honestly than to dispose of it wisely." No institution has tried harder to live up to that challenge than the Ford Foundation. It has intelligence, imagination, and courage. It has hardly begun to function. Its future is before it. With a large dose of humility and perseverance, it may get over its acute growing pains and achieve a magnificently fruitful maturity.

An Address for All Occasions

Subject: THE CRISIS

(or any other topic)

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is indeed a great and undeserved privilege to address such an audience as I see before me. At no previous time in the history of human civilization have greater problems confronted and challenged the ingenuity of man's intellect than now. Let us look around us. What do we see on the horizon? What forces are at work? Whither are we drifting? Under what mist of clouds does the future stand obscured?

My friends, casting aside the raiment of all human speech, the crucial test for the solution of these intricate problems, to which I have just alluded, is the sheer and forceful application of those immutable laws which, down the corridors of time, have always guided the hand of man, groping, as it were, for some faint beacon-light for his hopes and aspirations. Without these great vital principles, we are but puppets, responding to whim and fancy, failing entirely to grasp the hidden meaning of it all. We must re-address ourselves to these questions which press for answer and solution. The issues cannot be avoided. There they stand. It is upon you—and you—and yes, even upon me, that the yoke of responsibility falls.

What then, is our duty? Shall we continue to drift? No! with all the emphasis of my being I hurl back the message: No! Drifting must stop. We must press onward and upward toward that ultimate goal to which we must aspire. . . .

—From an address to end all addresses, written over a quarter century ago by the late A. Parker Nevin and printed in 1948 in the Princeton Alumni Weekly, to which we are indebted for permission to reproduce it.

North to Find Iron

The Great Ungava Mining Project

Part I

John Bartlow Martin

"It's quite a development," said the slight young fellow next to me in the lounge car of the Ocean Limited, a train bound northeast out of Montreal. His name was Anker Hansen. We happened to be going to the same place—he worked for the company that was developing the iron ore deposits of Labrador and Quebec, about which I intended to write an article. "Till now, there was nothing up there except a few Indians. By the way, you ought to talk to Bob Ross. He's a fur buyer in Seven Islands. Speaks English, French, and several Indian dialects. Then you'll want to talk to the geologists. And the construction men—some of them are Americans. Then there's a flier who was with one of those polar explorers, can't stand civilization."

We'd get off in the morning at Mont Joli, Quebec, on the south bank of the St. Lawrence River, almost north of the northernmost tip of Maine. From there it was an hour's flight by company plane across the St. Lawrence to Seven Islands, Quebec, the company's main base of operations. And from Seven Islands it was two hours' flight into the wilderness camp called Knob Lake where the iron ore lay. "The iron ore is on the boundary

between Labrador and Quebec. They don't know where Labrador starts and Quebec ends. For a long time, nobody cared. But now they do."

This summer, he said, the company's big job was building a railroad from Seven Islands to Knob Lake—365 miles. "But the really spectacular thing in the whole project is the airlift. They have to fly everything in. They take a 225-foot steel radio tower and fly it in by bits and pieces. When you get to Knob Lake there'll be a nice clean Plymouth station wagon meet you at the airstrip. Just remember, it was flown in there too."

LABRADOR is a part of Newfoundland Province. It adjoins Ungava, or New Quebec, a part of Quebec Province. Together they comprise an enormous peninsula, which is northeastern Canada. At its center is the iron ore—at about the latitude of the lower end of Hudson's Bay.

For several years mining men have been talking about these wilderness ore deposits. It was becoming clear that the ranges in the American Lake Superior district, from which most of our iron ore comes, could not long be expected to meet the whole of

The huge Laborador-Quebec iron-ore project has received only partial coverage in the U.S. press. Last summer Harper's sent John Bartlow Martin to the spot to fill in the details on one of the great pioneering stories of the twentieth century.

our rising need for steel for defense and civilian uses, and that another major source of iron ore on this continent would be a great asset to America. Last year they began the task of opening up the deposits.

This is a completely private undertaking. The Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd., a Canadian gold-mining company, owned concessions to the ore, but to develop them it needed capital, experience with iron ore, and—probably most important—a market for the ore. Only the American steel industry could provide all three. Hollinger enlisted the aid of the M. A. Hanna Company, a coal, ore, and shipping company, of Cleveland, Ohio. Hanna interested five American steel companies—Armco, National, Republic, Wheeling, and Youngstown—in guaranteeing a market for the ore. They and Hanna put up \$100,000,000, half the estimated cost. And nineteen insurance companies, four Canadian and fifteen American, agreed to loan them the other hundred million. (The total cost eventually may rise close to \$300,000,000.) To undertake the project, the corporations involved formed the Iron Ore Company of Canada. The Iron Ore Company in turn established three subsidiaries—an airline, Hollinger Ungava Transport Ltd.; a railroad, Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway Co.; and a power company, Ungava Power. It hired a contracting company called CMMMK to build the railroad.

This is the last big known undeveloped iron ore reserve on the North American continent, one of the last in the world. And it lies in one of the wildest, most remote regions of the continent—a frozen, unmapped, uninhabited desolation. To bring it out to civilization is a huge undertaking, one of the few of its kind in our time: a striking example of pioneering by mid-twentieth-century methods. I went up there last August to see what was going on.

THE airport outside Mont Joli had been built by the RCAF during the war and looked it—rows of barracks already deserted, a lonely runway beside the blue St. Lawrence. Airplane seats, propellers, engines were scattered about the hangar, and in one corner stood the fuselage of a Norseman plane, stripped to a naked spidery skeleton. In an upstairs office I found Charles Hoyt, the head

of the company's airlift. He was a big blond tousle-headed man in gabardine pants and a yellow-red-blue plaid shirt. He explained that materials for the project were brought by ship from Montreal to Seven Islands. From there they were flown to the construction camps strung up along the railroad route.

During the war Hoyt, an old barnstormer, had been an RCAF Wing Commander flying construction materials to Goose Bay, Labrador. The contractor there, W. H. Durrell, in 1948 became general manager of the Iron Ore Company. He asked Hoyt to set up an airlift.

Hoyt now has thirty-two young pilots from his old RCAF squadron. He had thirteen planes—three DC3s and ten smaller craft. In 1948 Hoyt's airlift carried 2,044,785 pounds of freight; in the first seven months of this year, four times as much. "What's more," Hoyt said, "we've got our cost down to a nickel a pound. Compared to seventy-five cents that they'd been paying a commercial airline to supply their prospectors. We can fly stuff cheaper than you can haul it over a tote road. Last December they sent a tractor and a crew in overland and by spring they were only a hundred miles along the way. Whereas we can put four tons of stuff in one of these airplanes and two hours later they're there. By next year I hope the worst'll be over—they'll be building the railroad up in flatter ground, out of this valley at the lower end along the Moisie River. That damn valley. Which they told us we couldn't fly into. You see, the valley is narrow." He laughed without much mirth. "Awful narrow. I took a U. S. Air Force general into the airstrip at Mile 36 the other day and when we got down he said, 'Ah damn it, Hoyt, this is flying. Really flying, this is.' Fifteen-hundred-foot mountains on either side. But hell, it's safer than Montreal Airport—no traffic."

Hoyt had a large rugged uneven face and a deep-cleft chin. "We sure rassled some stuff into 36 yesterday—17,000 gallons of gas, among other things. Came out on our last trip at nine o'clock at night. Every time we take a piece of machinery in we've got to take in the gasoline to run it. We fly 1,000 gallons at a time. We've got a DC3 rigged as a tanker. We've flown in big tractors, scrapers, every damn thing you can think of. I forget how many power shovels. For a while we had a

Fairchild Packet, the so-called flying boxcar. We could drive loaded trucks right into it, fly 'em up, and drive 'em off and out to the job. But we make out with the Dougs. The DC3s. That's the real work-horse.

"The only trouble is, we have to take the big stuff apart. A yard and a quarter shovel weighs forty-nine and a half tons. So we have to cut 'em into pieces and take 'em in in several trips. Just take a blow torch and cut it up. Then weld it back together again up in the bush. We've got a fellow that can cut up a shovel in his sleep," he said. "We flew a sawmill up to Knob Lake. We flew two of 'em to Seven Islands—the first one got burned up. They've got ten families up at Knob Lake and we flew in their bottled gas stoves, their bathtubs, toilets, sinks, furniture, anything you can think of that you need in a house. Food, it takes a lot of food. The Dominion Catering Company of Montreal has the contract to supply it. Not a God damn thing grows up there. The only thing grows up there is mosquitoes and black flies. Winter's the best time to fly here—at 40 below the air is dense and the snow is solid. You can really carry a load." They'd never had a serious accident. "We use the same weather minimums as the commercial lines. Our pilots are all instrument men. We have our own radio beacons. We can go in as safe as you can go into La Guardia."

Now, I am a person who does not like flying. On this expedition I took notes constantly, partly to combat anxiety. Accordingly I am able to report that the interior of the DC3 I climbed into that afternoon for the northward flight to Seven Islands had been stripped of conventional seats, that we sat on two long benches at the sides running the length of the plane and



Distances by Air to the Ungava Region

made of pipe with canvas covering, that the hull was padded with a green quilted material, that the floor was covered with sand and dirt, that one oil drum stood in the center anchored to the floor by four steel rods. Most of the sixteen passengers were workmen who had come out of the bush for the weekend, and several, unshaven and unhappy and unsteady, looked it. A man of about thirty in khaki, red-haired and freckled, with hard bright flier's eyes, climbed aboard. He was the company's chief pilot, John Scott. He tried to shut the door. It stuck. He struggled with it with both hands while passengers near him offered advice and one sang softly and tunelessly, "We're off in a cloud of steam." He finally got it shut by hammering it with an axe.

As he came forward, a man in a sweat-shirt who had been dozing sat up and said,

"You want me to take over now, Scotty?"

In a moment there was the small grinding noise of the starting motors; the propellers turned over erratically, then the engines caught, they throbbed and whined, and the plane rocked gently and swung onto the runway. The motors buzzed angrily, the plane shook and quaked, and we surged forward, the plane thrusting so hard we had to lean against it, bouncing roughly, feeling the friction of wheels beneath, and then the tail came up till the floor was level and quickly the bouncing stopped, was replaced by the soft spongy feeling of being airborne. We sailed out over the St. Lawrence, wide as a gulf; and the passengers resumed the random chatter which they had ceased during the takeoff.

Below, the water was streaked darkly. To the north toward Labrador, low clouds sat whitely on the dark gray hills. A tall slender young man sitting opposite said to me in a quiet voice, "The thing that interests me most is why men come up here. I suppose it's to get away. To find some peace." He was a geologist, taking a Ph.D. at Laval University and working for the company this summer. His father, a bricklayer, had come to Canada from Hungary in 1927. "Now you probably wonder what I'm doing here myself. Well, I had a chance of taking any course I wanted to in the university. I took geology. I love the outdoors and geology is a fascinating subject. And it is a field that offers the most opportunity. Especially in Canada," and he talked about the vast unmapped regions of Ungava and the Northwest, only now being opened up.

There was a sudden shout a couple of places away from me and a man across the way lunged to my side of the plane. A window at the emergency exit had blown open right behind one of the passengers and he was clinging to the bench, the airstream whooshing past loudly. Three men wrenched it shut. Everybody talked and laughed loudly except the man who had been nearest.

"See how sandy the shore is?" said the young geologist, Steve Melihersik. "It's all glacial drift." The air was rougher, the plane rocked a little, and sometimes it bumped hard. I glanced at Scott, the pilot. He was reading a magazine. And now we began to descend. Melihersik said, "There's

Seven Islands—can you count 'em?" I did, seven islands blotching the bay like measles spots. The sea on the shore looked frozen in ripples. Then we were over the town, and, beyond, the triangular airport. Scott had quit reading now and had his headphones on. We sailed in low over a green-brown plain cut by a straight narrow band, the new railroad, still without steel, and then we were down. The door was opened and a ladder hung out and we climbed down, carrying our baggage.

IN THE log hangar stood a dozen booted bearded men going up to Knob Lake. Melihersik offered me a ride to town, to Seven Islands, and we got into a truck beside a young theological student who visits the camps and holds religious services in the cookhouses. The road ran for six miles across a flat sandy plain. Dust filled the air, dust lay thick on the bushes at the roadside, dust choked your throat and nose. The plain was covered with scraggly little spruce trees. Melihersik said, "Here's the town." The street was unpaved, deep rutted in sand, narrow, very rough. The smell of burning pine was in the air. Scattered among the old weatherbeaten shingled houses were new houses, the lumber not yet painted, and piles of gravel and concrete blocks spilled out into the street. "They're building in each other's backyards," said Melihersik. "The town's in a terrible mess—no sewage system, no water system, nothing." Three or four laborers came swinging down the sidewalk noisily and, catching sight of a young pretty girl sawing wood in the yard of an old gray house, began to whistle and yell at her. She went into the house. We came down to the main street by the waterfront, where children skipped among the trucks and jeeps, and stopped.

For here, arising suddenly from the sand and litter, was the new hotel, Hotel des Sept Iles, a three-story edifice of brick with glass-brick trim, the round concrete entrance painted a gay brilliant blue. We parked on clattering steel strips laid in the sand to protect cars from getting stuck. Melihersik promised to come around after dinner that night. In the lobby the furniture was new, of blond wood and pastel leather, and sansevieria plants flourished in a long wooden

box, and the draperies were soft and luxuriant.

Seven Islands—often spelled Sept Iles—is a French fishing village. It is one of the oldest towns on the North American continent. Jacques Cartier noted its bay in 1535 and the first Jesuit missionary arrived exactly three hundred years ago. Not much happened after that until last year. Before the iron boom, there were no electric lights, no hotel, no barroom, no movie, and few business establishments except the Hudson's Bay Company store. Now all is changed. You can hear hammers everywhere. Two new streets have been opened, making four. Already the new hotel plans a new wing. Its owner intends to build another hotel up at Knob Lake as soon as the Iron Ore Company decides where it'll put the town of Knob Lake. Hotel rooms, liquor, and food prices are about the same as in Montreal. Hotel bars are the only drinking places in town, so far as I learned. The only night club, called El Morocco, sells no liquor. Few prostitutes have come to town. A few card-sharps have shown up but no organized gambling has begun.

The iron ore project employs about 3,000 people. Of these, 1,900 work for the railroad contractor CMMMK and the rest work for the Iron Ore Company, 600 at Knob Lake and 500 in or near Seven Islands. Most of them live in company camps, not in town. The town's pre-boom population was about 1,600—commercial fishermen, pulpwood cutters, paper-mill workers. Now the permanent population has increased to 2,500 and only two men are still fishing.

II

THAT first evening in Seven Islands Melihersik and I sat talking and drinking beer in the handsome soft-lit hotel cocktail lounge. I asked him to tell me about his work.

"Well, we're making a geological map," he said. "Mapping the rock formation. We've been in the bush all summer. I was out for a week on business. I'm going back in tomorrow and I'm not coming out till freezeup. In October, probably. I'm a hundred miles up the railroad route. I have one man with me, a bushman. We sleep in

an eight by twelve tent. We get up at 6:00 A. M. and prepare the breakfast, then hop into the canoe—we have a one-and-a-half horsepower engine on it—and go to the area we're working in."

They traverse the area at regular intervals, working from aerial photographs. With a compass Melihersik plots off an azimuth—a directional course—and the bushman marches 1,000 feet on the course. Melihersik examines the rocks at that point, identifies them geologically, plots the rock types on his aerial photographs; and they continue on their course. The country where he's working is rough—sheer rock cliffs 400 or 500 feet high. "We can run about six miles of traverse a day. We take sandwiches and chocolate and oranges with us and cook tea. We usually work till about 4:30. After supper I correlate my information and put it on the map and work out the geological relationships. We move camp every week or so. If possible, we move it ourselves—portage. Or the plane moves us—strap the canoe on the pontoons and fly over to the next spot." (The region is strewn with lakes which serve for landing fields.)

"We have arctic eiderdown sleeping bags, a small office box, a roll-top table, and a small collapsible wood stove to heat the tent on wet days. One thing you're never without is fly dope. The flies and mosquitoes are terrible. We camp on sandy beaches. The canoe's bright orange so it can be seen from the air. The plane comes every Wednesday. It brings food and mail and gasoline for your motor."

He was twenty-seven years old, blond, wearing glasses. "My bushman comes from Gaspé. He's fifty-five. He can really handle a canoe. What do we talk about?" He laughed. "He talks about women. And liquor. I just grunt. He chews tobacco and spits all over my tent. Smokes a vile pipe. But he's a hell of a lot better to work with than a young student of geology. And he'll show you things in the bush—habits of animals and birds and fish—you'd never see otherwise."

The territory where he was working was uninhabited. "A few Indians come in to trap. There's a good deal of game. I carry a Mauser 6.5. For bear. I haven't seen one this summer but the camp is full of tracks

every morning. The same with caribou. The bush is loaded with partridge. Rabbits all over. Lots of ducks. My lake has a pair of loons. The streams are full of speckled trout and landlocked salmon. The lakes have mostly suckers and northern pike."

A concealed jukebox was booming steadily and the cocktail lounge was filling up. Two couples, the women in stoles and strapless dresses, sat down next to us, and I wondered where they could have come from. (Later I learned there was a yacht club upstairs, patronized mostly by company men.) Melihersik didn't seem to notice them. He said, "In the bush you don't punch a clock, you're under nobody's supervision. You're out on a traverse and there's a nice hill up there an extra half mile away—well, you don't care, you want to know what's there." He was turning his beer glass slowly round and round. "I guess I sort of hate civilization for one reason or the other. After you go back into the bush, after you've been confined three or four days there, you attack those hills with so much energy just to—I don't know," and he gestured. "Just to get rid of things."

ONE cool evening I found Dr. J. A. Retty, the chief geologist, riding in a jeep on the main street. He has been exploring here for fifteen years. In 1938 he found iron ore. (It had been reported previously, in 1894 and 1929, the first time on the basis of wrong evidence.) I asked him about the geology of the region. "We have at the base of everything a series of ancient gneisses. They're called archeozoic. They are Pre-Cambrian, the oldest geologic age. Late in that age the central area of the Labrador peninsula was depressed and filled by the sea. In this Labrador Trough was deposited a series of younger sediments of the Proterozoic age. And one of these sediments is iron formation, containing 30 per cent iron. Then the land rose from the sea again and there was a terrific force from the northeast and it compressed and buckled the formation. This gives us the series of high corrugated ridges we have today. The iron ore occurs as a concentration of the iron formation. And that," he said, smiling, "is enough geology."

This summer Dr. Retty had about a hundred geologists and prospectors at work. Some, like Melihersik, were working out of

Seven Islands—"our faces'd be terribly red if someone found an ore pocket along our railroad"—but most were working out of Knob Lake. "Our main production zone to date is ninety miles long and four to five miles across but the potential ore zone within our concession runs 225 miles long, and thirty miles wide. We have discovered so far 417,707,000 tons of ore. It's high-grade stuff—55 to 60 per cent iron. And there's a hell of a lot of material that'll run 40 per cent and that can be easily concentrated. Moreover, the silica is low, only 8 or 8½ per cent, which is a big advantage. And all our discoveries so far resulted from surface outcrops. The possibilities are tremendous. There's not the slightest doubt they're going to find a hell of a lot more iron ore. Moreover it's direct-shipping ore—you just scoop it out of the ground, put it into railroad cars, and send it to the steel mill."

III

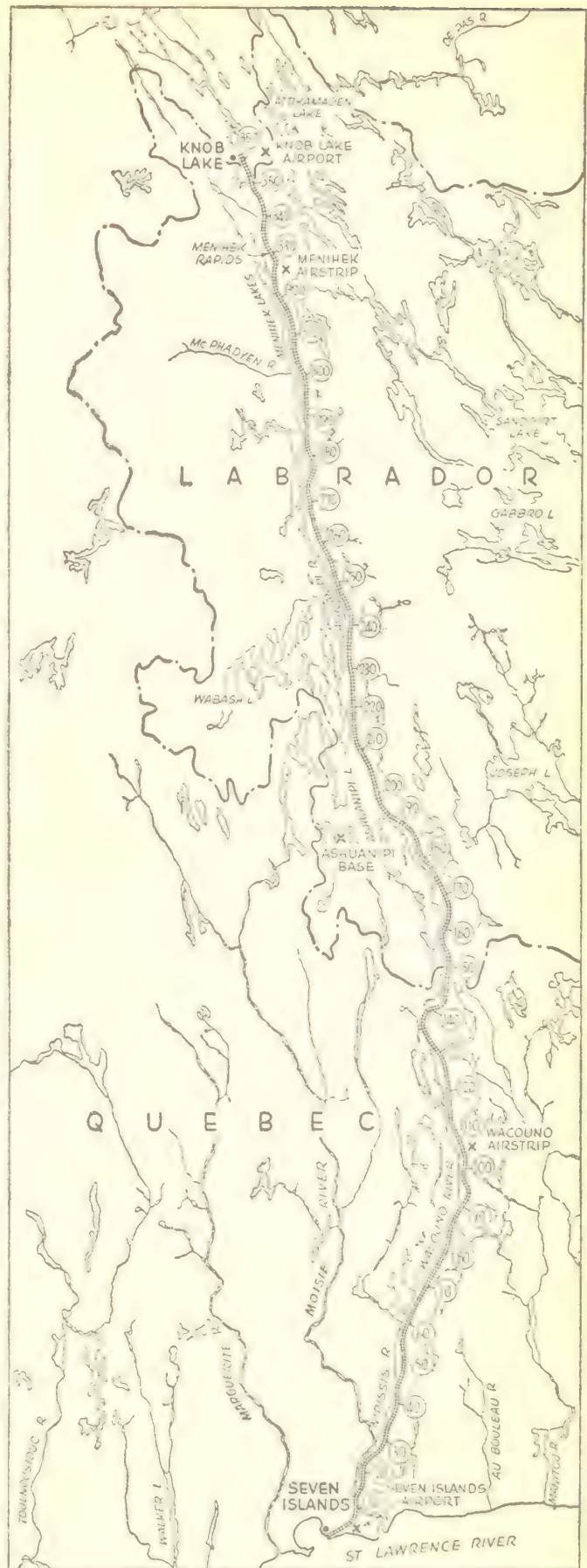
THE Iron Ore Company will build a railroad, two hydroelectric dams, ore docks, and a mining and loading installation at Knob Lake, plus a town adjoining Seven Islands and another at Knob Lake. Sixty per cent of the estimated total cost was for building the railroad—\$120,000,000. Nobody really knows how much it'll cost. I took a taxi out from Seven Islands to the base camp of the railroad contractor, a sprawling collection of several dozen low wooden buildings. The floor in the headquarters building was coming loose at the joints, as though the carpenters had been hustled off to another job before they were quite finished. At a desk in a bare little office I found W. E. Ross, the chief engineer, a stocky man with a little mustache and graying hair who handled himself like an athlete. Sharp pencils and a little ruler bristled out of his shirt pocket.

CMMMK, he said, was an abbreviation of Cartier-McNamara-Mannix-Morrison-Knudson, which was a combination of four construction companies that had undertaken this project jointly. Three were Canadian; the fourth, Morrison-Knudson, Ross's company, was American. "It is estimated," Ross said, coming around his desk and going to a long strip of a map thumbtacked to the bare wall, "that there's about twelve or fifteen mil-

lion cubic yards of excavation or grading. Rock and earth. Here goes your railroad location," and he followed it with his pencil. "Twelve miles out of Seven Islands, there's a tunnel 2,200 feet long. And then as soon as you come out of the tunnel, right there's the bridge across the Moisie River—800 feet long. There's no other large bridge, though there are a couple dozen smaller ones, as this railroad follows the natural watercourses," and he traced them, up the Moisie, then up the Nipissis, then up the Wacouno. "When we get to the head of Wacouno Lake at Mile 150 we're at the height of land. And from there on we're going downstream along the Ashuanipi river system." He gazed at the map, then, rather reluctantly, went back to his desk.

Engineers for the Iron Ore Company had spent three years laying out the railroad route—almost straight south from the ore at Knob Lake to a deep-water harbor at Seven Islands, with gentle grades. In the summer of 1950 the company decided to go ahead with the job. It invited about a dozen contractors to submit bids. "I did some of the figuring for my company myself," Ross said. "I happened to be in our Boise office; I'd just reported back in from a couple years in Arabia, building highways and airports and all this and that. Well, these four companies decided to form a pool and go after the job. You see, Cartier and McNamara have done many big grading jobs in eastern Canada and Mannix in western Canada. Morrison and Knudson have designed and built a lot of railroads, highways, hydro projects—one of their jobs was Grand Coulee Dam. There are some of us that have had some railroading experience. Though it's not easy to get hold of someone with railroad experience," he said, smiling rather shyly. "No one has built any railroads to speak of for a long time. Well, there were several other bidders. This CMMMK combination was awarded the contract on September 21, 1950.

"On September 22 we started to assemble our personnel. They came from all over this part of North America. We established an office in Montreal. We got a few pieces of equipment together and got it on a ship and unloaded it here on the morning of October 2 and went to work. At that time there was nothing here, not a thing," and he smiled.



Railroad Route: Seven Islands to Knob Lake

This is the route south from the ore deposits of the Canadian wilderness. Laying the 365-mile track is a mass-production operation.

'A bulldozer had about a third of this camp area cleared of brush. And that's all. We stayed in some half-finished rooms up over a store in town. Boy, it was rugged, I'm telling you. Finally we got the base camp out here built. Now we have three bunkhouses here that sleep a hundred men each, two staff quarters for men and two for women, an office building, a kitchen, cafeteria, bake shop, laundry, boiler house to generate steam for heating, our own power plant for electricity, our own water supply and sewage disposal plant, our shops and warehouses, and eighteen family dwellings for our married staff members. We have IBM equipment to do our payroll and accounting work, a four trunkline telephone system, two-way radio communication with our camps, and teletype direct between here and the airports and our office in Montreal.'

Last fall too they were buying equipment and materials, 25,000 tons of it. It had to be shipped to Seven Islands from Montreal before navigation closed on the St. Lawrence December first. So did several hundred workmen. The city pier at Seven Islands wasn't big enough so they had to build a new one a mile down the beach. "You see," Ross said, leaning back in his chair and tapping the edge of his desk with his pencil, "in the past fifty years what new railroads *were* built, were built parallel to existing highways or other railroads. On this thing the problem is not just one of moving earth and rock—it's also a problem of access. Of logistics. Our general plan of operation on the job was this. We'd build access roads more or less parallel with the railroad line. And we would move our equipment up the line over these access roads so it'd be there, ready to go in the spring."

How do you build the access road? He smiled. "You go out with a bunch of bulldozers and you start leveling off a road, following the contours. In muskeg you haul in gravel and if the gravel wouldn't hold you corduroy it—cut trees and lay the logs crossways. Then you get into blue clay," and he sighed and meditated for a mo-

ment.

"There's a belt of blue clay from Mile 10 to about Mile 30. Naturally we had to smooth it off too. Well, it'd freeze over maybe a

foot deep, freeze solid enough to hold up a caterpillar. So we'd step in there one morning and bulldoze off the foot of frozen stuff. We'd keep going till we got into the unfrozen unstable stuff and had two or three bulldozers stuck. Then we'd haul 'em out, wait overnight, and in the morning it'd be frozen another foot deep and we'd step in and do it again. Sometimes it took six or eight cuts to get a roadbed solid enough to get your equipment over. Of course, it's just a winter road—when that blue clay thaws out in the spring you can't get back over it, even in a jeep, you'd just go out of sight." I asked how they expected the blue clay to hold up a railroad if it wouldn't hold up a jeep. "We've bailed it out with a dragline and thrown it away, then hauled in rock and other stable material to replace it. We think it'll stay." He smiled. "We'll find out in a year or so. You see, this is all new here—nobody else has been in here before and we've got to figure it out as we go along."

When their winter road reached the Moisie River they bridged it with an 800-foot pile trestle. And went on up the route, building camps every twelve or fifteen miles for about forty miles. They moved up some of the men and all the equipment—shovels and draglines on caterpillar crawlers, tractors and trucks. They hauled in jack hammers and wagon drills and towed in air compressors.

In November the men did a little grading near the camps. In January they began blasting the tunnel at Mile 12—rock is about as easy to handle in winter as in summer. In January too they jumped ahead to Mile 100 and built a camp at Wacouno—flew the camp in, flew the equipment in, men, supplies, fuel, everything. And started grading there in May.

Already at the other camps along the line the men and food, the equipment and fuel, had been distributed, and they went to work. When the ice went out it took the pile trestle over the Moisie with it, but they already had their equipment across. The men marooned beyond the river had to be supplied by helicopter till the airstrip at Mile 36 was finished.

All told, there now are six mainline camps, plus five intermediate tent camps. There probably never will be more—as one camp finishes its stretch of roadbed it'll leapfrog

on up ahead of the others. Each camp holds 200 or 250 men. The men walk out to the working place if it's near camp or go by truck or boat if it's not. About fifty miles of the roadbed is graded. The access road is now at Mile 50. As the railroad is built, of course, it will in part supplant the access road as an equipment carrier.

So far they've laid track only up to Mile 7. Laying track is a mass-production operation—diesel locomotive crane and flatcars carrying rail, ballast cars carrying crushed rock, power-driven wrenches and spikers and tamping equipment. The bottleneck is the tunnel and bridge at Mile 12. The tunnel is almost finished—35,000 yards of solid rock drilled and dynamited and mucked out. The bridge is started. When I was there, the steel was due to arrive in a week or two and they'd haul it up on the railroad.

Most of the earth-moving equipment is small or medium-sized—diesel shovels, draglines, and trucks, only a few big bulldozers and scrapers. Fast heavy equipment is unsuitable here—too hard to transport, too big to maneuver in the narrow cuts and fills, ill-suited to moving rock or muskeg or blue clay. Most of the equipment is of American origin—shovels from Chicago and Milwaukee, tractors from Milwaukee and Peoria. Last year even lumber was shipped in because they wanted it fast. Now they're logging and milling lumber here. They'll cut half their railroad ties here. They're using 132-pound rail, the same kind as that used on a Class A mainline.

The workmen come mostly from Newfoundland and Quebec. If they stay six months their transportation cost is refunded. "You get the normal amount of sightseers, come in here for the trip and drive a few nails and leave. The only men from the States are about a half-dozen key engineers and superintendents. You couldn't get a bunch of characters from the States to come up to a place like this and stick it out."

I asked if the railroad would be finished before the planned date, August 1954. Ross wouldn't guess. Other engineers hope it can be finished and the ore deposits in production in 1953. Ross said, "Outside of terrain and weather and access it's just another big rough tough construction job. Let's go get something to eat."

The cafeteria was a big low-ceilinged room where workmen wearing yellow CMMMK badges were filing past the steam tables. A sign said:

No badge No meal
Pas de Badge Pas de repas

\$1.50 a day for meals is deducted from the men's pay. It costs \$3 a day to feed them. The food is good.

After eating, Ross introduced me to a middle-aged American named Monty Vernon, and I walked back to the office with him. The Hanna company had borrowed him from the Pennsylvania Railroad, sent him around the United States studying ore docks, then sent him here to design the railroad terminal and docks. Vernon said, "We're designing a car dumper that'll dump two one-hundred-ton cars every fifty seconds. We plan to load eight thousand tons an hour onto a boat. It's all so big."

IV

THREE men came into his office—J. W. Buford, a youngish Hanna company executive who had just flown in from Cleveland and was going up to Knob Lake tomorrow; Art Cavanaugh, an older Canadian railroad man traveling with him; and Hector MacNeil, the Iron Ore Company's project engineer. I attached myself to them. Buford was about forty, though he looked younger, perhaps because of his blond hair and pink cheeks. His face was bland, almost expressionless. His lips were thin. He wore a hard-textured finely-tailored gray business suit, a bow tie, and a white shirt. His voice was quiet, even, and incisive. His mind worked very fast. He was blunt and outspoken. He worked from 7:00 A. M. till midnight. I never saw him relaxed. He was machine-like. In his looks, talk, and manner he seemed the very embodiment of Modern Management.

We got into a car and drove down to the dock. Walking past a huge new diesel locomotive, Buford said, "That's the first of about fifty mainline locomotives. It'll take four of those to pull our ore trains. We're going to run the heaviest trains ever operated consistently in North America." They had consi-

dered building a conveyor belt from Knob Lake to Seven Islands but had concluded a railroad was better. The dock was wooden, built of huge pilings and timbers. Out at its end was a steamship loaded with lumber and railroad cars. The bodies of the railroad cars had been removed from their trucks, or sets of wheels. On the dock stood two derricks, and now one of them, a yellow giant, rumbled slowly forward on caterpillar treads two feet wide and turned and swung its great boom out over the ship and, clanking, lowered its cables, and workmen hooked them around one set of trucks. Slowly the cables tightened, the young man in the cab of the derrick watching with intense concentration as he operated the controls, and gently he raised the truck off the ship and into the air, gently swung it over the dock, a dozen workmen standing below but not quite beneath it, their arms half-raised as though in propitiation, and then slowly the derrick man, who had a cigarette stuck in the corner of his mouth, lowered the truck, the men taking hold of it and guiding it, lowered it, lowered it till it was only an inch above the tracks, and dropped it gently.

We drove northward, heading for the tunnel, and the plain began to break into little hills; birch trees appeared among the spruces and jackpines. We crossed the railroad right of way, a wide straight gash in the trees, then rounded a bend, climbed a steep high hill, and suddenly ahead the country opened up. We were above the gorge of the Moisie River. Nearby was a construction camp: new shiny metal Quonset hut, rough board garages, white tents with wooden frames, empty oil drums. We walked down a muddy pathway along a ledge beside a dropoff, clambered down a fifteen-foot ladder made of spruce poles and two-by-fours, and were standing on a flat rocky ledge high above the river.

The river foamed darkly through a deep canyon; the rock well dropped sheer two hundred feet. Up the crooked canyon the dark wooded hills ran off to the distant mountains. From here, a cableway stretched to the opposite hill, thin high strands of wire rope supporting a chicken wire cage for men to cross in. (Once it got stuck halfway across.) The face of the hill here had been blasted away and the tunnel driven through. The gray rock was fractured in smooth sculp-

tured planes above the tunnel mouth. The tunnel was dark; a cold wind blew from it. In front of it the rock had been blasted into a flat smooth floor out to the face of the cliff, and drillers were punching a pneumatic drill into the rock, dust from the drill gray on their faces, their teeth bared and clenched and white, their hands and arms shaking, drilling holes to anchor the bridge steel to the rock. Carpenters were building a form for the concrete abutment. The steel anchor frames would be hauled in, assembled here, and buried with concrete into the rocks.

Overhead the sky was deep blue. MacNeil, turning, pointed up the ragged canyon. "That's the kind of country you've got for a hundred miles." They'd made the railroad survey largely by canoe. "This is the only tunnel on the whole route," he added, rather proudly. "We were able to sneak through everywhere else with open cuts."

V

NEXT morning, with a few hours to spare before leaving for Knob Lake with Buford's party, I went round to see Bob Ross, the fur buyer. He was talking in an Indian language to an Indian hunter. The living-room was filled with rich old wood furniture and a piano. On one wall hung a violin. Soon the Indian left, and Ross's wife, a tall handsome woman with long black hair, came in.

Ross, who was round-faced and bald and thick-bodied, said, "The government's moving the Indian reserve nine miles out of town. Getting the Indians out so they won't be bothered by the construction riffraff that chase after the squaws." There were about 750 Indians here. They belonged to the Montagani tribe, a branch of the Cree. "I don't think there'll be over twenty of them going back to hunt this year. Up till the boom started there were always at least a hundred. But now they're making ten dollars a day, laboring or doing canoe work, so why hunt? An Indian's a funny fellow. He'll work a month or two, get money in his pocket, then quit. That fellow that was in here, he's a good hunter. I used to stake him to \$1,000. He'd come in with \$2,500 worth of fur. And I'd tell him, 'Look here, why not save your money and you won't always be in debt?' He told me, 'If I

was starving to death in the woods and knew I had money in the bank at Seven Islands, it'd make death that much harder.'"

The hunt—that is, furs—formerly was a bigger industry here than fishing, amounting to \$100,000 a season. The Indians caught marten (sable), beaver, mink, muskrat, otter, white and red fox, and weasel. "The whole family goes, you know," Ross said, "kids, papooses, dogs, and everything. They go out about the twenty-fifth of August and don't come back till May or June. They go up around Ashuanipi and Menihek and Sawyers," 180 to 360 miles north. "They used to go entirely by canoe. The last few years we've been flying them in. I go up and meet them at the end of January.

"Once they get in there, they walk. Snowshoe. Pull a toboggan. They don't establish villages—each family has its own hunting grounds. There isn't much of anything to eat. If they don't hit caribou they starve. Some lakes have got no fish in them. They can exist on rabbit but they can't work on it—there's no nourishment in rabbit, they can't walk. I remember one year we flew up to a lake west of Menihek and met five families all starving. There was a little kid a year or so old wrapped in a blanket, just skin and bones, his little belly sticking out. The pilot didn't want to bring it out—we could see it was going to die anyway—but I thought we ought to, so we took the mother and the baby and another squaw. In the plane she held the baby all the time on her knees, never said a damn word, and as we were flying over Wacouno Lake I saw her look at the baby's eyes, then hand it to the other squaw. It was dead. After that she just sat and looked out the window. It happens every year."

Ross said, "Years ago you traveled all winter by dog team. There were seven hundred dogs in town. Now they're all gone. The

roads are open. And in the bush—why, now you can fly an airplane in three hours where it used to take you three weeks to travel. At least. If you knock off twenty miles a day in January with a dog team, you're traveling. You can make sixty or seventy a day in March on the crust. Yes, it's changing. This iron development has ruined my business. But it does mean that everybody's got a job," and he smiled.

THE DC3 was ready for the flight north across the wilderness to Knob Lake, and all the passengers except Buford were already aboard. A truck was parked on the runway and the airport manager called, "Can we move this truck a little, Barney?" I climbed into the plane and sat down next to Cavanaugh.

The floor was covered from front to rear with cargo—mesh sacks and burlap bags of onions, cabbages, potatoes, carrots; cardboard cartons of canned goods—all held down with Manila ropes. There were twelve passengers, all dressed like workingmen except Cavanaugh and Monty Vernon. Buford got in, followed by the pilot Scott and the young slim copilot, and in a few minutes we were thrusting forward for the takeoff, climbing steeply above the jagged hills and up through the gray misty sky. Buford had opened his brief case on his lap. He called above the plane's roar, "Monty, you want to come down here and bring your papers?" and Monty Vernon clambered over the cargo and sat down beside him and took some documents out of a filing envelope and he and Buford set to work, spreading out their papers on the bags of onions at their feet, Buford's bright white cuff shooting far out beyond his coat sleeve and showing a gold wristwatch as he stretched to straighten a corner of a blueprint on the onions.

Mr. Martin's second article, next month, will deal with the operations at Knob Lake.—The Editors.

The Easy Chair

Wayfarer's Daybook

Bernard DeVoto

A MAN hates to see material go to waste. For years notebooks have been piling up in a cabinet in my study till there are enough now to be baled or corded. Most of the stuff in them is working notes made at times when I was traveling about the country as a reporter or a historical researcher. I kept them after they had served their purpose, however, because for a long time I intended to write a book about travel in the United States. It is obvious that that book has taken its place with some ten or fifteen others, all of them flawless, that I intended to write sometime but never got a chance to.

I could claim that the intention was in unselfish regard for the national letters, for the literature of travel in the United States is much too meager. Americans write well about foreign travel but it has been a long time, in fact it has been nearly a century, since any considerable number of them wrote competently about domestic travel. To the dismay of visiting Europeans, if of no one else, there is little writing that describes and interprets the American scene from a traveler's point of view. A number of causes combined to produce this result but the most powerful of them was the pre-emption of the field by the advertising business. There is an enormous publicity literature for tourists and it has grown steadily till many square miles of Canadian spruce now perish every year to sustain it. Its tradition of mendacity goes back to steamship companies that were competing for emigrants and land-grant railroads that wanted to sell them farms. But it did not become a plague of advertising-agency prose till the era of good roads arrived and states and

municipalities undertook to be vacationland.

Right there is a book for someone to write: a study of the literature which the states put out in an unholy liaison with their chambers of commerce, a study in come-on evangelism, inaccuracy, fraud, and a prose style that is both tachycardiac and dropsical. There are of course exceptions. The highway commission of Arizona, for instance, publishes a magazine—and rightly makes you pay for it—that is written with honesty and charm. The publications of state park commissions are sometimes very good; I particularly like the bulletins of the Forest Preserve of Cook County. And there are the pamphlets, booklets, and even long monographs published by the National Park Service. They are in a class by themselves, always excellent, always reliable, frequently brilliant, sometimes the only treatments in print of important subjects. They are invaluable but few people see them except at the national parks and monuments, historic sites, and battlefields which the Service administers. They are not, however, travel literature. That has to be based on personal impressions and has to have personal comment and an individual point of view.

MY BINFUL of notebooks contains a lot of material which I insist would interest at least an archaeologist who was reconstructing small folkways of the nineteen-thirties and forties. Where else, for example, could he find a scholarly determination of the line beyond which you may expect to hear the word *prairie* pronounced "perara"? I had always considered that pronunciation an invention of mid-nineteenth-

century novelists who were patronizing the Middle Border, till I first heard it—in Kansas—after which I watched for and recorded it. Or the wayfarer's linguistic atlas. Take *gully*, *coulee*, *draw*, and *arroyo*; or *gulch* and *canyon*; or *pass*, *notch*, *gap*, and *gulf*—in so far as they mean approximately the same thing, what are their geographical boundaries? Where does *swale* mean a depression and where does it mean an elevation? Where does right conduct require you to say "creek" and where "crick"? At what meridian of longitude does a house become a home?

In 1941 I was led to make a series of observations concerning women who wore high heels with purple rayon slacks. I got a most illuminating distribution-curve and if a law of science is a statement that enables you to make predictions, then I established one. Or take my 1946 transcontinental study of the milkshake. The notebooks show that by Saginaw, Michigan, I had noticed that it was getting bigger. It kept on getting bigger, and on the authority of my two sons better, as we went west till it attained a magnificent apogee at Umatilla, Oregon. Umatilla, hardly a metropolis, is in a canyon of the Columbia River and we reached it late in an afternoon of breathless heat that was multiply reflected at us by the dark lava canyon-walls. It was an oasis of shade but it went into the notebook as the place where a native culture-product reached climax. Two adults and two juveniles estimated that the Umatilla masterpiece contained at least a quart of milk which was mostly cream and at least a half-pint of ice cream. Economists should be told that it cost a dime, and parents that both boys declined seconds.

THE book would certainly have to have at least one chapter on drinking and drinks, alcoholic and otherwise, and this matter of the hot afternoon would have to figure in it, especially in regard to travel by automobile. (Though I once spent an August day crossing the Montana plains sealed in what was called a crack streamliner that had burned out the operative elements of its air-conditioning system.) Thus though I make a practice of avoiding soft drinks as dangerous to both health and morals, there was a day when I shouted hosannas to the name Hire's. Most of the northern part of the southern

peninsula of Michigan is ghastly country, offensive to the eye and depressing to any conservationist's soul. The lumber companies clear-cut it, it reverted to sand, it is as desolate as any desert, and centuries must pass before it can be brought back. All one blistering afternoon I drove through straggly jack-pine, under steady dehydration, and I could have been no farther from a spring in central Nevada. At last, rounding a curve, I reached a big roadside stand that was purveying root beer, stingingly cold, in big mugs that were kept in a tub of ice. It was like the moment when the wind turns on a July day in Chicago. With a similar feeling of deliverance on one of the San Joaquin Valley's hottest days I encountered a stand that had iced cantaloupes, and once I dropped down from the fiery Idaho lava plain into the sunken valley of the Snake River and straightway found one that was cooling watermelons in one of the Thousand Springs.

This chapter should deal mainly with regional tastes and practices in drinking, a direct index to regional culture, but it should have room for incidental items of interest to the fellowship. It might speculate, for instance, on why soda is called seltzer in St. Louis and why the St. Louisans, alone of all well instructed people, habitually use it in bourbon. It would point out that this would never do in Kentucky, which is just an hour away by plane. It would then comment on the fact, whose incidence I chart in the notebooks, that a Kentucky nostalgia has beatified the parlor-house madams of the era 1870-1890. They have an odd status, not ladies but certainly an elite, and their memorabilia are collected and revered, and discussed with learning and reverence when the connoisseurs of bourbon get out the jug and gourd and fall to. I take this to be an oblique form of ancestor worship, for Grandfather plays a heroic and (these lesser days) somewhat incredible role in the legends that have gathered about Miss Elvira's place. One finds it an improvement on the legends that the jug starts flowing farther south, where Grandfather, wounded in both arms and both legs, is usually firing all the guns of Pendleton's battery at once by means of a lanyard held in his teeth.

It was in Montana that a bartender told me to smile, stranger, when I ordered a martini.

My recklessness, however, lay not in ordering a martini in Montana but in being willing to drink it. (But Bruno at Dempsey's in Great Falls will make you a first-rate one.) I am afraid that the fine art of blending gin and vermouth gets small encouragement in my native West, and indeed the West (always excepting Denver, a center of aesthetics) is pragmatic rather than studious in its alcoholic culture. One fact that the chapter must note is an effect of altitude which makes cocktails notably economical for one's first two or three days in the mountains, an effect which even seasoned travelers are apt to forget between-whiles. A young historian and I were faced with it when we reached Santa Fe at the end of a day we had begun out on the Colorado plains. We went to dinner at La Fonda (a fine name and a fine hotel) and after a single cocktail at the bar found ourselves approaching the dining room with what I can only call a crawl stroke.

THE trip the two of us were making might well have a chapter of its own. It was a laborious research along the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails and the notebooks are crammed with compass bearings, topographical descriptions, stream-flow statistics, prevailing winds, local vegetation, early routes of travel—but interspersed among them are items that recall a poignant time. For this was 1940; we left the seaboard soon after the Germans invaded the Low Countries and we crossed the continent to the downfall of the world. We crossed it too as the bearers of evil tidings, for though in Cambridge we were habituated to the fears and darkness of that terrible year, as soon as the Alleghanies were behind us we found that no one had heard rumors of war. At Santa Fe, in fact, calling one morning to say good-by to an anthropologist with whom we had spent the evening before, we found that our certainty of American participation in the war had produced in him something like a nervous collapse—he had heard no such talk before us. That seems implausible now but the notebooks have much additional testimony. We had spent a couple of hours at the *Post-Dispatch* talking to a friend of ours who wrote editorials. Members of the staff gathered round to listen with shocked disbelief to the prophets of evil. Several days after we took

to the road again the *Post-Dispatch* ran an editorial that became famous for a time, accusing the Administration of stampeding the nation into war; it used our assumptions as indictments and appropriated our slogans to use against us.

For hours at a time we could not turn the radio off. East St. Louis was the surrender of Belgium, and the notebook says that we were sampling sandwiches of "barbecued ribs" and that a sound truck advertising a Nazarene revival brayed at us while we listened to Leopold's treason. Muddy Gap, a place where two roads cross in Wyoming, means a bitter cold morning and a woman in a man's jacket and boots at the solitary gas station, asking us while she filled our tank, "Has Roosevelt declared war on them Germans yet?" At Soda Springs, Idaho, an important site for my purpose, the notebook has several pages of descriptive detail and then says that they are insufficient, that I ought to stay longer and do the job right, but "the hell with it, the book will never be written, the war makes it indecent." We drove a few miles farther (my family had joined me by now) and spent the night at a drab little hotel beside the Bear River, and in the morning we learned that Paris was being abandoned. In a creek that came down to the Bear the proprietor had some hatchery trout and I walked over to it with my ten-year-old son and watched them rise to pieces of bread-crust he threw into the water, and with immeasurable oppression tried to take the news in.

MOST of the notebooks are transcontinental or Western, for my trades have taken me that way repeatedly. I have none for the chapters I would most enjoy writing, those on New England. For I have been a tourist here for twenty-five years not for such crassly utilitarian reasons as scholarship and breadwinning, but as a certified and I hope worthy member of a cult. The New England traveler is a lover, an expert, and a pedant. He is fanatical in opinion, intolerant of dissent, disdainful of the ignorance and uninformed judgment that characterize those who have not embraced the cult.

One is required of course to be letter-perfect in the information accessible even to the vulgar—where the good restaurants are,

for instance, and which restaurants are to be avoided. (It's surprising how many of the latter have been recommended at one time or another by Mr. Hines, a man who liked a meal that set on the stomach.) Even in such open matters there are skills—it takes an expert and knowing man to find a good dinner anywhere in Maine. And there are tests that at once distinguish between the wise and the merely informed, as, If you were benighted in the vicinity of Franconia, where would you go for dinner? The uninitiated answers with an ostentatious name and is wrong by 5.4 miles.

One could draw up a series. Superficial people can locate old iron workings in Massachusetts and Connecticut but you must have traveled diligently if you know where there are some in Vermont. The texts say that there is no obsidian in New England but if you are in good standing you can prove them wrong. The literary allusion: what town was Rowland Robinson's Danvis? Architectural: explain the false McIntire in the vicinity of Windsor, and where can you see Bulfinch at his best side by side with an imitator who surpassed him? Historical: what was Marie Antoinette's town?

These are innocent precisions but the mark of the true New England traveler is that he knows the subtleties of its landscapes, idioms, businesses, and beauties and revisits them often enough to have their gradations always in mind. Thus a friend of mine argued for years that, besides the major geographical and cultural division in Vermont he could delimit several genuine *pays*, and he had abundant and fascinating evidence. He was going to write a book about them but, like mine, it seems to have got lost behind others. I think that mine would have found space for the supernatural that in these parts, and quite properly, is seldom far away. I once saw a warlock on Peru Mountain and the angel of the Lord three times turned me back from Brigham Young's birthplace, once employing an expensive flood, and then yielded to mere spitefulness when I made it on the fourth try, and ripped one leg out of my trousers in the last hundred yards. But there would have

been more space to inquire why, to many people who have no roots there, New England, toward late afternoon and especially in the fall, gives an odd, deep feeling that they have come home. There is no more Yankee than Polynesian in me but whenever I go to Vermont I feel that I am traveling toward my own place, whereas if I approach within three hundred miles of the town where I was born uneasiness comes upon me and I invent unanswerable reasons why I must go elsewhere fast.

Such themes are proper for a travel book; it would have been interesting to see how they could be treated. One is to impart not understanding—a presumptuous idea, fairly sure to be mistaken—but some measure of perception and participation. It may be some experience of beauty, as when one tops Raton Pass and finds all New Mexico spread out below in that inconceivable sunlight, or, flying at night over Pittsburgh, sees the blast furnaces spout their crimson fire. (An airliner in the full moon would be something for the translator to tackle, and the lights of any big city from the air are an enchantment.) It may be such a strangeness as that of crossing the Nevada desert by automobile at night and feeling a land that is dead by day come alive. It may be only (though surely this is a great deal) the reminder a batch of notebooks can give you in the routine disorder of your life that there have been days of well-being and content. The day when for no reason except that it was a pleasant thing to do you sat till dark watching the Yellowstone hurry past some cottonwoods. The day at the upper end of Memphremagog when everyone talked wisely and wittily. Many towns reached at dusk with a spirited awareness of being hungry, many arrivals at other towns late at night, and, of all places, to find the switch-lights in the Sioux City railroad yards a symbol of tranquillity. Or some days above Conway and a day on the Lolo and the Lochsa which since fate vouchsafed them to you it can never take away.

At the moment it is raining like hell in Cambridge, an ugly town, and I remember a succinct entry in Louisa Alcott's journal: "Never will."

The Black Mollies

A Story by Sloan Wilson

Drawings by Rudi Lesser

AT FOUR o'clock on a March afternoon Virginia Edwards telephoned her husband, Tom, at his office to tell him their four-year-old daughter's cold had taken a turn for the worse. Virginia's voice was serene as it always was, and she made light of the child's illness. "The only reason I called is that Peg wants you to bring her a present," she said. "The doctor says she has to stay in bed, and she's bored."

"Has she got a fever?" Tom asked.

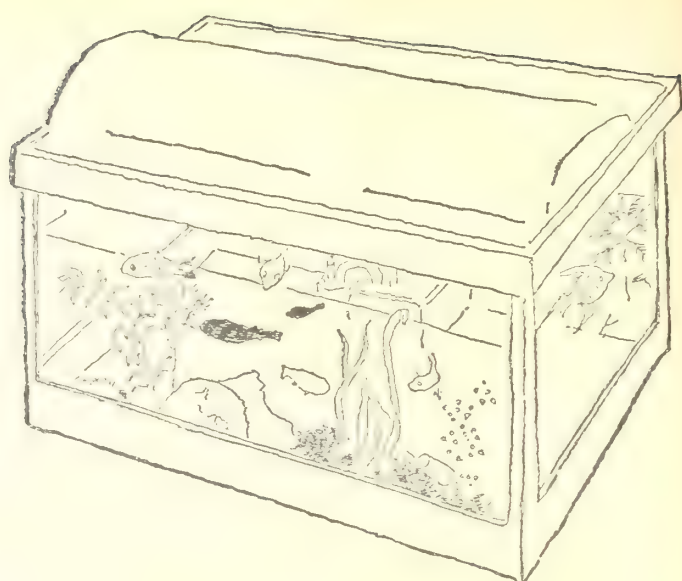
"Just a little one," Virginia replied. "It's under a hundred and two."

"How's the baby?" Tom asked.

"He hasn't caught it yet," Virginia said. "Quit worrying!"

"I'll be home as soon as I can," Tom said. "Tell Peg I'll bring her something nice."

He hung up and tried to return to the sales report he was writing, but he couldn't concentrate. The foreboding that always gripped him when sickness approached was taking possession. Virginia never seemed to feel it. After half an hour of fruitless work, he gave up and went out to buy his daughter a present. On the way to a toy store he passed a place where tropical fish were sold. It occurred to him that a bowl of these would be a good diversion for a bed-bound child, and he went in. The tanks with the little fish glinting like sparks in the green water appealed to him, and before he got out the clerk had sold him a tank sixteen inches long, complete with a light to make the fish shine, a cardboard container full of water and fish, and a book on their care.



On the train home he worried about his daughter. Long ago, when he was fourteen years old, his mother had died suddenly of pneumonia. That was before all the new miracle drugs, he reminded himself. To take his mind off sickness he opened the book he had just bought, and was soon lost in an account of ways to maintain the balance of life in a fish tank. He liked the names of the fish described—the flame fins, the gold crescents, the neon tetras, and the black mollies. The only kind he knew he had bought was the black mollies. The clerk, while dipping out the brightly colored fish he had chosen, had persuaded him to buy the black mollies too. They were, according to the clerk, "a basic fish," necessary for contrast.

When the train reached his station, Tom gathered his packages and hurried home. His wife met him at the door.

"How's Peg?" he asked.

"Fine," she said. "Good heavens, what have you got there?"

"Tropical fish," he said, and without putting his packages down went upstairs to his daughter's room. Peg was lying limply on her bed, and even at a distance her face looked flushed.

"Is that a present?" she asked.

"Sure it is, Baby," he said, put the packages on the bedside table, and started unwrapping them. As the empty glass tank emerged Peg looked mystified. Virginia had followed Tom upstairs, and appeared with a pitcher of water. Tom fitted the light on the tank, turned it on,

and Virginia poured in the water. "Watch now!" Tom said to Peg.

"I am!" she replied.

Tom loosened the cover on the cardboard container and like a magician poured its contents into the tank. A swarm of bright blue and crimson minnows with the black mollies among them like shadows blossomed under the light, swirled in a miniature cyclone, then slowly paraded around the glass walls.

"Fish!" Peg said, enchanted. She pressed her nose against the glass. Virginia and Tom stood watching her, grinning.

In a few minutes Virginia left the room to put their eight-month-old son to bed, and Tom helped her. When that was done they went downstairs for cocktails. While they were drinking they heard Peg coughing hard. "Has she been doing that all day?" Tom asked.

"A little," Virginia said. "I'll go up and see her." She put her drink down and left. There was a long moment of silence broken only by Peg's coughing before she reappeared. "How is she?" Tom asked.

"Still looking at the fish," Virginia said. "Her temperature's gone up a little, but you'd expect that at night."

"What is it now?"

"A hundred and three."

"We better call the doctor," Tom said.

"He's just been here," Virginia objected. "Honestly, you mustn't *worry* so, Tom! We're giving her aureomycin. She's going to be all right."

Unwillingly Tom sat back and poured himself another drink. Virginia carried a tray of cereal and milk up to Peg, but returned with it untouched. "She's asleep," she said. "She's way over on the side of the bed with her nose almost touching the tank, and she's asleep. The fish were a good idea."

AFTER his dinner Tom tried to read, but he couldn't get interested in his book. Leaving Virginia engrossed in a sweater she was knitting for Peg, he went to bed early. He was tired and slept so deeply he didn't hear Virginia come up. When hours later he was awakened by the strangling sound of hard coughing from his daughter's room, he had no idea what time it was. The coughing awoke Virginia too. They went to Peg's room. Peg had thrown off her covers, and was

lying on her back. Her chest was heaving. Her lips seemed oddly purple. She was breathing faster than Tom had ever heard anyone breathe. He placed his hand on her forehead, and it seemed almost to burn him. Peg opened her eyes, coughed hard, and said, "Daddy, it hurts."

"Call the doctor," Tom told his wife. Virginia went downstairs to the telephone. "It'll be all right, Baby," he said to his daughter. Peg turned her head toward the fish tank and said, "It's all dark." He put the tank's light on, and the fish shone. Peg lay watching them, with her chest straining. Virginia came back and said, "The doctor will be here in a few minutes. I guess we better get some clothes on."

When the pediatrician arrived he sat on the edge of Peg's bed a long time listening to her chest with a stethoscope. He was the first physician Tom had ever had who was younger than himself. Peg lay watching him suspiciously, because usually when he came he had to use a needle to give her inoculations. Finally the doctor put his stethoscope in his bag and said, "I guess we better get her to the hospital. It sounds as though she's got it on both sides."

"Got what?" Tom asked.

"Pneumonia," the doctor replied. "It jumps up suddenly like this sometimes, but nowadays we can take care of it pretty well. It will be easier in the hospital."

Peg suddenly sat up in bed. She coughed hard. Weakened, she lay down again. Then she said, "Will somebody come to the hospital with me?"

"Of course," Virginia said. "Daddy will take you."

Peg looked at her father. "Will you stay with me?" she asked.

"Of course I will," he replied.

"Can I take my fish with me?"

Tom thought of trying to carry her and the tank at the same time. "We'll bring that along tomorrow," he said. "I'll stay with you tonight, and Mother will bring it in the morning when she can get a sitter to stay with the baby."

The doctor looked uneasy. He shut his bag and walked out in the hall. Tom followed him. "You know, you're right about staying with her," the doctor said. "The psychiatrists and all those people say you shouldn't leave

a child that age alone in the hospital. But the hospital is pretty crowded, and they don't like parents hanging around. I think they'll ask you to leave after you've brought her."

Virginia heard the doctor talking to her husband, and joined them. They were standing right outside the baby's room, and she was afraid they'd wake him up. They all went down to the living room. Tom told her what the doctor had said. Virginia was usually so matter-of-fact about illness that Tom expected her to accept any hospital regulation without objection, and he was surprised when she said, "Why, Peg's never been away from home before! I wouldn't leave her with strangers now for anything!" With renewed confidence Tom said to the doctor, "We won't leave her. Can't you get permission for one of us to stay?"

"I can try," the doctor said, "but the hospital makes its own rules on these things, and you may have a fight on your hands. I'll try to get you a private room. Meanwhile, give her another capsule of aureomycin and get her over there. You won't need an ambulance—she can lie down in the back seat of your car."

"We'll call a taxi so Tom can sit in the back seat and hold her," Virginia said.

The doctor left, and Tom called a cab. They went upstairs and started getting Peg into her snow suit. Peg, who was independent for her age, had just learned to put on her snow suit herself, and she insisted on trying to do it now, but already she was weak, and couldn't manage it. This, with the strangeness of going out so late at night, frightened her, and she began to cry. Virginia calmed her by trying to make going to the hospital sound like a great adventure. By the time Virginia had got the snow suit on her, Peg wasn't crying any more, but she had started to breathe seventy-two times a minute by the sweep of Tom's wrist watch, and he was frightened. He tried not to act as scared as he was. Finally, the taxi came. Leaving Virginia with the baby, Tom picked Peg up and, walking in the snow beside the sidewalk to avoid the icy surface, went out to it. The taxi driver jumped out to open the door, and they got in.

IN THE back seat of the taxi the excitement of driving through the night seemed to revive Peg, and she insisted on sitting up

in Tom's lap. In spite of the trouble she was having breathing, she asked a great many questions about hospitals. The taxi driver apparently was intrigued by the drama of driving a child to the hospital and kept asking questions about Peg's illness as though the child weren't there. Finally they got to the hospital, and Tom carried Peg up some icy steps, down a long hall to a reception desk, where they consulted some instructions the doctor had telephoned and told Tom to place Peg in a wheel chair. A nurse appeared and started wheeling Peg off. Tom followed, walking beside the chair, and Peg grabbed his hand. They got into a strangely whining elevator and moved slowly upward. Finally they stopped. The elevator door rumbled open. It was the children's floor. The first thing Tom heard was the sound of children crying. He glanced at Peg, and she looked startled. The nurse pushed her wheel chair out of the elevator, and another, older nurse came out of a small office to meet them. She ushered them down another long corridor. Even in the dim light Tom could see that nursery rhyme characters had been painted on the yellow walls. In the shadows the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe and Jack the Giant Killer looked more sinister than gay. Tom and Peg kept on going down the seemingly endless corridor, but finally stopped before a room with an open door. Inside Tom could hear a child sobbing.

"Here," the nurse said.

"I asked for a private room," he said.

"There aren't any left—didn't they tell you? This is a semi-private."

The nurse started to pick Peg up, and with a movement of real fear she took hold of Tom's arm. "I'll take her," he said, and lifted her from the wheel chair. Carrying her, he followed the nurse into the room, which was almost dark. In one corner, where the sobs were, he could just make out a small dim form in a crib. On the other side of the room, near a small night light, was an empty crib. Tom put Peg in it, but she still hung on to him. The nurse put a small pair of hospital pajamas on the bed and said, "Do you want me to change her?"

"I'll do it," Tom said.

"You'll have to let me take her temperature," the nurse said.

"Can't I do it?" Tom asked.

"I wouldn't be allowed to let you do that," the nurse said.

Tom held Peg while the nurse took her temperature. When it was over, he said to the nurse, "What is it?"

"I'm sorry, but I'm not allowed to tell—you'll have to get that information from your doctor," the nurse said.

Tom put the pajamas on Peg and tucked her in. Her forehead felt hotter than ever, and she seemed to be breathing even faster. While he was bending down arranging her covers she whispered, "Don't go away."

"I won't," he said.

THE nurse turned up the light. She was carrying what looked like a large transparent shower curtain. Behind her an orderly wheeled a cylinder of oxygen as tall as himself. So Peg was going to have an oxygen tent, Tom thought—he hadn't seen one for a long time. He stood near the head of the bed while the nurse fussed with the steel frame, then fitted the transparent tent over it. Peg still wanted to hold his hand, but he couldn't stand that near her without

bothering the nurse. He guessed Peg realized that. She lay there without saying anything, but without taking her eyes off him. The nurse smoothed out the transparent tent so that it formed a rectangle enclosing Peg. While that was there, Tom thought, he wouldn't be able to touch her. The orderly wheeled the cylinder of oxygen against the wall nearest the crib, connected some rubber hoses, and turned a valve. There was a barely audible hiss. Tom watched Peg carefully. She still had her eyes on him, and her chest was rising and falling with that terrifying rapidity. The hiss of the oxygen continued, and gradually he saw that she was beginning to breathe easier. He grinned at her, but she was beginning to grow sleepy and didn't smile back. Just before her eyes closed her lips moved, and although he couldn't hear through the tent and over the sound of the other child sobbing, it was not hard to read her lips. She was saying, "Don't go away." Then she went to sleep. The nurse had gone out of the room, and Tom looked around for a place to sit. There were two chairs, one by each crib. Both were straight and hard. He selected



one, and sat down. In a few minutes the nurse came back.

"There's no need for you to stay," she said.

"I'd like to," he replied. "I won't be any bother."

"She's asleep," the nurse said.

"She might wake up, and she'd like me to be here if she does."

His words suddenly seemed terribly familiar to him, and he remembered that his father had sat by his mother's bed all through the three nights of her last illness, and had said that whenever attempts were made to get him to bed.

"How long do you plan to stay?" the nurse asked.

He hadn't thought of it quite that way before. He had been planning to stay as long as Peg was in the hospital, but she might be there quite a few days, and there was only the hard chair. There wasn't any place for Tom to lie down, or get meals, or even to wash up. "I think I'll try to get a private room for her, where I can have a cot and stay," he said.

"There aren't any private rooms left for children—they're used for contagious cases. Why do you want to stay?"

"I think you'll find that the experts on child care recommend it," he said, but his words sounded more pompous to him than sensible. They were both whispering hoarsely and it was hard to sound authoritative.

"You can't stay here," the nurse confided as though she were telling a secret. "The visiting hours are from seven to eight in the evening."

Tom could imagine Peg lying there all day alone in those strange and terrifying surroundings with no understanding of why he and Virginia had abandoned her. "I'm going to stay," he tried to whisper sternly. "Let me stay until daytime, anyway. Then we'll figure something out."

The nurse looked at him, shrugged, and went out. A few minutes later a bigger, higher-ranking nurse came in and whispered, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave. Rules."

"Sorry," he whispered back. "Matter of principle. Let me stay until daytime, and we'll figure something out."

"Why?" she whispered with some exasperation.

He explained all over again, but he felt as though he were confessing an odd religious

belief. He thought he was going to be thrown out, and he whispered with some passion. And then the nurse, who didn't look unpleasant, said, "All right, go ahead and stay while I'm on duty. But you'll have to take it up again with the next nurse."

TOM settled back on his hard wooden chair and waited. The child in the crib across the room had gone to sleep at last, and there was nothing to be heard but the purr of the oxygen. After an hour of squirming on the chair it occurred to him that he would be much more comfortable on the floor. During the war he had often slept on floors. Now, however, he realized it would look odd to see a full-grown man who was already beginning to appear unshaven asleep on the floor by a crib in a hospital. He would be almost sure to get tossed out. He remained on the chair. Suddenly he heard Peg say loudly and clearly, "Daddy?"

"I'm right here, Baby," he said.

There was a muffled sigh from inside the tent, and she went back to sleep. It made him glad he had stayed.

He experimented with positions on the hard chair and tried several extremely uncomfortable ones. After a long while it began to get light. The child in the other crib began to whimper again. He had felt somehow that he had no business going near the child in the other crib, but as the whimpers deepened into sobs it seemed unnatural to remain in his chair. He went over to the other crib. A little girl about the same age as Peg with hair as dark as Peg's was light lay curled in a ball, her whole body trembling. Tom was not at ease with any children but his own, and he felt helpless. He knew he had no right to have anything to do with other people's children in the hospital, but it was unbearable just to stand there while the child sobbed, and he went to the corridor to look for a nurse. The one he found was not the same one who had said he could stay. "What are you doing here?" she asked as soon as she saw him. She didn't look like the sort of person he could reason with, so he figured he'd better bluff. In the corridor there he didn't have to whisper so carefully. "Never mind that," he said sharply. "I have permission to stay with my daughter, who is in the room down the hall."

I came to tell you that the child in the same room with her is crying pretty hard. You ought to see what's the matter."

She didn't question him, and suddenly he realized that she was tired. Undoubtedly she had been working all night. "I'll have a look," she said. She followed him to the room. He had been afraid Peg might have awakened and be wondering where he was, but she continued to sleep. The dark-haired child was still crying. He and the nurse stood by her crib. "What is the matter, Baby?" the nurse said, not at all unkindly.

There was a break in the rhythm of the sobs and a tearful voice said, "I want my Mummy." Then the sobs continued. The nurse sighed. "There's nothing I can do with her," she said. "They cry all day and all night up here. Nothing anybody can do. If you're going to stay around here, you better just get used to it."

Tom was afraid she would go on to ask who gave him permission to stay, but she had other things on her mind and hurried off down the hall. He returned to his chair. At about seven o'clock Peg awoke. As soon as her eyes opened she said, "Daddy?"

"Here," he said, feeling as though he were reporting at muster in the Army.

PEG lay there, and he could tell she was becoming conscious of where she was, and the sobs from the other side of the room. She didn't say any more, and although she seemed to be breathing easily under the tent, she didn't move, and she didn't look very well. Just when Tom thought she was going back to sleep, two nurses strode into the room, one carrying a tray with a hypodermic needle on it. They stepped briskly over to the crib in which the dark-haired child lay, and at that moment the dark-haired child let out a piercing scream. Peg sat bolt upright in her crib, and Tom involuntarily rose from his chair. The nurses were very matter-of-fact. One of them held the needle up to the light. "You know this doesn't hurt," she said. The other nurse reached for the child, who had shrunk into a corner of her crib, and pulled down the child's pajamas.

"No!" the child said.

Grimly, quickly, and without a word one nurse held the child firmly while the other plunged the needle in. Then she pulled the

needle out, the other nurse pulled up the child's pajamas, and said, "There, there, it doesn't hurt." Without any further words of comfort to the child, they strode from the room. The child was crying in a way Tom had never heard a child cry. It was a cry not of pain, but of ululating fear. Tom started to go to the child.

He had no sooner left his chair when the nurse who had administered the hypodermic came in with a technician pushing what looked like a white tea table loaded with instruments. They went to Peg's crib, and without so much as a glance at Tom, the nurse started peeling the tent off the frame. Peg immediately began to howl. The cries of the dark-haired child blended with Peg's in a chorus of fear.

"What are you going to do?" Tom asked.

"Temperature," said the nurse. "After that, a blood test."

Tom held Peg while her temperature was taken, and this time he didn't even ask the nurse what the thermometer read. He could tell by feeling her forehead that her fever had dropped. When the technician reached for her arm, Peg retreated to the corner of her crib, but she submitted easily when Tom held her. Just before the nurse left she said to Tom, "You shouldn't be here. Visiting hours are from seven to eight in the evening. I'll have to report you to the head nurse."

"All right," he said wearily. By this time he had made up his mind that if the hospital wanted him to leave they would have to drag him out. Still, if there was going to be a big fuss it wouldn't help Peg or the other child much, and he was worried. The nurse hadn't put Peg's oxygen tent back, and he wondered if he should. Better not meddle any more than he had to, he thought. In a few moments he was glad he hadn't, because the nurse returned with breakfast trays for the two children. The food smelled good, but of course there was no tray for Tom. The girls were having scrambled eggs. Peg sat up, and the nurse put the tray across her knees, gave the dark-haired girl her tray, and left the room. Peg took two mouthfuls and said, "Take it away, Daddy—I don't want any."

"Are you sure?" he said.

She made a grimace of disgust, and he saw she wanted to lie down. He took the tray and put it on the bedside table. Peg lay

down, and almost immediately went to sleep. Tom looked at the scrambled eggs. They looked pretty good. He took a few mouthfuls. It occurred to him that if the nurse came in it might look odd for him to be taking food from his sick child. He finished the eggs anyhow, and then it occurred to him that the nurse probably kept records of how each child was eating. Peg wasn't eating at all, and the record should show it. He gazed guiltily at the empty plate. When the nurse came in to get the trays, he tried to assume a jovial air and said, "My daughter didn't seem to want any, so I ate it. It was pretty good!"

"I'm glad you liked it," said the nurse. She took the tray and started toward the door. Over her shoulder she said, "The nurse in charge of this floor is coming to ask you to leave." "I'll be glad to see her," Tom said.

HE PACED up and down the room. Peg was asleep, and the dark-haired child was whimpering softly. The pacing might bother her. He returned to the hard chair. There was nothing in the room to read. He sat for a while, and suddenly his wife, Virginia, walked in, carrying the tank of tropical fish. He had never been so glad to see anyone in his life.

"How's it going?" she asked.

"Fine," he said, and helped her to set the tank down on the bedside table where Peg could see it when she awoke. He took a glass and started refilling the half-empty tank with water from a sink in the corner. He told her Peg seemed better, but that the hospital's pressure to get him out was increasing. "If they really make an issue of it, I think I can scare them into letting us stay," he said. "I'll tell them I'll make them carry me out, and that I'll have every newspaper reporter I can get here to take pictures of it."

Virginia looked horrified. "I think we can do it easier than that," she said. "I still know the woman in charge of recruiting nurses' aids here—I helped her out for a while during the war. I called her up first thing this morning, and she said she'd sign me up again. She told me that if any of the nurses object to staying with Peg, I'll have to quit or go to the regular nurses' aid routine on the other floors, but it's worth a try. Look at me!" She took off her coat, and Tom saw that she was wearing a white dress. Before he could say

anything an enormous nurse came in. She was taller than Tom, and must have weighed two hundred pounds. She had a big broad face which appeared kind in spite of an expression of determination.

"Mr. Edwards," she said, "the nurses have been telling me you won't leave. I understand how you feel, but you must realize we simply don't have the facilities for this kind of thing. If you stay, all the parents will want to stay, and what would we do with them all?"

There wasn't any answer to that, Tom thought, except maybe a rather futile speech about the kind of hospitals there ought to be. It would cost a lot of money to build hospitals with facilities for the parents of young children, and it would cost money to teach hospital personnel that the fears of both parents and children had to be combated as well as germs. Guiltily he remembered that he had never helped the hospital to raise money. Still, he couldn't forget how the hospital must seem to a four-year-old there alone. Virginia glanced at him, and suddenly he understood that the nurse had been talking entirely to him. She hadn't paid any attention to Virginia. Very politely he said to the nurse, "I understand completely. I'll go now." The nurse looked relieved, and apparently afraid that he would change his mind, escorted him down the corridor. On the way to the elevator they chatted pleasantly.

When Tom got home he found the sitter playing with the baby. The baby was sniffing—apparently he had gotten the cold which with Peg had developed into pneumonia. Almost as though she were there, Tom imagined Virginia saying, "Don't worry!" He grinned, and went up to bed.

Six hours later he was awakened by the telephone. It was Virginia. She said the doctor had been there, and had reported that Peg's temperature was lower. She also asked Tom to bring the fish food when he returned in the evening. "How are you making out?" he asked.

"They've been pretty unpleasant, but I think this shift of nurses will let me stay," she said. "I've spent half my time folding linen for them, but they still don't like it. I don't know how tough the next shift will be."

At five minutes of seven Tom returned to the hospital. He waited scrupulously until seven o'clock before presenting himself at the

reception desk for a visitor's card. A rather nice-looking couple accompanied him in the elevator and walked ahead of him to the room where Peg was. They must be the parents of the dark-haired little girl. When Tom reached Peg's room he found Peg was looking better.

The dark-haired girl was in her crib, leaning toward the tank. When she saw her parents she drew back, expressionless. Her mother ran and picked her up. The child started to sob. Tom felt as though he were watching strangers undress. He turned to Virginia, who said that the attempts to get her out were growing more determined. When he glanced back at the dark-haired girl, her mother had placed her back in her crib, but still was leaning over and caressing her while the father rummaged in his pockets for presents. The child's face was radiant. Her parents were obviously affectionate, and Tom wondered whether they knew what their daughter was going through.

Virginia said she was willing to try to stick it out through the night, but Tom thought it was better for her to rest up for the next day, and insisted upon changing the guard. He told her that the sitter was anxious to get home and that the baby had caught the cold. "It was bound to happen," Virginia said, kissed Peg good night, and left.

AT EIGHT o'clock the parents of the dark-haired child departed, and the child started to cry again. The lights went out, and the only illumination in the room came from the fish tank, which effectively replaced the night light. The water in the tank glowed like a crystal ball while the bright blue and crimson minnows with their drab shadows, the black mollies, tirelessly darted back and forth with obscure purposefulness. Peg and the dark-haired child, in spite of her sobs, lay watching them. Tom sat on the hard chair in the corner. In the dim light he couldn't read the magazine he had brought. It seemed to him that the night ahead would be interminable. He had sat there only about ten minutes when a nurse came in and said, "Are you here again?"

The reply seemed self-evident, but he replied, "Yes, I won't be any bother."

"Come out in the hall," she said. Their talking had already disturbed both children,

and he didn't want it to continue. He went to the hall.

"I have orders to get all parents out by eight o'clock," the nurse said. "I know you stayed last night, but the first night we're more lenient. Your daughter is not an emergency case—she's in no danger at all now. You've got to go."

He thought quickly. Peg had been given a sleeping pill, and would probably go through until morning if she weren't awakened for injections or pills. If he made too big a fuss now, Virginia probably wouldn't be allowed to stay the next day, and it would be better for Peg to have company when she was awake than when asleep. He distrusted his own judgment because it was so uncomfortable for him to stay, but he said, "Let me talk to my daughter. I want to see how she'll take it."

He went back to the room, and found Peg asleep. It seemed absurd to wake her to tell her he was going; yet he didn't want her to awake and find him mysteriously gone. He hesitated, then went back to the nurse.

"Do you think she'll wake up during the night?" he asked.

"She'll be all right," the nurse said. "She's no different from any other child."

While they talked he was conscious of the sobs of the dark-haired girl. Still, if Virginia could get back in the morning by the time Peg woke up, it might not be too bad.

"If you don't go I'll have to call the manager of the hospital," the nurse said. "If you're going to bring your child here for treatment you'll have to follow our rules."

"All right, I'll go," Tom said wearily. He wanted to tell the nurse that in spite of all her rules and all the hospital's lack of facilities, a child's first serious illness and first prolonged absence from its parents should not be made to coincide. His nerves were on edge, and he was afraid that if he got into an argument he'd overdo it. The idea of Peg's waking up alone and calling for him was painful. Either he or Virginia would have to be there by seven o'clock at the latest. He smoothed things over with the nurse as best he could and left.

When he got home he saw that Virginia was shocked to see him. "Why did you leave?" she asked.

"She's out of danger now," he began, and with that beginning betrayed to himself the

degree to which he had been driven by the dread in his own heart. For Virginia, concern for the dread in Peg's had been enough. He faltered, then said, "She was asleep. The nurse really meant business this time, and I was afraid that if I made too much fuss it would be harder for you to get in tomorrow. She's had a sleeping pill, and I think it will be all right if we get there by the time she wakes up in the morning."

WHEN they awoke the next day they found it had been snowing all night. Tom hurried to put the chains on his car, but it was eight o'clock by the time they had fetched the sitter and got to the hospital. Tom sat in the waiting room while Virginia went up to the children's floor. It wasn't long before she reappeared. "I saw Peg," she said. "Both she and the other little girl were crying when I came in. Peg is asking me to stay, and they tell me I can't. They say she'll quiet down in time."

Tom looked stricken. "I never should have left her," he said.

"She can't have been crying long," Virginia said. "I'm sure she just woke up a little while ago. When they spoke to me I realized why you had to go last night. They didn't give me a chance."

"I'll take care of this," Tom said. "This hospital's in the middle of a fund campaign, and they won't want any bad publicity. I'll get some newspaper reporters here and go on up there. If they want to make an issue of this, I'm all for it!"

"Wait a minute, Tom," Virginia said. "Don't make it harder for them to get funds. Call the doctor. Tell him what's happened, and see what he says."

Tom went to a telephone booth and called the doctor. Trying to keep his voice calm, he outlined the situation. When he was through there was a pause. "Can you hear me?" he said.

"Yes," the doctor said. "Look, I agree with you—scaring a child to death is a pretty poor way to make her better. But keep your shirt on. According to the last I've heard, your daughter's over the worst of it, and maybe you can take her home today if you can keep her in bed."

"Hell, we can get a nurse at home if we have to," Tom said.

"I'll be right down and have a look at her," the doctor replied. "If she's at all improved, she can go home."

Tom rushed back to Virginia and told her the good news. In a few minutes the doctor arrived, told them to wait while he went up to look at Peg, and disappeared. "Peg knows him," Virginia said. "She won't mind his looking at her very much. Sit down, Tom! There's nothing to worry about!"

Before long the doctor returned, grinning. "Go on up and get your daughter," he said.

On the way up in the elevator Virginia said, "Don't be nasty to the nurses. It's not their fault."

"I don't feel like being nasty to anybody," Tom said.

They found Peg lying in her crib staring at the fish, whimpering and looking lost. When they told her they had come to take her home she looked as she did on Christmas morning. A nurse came in, and even she suddenly looked pleasant. With so much merri-ness, Tom felt all the more badly about the little dark-haired child, who lay solemnly watching Peg get dressed.

Tom said to Peg, "How would you like to leave the fish here for the other children?" She hesitated, and he added, "I'll get you some more."

It came hard, but Peg said, "Sure—they can have them."

"I'm sorry," the nurse said. "We can't allow it. They take so much time to care for and, besides, we've had them before. The children get attached to them, and before long they die. It upsets the kids."

"All right," Tom said. "We'll take them with us."

They got Peg back into her snow suit, and in a wheel chair. Virginia emptied most of the water out of the fish tank, and carried that while Tom pushed the chair. When they got downstairs, Tom lifted Peg out of the chair. A nurse held the front door of the hospital open, and Tom carried Peg down the icy steps toward their car. Her body was warm in his arms. They hurried into the car and all sat in the front seat with the fish tank between Peg and Virginia. The fish in the trembling water at the bottom of the tank churned in a frenzy of terror, and Tom, restraining an impulse to honk the car's horn in wild celebration, started driving home.

The Two-Income Family

Nancy Barr Mavity

I AM a wife, a mother, and a grandmother, and I have been a continuous jobholder since I graduated from college. Besides all that, I am a dodo.

I never used to think of myself as a dodo, but it has been brought home to me by my married daughter and her contemporaries that I most certainly am. These young people have perpetrated a revolution right under the noses of my generation. There have been no parades, no crusading arguments or lectures or legislative lobbying. They did not fight for a revolution—they simply are one.

The whole argument of marriage versus a career which burned like a roaring fire when I was my daughter's age is now as dead as wet ashes. The revolution that we were so vociferous about as a matter of principle has taken place unobtrusively as a matter of hard necessity.

My daughter and her friends and the young married women who work in my office do not call themselves career women. They do not harangue about the right to develop their individual capacities. They do not discuss the primary function of woman as a homemaker. They do not argue the propriety of muscling in on the labor market. They just plain work.

"It is not a question of argument," they contend. "It is a matter of bookkeeping."

Under present circumstances a single pay

envelope will not meet the needs of a white-collar-class family. It is as simple as that.

In 1949, according to the figures of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, nearly half of all the married women in the United States held jobs outside the home (48 per cent as against 30 per cent in 1940). Indeed, a larger number of employed women are married than single. These figures are enough to show that the working wife is in a fair way to becoming the norm rather than the exception.

IT HAS long been typical in our pattern of society that the husband provides the income and the wife administers the household and takes care of the children; and any reshaping of so firmly established a tradition must be considered in more than just its economic aspects. The effect on men and women as individuals, on the delicate emotional balance of their mutual relations, and on children and the parent-child relationship must all be taken into account.

The most cursory reader of anthropology knows that for every social function deemed "natural" for one sex or the other in one society, another society has developed a pattern in which the roles are reversed. The revolution in which the new generation of young couples are engaged is not a frontal

Back in 1926 we published an article by Mrs. Mavity on "The Wife, the Home, and the Job." Her essay in this issue reflects the changes that a quarter-century has made in the picture, though Mrs. Mavity's own family has always been two-income.

attack on our cultural patterns, but it does alter them in ways which have far-reaching consequences.

Through a good many years of my life I heard men say, "I'd be ashamed to let my wife work." The standard of a man's success in America was—and to some extent still is—his earning capacity. It was a symbol of his masculine prowess and an extension of his virility. To maintain his social, his economic, and his psychological position as titular head of the family by virtue of being its source of supply, he often had to relinquish long-term goals for temporary advantages and to sacrifice his natural aptitudes to the demands of an immediate and steady job. No wonder Thoreau said that "most men lead lives of quiet desperation."

No wonder, then, that men jealously guarded their prerogatives. To be a "good provider" was one of the chief criteria—and in the eyes of many was *the* criterion—of man's achievement. Every woman of my generation who worked in what was called a "man's job" knew what it was to walk on eggs. With a diplomacy that would make Machiavelli look like a coal-heaver in a conference of foreign ministers the masculine ego had to be protected from the slightest scratch in both marital and occupational relations.

This often made the women of my generation hopping mad. What we did not realize was that the restrictions foisted on us by the masculine ego were not prompted by innate sex cussedness. They were imposed by a cultural code which men dared not flout under penalty of losing face, and which they would keep women from flouting, if they could, for the same reason. But something has happened to alter this code, something that has convinced men as well as women that the rigid demarcation of their spheres of action made them both the losers.

I do not mean to say that all the barriers are down. Cultural patterns change slowly and barriers crumble and shift only under heavy pressure. But the pressure of practical, not theoretical, considerations has done its work. Our young couples, who care less about abstract justice than they do about the good life for their families, have toppled a good many time-honored prejudices. They have not set out to reform the world—they just want to live in it.

II

THESE young people were children during the great depression of the thirties. They learned the facts of economic life by experiencing or observing the collapse of financial security. They were married either just before or during or after the late war, and when their husbands were called into the armed forces the young wives had to learn to stand alone in a practical as well as an emotional sense.

Once the war was over and husbands returned, few of them had had a chance to accumulate any savings. The allotments they received from the government were insufficient to support their families in accordance with middle-class standards of living. Wives with or without children either had to produce income or throw themselves on the mercy of relatives who had problems of their own.

For a while it looked as though this were a temporary situation, and that once the war and a short adjustment period were over, women would pop back (or be pushed back) into their accustomed and "proper" roles. But that is not what happened. The returned veteran found himself faced with a set of alternatives.

He had three possible choices: (1) He could grab the first job available, and in a frantic effort to catch up on the time the war had cost him, he might very well throw away any chances of a career. (2) He could take his time about looking around until he found some job that seemed to him congenial and that had promise for the future. He could do this only if his wife could help to keep the rent paid and the larder stocked. (3) He could take advantage of the GI Bill of Rights for basic or advanced training in a vocation. But here again this choice was open to him only if his wife could be breadwinner as well as bread-slicer.

Many young wives wanted to give their husbands every possible chance to make a wise decision for the future and so they kept the jobs they had or found others. This established the pattern. With the cost of living continually on the rise there has been little inclination on the part of wives to devote themselves wholly to housework. Their pay

checks have become vital to the maintenance of an acceptable standard of living.

IS THIS rift in the established pattern just another example of the disruptive effects of war? Does the working wife inflict a deep though subtle trauma on her husband's pride and self-respect, on the emotional balance of marriage, on her children? Is she subconsciously seeking an excuse for selfish personal ambition or sex rivalry? These are costs that must be computed as carefully as any bank balance.

Let's let a few young women speak for themselves:

"My husband and I," one young woman told me, "are in this family business together. It is not a choice between bolstering my ego with self-expression or coddling his ego as the sole source of funds, but of getting our family the education, the health, the basic security they need. . . ."

And another young woman put it this way: "The women have not changed half so radically as the men. After all, we had the background of the gradual and sporadic breakthrough of women into the 'man's world' ever since World War I. The whole point, I think, is that we are working in collaboration, not competition, with our men."

She had more to say. She wanted to make it clear to me that she and her husband each wanted to do what was best for both of them in the long run. "Neither of us," she went on, "is burdened with the notion of giving up a principle or making a sacrifice when I contribute to the exchequer. It is not a source of emotional disturbance to either of us whether my contribution is less, or the same, or more than his. We're not competitors, we're partners. We're in the single business of making a going concern of the family."

Still another young woman, whose marriage had threatened to founder, felt this way about it: "I went to work to save our marriage from battering itself to pieces against the rocks of worry, insecurity, inadequacy, and frustration. When my husband was convinced that my decision to work implied no accusation of failure on his part but just a realistic acceptance of the way things are, he was as relieved as if I'd sprung him out of jail. He would not have suggested it himself, but I suspect that he was a little bit stung that I had not

been alert enough to think of it sooner. Now that he is more relaxed and at ease in his own work, instead of constantly looking over his shoulder at the wolf, his health has improved; he works with less strain and fatigue and far more effectively."

This new design for family harmony is a far remove from the rationalizations of women who fought for their rights simply as a matter of principle. But if it solves some old dilemmas, it raises some brand-new ones.

What, for example, about a man doing "woman's work"? If both mother and father work, who looks after the children? Supposing that the husband's job takes him to a different locality and the family must move, what happens to his wife's job? These are a few of the questions that inevitably arise. Let's take them, and some others, in order.

III

PARADOXICALLY enough, a good many men learned in the armed forces how to do "woman's" work. With no woman at hand to do the jobs for him, the service man learned how to make a bed, darn a sock, sew on a button, and peel a potato. As a result many an ex-soldier regards these—and, by extension, many other—housewifely chores as neither beyond his competence nor beneath his dignity. He is psychologically conditioned to accept the dual-income family as a dual-housework family. The dividing line between "men's work" and "women's work" has not been taken by assault so much as it has crumbled away.

This was the reef on which the working wives of my generation often crashed and sank. It was assumed that, whatever else the woman did, the personal and material care of the household was primarily her responsibility. If she entered an income-earning occupation, she must have the energy and executive ability to carry, in effect, two jobs.

This assumption was not really the man's fault. Even if the wife's earnings paid for domestic help, somebody had to count the laundry, make the market list, audit the household bills, balance the budget, watch for sales of linen, replenish supplies, confer with the children's teacher, make sure their teeth were brushed and their fingernails clean, and convoy them to the dentist and to parties.

And only the wife seemed to have the competence and the aptitude to do these things. Her ability to manage all this and a job too was the test of her success. Many women gave up under the pressure of husbandly criticism when all of these things could not be managed; others damaged their health or their job efficiency or both under the too heavy burden.

But the husband's attitude has changed; practice has revised the principle. The post-war husband feels no ignominy in running the washing machine or taking clothes to the Laundromat, mixing the baby's formula, starting the dinner, or pushing the vacuum cleaner. Executive efficiency in the household is not a sex attribute, and many men who take the common-sense view that they should share in the housework if their wives share in the production of income, have demonstrated that freedom from hidebound traditional procedures can be turned to good account. They see the problems of household management with fresh eyes. They discover short cuts, tighten schedules, and invent improved procedures. "Woman's work was never done," perhaps because she followed deep-rutted grooves and did not try to invent new methods of getting the work done more quickly.

Not all husbands, of course, are endowed with the executive gifts that revolutionize household routine, but in the two-income family they are willing to shoulder their share of the domestic load without resentment or condescension. It is difficult for men, however, to realize that housework never stays done. "It simply does not occur to my husband," one young wife said to me, "that a room dusted once is not dusted forever." Some wives wait for their husbands to catch on for themselves (and some do and manifest great pride in their unaided discoveries); others make joint programs, listing and allocating the chores by prearrangement. Some wives, by virtue of their greater domestic experience, continue to supervise the household, but there are also husbands who plunge in and teach their wives more about household management in a month than their grandmothers ever knew.

How does a two-income family cope with the problem of bringing up young children? Not so long ago a woman of proved vocational ability was ad-

jured to divide her life into two—or, more rarely, three—periods. She might work until she produced a baby, but then she must either bury her vocation altogether, exchanging it for that of housewife-and-mother, or else lay it away for long years with the rather feeble hope of resuscitating it after the children were grown. That picture has now changed out of all recognition. Indeed, one hears wives arguing that children, instead of constituting the unanswerable argument against the two-income family, are strong arguments in its favor.

"If it weren't for the children," said one wife to me, "I'd be tempted to try to get along on one salary, even if it meant skimping. But we need two incomes to enable us to have a house with a yard that the children can play in; to live in a neighborhood where I don't have to worry about their playmates; to provide a guitar for the musical one and dancing lessons for the one who needs to improve her muscular co-ordination—not to mention teeth-straightening and medical insurance and the bonds we are stowing away for their education."

None of these young mothers denies that children need more than material goods, that they need personal care, attention, and affection. But they are convinced that a child is not worse off for being deprived of the full-time solicitude and attention of one parent exclusively; that, in fact, he is better off when the parents share in the job of parenthood; and that even if the parents differ in their treatment of the child, this is not necessarily a grave disadvantage. I know, for instance, one family in which the mother is efficient, orderly, dependable, and inclined to be something of a martinet. The father is mercurial, easy-going, and playful. Said the wife to me, "Our children know what to expect of each of us. They know they can run a bit wild with him, but that they will have to cope with me, too. They will have to learn to get along sooner or later with all sorts of people, and they might as well learn it sooner, with those who love them. They take us both in their stride, and I believe our extremes of temperament are somewhat modified by our joint association with them."

Nevertheless there remain inescapable problems in the care of children when both parents work away from home. If the wife's earnings

are small, these problems are real and difficult: it may be that every penny earned (after income taxes) will be swallowed up in the hire of the necessary services. And even if she makes a good salary, she has to do some canny contriving. These problems have been attacked in a variety of ways, depending upon individual circumstances.

I know, for example, a professional woman with three children—one in school, one in nursery school, and one a toddler—who needed both a housekeeper and a nursemaid, but could not afford both, even though she made a good income. She hired one full-time domestic, chosen primarily for her child-care qualifications and only secondarily as a housekeeper; installed all possible labor-saving equipment, some of which she could acquire through her professional services to the suppliers; and was able to divide the residual domestic chores between her husband, herself, and the housekeeper.

I know another one who placed her children in a state-operated child-care center which had been established in wartime when women war-workers were essential. The youngest children spent the whole day at the center; the others went there directly from school. Far from suffering from this regime, the children flourished under it. They had previously been somewhat over-indulged and had run rough-shod over their mother and other adults; now they have become so well adjusted that they would be welcome in any society, old or young.

The child-care centers in the areas that provide them offer a satisfactory solution to the outstanding problem of the low-income family, which must balance cash earned by the wife against increased cash expenditure to fill her home functions. But most of them are not available to middle-income families. Most mothers in this bracket must therefore make do with mothers' helpers, nursery schools, school playground facilities, community recreation centers, and, of course, baby-sitters; plus boys' and girls' camps for the summer months. And of course there is a certain amount of group co-operation among the working parents. In one instance, the mothers take turns, each on her day off, looking after the children of the group, who are brought to the sitter's house. In another instance, a schoolteacher operates a summer

guest house for the children of her college friends, on her family's ranch.

Some of these are stop-gap measures. But because the parents with whom I have talked regard their dual-income situation as a permanent, rather than a temporary expedient, they feel sure that, by exploration and experiment, satisfactory solutions will be worked out.

Even if the wife's contribution to income is almost or even wholly canceled out by the increased expenditure it entails, the net result may be on the credit side of the ledger in terms beyond those of the immediate budget. For one thing, it may have the important value of job-satisfaction. The college professor who earns less than the garage mechanic—and the examples could be multiplied by the dozens—knows that part of his compensation lies in doing the work he likes. Many a young man has faced and made that choice. The recognition that a woman might similarly prefer bookkeeping to housekeeping, even if she saved as much money by staying at home as she would make outside, has been delayed, largely because women were limited in the opportunity to find out whether housekeeping was indeed their preferred *métier*. It was not, as William James would say, a "live issue." It may have taken a world war, inflation, and towering taxes to bring it alive, but it is not likely to lapse into any "innocuous desuetude."

The second imponderable to be considered against immediate cash is the value of job-continuity, with its corollaries of dependability and opportunity for advancement. Even though the wife's contribution may barely cover expenses at the outset, it may be profitable in terms of long-range investment.

WHAT happens when circumstances arise to split the dual-income arrangement geographically? Suppose the husband is transferred to another locality, or the wife is offered a position of advancement which involves moving and, if accepted, would require her husband to give up his own previous position?

Legally, the husband's domicile determines the wife's, even if she is the sole support of the family and he contributes nothing but his presence. Law is basically a codification of established custom, and though its modifications always run far behind changes in

custom, it still reflects the most commonly accepted attitude.

Even now, the wife is likely to be the one who has to make an adjustment around the obstacle of geography. Flexibility and ingenuity may be required of her to adapt her special skills to a new occupational framework, to turn a former avocation into a primary instead of a secondary vocation, to seek or invent new avenues for promoting the sale of the abilities she has to offer.

But there is a ground swell of change even in this tradition-weighted attitude. Much depends here on the husband's ability to put preconceptions aside and view the problem freshly and realistically. If the wife's job pays more, or offers greater prospects of advancement which would be lost if she moved when her husband was transferred, these are questions of common finance, not to be judged in terms of emotional conflict.

Some jobs are readily transportable, others are not. Thus far, in feeling their way, women have tended to focus on the more flexible occupations, and expect to do the major part of the adjusting if any is necessary. This may be good for their wits, and a certain amount of adaptability is a valuable job-quality for either man or woman. But the rule is not rigid. If, for example, the man is an accountant and could be fairly sure of finding a position almost anywhere, and the woman is, say, a marine biologist who would find herself in an occupational desert in Iowa, then the adjustment might reasonably be in the other direction.

There is still a lingering feeling in the public mind that certain occupations are inherently appropriate for women—notably teaching, dietetics, nursing, library work, social service, and of course secretarial work. But the present generation of working wives spans a great range of occupations. On my list of acquaintances are photographers, florists, restaurateurs, psychologists and psychiatric aides, typographers and editors, as well as a veterinarian, a poultry farmer, a dog breeder, an architect, and an investigator for the U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue. What especially interests me is the inventiveness which many women are showing in thinking up new occupations which fill needs occasioned by the very fact that two-income families are so plentiful.

One woman has paid her children's private

school fees by running her own school bus (the family car) to pick up the other pupils. Another operates a "Children's Escort Service," taking groups of children to the circus and the zoo and on picnics and local sight-seeing trips. Another has set up a bring-your-child baby-sitting center. She happens to live in a rather large old house with a yard and sleeping porches; she began with a modest outlay for extra cots, blankets, toys, bottles, and mugs, and has increased her equipment gradually as her clientele expanded; her individual fees are moderate, but they add up to a good living. Jobs of this sort might be described as newly-invented answers to the old question, "Who takes care of the caretaker's daughter when the caretaker's busy taking care?"

IV

THE depression years, the war years, and the postwar years have cracked the old economic-social family mold. These were forces outside the control of individual women, but they have learned a lesson from circumstances. The working wives of 1951 have learned to recognize the mistakes of my generation, and are determined not to repeat them.

The first of these lessons is that dual-income living must be continuous. It is a fallacy to imagine that one can lay it aside for twenty years and then pick it up where one left off. "Previous experience, housewife," is no recommendation for non-housewifely employment. Training lapses with disuse or is outmoded by technical advances. The older women who try to "break back in" have a bleak time of it.

The second lesson is that a woman must have definite, marketable assets that are worth somebody's money to pay for. She must not expect people to give her a job because she has a pretty talent and wants to "do something with her time" or because she wants to express her personality or even because she has good ideas about the way a business might be run. She must be able to produce results that are worth dollars and cents.

Does anybody imagine this means the working wives of 1951 have become materialistic or indifferent to the emotional satisfactions and social values of family life? You would

not believe so if you heard the sort of comments on two-income living that I have been hearing recently from those who are engaged in it.

I think of one wife who told me that the extra things which her income earned didn't seem luxuries to her; she called them "the difference between bare living and a life," adding, "I believe my husband and children are entitled to that difference if it is obtainable. If I could make it obtainable, and didn't, I'd feel myself a deliberate failure as a wife and mother. I don't look on the 'tired business man' as a comic figure; I think he is a tragedy—and an unnecessary tragedy."

I think of another who said to me, "Marriage taught me that an insurance for security in the dim future isn't enough. We need our security here and now and continuously, and it takes two to provide it."

And I think, too, of the wife who told me that at first her husband had been stubbornly opposed to her taking a job, and was not fully converted until the evening when her small son said to him in confidential mood, "Daddy, aren't you awfully glad mother has gone to work instead of sticking round the house all

the time? She's so much easier to get along with!"

I CAN remember the suffrage parades, though the leaders in that fight were in an older age-bracket than mine. I belonged to the National Woman's Party. I wrote articles and made speeches opposing legal discrimination against (or, for that matter, for) women. When my husband proposed to me, I told him, with a sort of hesitant defiance, that I was not a housekeeper. I was not so naïve as to talk about my "career," but I suppose I did think of myself as at least a foot soldier in the worthy cause of women's rights.

My daughter and her friends think all those ideas are "quaint." Being a lawyer, my daughter also calls them "irrelevant, immaterial, and incompetent." The working wives of 1951 are not motivated by feminism, but by common sense applied to economic dilemma. Their design for living has its holes and rough edges, but they are confident that it is firmly grounded on emotional as well as material fact. They are sure it will work—because it has to!

The Assuagers

KATHARINE STRELSKY

Now let me sit only by the side of
the very old, they remember what it was
once, but they do not care now, bliss and grief
far in their tranquil wake, they take the sun
on their thin hair, their gnarled hands, there's
little that matters,
giving and bearing done with, except for the image
of their still patience. The young, the not so young,
are a clamor in my ears, they harass my pulse,
confuse my sight, with all the living still in them.
The say little, they move from chair to table
to doorstep, with gentle tidying gestures, they do not
provoke the heart with insoluble questions, they know
that all those answers are idle, are for yesterday,
and tomorrow is as it may be. Let me sit with you,
quiet ones, you will stroke my hair as you pass me
now and then, without words, and later, past midnight,
sleepless like me, but not from need, you will come
through the unlighted rooms, and hand in hand,
wordlessly, we will look upon the stars.



Success Story from Sardinia

Paul E. Deutschman

Drawings by Arthur Marokvia

BETWEEN 1946 and 1950, with American aid, there occurred the most dramatic event in Sardinian history—the total elimination of the Anopheles Mosquito, carrier of the dreaded *Malaria* (literally “bad air” in both Latin and Italian), which had held the island in bondage since the days of the ancient Romans. More than any other immediate cause, this liberation from disease has brought about the curious and heartening fact that Americans are really popular in Sardinia today.

Besides—and this is more important—the purification of the island has made all of it habitable and has opened its natural treasures to economic use, so that within the next ten years probably a million settlers from the crowded Italian peninsula will be able to find homes and a living in this land next door. That American money, techniques, and drive were the instrument of this “miracle” (even a Sardinian Communist will take you aside and call it that) is no surprise

to Americans—but that the people on the receiving end really like us for what we have done is a refresher indeed.

Last spring I returned to Sardinia, to a town which, for reasons of military security, the American forces had called “Borgovecchio” (the “Old Town”) when I was stationed at an airfield near there seven-and-a-half years ago. To us GIs during the crucial days of the war, the town was a dreadful education in misery and filth and human degradation; and to the people of “Borgovecchio,” who fought like wolves over the contents of our garbage pails, the American soldier, with his free-spending, Saturday-night ways and his bounding beneficence, was not only an education in a larger way of life than they had dreamed of, but even more, in those days, their only means of sustaining life. When I came back to Sardinia, wanting to see what had happened since the war, I remembered the “Old Town” as one of the worst places on earth, its streets teaming with savage children

Mr. Deutschman's latest trip to Sardinia, which resulted in this piece, was a labor of love, based on his wartime memories of that country. A former editor of Life, Mr. Deutschman now lives in Paris, travels a good deal, and writes.

with pinched faces, prostitutes who worked in pairs, and ragged unshaven Italian soldiers. And I wondered what had happened to those gray, unwashed human beings and what they thought of us now.

This is what I found.

THE real name of my town is Iglesias ("City of Churches")—there is no longer any reason for disguise. This year I came up from the port city of Cagliari by the familiar macadam road, driving through the motionless little villages with their pock-marked walls of mud and concrete, which string along the road through the wheatland and orange groves of the narrow agricultural corridor of this mountainous island. The wheezy old jeep which I had borrowed for this trip bore the letters, "ERLAAS"—standing for a Marshall Plan-sponsored anti-malaria organization. I was traveling under a good sign.

In contrast to the press of wartime traffic, the road was now deserted. Occasionally a hobble-wheeled cart overloaded with firewood or sun-baked brick pulled over to let the jeep pass, and clusters of barefoot peasant children waved hesitantly from the roadside. And when the jeep burst into the main square of Iglesias from the wind-blown fields on the outskirts of the town, and pulled up beside a tiny Fiat station-wagon, the only other vehicle in sight, I was almost overpowered by the quiet. In the old days, people lying in wait in the surrounding side streets poured out to engulf your car before you could turn off the ignition. But this time only a few old women squatted drowsily at the base of the statue in the square, and a line of weather-beaten men leaned aimlessly against the wall of a café.

Dumbfounded first by the quiet, I was dazzled next by the enlargement—both the physical growth and the quickening of life—I saw in Iglesias. The center of activity has moved from the square to the two main streets, one (without a sidewalk) right-angling steeply uphill through the center of town; the other a wider automobile highway which winds around the circumference and goes off toward the mines at Monteponi and Gonesa, which provide the main living of the *Iglesiente*. The funeral grayness of wartime was gone. There was a rush of civilian color along the inner street—men wearing bright-

colored ties; women in sheer stockings and dresses made from a single piece of bright cloth; giggling, red-lipped teen-agers, parading arm in arm as far as the new movie theater and back again; dark, proud-shouldered peasant women in their spotless white bodices and vivid yellow-and-red flowered skirts; tiny children waddling along in coats of fleecy rabbit wool.

The hillside along the Monteponi turnoff was flanked with rows of new white concrete apartment houses. A bank was being built on the corner opposite the market, and in the lower end of town (clustered around the former barracks of the Italian soldiers) there was a suburb that had not been there when I was there before.

Back in March 1944, the public market was closed down, and commerce consisted almost entirely of two photographers' shops patronized by GIs only; one flashy chrome-and-marble café (with a shiny *caffè-espresso* machine which had been out of coffee for months) selling only a raw red wine; one restaurant serving a watery *minestrone*, three careful inches of hard brown bread, and a plateful of tasteless lentils for one dollar; hordes of screaming kids who swarmed through the streets peddling their family bedspreads, radios, and alarm clocks as souvenirs; and one amazing itinerant Chinese, who appeared each afternoon on the hillside just below the market and spread out a suitcase full of dreary imitation leather belts, celluloid combs, *ersatz* jewelry, and rusting razor blades. Everything else was shuttered tight.

In March 1951, shops and the market were wide open and humming. The restaurant had been renovated and cemented-off from the main street to make room for a tobacco shop; and the café had an even shinier coffee machine that turned out four cups of *espresso* at one time.

But the biggest shock for me was to see the loaves of bread offered for sale in Iglesias' bakeries, the vegetables heaped in bins out in the open streets, bolts of silk and suiting, window displays of shoes and steel nails and salami, newsstands stacked high with movie magazines (Ava Gardner and Esther Williams were the favorite cover-girls in Sardinia last spring). And then there were the children. Instead of runny-nosed little bandits with open sores on their legs and sly



claws quick to reach into your pocket or to catch a burning cigarette butt on the fly, today you see children with scrubbed faces, who munch on *caramelle* that did not come out of GI ration cans.

One thing was obviously behind all these changes in Iglesias, the good changes: Americans and the American dollar were most intimately involved in them all.

II

AS SOON as you arrive in town nowadays, you notice the absence of mosquitoes, and before you have been there long, you hear about ERLAAS—which stands for the Italian name of the “Regional Organization for the Struggle Against the Anopheles in Sardinia.” At times, during its four-year post-war campaign, ERLAAS was an army numbering 34,000 men, led by bacteriologists, engineers, and administrators from the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation and financed largely by \$6 million in Marshall Plan counterpart funds.

The mosquitoes had made a nasty impression on GIs on Sardinia during the war, for any soldier who tossed away instead of swallowing the acrid-tasting yellow Atabrine pills that were served at the end of the chow line each evening was sooner or later carted away

to the hospital near the *lido* outside Cagliari. Practically every native of Iglesias and the other towns had suffered at least one attack of malaria by the time he reached his teens, and it was the prevalence of the carrier mosquitoes and the disease that made the island's riches of coal, lead, silver, antimony, cork, and sheep unavailing to lift the people above their ancient misery.

ERLAAS split up the island into eleven main divisions, one of which was the Iglesias area. Each division was broken down into six sections, fifty-seven districts, and 498 sectors, so that every square inch of the island was accounted for. Squads of “larva-ciders” drained and cleared swamps and scoured their thick larval scums with burning oil. With spray guns and aerosol bombs, they DDTed every single building on the island and almost 1,300,000 breeding places of the *Anopheles*. Two Marshall Plan helicopters attacked mountain areas where jeeps, mules, and men on foot could not penetrate. Today you find the letters “DDT,” with a date following them, stenciled in the most improbable places—on the walls of churches and of the ruined old Pisan fortress; in the eight-man cells in the city jail; down mine-shafts; in Communist party headquarters, pigsties, the mayor's drug store; on the straw walls of shepherds' *capanne*; and even on the topmost orifices of the *nuraghes* or ancient stone towers dotting the countryside which are thought to date back 4,000 years.

Just about everyone in Iglesias acknowledges that the American technicians have wrought one of the greatest marvels since those mysterious towers were built.

GETTING rid of the mosquitoes was only the beginning. Marshall Plan funds have initiated dozens of other enterprises scattered over the Iglesias countryside. At the dusty little town of Villasor, where our airfield had once been threshed out of the wheatfields and where water was carted into town on burro-back and sold for about a lira a liter, there are now eight wells, an electric pump, and free water. In contrast with this small installation, costing only a few hundred dollars, is a vast land reclamation project, called the *Sulcis*, a complex of dams, irrigation ditches, levees, and aqueducts, which was begun by UNRRA, and is now

underwritten by \$1,500,000 of Italian government funds and nearly \$2 million of Marshall aid.

This is converting thousands of acres of primitive small farms along the banks of the Palmas River into a rich agricultural community.

The new suburb at the lower end of Iglesias looks a good deal like an American real-estate subdivision in an early and not too attractive stage. Last March there was still only a dirt road into town, and the houses sat in the middle of a broad mud flat, waiting for trees and playgrounds and benches; but this *villaggio operaio* (workers' village) already had sixty-four apartments (three-and-a-half and five rooms in size) occupied by employees of the state-owned railroad and the Monteponi Mining Company. This development is one of thousands of low-cost housing projects now being built throughout Italy by the Italian government with Marshall Plan funds. There will be 186 such apartments in Iglesias, renting for 500 liras (81 cents) per room per month, or 1,100 liras per month on a twenty-five-year purchase plan. In addition, the old Army barracks alongside the workers' village have been converted into 81 apartments, and 152 more are planned for various other parts of town.

These changes are so beneficial that at first you get the impression that everything is just fine in Iglesias.

III

BUT there is still a great deal of misery—not frenzied as in wartime, but the lethargic, grinding misery of everyday southern Italian life.

On the main street there is the inescapable family of begging children (with their mother off on the side counting the take). On the sunless, muddy old streets of Iglesias are rows of squat stone houses, with lumpy beds, huge pewter urns of water, homemade wooden tables and chests, and cheap religious pictures.

A typical family is that

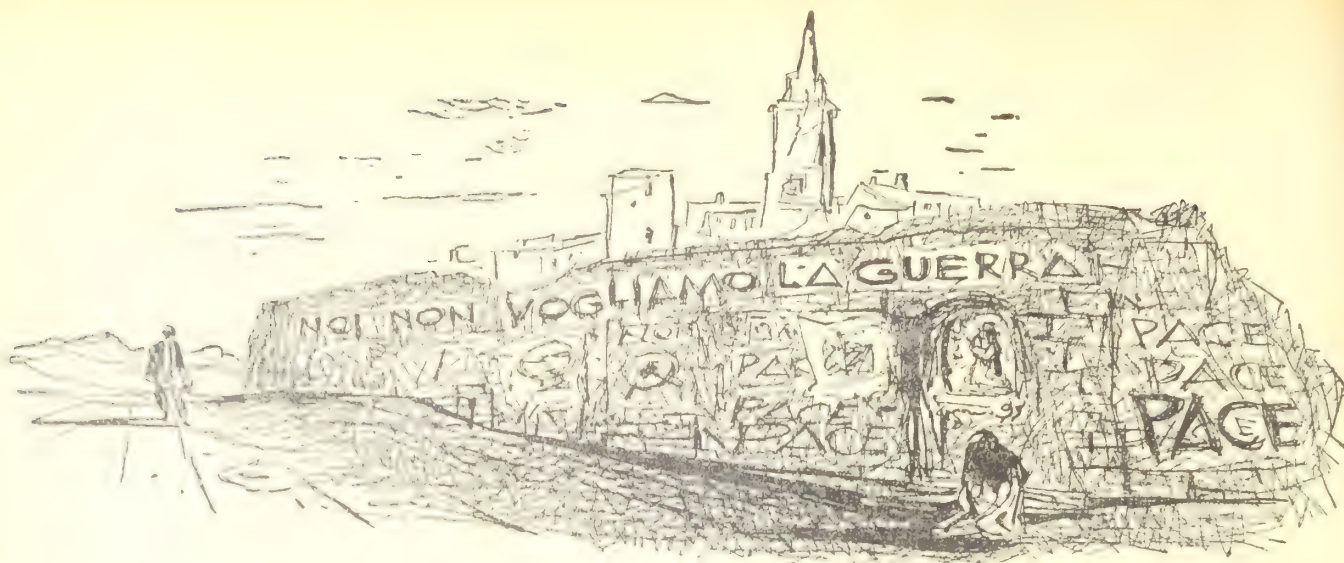
of Orlando Vincis, who has a job with a small barium and lead mine in the hills near Gonesa.

By local living standards he is well off, for he worked twenty days the previous month. Minus deductions for social security and with allowances provided by the state for his wife, his three children, and his mother, he took home exactly 26,896 liras (or \$43.38). (He was his company's highest-paid worker for that month; the lowest-paid worked only eight days and took home \$9.33.) Vincis paid 4,500 liras a month for rent plus an extra 2,000 for electricity. Plumbing is cheap since it does not exist: the Vincis boys fill the two huge stone jugs with water from a pump several hundred feet down the street, and the street and backyards serve for toilet.

The wartime garbage queues which the GIs remember are gone, for there is food in the shops, and real wages for 1950 were impressively higher than in any year since 1938. Gone too is the universal democracy of famine, but the daily battle for bread is still the predominant feature of life for most southern Italians. After the rent and electricity money are put aside, the Vincis family spends almost all of the rest of the month's money on food. There are faults in the economy which cause a good share of this trouble, and they could be fixed.

The main trouble lies with the mining industry. Though the Iglesias area is prac-





tically the only major source of coal in Italy, the local coal is rather low-grade, with high sulphur and ash content. Methods and machinery are antiquated—with resulting high cost of production. Hence, as one ECA productivity expert in Rome explained, “Sardinian coal is a ‘feast-and-famine’ industry. It thrives when Italy is poor and cannot import coal. It starves when Italy is well-off and can import coal.” The mines thrived during the fascist rule because Italy was poor; after the American forces repaired bombing damages and put the mines back into production, they thrived again—until Italian recovery was achieved, with Marshall Plan aid, and the mines of England, Germany, and France came back.

Now, again, the factories of Milan, Turin, and Bologna are burning imported coal—and every day more miners in Iglesias apply for their 500-lira unemployment pay.

It is hard to make the unemployed believe that the modern equipment which is being installed in the mines through Marshall Plan loans will make their coal better and cheaper and permit them to compete with foreign coal. And the argument that the military strengthening of Western Europe will oblige Italy and the other Atlantic Pact nations to use Sardinian coal, regardless of cost, is pretty complicated and remote.

IN KEEPING with these economic dissatisfactions, the political complex in Iglesias is unfortunate from a Western point of view. Although regular provincial elections were held on the mainland of Italy last sum-

mer, Sardinian elections were not scheduled until October and the Iglesias results were not in when this article went to press. In the last general election, however—that of April 1948—the Communists (together with the left-wing “Nenni” Socialists) captured 4,986 votes out of a total of 11,450 cast. This made them by far the largest and most dangerous party in town.

Communist headquarters, a large building on one of the main piazzas, looks and sounds very lively, with small fry playing ping-pong and chess, radios blaring, every wall bright with large picture posters. Communist slogans, the same the world over—“*Pace, Pace, Pace*” (“Peace, Peace, Peace”) and “*Noi Non Vogliamo la Guerra*” (“We Don’t Want War”)—are smeared in great red letters on walls all over town.

Prime Minister de Gasperi’s party, the middle-of-the-road Christian Democrats won only 4,097 votes in Iglesias (although it out-pulled the Communist bloc four-to-three throughout the island). Though the Christian Democrats have managed to control the office of mayor since the war, they do not have a workable majority either in the Sard Regional Council or the Iglesias City Council. And today they are the butt of sniping from all sides—for getting too little done, for assuming dictatorial powers, for kowtowing too much to the Americans, for not listening enough to the Americans, for being too easy with Communists and neo-fascists, and even for being too hard on Communists and neo-fascists.

One crucial group has not pledged its

allegiance—labor. Most of the rank-and-file workers of Iglesias as well as everywhere else in Italy have been “*pasta*” Communists since the war—voting Communist from the stomach, not from the head or heart. Despite the various dialectic splinterings-off that have taken place from the main body politic and the erection of a new non-Communist labor union, CISL, to compete with the entrenched, old-line, Communist-run CGIL, the election results last summer indicated that the final battle for the minds of the workers on the mainland has not yet been fought—and there is little reason to believe that the situation will be any different when the Iglesias results are in.

The new fascist group, MSI (*Movimento Sociale Italiano*), was still a question mark when I was in Iglesias last Spring. They had been hardly under way in time for the 1948 elections, and their adherents are certainly not impressive on first appearance (a stout old business man and some pimply-faced youths huddled whispering about a huge lighted candle in their darkened backstreet headquarters).

Their talk is the same old mumbo-jumbo about national morale and national glory, but they include a leather-putteed mine manager and a group of young intellectuals (largely disillusioned war veterans and civil servants, who predicted they would be the island's and the nation's number-three party soon. They *did* poll 4 per cent on the continent in the elections last summer and become the number-five party there—and it all makes you stop and wonder.

The most pathetic group of all—until you remember what they were up to your last time here—are *i nostalgici*, those who are homesick for the good old days of fascism. They are mostly men in their twenties and thirties who dedicated their lives to the greater glory of Mussolini's new Roman empire or to cashing in on some of its benefits. Former police officials or Blackshirts or colonists in *Africa Orientale*, they are now refugees among their own people. They work as dish washers and clerks and insecticides, are completely unregenerated, crusted over with hatred toward the British, the French, the Americans, and their own fellow-countrymen who have let them down. They count the hours.

IV

L UCKILY for us, there is another, more numerous group of *nostalgici*. These are the men who were prisoners-of-war in the States or civilian workers in and around various GI camps in Sardinia and Italy proper. The waiter in a *trattoria* or the butcher in the market place who edges up to you and asks, “You *Americano*?” will confide proudly in English (of sorts) that he has been to the States or has worked for the 440th Squadron. In a few moments you are surrounded by a large group of admiring citizens; for over and beyond and underneath the headlines and the stream of Communist propaganda, there is a steady liking in Sardinia for Americans. It is as if for the past six or seven years the people have been weighing the things they remembered about us, the bad against the good (the ~~stunt~~ and ~~rowdies~~ against the adopted GI “sons”) and have decided that Americans measure up after all.

Small boys, egged on by their elders, approach you hesitantly and ask, “*Americano*, have you chooingom?” If you halt for a moment, you are surrounded by a circle of people who want to limber up their half-forgotten GI words (most of which would scorch the ears of a stevedore). They drag you into their houses to offer you *vino* or *grappa*, show you pictures of the GIs who were stationed in the neighborhood, tell you about the girl who married a Texan and about their inevitable relatives in Brooklyn. Many of the things they admire about us have been branded by the Russians (and their own intellectuals) as “decadent.” Nevertheless, when the film, “Iwo Jima,” was playing in town, for example, boys walked around whistling “From the Halls of Montezuma” and imitating John Wayne as the tough-talking Marine top sergeant. There is a predilection to brand everything that is rich and new and exciting as an “*Americanata*.” And I spent an interesting but confusing evening with two eighteen-year-old youths who were listening to swing music and learnedly discussing the techniques of Stan Kenton and Oody Herman and (so help me) rattling off for my benefit the first names of the three Ink Spots.

The feeling in towns like Iglesias is one of America's best reservoirs of good will. So the

strangest part of it all is to discover that many who feel so kindly toward America vote Communist. And they will probably continue to vote Communist until in some way they can have more of a stake in the future of Italy, something more worth fighting for than that which they have today.

ITALY is not a poor country. It is a country of poor people. And America's great problem there is to help these people share in the wealth and future of their country. Through the Marshall Plan we have gone a good part of the way—by helping to rebuild devastated cities and rehabilitate devastated industries. But what we haven't done, largely because we have tried to follow along tortuous Italian business methods and politics rather than to wade directly through them, is to bring these benefits to people on the lower economic levels, that is to most Italians.

The Italian business man is generally happiest when he huddles in a plush little corner

with his profit, not daring to invest or to build, not caring to create new demands, not accepting the laboring man as anything approximating a partner in the production of his goods. For political, as well as economic, health, Italy needs a working class in the American image. To be sure, we will have to take rationally the inevitable shouts of "Imperialism!" But the majority of Italians—the middle class, the workers, and those enlightened business men who understand the true threat of communism—will be behind our efforts to give the working man his share in Italian growth. The accomplishments of the Marshall Plan for peacetime development have not only brought a wartorn country to the verge of prosperity, but in marginal areas like Iglesias have opened the road to a better life than the people have ever known. Now in the fight against communism, if we value the good feeling we have aroused in that little town, we had better see that the people are able to use fully what our common efforts have provided.



The Great Deeps

Loren C. Eiseley

IT WAS like a little round red cake," Sir Charles Thomson, the attendant naturalist, reported afterward. "And like a little round red cake, it began to pant there in my hand. Curious undulations were passing through it and I had to summon up all my resolution before handling the weird little monster."

Now to the ordinary man that little round red cake would have been a sea urchin, and whether it panted would have meant nothing at all except that it was alive. Nevertheless the man in the street would have been wrong. The fact *was* monstrous and the little red sea urchin more startling still. Anything that has been supposedly dead for a hundred million years—anything that no living eye has beheld except in the chalks of vanished geological epochs—is monstrous when you find it alive and pulsing in your hand. Even the "panting" had significance. No living urchin had ever been observed in such a performance. The known forms were all too rigid. The undulations of this little beast were a sure sign of its relationship to a more leathery and flexible ancestral group.

As a living fossil it had been dredged out of the North Atlantic sea bed almost a solid mile below the surface. A mile today is not a great depth compared with the six-mile depression of the Tuscarora Deep, but in the sixties of the last century—Sir Charles Thomson's time—it was below the level at which life was generally supposed to exist. Anything

below three hundred fathoms was Azoic—lifeless—so wrote Edward Forbes, the first great oceanographer of the eighteen-forties. Like many pioneers he was destined to be proved wrong, yet, looking back, it is possible to sympathize. The cold, the dark, the pressure of those unknown depths was frightening to contemplate. The human mind shied subconsciously away from the notion that even here sentient beings had groped their way down into the primeval slime of the sea floor. It was the world of the abyss, supposedly as lifeless as the earth's first midnight.

Today we know that the abyss is haunted. Through it drift luminous jack-o'-lantern faces with wolf-trap mouths and meager bodies, as though a head floating in that enormous darkness were more important than a body, which could almost be dispensed with in the lean economy of the night. It is a world of delicately groping yard-long antennae, or of great staring eyes that can pick up remote pin points of light and follow them through the restless luminescence of a firefly darkness. To Sir Charles Thomson, however, the abyss was more than haunted. It was the world of the past.

II

THE fascination of lost worlds has long preoccupied humanity. It is inevitable that transitory man, student of the galaxies and computer of light years, should

Dr. Eiseley, the head of the anthropology department at the University of Pennsylvania, last appeared in Harper's in May with a description of his adventures as a "bone collector." "The Great Deeps" is part of a book on which he is working.

entertain nostalgic yearnings for some island outside of time, some Avalon untouched by human loss. Even the scholar has not been averse to searching for the living past on islands or precipice-guarded plateaus. Jefferson repeated the story of a trapper who had heard the mammoth roaring in the Virginia woods; in 1823 a South American traveler imaginatively viewed through his spy-glass mastodons grazing in remote Andean valleys.

Nevertheless when the explorers had penetrated the last woodland, gazed on the last new animal—something they had pretty well accomplished by the middle of the nineteenth century—the past had been nowhere found. Only the great waters remained, the planetary expanse that, since the days of Thorfinn the Skull Cleaver, has received and, on occasion, swallowed, the restless sails of men. Its surface was known, but its depths remained unplumbed. The treasure of countless piracies, the dead of innumerable battles had gone down into the green gloom of the mermaids' kingdom. In return, men had had only the legendary glimpse of a white arm at evening or the voice of a siren singing from some isle that would be gone at daybreak. Later, as men's youthful imaginations faded, only the rumor of sea monsters—serpents or archaic water beasts—survived from the abyss.

From a belief that the great deeps were lifeless, scholars examining the growths on submarine cables and the scrapings brought up by newly devised dredges began to visualize something like Conan Doyle's *Lost World* in reverse. By 1870 this conception had two aspects: first, a theory that the ocean depths were populated by the living marine fossils of past geological ages which had here escaped the disasters that had destroyed their kind in the shallow seas of the earlier world; second—and reflecting the materialistic philosophy which was beginning to arise under the stimulus of the Darwinian theory—a belief that widespread on the floor of the abyssal plain lay the "*Urschleim*," a protoplasmic half-living matter representing that transition between the living and the non-living out of which more complex life had, in the course of time, developed. The abyss, in other words, was thought to contain not only the living record of the past, but the ultimate secret of life itself; Creation might be still in

process. Sir Charles Thomson in one enthusiastic statement in his *Depths of the Sea* even ventured to maintain: "The [depth] range of the various groups in modern seas corresponds remarkably with their vertical range in ancient strata." Down at the bottom, of course, lay that living undifferentiated primordial ooze as deep in the sea as it lay deep in time.

AS THE number of deep sea soundings increased, as men slowly grasped the antiquity of that dark, cold world that is called the abyssal plain, a new idea arose: the notion, as I have hinted, of a lost world in reverse, a midnight city of refuge in which the present mingled and lived on with the past. It was, of course, the world of the uttermost depths, the place without light since the beginning, and whose extent no continent above the waters could ever fill.

Of all the worlds of life the abyss alone remains unaltered. It is the one place on the planet where conditions remain as they have been since the beginning, where the five-mile pressures have not altered, where no suns have ever shone, where the cold is the same at the poles as at the equator, where the seasons are unchanging, where there is no wind and no wave to stir the ooze above which the glass sponges rise on graceful stems, or the abyssal sea squirts float like little balloons on strings above the mud. This is the sole world on the planet which we can enter only by a great act of the imagination. There has been, perhaps, only one greater imaginative effort—the attempt of nineteenth-century biology, intoxicated by its own successes, to observe on the sea floor life in the process of becoming, to glimpse in the abyssal oozes the crossing between life and death.

III

THE story begins with the laying of the first Atlantic cable in the sixties of the last century. It involves one of the most peculiar and fantastic errors ever committed in the name of science. It is useless to blame this error upon one man because many leading figures of the day participated in what was, and remains, one of the most curious cases of self-delusion ever indulged in by scholars. It was the product of an over-con-

fident materialism, a vainglorious assumption that the secrets of life were about to be revealed.

Haeckel in Germany and Huxley in England were proceeding to show that as one passed below the stage of nucleated single-celled organisms one arrived at a simple stirring of the abyssal slime wherein something that was neither life nor non-life oozed and fed without cellular individuality.

This soft, gelatinous matter had been taken from the ocean bed during dredging operations. Examined and pronounced upon by Professor Huxley, it was given the name of *Bathybius haeckelii* in honor of his great German colleague. Speaking before the Royal Geographical Society in 1870 Huxley confidently maintained that *Bathybius* formed a living scum or film on the sea bed extending over thousands of square miles. Moreover, he expanded, it probably formed a continuous sheet of living matter girdling the whole surface of the earth.

Sir Charles Thomson shared this view, commenting that the "organism" showed "no trace of differentiation of organs" and consisted apparently "of an amorphous sheet of a protein compound, irritable to a low degree and capable of assimilating food . . . a diffused formless protoplasm." Haeckel conceived of these formless "monera" as arising from non-living matter, their vital phenomena being traceable to "physico-chemical causes." Here was the "*Urschleim*" with a vengeance, the seething, unindividualized ooze whose latent potentialities included the butterfly and the rose. Man was mud and mud was man. Mechanism was the order of the day.

Unfortunately for this beautiful theory wistfully remembered by one writer as "explaining so much," *Bathybius* proved to be what the microscopists call an artifact; that is, it did not exist. A certain unfeeling Mr. Buchanan of the Challenger Expedition discovered, as he tried to investigate the nature of *Bathybius*, that he could produce all the characters of that indescribable animal by the simple process of adding strong alcohol to sea water. It was not necessary to drink the potion. One simply examined a specimen under the lens and observed that sulphate of lime was precipitated in the form of a gelatinous ooze which clung around particles as though ingesting them, thus lending a

superficial protoplasmic appearance to the solution.

Mr. Huxley's original specimen had apparently been treated in this manner when it was sent to him. Huxley took the episode in good grace but it was a severe blow to the materialists. The structureless protoplasmic "*Urschleim*" was the projective dream of scientists striving to build an evolutionary family tree upon existing organisms. Being nineteenth-century zoologists they unfortunately forgot the world of microscopic plant life, its basic position in the nourishment of living things, and the fact that it must have sunlight in order to perform its mysterious green miracles.

The abyss, it was now to be learned, whatever might roam its waters or slither wetly through its midnights, was not the original abode of life. If there was a past on the black plain far beneath us, if indeed the strange life of remote eras lingered there, it was not stacked with the layered neatness of geological strata as some oceanographers had imagined. The floating heads with their starveling bodies, the squid which emitted clouds of luminescent ink and vanished in their own bright explosions, were all a part of one of life's strangest qualities—its eternal dissatisfaction with what is, its persistent habit of reaching out into new environments and, by degrees, adapting itself to the most fantastic circumstances.

ONCE long ago as a child I can remember removing the cover from an old well. I was alone at the time and I can still anticipate, with a slight crawling of my scalp, the sight I inadvertently saw as I peered over the brink and followed a shaft of sunlight many feet down into the darkness. It touched, just touched in passing, a rusty pipe which projected across the well space some twenty feet above the water. And there, secretive as that very underground whose mystery had lured me into this adventure, I saw, passing surely and unhurriedly into the darkness, a great thing of hair and many legs. I set the rotting cover of boards back into place with a shiver, but that unidentifiable creature of the well has stayed with me to this day.

For the first time I must have realized, I think, the frightening diversity of the living;

something that did not love the sun was down there, something that could walk through total darkness upon slender footholds over evil waters, something that had come down there by preference from above. It was in this way that the oceanic abyss was entered: by preference from above. Life did not arise on the bottom; the muds of the deep waters did not compound it. Instead, with its own pale lanterns or with the delicate, strawlike feelers of blindness it has groped its way down into the dark.

IV

THE four-year voyage of the *Challenger* under the auspices of the British Admiralty, beginning in 1872, was the most ambitious project to investigate the ocean depths that men had ever attempted. The vessel was equipped with floating laboratories and a staff of naturalists. She traveled sixty-nine thousand nautical miles, took hundreds of soundings, and the observations of her staff of investigators occupy fifty huge volumes.

When the *Challenger* left port oceanography was still essentially a speculative science. Her biological director, Sir Charles Wyville Thomson, the same zoologist who had dredged the little red sea urchin out of the North Atlantic, believed along with many of his colleagues that the deep recesses of the ocean, unchanging through the ages, would reveal "living fossils," actual missing links in the history of life. Thomas Huxley, then at the height of his powers, proclaimed with characteristic vigor:

It may be confidently assumed that . . . the things brought up will . . . be zoological antiquities which in the tranquil and little changed depths of the ocean have escaped the causes of destruction at work in the shallows and represent the predominant population of a past age.

This view was enthusiastically shared by the great Swiss naturalist, Louis Agassiz, who contended that in deep waters "we should expect to find representatives of earlier geological periods." Agassiz went even further and observed that it was the deep waters which today most closely approximated the conditions under which life had originally emerged. It was, he said, the depths of the

ocean alone which could place animals under a pressure such as he believed corresponded to the heavy atmosphere of a young world.

These were the excited dreams of science in 1872 as the *Challenger* steamed out of port. Ninety-six thousand miles and four years later her weary scientists came home. They had rocked sickeningly in all seas, dragged with cumbersome and ill-devised apparatus the very bowels of Creation. They had handled rare forms of life, looked on things denied to ordinary men and, above all, they had laid the foundations of a true science of the sea. Nevertheless their eyes were empty.

The great globe-girdling carpet of the living ooze was gone—that evolutionary base in which the German scholars had seen "an infinite capacity for improvement in every conceivable direction." "Our ardor," wearily confessed Mosely, the coral specialist, "abated somewhat . . . as the same tedious animals kept appearing from the depths in all parts of the world."

In the beginning even the cabin boys had crowded to see what four miles of rope would bring up from the bottom. Gradually, however, as the novelty wore off, the spectators became fewer. Even members of the scientific staff were not always present, particularly when the dredge arrived during the dinner hour.

The great hopes of the beginning were fading in disappointment, but Mosely gives an unforgettable picture of Sir Wyville Thomson's sturdy persistence and enthusiasm in the face of the collapse of his theories. "To the last," he writes, "every cuttle fish which came up in our deep sea net was squeezed to see if it had a belemnite's bone in its back, and trilobites were eagerly looked out for." Either of these events would have found the world of the Paleozoic floundering alive on the deck of the *Challenger*. To the despair of Sir Charles they never appeared. It is true that here and there a few animals were recovered that were believed to be extinct and to exist only as fossils, but these were only such discoveries as might be expected when any vast unexplored region is first investigated, whether it be land or sea.

THE secret and remote abysses were yielding not the protected remnants of the very earliest world, but a scattering of

later antique types along with a more modern abyssal fauna obviously related to, and descended from, the swarming creatures of the shallow seas and upper waters. Such ancient forms as survive in the abyss represent adaptations and migrations that had taken place in antiquity from the continental shoals far above. In that sense the midnight timeless city does indeed exist, for in those depths the ages overlap and some few elements of the older world, losing out in competition with more highly evolved and modern types, have chosen to slip by degrees into the freezing cold of the abyss. Here in the unchanging mud and comforting darkness they have survived. After them in time have come others, groping into that enormous cellar with lanterns or light-magnifying eyes—clever adaptations possible to squids and higher vertebrates.

Even among the mammals, the great sperm whale has come sounding down into the fearful pressures of the kraken's world, the last of all to enter, and capable of enduring only moments on what is actually the upper edge of the abyss. If it is a place of refuge it is also, we know now, a famine world. There is no vegetable life below there. All that lives preys on others or on the dead raining down from above. This is the reason for the curiously abbreviated bodies of many of the fishes and their enormous jaws; this is the reason why we know that life came relatively late to the abyss.

According to the biochemists the conditions under which cellular life is possible are very restricted, nor have they changed in any marked degree since life began. At first glance this statement seems absurd. Life has crept upward from the waters, it crawls in the fields, it penetrates the air, it is not unknown even in the frozen wastes of the Antarctic. Surely this enormous diversity is the very reverse of restriction.

The answer, of course, lies in that modest little phrase "the conditions of cellular life." All of the tremendous differences between living forms have been achieved only by the elaboration of devices for the maintenance of that inner nourishing liquidity in which cells can live and grow within a certain narrow range of tolerance. Not for nothing has the composition of mammalian blood led to our description as "walking sacks of sea water." Not for nothing did the great French physi-

ologist Bernard comment that "the stability of the interior environment is the condition of free life."

The drifting cell masses of the early ocean lived in a nutrient solution. Salt and sun and moisture were accessible without great mechanical elaboration. It was the reaching out that changed this pattern, the reaching out that forced the cells to bring the sea ashore with them, to elaborate in their own bodies the very miniature of that all-embracing sea from which they came. It was the reaching out, that magnificent and agelong groping that only life, blindly and persistently among stones, and the indifference of the entire inanimate universe, can continue to endure and prolong.

MEN have worked in many places. They have seen this sea-born protoplasm creeping upward in the shape of lichens, among the howling winds of snow-clad mountains. They have seen it in the delicate "snowshoe" feet of desert lizards devised for running over sand. From some unknown spot, most probably along the shoals above the continental shelf it has reached out into lakes and grasslands, edged stealthily into deserts, learned even to endure the heat of boiling springs or to hatch eggs, like the emperor penguin, in the blizzards by the southern pole. It has similarly found its way into the downward coursing streams of the abyss. It has solved the pressures of the ocean bottom as it has survived the rarefied air of the highest mountains. In these difficult surroundings life thins a little; the inventions that support it grow more difficult to produce and the intrusions are apt to be late, because life has experimented last in these bleak planetary wastelands.

Nevertheless the reaching out that began a billion years ago is still in process. The cells, so carefully transferring their limited range of endurance through astounding extremes of heat and frost and pressure, show no inclination toward content. Content is a word unknown to life; it is also a word unknown to man.

In 1949, on the White Sands proving grounds, a Wac Corporal rocket reached an altitude of 250 miles and, on the verge of outer space, paused and fell back. Somehow I like to think of those rockets, pounding

year after year at that ocean of air, roaring away into an immensity from which, before long, one will not come back. Sometimes, walking in the star-sprinkled evenings, I think of that almost forgotten theory of Arrhenius that the spores of life came originally from outer space.

Perhaps that explains it, I think wistfully—life reaching out, groping for a billion years, life desperate to go home.

The nineteenth-century mechanists, at least, did not find our origins in the abyss, and every bubble of the chemist's broth has left the secret of life as inscrutably remote as ever. The ingredients are known; they are to be had on any drug store shelf. You can take them yourself and pour them and wait hopefully for the resulting slime to crawl. It will not. The beautiful pulse of streaming protoplasm, that unknown organization of an unstable chemistry which makes up the life process, will not begin. Carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen you have mixed, and the same dead chemicals they remain.

Shape of sea water and carbon rings, yet simultaneously a perplexed professor on a village street, I look up across the moon and Venus outward, outward into that blue-white glitter beyond the galaxy. And as I look and shiver I feel the voice in every fiber of my being: Have we come from elsewhere? By these our instruments shall we go home? Whatever the beginning, and by whatever

mechanical extensions, life is about to cross into the open domain of space. Has not the great 200-inch reflector upon Mt. Palomar already spied out the prospect?

A billion years have gone into the making of that eye; the water and the salt and the vapors of the sun have built it; things that squirmed in the tide silts have devised it. Light year beyond light year, deep beyond deep, the mind may rove by means of it, hanging above the bottomless and surveying impartially the state of matter in the white-dwarf suns.

Yet whenever I see a frog's eye low in the water warily ogling the shoreward landscape, I always think inconsequentially of those twiddling mechanical eyes that mankind manipulates nightly from a thousand observatories. Someday, with a telescopic lens an acre in extent, we are going to see something not to our liking, some looming shape outside there across the great pond of space.

Whenever I catch a frog's eye I am aware of this, but I do not find it depressing. I stand quite still and try hard not to move or lift a hand since it would only frighten him. And standing thus it finally comes to me that this is the most enormous extension of vision of which life is capable: the projection of itself into other lives. This is the lonely, magnificent power of humanity. It is, far more than any spatial adventure, the supreme epitome of the reaching out.

After Point 4—What?

WE ARE always sending out missionaries to savage or perverted nations, we are always sending out emigrants to occupy and reduce to order neglected territory. This is our main business. How would it be if this business were really accomplished, and there were no peoples to teach our way of life to, and no more territory to bring under productive cultivation? Without the necessity of putting forth this energy, a survival of the original force in man, how long would our civilization last? In a word, if the world were actually all civilized, wouldn't it be too weak even to ripen? And now, in the great centers, where is accumulated most of that we value as the product of man's best efforts, is there strength enough to elevate the degraded humanity that attends our highest cultivation? We have a gay confidence that we can do something for Africa. Can we reform London and Paris and New York, which our own hands have made?

—From the "Editor's Drawer," *Harper's*, February 1889.

Front Wheels Gone, All Wheels Gone

Don Morris

Drawings by Mitsu Yashima



IT's been a tough year for the automobiles operating around our house. If anything like the carnage we have encountered on the floors had taken place on the highways, the National Safety Council would have gone out of business. For the appalling fact is that slightly more than 69 per cent of all our wheeled transportation is, partly or totally, wrecked. In some measure, responsibility for this staggering demolition rests with two under-age operators, both boys, ages five and two. But to a significant extent it also is traceable to inherent flaws in the manufacture of the vehicles themselves.

The most noticeable phenomenon to be observed among the mechanical casualties is the loss of wheels. In all, there are ninety wheels missing from the assorted cars, trucks, planes, and other machines included in the study. In addition to the wheels, approximately thirty-six axles have also exhibited structural weaknesses; some toy makers seem to prefer the flimsily suspended axle to the individually attached wheel, though one comes off about as easily as the other. It has been impossible, of course, even with a painstaking room-to-room canvass, to compile full statistics, since a number of vehicles, believed to be very large and probably exceeding the

fifty-five now available for examination, have disappeared or been ground to a plastic pulp.

A not inconsiderable proportion of the toll is accounted for by the natural inquisitiveness of small boys regarding the existence and nature of the wheel itself, a miracle of long standing traceable back to prehistoric times. Boys tend to believe that wheels were made to be taken off—to be put back on if possible, but certainly to be removed. It is a pity that today's wheels offer so little challenge in the removing and so large a one in the putting back.

Further household vehicle damage has resulted from such accidents as ordinary, or casual, dropping; intentionally induced collisions; and throwing. Another major factor has been the leaving of vehicles in the center of rooms, where they are apt to get stepped on—especially, to the extent that adults are culpable—in the dark.

IN THE analysis of damage, certain statistics prove illuminating. Almost all of the vehicles enumerated in the present inquiry belong in the lowest-priced, or dime-store, class. Of a total of fifty-five, fifty-two fall in this category. Further, the material of construction seems to have a bearing on the damage. Of the fifty-five, forty-three are en-

tirely or principally composed of plastic. Of these, the impressive number of thirty-one are more or less wrecked—72 per cent of all plastic machines. The scattering of metal cars comes off but little better—67 per cent out of commission. Rubber vehicles show up well, with no important damage, but their number is so small as to be statistically insignificant.

Now dime-store plastic vehicles are being sold by the millions, their attraction for the unwary youths who are their principal consumers lying in their relative first-cost cheapness. In general the price range is from ten to thirty-nine cents, though some run higher. On rare occasions the low-priced vehicle shopper comes across an item selling for a nickel. (Curiously, the nickel vehicles are more durable than the more expensive ones, since they generally have wheels that do not turn. Of course they are less attractive for this reason.)

The heavy casualty rate and resulting high turnover among plastic cars, trucks, etc., are reminiscent of the early hey-day of the automobile, when the owner traded in his car for a new one annually—and sometimes the year

seemed pretty long. The difference, of course, is that in those days car-owners *planned* to turn in their cars. The buyers of the products of the proud Age of Plastics start fresh with each new oil truck or steam shovel, expecting it to last forever. Such an immature approach to the hard-headed world of business is to be expected from the immature, and I imagine that it has resulted in important material benefits for the manufacturers and sellers of the toy vehicles.

Lest the reader come to regard this study as an unqualified disparagement of dime-store toys, let me note that the boy of five also owns a very fancy, very sturdy, very expensive two-tone Buddy L station wagon, purchased from Schwarz's in Boston, which, though its wheels are intact, is suffering from collapse of the side panels. In view of the probably immutable nature of small boys, however, the current crop of toys, especially the dime-store plastics, seems to possess some serious intrinsic mechanical weaknesses which might well call for a paraphrase of the Safety Council slogan: Be careful—the dime you save may be your own.



The Old People

Laurence Farmer

"How we treat our old people is a crucial test of our national quality."

David Lloyd George

THE old man had come to the Clinic a few days before Christmas. He didn't look sick and he didn't say that he was. Just spoke of feeling weak, of being bothered by "artheritis." Clinics get that kind of client all the time. So do private offices. People seem to feel the need of telling someone about themselves, someone who will listen and be sympathetic. As I started walking out of the examining room the old man suddenly turned to me with a terrible pleading in his voice: "Doc," he said, "can't you put me away for a few days?" I didn't know what he was driving at and then, all at once, it dawned on me that the old fellow wanted to be admitted to the hospital wards—at Christmas time too when almost everybody was anxious to get out, to be at home with their families. Then I learned that this man had no family, no home, no friends. He had come with the hope of getting a decent bed and a "Christmas dinner" and some companionship, even if it were to be that of strangers who were sick and possibly lonesome like himself.

The Clinic wasn't very busy that day and I took time out to listen to his story. It was simple and undramatic and very typical. Five years ago, he had been retired by his factory on reaching his sixty-fifth birthday. He had looked for other work but no one wanted to hire an old man. His social security benefit was being supplemented by "Welfare," and he was drawing \$65 a month. Two years ago

his wife had died and since that time he had been living in cheap lodging houses; he couldn't afford anything else. He couldn't spend more than \$15 or \$20 a month for rent and he couldn't get an apartment at that price today. I knew that the New York Housing Authority had, after much haggling, set aside one-room units for elderly people in two of its low-rent projects. They cost only between \$14 and \$27 a month, but the old man said that there were only a very few available. I later checked and learned that there were exactly 257 such units. In one of the projects, which is built on the site of former slums, the units are available only to so-called "former site occupants." Unless you had lived in those slums before they were cleared you couldn't get in.

Two hundred and fifty-seven low-rent units for old people is the extent of public housing for old people in Greater New York; a not very impressive number when compared with the four thousand units in Copenhagen. And New York's unenviable record is typical for the country at large.

HAD he ever thought of getting into an old people's home? I asked. Yes, but it hadn't worked out. First he had tried at a public home, but that had been quite hopeless. The waiting list was filled for years to come. He did get on the list but he doubted that he would live long enough to be admitted. Frankly, he wasn't too disappointed. He shared the reluctance of many old people to enter such an institution. One of his cronies who had lived in one had, in

Dr. Farmer's interest in the problems of old people has been stimulated by his work as medical consultant for the New York City Department of Health. He also holds senior appointments in internal medicine and allergy at two N.Y. hospitals.

the words of my old fellow, "lost his liberty." Things were very regimented in homes, perhaps they had to be. You slept in a dormitory, without any privacy; you could not go out at will, and people could come to see you only during visiting hours. To this old man, as to many old people, being in a public home meant confinement and pauperism, and it also had an air of finality, of having reached the end of the road. All that was left was to wait to die.

Then he had tried at private homes. They had been still more difficult. At some he didn't have the right religion, at others he didn't belong to the right social class, at most he didn't have enough money.

Even if you have enough money you can hardly get in an old people's home. There aren't enough openings. Friends of mine were recently faced with the problem of an old aunt. Her husband had died leaving her in poor financial circumstances and she wasn't able to keep up her house. Her nephews and nieces were not anxious to have her live with them, so amongst themselves they raised a sum sufficient to "buy her in" to a home. And then they couldn't find a vacancy. Besides, the old lady was ailing and many private homes won't accept infirm people because they do not have the facilities to care for them. One of the nephews finally took her to live with him, but it was an undesirable arrangement for everyone. The house was small, quarters were cramped, and "auntie" was querulous, not easy to please, and a bit "queer," as she had been ever since she had a stroke. My friends, being responsible people, did not resort to the "out" so often taken by less conscientious persons these days; they did not have her committed to a mental institution. It is hard to believe but such institutions harbor tens of thousands of senile old people who are far from being insane themselves, yet who must live out their lives among the actually demented.

POVERTY and squalor are the lot of millions of old people in this, the richest country in the world. All those who must subsist on Old Age Assistance Grants or Social Security Retirement Pensions—and there are three million of them—are virtually paupers. These people receive, in the large cities, a pittance averaging between \$70 and

\$90 a month. In rural areas, the allowances are even smaller. Add to these another two and one-half million old people who have no personal income at all and you will realize the extent of poverty among our aged population. Life for these old people is drab at best, hardly bearable at worst. For many who have outlived their relatives and friends, loneliness adds further misery.

Where to live is one of the major problems facing the indigent old. The more fortunate move in with their children or other relatives. In rural homes where there usually is ample space to put up Pa and Ma and even Aunt Jennie, such a solution can be quite satisfactory. In urban dwellings the going often becomes hard when an additional person has to be accommodated. Nerves grow tense, "peace and harmony" are in jeopardy, and all too often the "poor relative," even if he be an old parent, feels that he is unwanted.

The unattached are still worse off. In substandard lodging and rooming houses they lead cheerless lives without any of the comforts of a home. Pat Murphy, whom I have known for several years, is such a person. He is seventy-eight years old, and since the death of his wife he has been living alone in a small, ugly, cold room. He hates to be in it and so he has worked out the following routine: for two hours every morning he sits in his neighborhood church; then he spends several hours in Penn Station; and then, if the weather isn't too bad, he wanders aimlessly along the streets. Fortunately, he can also kill some of his time in cheap restaurants. But finally he has to "go home."

If Pat were mentally more alert he might go to a public library, as another of my old patients does, or possibly to one of the old people's clubs. But Pat is a simple, uneducated fellow who wouldn't really know what to do in a library. And his social graces are not such that he would feel very much at home in a "club." Recently, when Pat had a very bad cold, we were up against another difficult situation. He wasn't sick enough to be hospitalized and he wasn't well enough to be without care. I wanted him to stay in the house for a few days, but he said that was impossible if he weren't to starve to death in the meanwhile. There was no one who would look out for him or bring him anything to eat. Poor old Pat; as far as I could see, the

solution for him was to get good and sick—so sick that he would become eligible for hospitalization!

Another of my old clinic patients lives in one of the Bowery "hotels," a dreary place which houses several hundred men. Here he pays \$3.50 a week for a tiny cubicle, a "stall" as he calls it. The cubicle, which is separated from the other cubicles by partitions which do not reach to the ceiling, and which is covered with chicken wire, has a bed and a closet; there is no table, sometimes a chair. All meals must be taken on the outside. The hotel has a "lobby," where scores of men sit around on benches placed along the walls. That is where my old patient spends his leisure time, of which he has plenty, since he is too old to find work. Several months ago when he contracted pneumonia we promptly saved his life with penicillin, and it is safe to predict that with the help of the great achievements of modern medicine he can expect to go on with this kind of existence for many years to come.

BACK in the nineteen-twenties the Community Service Society of New York embarked on a housing venture where old people can live cheaply and decently and where they are assisted with some of their problems. I don't know anybody who lives there. None of my Clinic patients does. In fact, I doubt whether many people know anyone who was fortunate enough to get into that project. Not because there is discrimination, or because it is "exclusive," but simply because not more than sixty people can be accommodated.

"Don't put old folks into asylums," said the Community Service people, "and don't simply let them fend for themselves," which they often can't do. "Give them a home of their own," and still give them the benefit of some outside help if they need it. That was the reasoning from which sprang the idea of the Tompkins Square House in New York's lower East Side.

The setup is ideal, combining, as it does, the privacy of a home of one's own with the amenities of community living and the provision of care when needed. But the project has two great drawbacks: it is not self-supporting and needs continued financial help from the Society; and, although the rentals

are very low (they range from \$30 to \$50 a month), they are much higher than most old people can afford.

At Tompkins Square House there are rooms for single persons and apartments for couples. Each unit has housekeeping facilities which enable the tenants to do their own cooking. There is also a non-profit cafeteria-type restaurant for those who wish to use it. There are a lobby and a parlor where the tenants can get together and entertain visitors. Each tenant keeps his room in order but general house-cleaning, which is hard on an old person, is provided once a week. The project manager, a trained nurse, or her assistant, are always available. They not only supervise the functioning of the establishment, they also advise the tenants and look out for them when they are not well. Most important of all, the old people are entirely independent, coming and going at will.

Here you see what can be done by persons with vision and the willingness and determination to solve some of the problems of their aged fellow-citizens. I have tried to learn whether there are Tompkins Square houses in other cities in the United States. I doubt it since the people who ought to know, have not heard of any.

As I pointed out, the Tompkins Square experiment is costly, probably too costly to be emulated on a large scale. But it should be possible to set aside small units for old people in public-housing projects. Public house-keeping and homemaking services, today not generally available for this group, could tide the old folks over periods of temporary incapacitation. That is the kind of help old Pat Murphy should have been able to get. For the infirm who are no longer able to care for themselves we need many more public old people's homes. That all of this is financially feasible has been demonstrated by Denmark, a country much less wealthy than we are. If Pat happened to be a Dane instead of an American he would, in all probability, not be reduced to the miserable kind of existence he is now leading.

OUR life span is rapidly approaching the Biblical "three score years and ten." Medical science, by the successful control of epidemics, by the great lessening of deaths from tuberculosis, pneumonia, and

diabetes, has contributed toward fulfilling one of man's most fervent wishes: to have a long life.

But the relentless progression toward senility, with its physical and mental deterioration, has not been halted. More people live longer only to become the prey of arteriosclerosis, high blood pressure, and other degenerative diseases. Automatically the extension of the life span has increased the number of the infirm and of the chronically ill. There are hundreds of thousands of old people in this country who are no longer able to fend for themselves and who need medical and nursing care. How have we provided for them?

Take the picture as it presents itself in a large municipal hospital and then multiply these conditions by those existing in hundreds of other hospitals throughout the United States, and you will get a rough idea of the inadequacy of our provisions.

We have under our care a seventy-eight-year-old woman who was admitted to the hospital for general physical and mental debility. She is a sweet old person who lies quietly in bed without participating in anything that goes on in the ward. Her right arm and leg are paralyzed. She does not know how old she is, she does not know what year, month, or day it is. She is easily flustered and cries readily.

This old woman lived all alone, bed-ridden, in a small room. Friends and neighbors would come in to "look after her." I cannot give you the exact details of this care because the old woman is too confused to give an intelligible account of herself, but I venture to believe that it was not the kind you would wish your own mother to have.

The patient has been on the wards for five months, occupying a bed which should really be used for an acutely ill person. She has become what is known as a "disposition case"—which means that her name has been placed on the list of persons waiting to be admitted to an institution for the chronically ill. No one knows when that will be. We cannot send her back to her "home." So we keep her. And in the meantime she is getting expensive hospital care which she does not need.

Aside from the great cost, the wards of a general hospital are not even the right place for her. She would be much better taken

care of and much happier in the infirmary of an old people's home with its stress on nursing facilities and personalized attention, and with the opportunity of mingling with other old people.

We have appropriate institutions for the medical care of the aged. Some of them are excellent. But there are so few in comparison to the need. We are tens of thousands of beds short, and although we are attempting to remedy this situation, a program of such magnitude can progress only very slowly.

THINGS are beginning to look brighter. At least in some quarters. New York City, for instance, has recently started on a program of what is known as "Home Care," which promises to be a boon for some of its sick old people. But only for those who have a home and a family.

Mrs. Minnie X, a wizened, unhappy-looking old woman, who lies in a bed across the aisle, is such a person. She has a chronic, incapacitating heart condition and was brought to the hospital because things became impossible for her at home. She lives in a small apartment with her son, who leaves for work early in the morning and gets home late. Before he leaves he prepares a few things for his mother. But "Minnie" can do very little for herself, so she used to lie in bed all day waiting for "her boy" to come back. Her plight is pitiful, but she still does not belong in a general hospital. What she needs is nursing care and occasional medical supervision. The city's Home Care program can give her that. A visiting nurse will go to her home once a day or once every other day, someone will be assigned to give housekeeping services, and one of the hospital's house physicians will visit her once a week. And all this will cost the city less than three dollars a day—instead of the almost twelve it is costing now.

As you see, things are moving; but, oh, how slowly! People's chances to grow older and older are becoming ever better, but many of us who are familiar with the conditions under which millions of our old people live, wonder to what end their life span has been extended. As a civilized society we cannot allow them to live in poverty and squalor, as a politically-minded community we cannot risk their becoming the prey of crackpots, pied pipers, or demagogues.

The Man from the Soviet Zone

Martin Flavin

BETWEEN four and five thousand residents of the East Zone of Germany find their way each month into West Berlin, and apply for permission to remain, with the legal status of "Political Refugees"—a classification which provides them with a documentary right to be there, though it does not go much further in providing for their future.

Automatically, it shuts them off for good, so long as East Germany remains inside the Soviet orbit, from the homes from which they came, in town or country—from family, friends, and neighbors. Henceforth, they are marked men in the Soviet Zone—political outlaws with prices on their heads. What they may have left behind them in the way of possessions—ordinarily, what they could not carry inconspicuously in their hands—is forfeited and lost. Surely they must be sorely tried and thoroughly discouraged before they decide to take the leap.

Though the leap itself is relatively easy. There is nothing to prevent a resident of the Eastern Zone from paying a visit to Berlin—if he does not advertise the real reason for his going, or provoke suspicion of it. Even so, quite likely he will not be interfered with, unless he is suspect of other matters; for the Communists are glad to be rid of the deserters—the ordinary rank and file of them. Arrived in Berlin one is quickly out of danger; one has only to walk across the street.

But this is not the end of it, for permission to remain is not readily accorded by the West

Berlin authorities. The applicants are rigorously screened; their histories are recorded and corroboration sought—investigations which may require months of waiting for decision. For among them are spies and saboteurs who must be weeded out; and there are others whose characters and antecedents do not invite acceptance. Of the four to five thousand who turn up each month about seven hundred are accepted.

What of the rest?—They are advised to go back home. There is not much further check on them. Some of them do go back, and some remain—how many, no one knows. Without legal status, without passports or papers, liable to expulsion if they be apprehended; without access to the insufficient dole provided for the acceptable minority pending graduation into economic independence—in spite of these overwhelming handicaps, it is estimated that many do remain.

Over and over again I asked the question: why did they come? What particular aspect of Communist control did they find intolerable?—There were many answers.

Foremost among them seemed to be: because they could not make a decent living. And then: because they were tired of being pushed around.—“But,” I would reply, “you were pushed around when the Nazis were in power, and you managed to accept it.”—“Yes, that is true,” they said, “but this is worse.”—“How worse?”—And they would explain: with the Nazis, if you minded your own business

In November we published Martin Flavin's report on some of the blunders of the Soviet regime which he observed in Berlin last summer. In this story of one refugee from the Eastern Zone he points out a likely breach in Russian security.

and did not actively oppose them, they did not bother you. They did not care what you thought. But the Communists insist that you must think like them, about everything. If you do not think like them, then you must be taught to do so—you must go to school and learn. There is no freedom and no peace. The children are encouraged to spy upon their parents.

"So what?" I say. "The Nazis did that too."
—"Yes, but this is worse. It was never so bad as it is now." And there would be complaints about the Party members, how they prospered in the midst of other people's wants, preferred in everything.—"Well, the Nazis did that too."
—"Yes, but this is worse."

Finally, there would come out a reason which I always expected would come first, but which never did, though somewhere in the list it was almost always stated: hatred of the Russians; fear that the German homeland would never free itself from Russian domination. It was in their minds all right, contributing, unconsciously perhaps, to the sting of the refrain: "But this is worse." More personal things, the trials and grievances of daily living, sprang more quickly to the conscious mind. But behind them, always present, was the Russian specter, invoking fear and hate.

An apologist for Communist autocracy will discount the indictment which the grievances allege, in words to this effect: dissatisfaction with authority is commonplace; most of the world is in a sorry mess and most of its residents in a complaining mood. These "deserters" do not know when they are well off.

There is a grain of truth in this negative defense. No doubt there are "deserters" who would be deserters anywhere—constitutional nonconformists, and others who ascribe to outward things their own congenital deficiencies. But I doubt there are many such in the category we have been considering.

Let us now look closely at an individual case—not typical perhaps, but nonetheless revealing of the way of life behind the Iron Curtain, in the Soviet Zone of Germany.

II

I do not know his name; I did not ask it. A "Political Refugee"—one of a fortunate seven hundred, whose screening must have been convincing, for it had been very

brief. Only four weeks had elapsed since his arrival.

He was housed in a place of decrepit wooden barracks, once used by the Wehrmacht, and now converted to a camp for "Political Refugees," in which at the time of my visit there were 560 adults, and 310 children under fourteen years of age. It was in our sector, on the edge of open country, not very far from Dahlem, and only a few hundred yards from the Russian Zone. I paid a visit there one afternoon, with a friend from our High Commissioner's office to assist as an interpreter.

The director of the camp—a busy, harried-looking man—frowned and scratched his head at our request; and then hastily picked, apparently at random, a name out of his records. We followed him along a dingy, musty corridor, redolent of cabbage soup from the commissary kitchen, to a door on which he knocked, and which opened on a room about nine by twelve in size. In each of the four corners was a cot against the wall, neatly spread with a brown blanket. There was just room, in addition, for a table and three chairs. There was nothing else in sight: no clothing, knickknacks, personal effects; no curtains at the solitary window, and no pictures on the wall. The room was clean but stuffy.

The occupants consisted of a man and wife and child of two, and the mother of the wife. All four were present, and all four were white and pinched and shabby. The man, aged thirty, looked older than his years—thin and frail, with sunken cheeks, and blond hair already graying. The wife, in her early twenties, of comely peasant type, still had signs of worry in her shy, blue eyes. Her mother, already old at fifty, was yet a lively body—an interested listener, nodding confirmation, anxious now and then to put a word in. The child, roused from its sleep, was fretful; and through most of our talk the mother held, or rocked it, in her arms.

The man seemed pleased to tell his story, and he told it volubly. Presumably he had told it many times before in the course of the screening operation, and it came out like a story learned by heart, scarcely needing any questions to direct it.

My companion would listen for a while and then translate the gist of the account. In substance, here it is:

HE HAD been born of German stock in a German community in Poland, not far from Warsaw. His people had been farmers and he had been a farmer, living on the land where he was born. With the advent of the war, when the Germans came to Poland, he had joined the German army and had gone with the invaders into Russia. In the month of March 1945, he had been wounded, and he was still hospitalized when the retreating army overran his refuge. He managed to get out just ahead of the advancing Russians.

He made his way to Rostock on the Baltic, in what was to be the Soviet Zone; and from there went to Schwerin, where he presently found work as a farm laborer in the adjacent country and where he had remained about a year—until his employer lost title to the land. He then became a gardener in Schwerin, at which work he continued through 1948. He was not much concerned with what was going on politically, had no affiliations and few friends. He was lucky to have a job, he thought, and that was all that mattered. It was in 1948 that he became acquainted with the girl he was to marry, herself a refugee from Danzig; and his romance occupied his leisure time and thought. They were married near the end of that same year.

The next thing that happened, in the summer of 1949, was an offer of a job as a "fireman"—including, I imagine, the "handyman" idea—by a Red Army unit which occupied a barracks a little way outside the city. The reason for the offer was the fact he could speak Russian. He had of course known Polish all his life, and some Russian too, which, in the course of his army experience, had improved to a degree of moderate fluency. Anyway, the job paid higher wages than he was receiving as a gardener, and he was glad to take it. He could continue living with his wife in Schwerin, in the house of a widow where they had found modest quarters, and daily go back and forth to work.

He was soon on friendly terms with the Red soldiers who were anxious to use him for errands in the city—getting Kodak film and other things they wanted, which they had scant opportunity to get for themselves, since they were rarely allowed to leave the barracks. This rule was not confined to common soldiers, but applied to the officers as well. Spe-

cifically, he said, of the two or three hundred officers resident in this barracks, only two or three were permitted to go into the city at a time.

Gradually his relations with the soldiers became more and more familiar. At first they were reserved, confining what they said to their delegated errands. Sometimes they would ask him: Are you Communist or German?—And when he answered that he was a German but not a Communist, they would seem to be relieved and to begin to trust him. At all events, as time went on, they talked to him more freely—never, he emphasized, when there were two or more, for they did not fully trust each other. But one by one, in casual moments, they came to confide in him. Among many things they told him:

Not one Red Army soldier in one hundred is a real Communist. They had been taught communism when they were children, but now that they were grown up they saw it wouldn't work. It might be all right for the members of the Party—for the big shots—but it was no good for anybody else. It stood on paper; nowhere else. They were sick of it. Nearly all the soldiers felt the same, but it wasn't safe to count on what they said, because they might be spies—maybe trying to get something on you. Communism is a failure—in Russia too. The peasants are discouraged; they must work like dogs, and when they have paid their taxes there is nothing left. The sooner communism can be defeated, the better for the Russian people. If war should come with the United States, the Red Army will be beaten.

They also told him this: when, in its victorious advance, the Red Army recaptured Russian territory which the Germans had occupied, the Political Commissars rounded up all the young people and rushed them off to concentration camps to be re-indoctrinated with Communist ideas. They had no more confidence than that, believing the German occupation had destroyed everything that had preceded it. What good was all their teaching, if it could be so quickly lost as that?

Such was the nature of the confidences he received from many different soldiers—perhaps a hundred altogether—at different times through 1949 and into 1950, which, allowing for military grousing with which he was thoroughly familiar, he believed to have been

a true reflection of Red Army thinking and morale. And he asked a pertinent question:

Why did the Russian authorities keep their soldiers locked up, and never let them out to mix with other people? Of what were they afraid, if not of disclosure of their own insecurity? It was not to keep them from finding out how other people lived; they already knew that when they marched through Germany. No, it was rather to prevent them from confiding their opinions, as they had done with him. It was in fact, he thought, a double fear: that they should disclose their disillusion and also deepen it.

III

TIME ran on. He faithfully did his work and no fault was found with him. Then, near the end of 1950, the Political Commissar attached to his unit was replaced by a new one. He could not name the date and perhaps was not aware when the change was made. But soon after the beginning of 1951, a non-com came one day to call him from his work: he must report at once to the Colonel of the regiment.

He found the Colonel in his office, with the new Commissar—a rude, rough-spoken man who did most of the talking. They demanded first to see his papers, at which they scarcely glanced; and then began a rigamarole of questions which continued for two hours. No matter how he answered, they insisted he was lying. His papers had been forged, they said. They knew all about him: he had been, they alleged, a member of the SS, and responsible for many atrocities in Russia. His identity had been uncovered and they had full record of his crimes, for which he could be shot.

At the moment, he believed they were sincere—that the matter was one of mistaken identity which could somehow be straightened out. He protested and explained, until he was reduced to trembling silence. And then at last, when he scarcely knew himself what was true and what was not, their purpose was revealed.

They were disposed to leniency, they said, if he would render service. Because he could speak Russian he had made friends among the Russian soldiers.—He admitted this was true. —They sometimes talked with him?—Yes,

some, he said.—What did they say?—They spoke of errands they wanted him to do—Kodak films and razor blades.—What else?—Nothing else.—No, that was a lie and they knew better. The soldiers had confided in him. What precisely had they said?—Nothing, he persisted; for it was in his mind that if it were treason to say what they had said, it would equally be treason to have listened to it. And he somehow mustered strength to maintain denial.

Very good, they said at last, they would give him a few days to think it over. When he asked to have his papers back, the Commissar laughed harshly. The papers would be returned, he said, when the service was accomplished.

A few days later the non-com came again to call him from his work: he was wanted at the Colonel's office. But this time he did not go. He did not know what to do. Since the first interview he had hardly closed his eyes in sleep. He had confided in his wife and she was in a panic of alarm. Without his papers he dared not risk escape—and where was he to go where he would not be found? Perhaps, he told himself, they were just bluffing, to see what they could find? Perhaps if he persisted, they would finally be convinced, or distracted by more pressing matters elsewhere?—Such had been the bedlam of his thoughts, without conclusion or decision. And he ignored this second summons.

TWO weeks went by. He was beginning to have hopes that they had forgotten him, when one evening on returning from his work, he found the Commissar waiting at his door, accompanied by a non-com and a soldier. "Come with us!" he was commanded; and then pushed into a car which quickly drove away. "You are going to be shot," the Commissar informed him. He believed this to be true, and sat in silence, overwhelmed by fear. They drove a little way into the country and stopped in a quiet spot beside a copse of timber, into which they led him. And here, in deepening twilight, the questioning was resumed. They had not brought him there to shoot him. The trip and threat had been devised to strike terror to his soul and reduce him to submission.

Again the same ground was gone over; all the previous accusations, plus a new one, that

he had acted as a spy for the French and British. He could save himself from death only by acting as informer. For each denunciation, or report that led to one, the Commissar would pay 500 marks. If the denunciation involved a Western agency—if, in short, he could turn in a Western spy—the reward would be 5,000.

He sparred for time, protesting he did not know how to do such things. The Commissar dismissed this objection with a shrug: they would quickly teach him. At the barracks he worked three weeks of every four. In the weeks he was off duty they would train him. Four weeks of training was the allotted time; in as many months he would be fully competent. He agreed to do the work. He saw nothing else to do. He felt, in any case, that he was gaining time. They took him back into the city.

A few days later the Commissar returned, with a formal contract setting forth the terms. His first assignment, in advance of training, would be an easy one, designed to test his natural aptitude. He was to make written, full reports on the eight or ten civilian German workers with whom he was associated daily: what they thought, or could be prompted into saying, on the subject of political affairs. He would have two weeks to do this job. If he didn't do it, they would arrange to have him turned over to the Americans as a spy. This contract, which he was about to sign, would be sufficient evidence to hang him. If he did it badly—well, they would take care of that.

He signed the contract. The time he had gained was running out. But he did nothing, hoping against hope that something would turn up. He was not in terror now that they would shoot him; he did not think they would while there seemed to be a chance to gain their ends.

The two weeks had not elapsed when again, one evening, he found the Commissar waiting for him at his door.—How was he getting on with his assignment?—Very well, he mumbled, but he was not finished yet. He had still some days to copy out his notes.—Well, no matter now, the Commissar replied. There was at the moment a more pressing matter, for which his service was required.

He was taken now to a restaurant in the town, in which, through a window, a woman

was pointed out seated at a table—a woman of middle age, described to him as having come from Lithuania. She dined in this restaurant regularly; and he, the informer, was to dine there too, whenever she was present—taking note of who accompanied her and with whom she spoke, sitting at a table as near her as he could—near enough to overhear her conversation. Here was money to pay for what he ate and drank. In one week they would expect a full report. This was a matter of importance, for which he could expect a good reward if he were successful.

He went home in despair. Time had run out and run against him: the report would be due on the twenty-fourth of May. He talked the matter over with his wife and his wife's mother. They too were in despair; they had nothing to suggest. He decided to go through with it.

And then that very night, through his little radio, he heard on the air the voice of RIAS, the station in West Berlin,* warning its listeners of Soviet spies, calling them by name and describing their appearance, where they lived and how they worked. And, as he related it, suddenly he seemed to hear his own name being called, and people warned to be on guard for him.

In his own words: "The food I had eaten turned sour in my stomach."—He could not, dared not do it.

ON MAY 22, he reported at the barracks that he was ill, and asked permission to be absent from his work the following day, so that he might consult a doctor. Early in the morning of the twenty-third, he left his house, taking nothing but a satchel into which he had crammed such belongings as he could, and made his way by unfrequented streets to the railway station—there to wait arrival of his wife and child, and the wife's mother, who left the house at different times and came by different ways. At six o'clock all

*RIAS (Radio in American Sector) was our answer to the Soviet monopoly of Radio Berlin. RIAS devotes little time to abstract propaganda, to glittering generalities. Its indictments are specific, aimed at current situations and events which, from the Berlin vantage point, it is able to penetrate and analyze. As a regular feature of its program it exposes operations of the political police in the Soviet Zone, spelling out the names of spies and informers, and warning the public to be on guard against them.

four of them were safely on a train, bound for Berlin.

But the danger was not past: at any moment he might be called upon to show his papers; and then, for lack of them, be arrested and returned—in which event he could expect no mercy, for himself or for his family. As he put it: he did not draw one full deep breath until, some hours later, they had found their way through a great city which none of them had ever seen before, in which they scarcely dared to ask for a direction lest their papers be demanded—until at last they knew they had crossed the line into the Western Sector.

The wife smiled happily, cuddling the baby tighter in her arms. The mother wiped the tears out of her faded eyes. It was good, she said, to be here, where one could sleep in peace. She took a crumpled letter from her pocket—from their landlady in Schwerin, she explained, in whom they had confided at the moment of departure. The police had come next day, it said, but she had told them nothing. A friend had mailed the letter in Berlin.

For the subsistence of "Political Refugees" and applicants awaiting a decision, pending their ability to find gainful occupation, the West Berlin government provides 60 marks per month relief (120 is said to be a minimum for the necessities of life). I asked the man if he had as yet found a job.

Yes, a little job, he said. Just something to begin with. He was working as a guard in the barracks compound.—What was there to guard?—Well, there were many children playing out-of-doors. He kept an eye on them. And there was a lookout to be kept for thieving.—But what was there to steal in such a place—what that anyone would want?—He smiled and shrugged. The Russians were not far off, he said, in a Red Army barracks, somewhere over there—he pointed through the wall. Sometimes at night, when it was still, he could hear the soldiers singing. And there was this, he added: if there was someone here they really wanted back, they might try to get him.

IV

THE story had the ring of truth. There were no heroics in the telling, no patriotic gestures, no noble attitudes, no lofty phrases extolling Freedom and con-

demning Tyranny. Through the months of coercion which preceded his escape, he could think of nothing better than a delaying action, postponement of an evil day when decision must be made—a decision which, no matter how resolved, seemed destined for disaster.

His desperate concern was to save his life, and the future of his wife and child. When the voice of RIAS came to him through the air, on the night of his decision, the answering voice within him was not the voice of conscience but of fear—fear of retribution, of the vengeance which would finally overtake the spy.

No epic, this; but a commonplace, a stereotype, endlessly repeated wherever a "political police" is the organ of administration—wherever force is the instrument of power. The story would scarcely be worth repeating save for one aspect of it: the light it seems to shed on the Red Army—the closely-hidden giant so painfully screened from contact with the Western world, and so difficult of observation.

The testimony of the witness hints at disaffection in Red Army ranks, in the very heart of the instrument of power which the Kremlin wields—a withering faith in the institutions to whose defense it has been dedicated—a dwindling morale, not of a sort to be entrusted with the conquest of the world.

Certainly, the evidence submitted is not, in kind or quality, of a nature to justify a brief. The deponent may have erred in reporting or conclusions, may have exaggerated one or both, deliberately or innocently; or the military unit to which he was attached may have been uniquely disaffected; or what he took to be a sincere reflection of diminishing morale may have been no more than just military grouching. The evidence, in short, is no more than a suggestion. And perhaps the suggestion is no more than wishful thinking. Yet, acceptance of it as a premise does fit in pretty well with some items of observable phenomena: the fact, for example, that the Red Army has not been employed to implement the Kremlin's imperialistic program; the fact that it is so rigorously confined, so closely shielded from contact with the enemy.

And, indeed, what could be more natural than disaffection in its ranks? To presume that there is none, or even very little, is to

endow this military engine—which, after all, is composed of human beings who cannot differ widely in human qualities from other human beings—is to endow it with super-human character. In the Western world it is pretty well established, and admitted, that almost no one wants to fight another war. People are dreadfully weary of the business—in Europe, weary to the point of apathy. The Russians have done their share of fighting and suffering. Is it to be assumed that they are on their toes, rarin' to go—just waiting for a signal from their masters?

One should be careful not to make too much out of this argument. Still, as a reasonable hypothesis, it need not be ignored. No doubt the Red Army will defend itself and the soil of Mother Russia, including quite likely her expanded territories. And Western Europe, despite its seeming apathy and grumbling, will do the same, I think, in its own dilatory, democratic fashion. That is not the point. The point is this:

Is the Red Army in a proper frame of mind to embark on an offensive war? Can the Kremlin count on it to do so? Are there not straws in the wind, suggesting that in Russia, as elsewhere in the world, discretion is regarded in high quarters as the better part of valor? Is not discretion perhaps more highly valued in the Kremlin than in the Western world? Will not a state whose internal se-

curity rests upon its armies, think twice before it puts them to the test? Has the Kremlin got a gun it dare not fire?

In a pageant of blunders one should look back to the source: the fundamental error that force can be maintained, that the power of the few can control the many. It will work for a while, but it will not last. History contains endless records of its failures, and the pages are strewn with the revolts of armies.

The English historian, A. J. P. Taylor, in his book, *From Napoleon to Stalin*, has this to say:

The Communist Revolutions, far from fulfilling the wishes of the masses, establish a dictatorship over the masses; they are the last device by which the intellectuals bar the way against anarchy. When traditions and belief have perished, only force remains; this cannot be concealed by synthetic beliefs and simulated devotions. Yet force cannot provide a lasting answer. One day the masses will knock again at the door—and they will knock more fiercely at the Communist door than at any other.

It seems not beyond the realm of possibility that there may be even now a gentle tapping on the Kremlin door, sufficient to keep the occupants awake; whose echoes may be faintly heard by the Free World listening post in faraway Berlin.

All Souls

CLAIRE NICOLAS

THERE is a great wind today
Bringing seas to the doorsteps,
Love to the lips
And longing to the heart.

For all the world knows this is
A season of temptations
When even the dead wander,
Ignoring weights of rainy wreaths
Of white chrysanthemums.

Let us pray for the cursed and the crooked
And the weak who failed but tried,
And for those who earned their heaven
But returned, unsatisfied.

A Kind Word for the Cave Man

Michael Fry

Drawings by Julius Kroll

THIS is to bring formally under notice that I, as a biologist, hereby declare unrelenting war on all cartoonists, of whatever origin, who persist hereafter in depicting our Paleolithic ancestors—commonly called “cave men”—as habitual wife-beaters and club-toters.

I charge these cartoonists with criminal libel, defamation of character, perversion of morality, traducement of truth, and propagation of prurient propaganda. Under Chinese social law they are further accused of disrespect toward ancestors.

Their crime is all the more heinous in that it is committed under the cloak of humor. One recent atrocity in a national magazine portrayed an angry lady, presumably of Neanderthal origin, holding out a massive club to her husband and saying, suspiciously: “What’s this blond hair doing on here?”

The assumption of the artist in this case is that the husband had indulged in a little marital wooing of a blonde by soundly hitting her with his club. The club-love motif is familiar to everyone through hundreds of similar cartoons. It may be fun, but

it is also the grossest lie. The myth about the brutality of our prehistoric ancestors, especially toward their womenfolk, is in reality only about two hundred years old. Its father can probably be identified as that fine eighteenth-century faker, Thomas Hobbes.

Hobbes was the first to theorize about the *mores* of Ancient Man, and he enjoyed the blessed advantage of being free to propound theories devoid of the slightest foundation in scientific fact. On the strength of a few tales brought back to England by missionaries and shipwrecked sailors, he postulated that what we would call Java Man or Neanderthal Man (Hobbes had heard of neither) were lurking beasts who spent most of their free time savagely fighting among themselves and accumulating women with the aid of a blunt instrument.

This Hobbesian phantasy persisted throughout most of the nineteenth century. The Huxleyan school widened it to picture a Paleolithic community as a bloody scene of perpetual civil strife. Huxley himself wrote: “Life was a continuous free fight, and beyond the limited and temporary relations of the

*In this stalwart defense of the social habits of primitive man, biologist-
itee Michael Fry has a significant message for our own era as well as an
ability to right, once and for all, the injustice done our ancestors.*



Many an erring Fuegian is soundly thrashed by his wife.

family, the Hobbesian war of each against all was the normal state of existence."

Then, at the turn of this century, an astonishingly imaginative gentleman named J. J. Atkinson wrote a book called *Primal Law* (1903) in which the Hobbesian myth was dressed up in quasi-scientific garments and a further libel was committed against our ancestors.

This described the Paleolithic family as a most vicious type of harem, in which the patriarch (called the Old Man) gathered to his bosom all the females he could lay club to and guarded them jealously from other males. In due course, when the Old Man's sons grew to sexual maturity, they allegedly "ganged up" on Papa, slew him, and distributed the women among themselves.

Both H. G. Wells and Dr. Sigmund Freud were deeply influenced by this nonsense and incorporated *Homo Atkinsonensis*, complete with club and harem, into some of their major works: Wells into his *Outline of History*, which was unfortunately read by millions; and Freud into his *Totem and Taboo*.*

THE truth is that anthropology, as a science, is less than fifty years old. Malinowski, Perry, Schebesta, Elliot Smith, Hose, McDougall, and many other eminent anthropologists did not begin to publish the

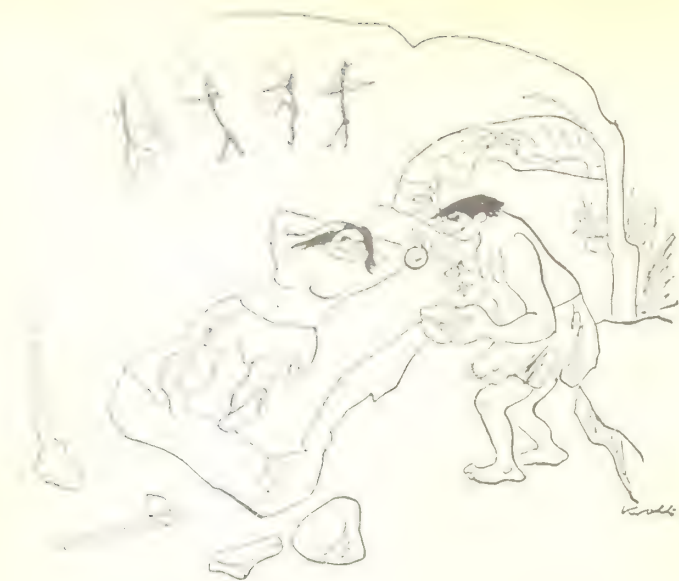
results of their fieldwork among aborigines until after the first decade of the century. Professor Köhler's work on the mentality of apes did not appear until 1925, while the remarkable studies of these anthropoids made by the Kellogs date only from 1933. Therefore neither Huxley, Wells, nor Freud possessed the smallest shred of scientific evidence to uphold their exalted theorizing.

What are the facts? Scientific research has accumulated an enormous amount of circumstantial and comparative evidence to demonstrate that our ancestors (a) did not habitually murder one another and (b) were generally monogamous and kind to their wives.

Some direct data come from the accumulations of flint artifacts found in Europe and ascribed to the second interglacial period (probably 150,000 to 200,000 years long). These Chellean tools, the first known to bear a human imprint, were rough *coups-de-poing* without shafts which were used as hand-axes or scrapers. There were no clubs among them.

Our wealth of comparative evidence comes from the studies made in the last forty years of the most primitive human communities still extant: the Punans of Borneo, some Andamanese, the Negritos of Northern Luzon, the Veddas of Ceylon, and, to some extent, the Greenland Eskimos. These genuine primitives, who show no signs of having been touched by the mainstream of civilization which spread from the Nile Valley some 20,000 years ago, are nomadic, food-gathering peoples with no tribal organization, no domestic animals, no agriculture, hardly any magic, virtually no artisanry, and, with the

* Freud wrote to a friend of mine some years ago, admitting that he derived most of his data about Ancient Man from Atkinson and explaining, ingenuously, "I found that his theories fitted in so well with my own."



Our ancestors were kind to their wives.

exception of the Eskimos, no clothes worth mention.

Here is what Schebesta has to say about the family life of the Negritos:

Here I was, living with a group of people who were absolutely primitive; relics, almost of a prehistoric age, but who were, in fact, "savages" in name only. . . . I could see that among these people there were strong family ties. The affection for father and mother, brother and sister, meant to them exactly what it means to us. . . .

Among the Mambutis, Van den Bergh found that adultery was almost unheard of; and he added that "their manners are very gentle and they have a sense of delicacy." The oldest Mambuti in the two villages under study could not remember a single case of murder.

The Veddas of Ceylon are the remnant of earliest inhabitants of that country. They live in rock shelters and would thus probably be "primitive men." Bailey found "their treatment of their wives is a very remarkable thing in a country where conjugal virtue is the highest of domestic virtues."

Condition of absolute equality between husband and wife among the Malaya, another completely primitive community. All the members of the family live together and share their food. This must be a terrible blow to my

cartoonist enemies who habitually picture the men gorging themselves around a fire, surlily tossing scraps to the women and children in the outer circle.

THE "Wild Man of Borneo," another myth dear to the cartoonists, was studied in his natural habitat by Hose and McDougall. This is what they found:

Harmony and mutual help are the rule within the [Punan] family circle, as well as throughout the larger community; the men generally treat their wives and children with all kindness, and the women perform their duties cheerfully and faithfully.

Again, look at the voluminous evidence of Radcliffe-Brown and Malinowski on the Australian aborigines. They found many faults among these primitives, but all of them shared the virtues of having strong family ties, great fondness among married couples, and a deep attachment for their children.

At the extreme tip of South America live the primitive Fuegians. While polygamy is permitted, Cooper found that monogamy was their common rule. Women are subject to the men only in theory, and many an erring Fuegian is soundly thrashed by his wife. Cartoonists might extend their other curious "rolling-pin" tradition to the Fuegians, instead of confining it to the American housewife.

Innocent of any contact with civilization, *Homo Sapiens* lives a peaceful, co-operative life with his fellow men, settling down faithfully with one wife to raise a family, *never* stealing his neighbor's wife, exhibiting absolute equality between men and women, and generally following a natural ethical code which, I am certain, compares favorably with the ethics of most cartoonists.

If anyone still objects that there is no evidence that Paleolithic Man lived by the same ethical pattern as that of present-day primitives, I suggest that he study the works of Köhler and the Kellogs on the family life of apes.

In their natural state, our anthropoid cousins lead happy married lives, are devoted to their mates, and bring up their offspring with tender care. Their favorite pastime is dancing. If apes and aborigines, having vir-

tually no human culture, live by what appears to be an innate ethical behavior pattern, then our primordial ancestors (somewhere between apes and primitives) most probably followed the same pattern.

Scientific research has in fact conclusively proved that intertribal warfare and autocratic patriarchies are found almost exclusively among primitive peoples who have had some contact with a higher culture. Most modern anthropologists have had ruefully to admit that civilization, whatever its other benefits, has been the destroyer of natural biologic ethics.

THE whole question is of vital importance to us today. We live in an age of the most fantastic brutality among groups of the same species. Never before in history has *Homo Sapiens* deployed such persistence and technological skill to destroy enormous numbers of his fellow humans.

Underlying the slaughter of this last generation lurk the Hobbesian and Freudian myths that Man, in his deepest primordial

instincts, is a horrendous savage innately addicted to fratricide and sexual mania. Millions of people, corrupted by cartoonists and ignorant teaching, firmly believe that in killing and raping they are behaving "as comes naturally." Yet a mound of biologic and anthropologic evidence proves that this is one of the basest libels ever perpetrated by Man against himself.

Psychological error is often the cause of anti-social action. As long as people continue to believe that they are innately savage and bloodthirsty, they will subconsciously condone war. And what sort of healthy relationship between the sexes can be built on the cartoonists' notion that Man is innately a highway rapist?

It is, after all, not so long ago that American Negroes were the favorite butt of the cartoonists. The "coon" was always the stupid dolt who ended up with a *bam* or a *socko*. This tradition has been successfully killed in recent years. Is it too much to hope that our poor maligned ancestors of the Stone Age may receive similarly enlightened treatment?



Civilization has been the destroyer of natural biologic ethics.

After Hours

Big-Time Gadgeteer

SOME years ago I was sitting in a restaurant in Paris and near me was a table of loud-talking Americans. I overheard one rather boisterous fellow say to the woman who was sitting next to him: "Did I see the Mona Lisa? It's not so hot!" If this fellow came from Detroit, which he very well may have, he should have seen what I recently saw in the New York showroom of the International Business Machines Corporation. He should have seen a model of a variable-speed drive, a little gadget which Leonardo da Vinci contrived more than five hundred years ago and which, in a much more sophisticated form, is now essential to the construction of the automobile.

There were a good many other gadgets in the IBM showroom which would have surprised him, all of them based on drawings in Leonardo's copious notebooks and all of them working models with practical applications. But let's go back a mere fifteen years to Milan, where a young man named Roberto A. Guatelli, spurred on by a group of scholars, began to translate Leonardo's drawings and notes into working models. Dr. Guatelli, a short, dark-haired man with bounce, who is now an American citizen and an employee of IBM, told me when I was introduced to him by Mr. Donnelly of IBM's publicity department this fall, that he had started making models as a boy, just like any other boy, and that when he grew up he went to the university to learn to be an engineer. By 1938 he was up to his ears in Leonardo and was assisted by the none too benevolent Italian government to hurry up and get enough models made for a big exhibit. In 1939 a first set was shown in New York at the Museum of Science and Industry, but Dr. Guatelli now regrets them crude. He does not have to regret about that set any longer because he took them to Tokyo in 1941 and subse-

quently they were all destroyed by an American bombing raid.

Dr. Guatelli came back to America in 1947 and by 1949 he had, with the aid of his American wife, got enough models together again (this time on a smaller scale) to start exhibiting them. "In four months I made fifty-six models," he told me. "I think I worked twenty-three hours a day." The first showing was in the Los Angeles County Museum, and they went from there to Dallas ("There are most elegant people in Dallas," he said), to Denver, to the Ford Museum in Dearborn, and in March of last year to Pittsburgh. IBM bought the whole lot of them about ten months ago and added them to the permanent collection of their Fine Arts Department. They are now on a tour of the country where they will be shown mainly in IBM showrooms and will return to New York in April for a big display in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is worth anyone's while (from the age of nine up) to go to see them.

HERE is why. As anyone knows who knows anything about Leonardo, his interest, imagination, and observation ranged over and delved into every crevice of the workings of the physical world that he could find. He was a botanist, physiologist, mathematician, geologist, and cartographer. He studied the air and he studied the water and the earth, and with his extraordinary capacities for perception plus his unrivaled skill for drawing he was able in a visual way to reveal the scientific truths he discovered. But apart from this (or, perhaps I should say, as a part of this) he was a practical man who could translate his observation of principles into workable machines. It is these that you see in the IBM exhibition.

Let me mention a few. There is an air compressor which he designed to air-condition the bedroom of Beatrice d'Este, a large drum

turned by water power which shot a stream of cool air into the chamber of that pampered duchess. There are several kinds of machine guns and a steam-powered cannon that is said to have propelled a missile a good two miles. There is a theater with a revolving stage, and a double-decker bridge, one level for pedestrians, one for vehicles. There are a number of devices for pumping water from a stream which are propelled by the stream itself. There is a helicopter and a parachute. There are machines for raising the nap on textiles, and a coin stamper which was used by the Papal State for making money.

Many of the models, however, were made from drawings which are intended only to demonstrate some physical or mechanical principle. These I will not attempt to describe, but in some respects they are among the most fascinating in the exhibition. In almost every case visitors are invited to turn the cranks on the various models and work them for themselves. It is a most instructive and entertaining game.

Blow-ups of the pages from Leonardo's notebooks showing his drawings are exhibited with each of the models and simple labels of considerable clarity explain each of them.

"Tonight," Dr. Guatelli told me, "we pack up. Half the show opens in Boston and half in Washington on Monday. Twelve thousand pounds of models. In every city people like something different."

At that moment Mr. Donnelly of the publicity department came by. "You can say that 20,000 people, very high-class people, have come to see the exhibition in the thirteen days it's been here."

No Vacancy at the Tourinn

THE extended automobile vacation trip has become entrenched among American habits. If corroboration is wanted, it may be drawn from the evident viability and vigor of that youthful institution, the motel, which society wisely brought into existence to answer a felt need before the need was acute.

It was not always thus. What has been done to assuage human appetites along the roadside in the past quarter-century can be defended only as pioneering, traditionally an uncouth performance and an object of grati-

tude only in retrospect. We now enjoy the motel, which began as the motor court, which in turn began as the cabin, which was in its early stages an answer to the tourist home. The rights of way along Routes 1-through-infinity are strewn with unsuccessful experiments in these previous genres.

The tourist home had the virtue of validating the American principle of interchangeable parts. Tourist homes were reconverted dwellings, sometimes the property of decaying gentlewomen whose depleted means no longer sustained the size and musty magnificence of the house. They were planned for family travel, and it was possible (something no longer half so simple) for a group which included several children to become happily accustomed to the known and adequate ports of call upon its yearly voyage.

Cabins began in open country, and the first ones were strategically located with regard to both travel and vacation values (and to low-cost space), so that they tended to be found in groves or on a hillside between the highway and the graveyard. In contrast to the boarding-house atmosphere of the tourist home, the cabins offered privacy—or the illusion of privacy. By the time they appeared in movies, however—"It Happened One Night" is the first to come to mind—they had already acquired a delicately illicit connotation.

Motor courts initially appeared as configurations of cabins. If there were eight of them, they were named Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and arranged in a semicircle. They pursued respectability; they banded together in trade associations; they became recommended by Duncan Hines. With the adoption of the carport into domestic architecture, the cabins drew together—or were connected (they were already close enough)—into a unit under one roof; and with the upsurge in the use of the concrete block the cabins ceased to be cabins and became block houses.

One more technical advance—the neon sign reading "no vacancy," in which the words were independently controlled in order to convey a double meaning—and the makings of the motel were there at hand. The transition was too slow for firm lines to be drawn, but one of the first observable qualities of the motel proper was a difference in location. Motels are to be found near the junction of

the highways on the outskirts of large cities.

Motels took over the customs of the tourist courts: sign in with the number of your license plate, pay on arrival, and depart early in the morning. Notice the consequences of better highways (the fact they make it worthwhile to get up with first light and drive till just before sunset, when the motels fill up). They range over from family touring to that of man and wife (the basic unit of motels is now the double room, and two doubles are expensive). Notice also that motels are planned to serve the purposes of long-distance drivers and are the better off the more they look alike from coast to coast.

The long-distance driver wants predictability, and he hates hotels—which, as products of a railroad age, are downtown. The prospect of maneuvering into traffic in the afternoon rush, or navigating unknown streets thereafter, is as disagreeable as manipulating baggage up and down elevators, or in and out of hands that subsequently expect gratuities.

But the motorist is still frustrated by the fact that not all motels are entitled to the name. Motels of the upper class—generally speaking, the six-dollar bracket and above—may sometimes be identified by walled-in showers, sanitized glassware in cellophane wrappers, Venetian blinds, genuine (non-paper) bath mats, air conditioning, and—this extravagance may be seen even in New England—individual television. The difficulty of evaluating these interior qualities in advance, however, is great enough to stimulate the parasitical services which offer a spurious uniformity where none exists in nature. These are the lists and guidebooks.

How many booklets of approved choices among motels are now available I hesitate to guess. Many motels are on several lists, some lists will not include those that are managed as a chain, and the average offered by them all is spotty. Rather than compare standards of judgment, I will only say that an opportunity to check one's choice is a good thing. Approval (found mainly in the south and central East) has shown it better than most—Quality Courts United, which depends much of its members and rewards its members for the effort to seek out the characteristic local seal. There is now in process of formation a new chain called Tourinns,

which carry uniformity a step beyond. Four have been completed—in Allentown and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Wilmington, Delaware; and Fort Wayne, Indiana—and the country will ultimately be covered with ninety way stations separated by roughly one day's drive. Tourinns are the Statlers of the road—the newest, the flashiest, the most disconcertingly aggressive in the determination to set (and hence freeze) the standards of the road.

Tourinns are designed by a Scarsdale architect in an approved modern manner, furnished with approved modern furniture from Hans Knoll, and planned as intelligently as the orthopedic mattresses they claim to use. Technically they are geared to the housewife who wants to use a Laundromat and knows what to do when the Electromode trips the Square-D circuit breaker. They contain all the essential functions in one parking lot, including restaurant and gas station, and to this extent are as close as we have come to the old-fashioned inn that contained tavern and stables as a matter of course, right on the turnpike. Though not superbly designed, they are designed well enough to show up the slightest trace of shoddy craftsmanship, a reminder to those who embark upon the Statler idiom that it is more demanding than it ever looks.

As the Tourinns chain expands across the continent it will go on being true that a national standard of style is a burden on regional sensibilities. A dining room decorated by Hans Knoll can be wickedly undermined in atmosphere by the blue candlelights and rows of stuffed dolls added as local afterthoughts. Here, in fact, is the real battleground on which highway civilization fights it out for predominance over pre-existing cultures, for in the field of living habits the Tourinns' offensive is the most ambitious the Northeast has launched for some time against its dependencies to the south and west. How far their ambitions go is revealed by the one function they promise to perform which is not customary: Tourinns are likely to be well filled, but they undertake to find lodgings in the neighborhood if any can be had. This they signify by a defiant gesture of metropolitan pride which assumes that there need be only one place to stop—there are no "no vacancy" signs at Tourinns.

—Mr. Harper

At Christmas ~

the right book for the right person

Does he like biography?

THE MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER is one of the great autobiographies of the decade. Mr. Hoover tells with engaging warmth and humor the story of his youth and schooldays, happy marriage, engineering triumphs, adventures abroad, and great humanitarian work in Europe, taking the story up to 1920. \$4.00

Is he interested in politics?

He'll revel in THE PRESIDENCY, Stefan Lorant's pictorial history of presidential elections from Washington to Truman. Over 1,000 pictures, including cartoons, old prints, portraits, photographs, with a lively text, bring to life a most colorful slice of America's history. \$15.00

Does she enjoy good fiction?

A BREEZE OF MORNING, the new novel by Charles Morgan, author of *The Fountain*, is a radiant love story set in Victorian England, written with "a subtlety hard to convey . . . an art so deceptively effortless as to appear artless."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News* \$3.50

Do they visit the art museums?

Hyperion's two-volume HISTORY OF PAINTING puts an enormous gallery of the finest painting, from early Christian times to the present, at your finger-tips. 126 reproductions in color and 480 in black and white, critical notes, reference data, and biographies of the artists. \$7.95

Does she read historical novels?

TIME AND THE WIND by Erico Verissimo, a big, turbulent novel set against 150 colorful years of Brazilian history, is "a full-bodied historical novel in the best traditions of the type" and "makes most contemporary fiction . . . seem pale, thin, and shallow indeed" (Herschel Brickell, *Saturday Review of Literature*) \$4.95

Is he the outdoor type?

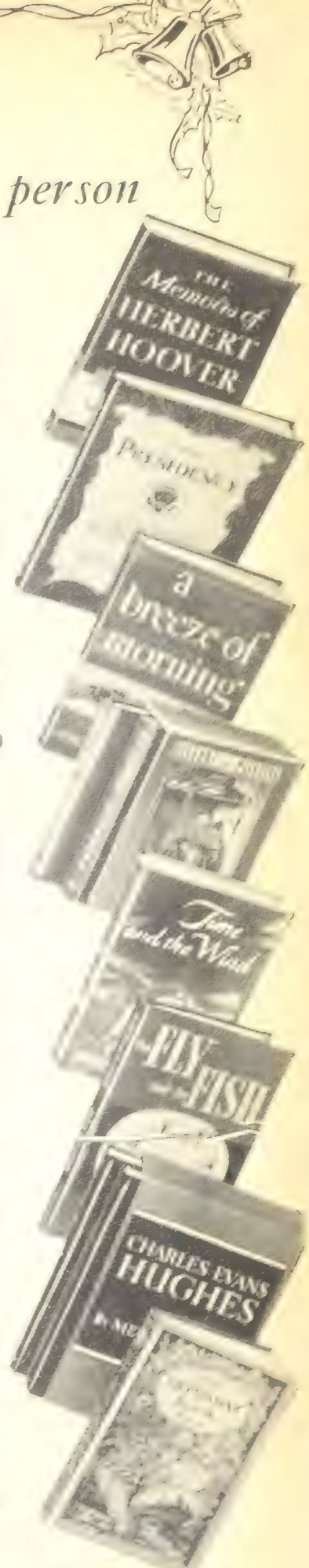
He'll find both pleasure and profit in John Atherton's THE FLY AND THE FISH. It contains a rich harvest of fishing lore, with instructions on fly-tying and other useful techniques. Illustrated with fine color plates and drawings by the author, a well-known artist. \$5.00

Is he a lawyer?

He will enjoy the biography of one of the greatest of modern lawyers, the Supreme Court Justice CHARLES EVANS HUGHES. The handsome 2-volume illustrated biography by Merlo J. Pusey will remain for years THE standard life of Hughes, a fine and permanent addition to a lawyer's bookshelf. \$15.00

Are they hard to please?

Then you want something very special in the way of a gift—and you have it in THE SATURDAY BOOK, imported from England. A delightful potpourri of poetry, prose, and pictures, the new 11th issue features roses on the jacket and leaves you gasping at the wealth of material inside. \$5.00



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The Last and the Best of the Year

Charles Poore

THE year in books was a mixed grill. As one who happens to like mixed grills, that seemed fine to this department. But authors, editors, publishers, critics, and booksellers had tremendously weighty things to say on what was wrong with the year. They glowered at the idiot's jig of television. They deplored the high cost of literacy in every step of producing a book—and then they discussed pocket editions with the air of Rolls-Royce fanciers watching the Fords go by. Talking to one another, they probably used up a million highball-hours and tons of paper that might as happily have gone to Ethel Waters' *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*, Omar Bradley's *A Soldier's Story*, Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us*, Jessamyn West's *The Witch Diggers*, James Jones' *From Here to Eternity*, *The Collected Poems of William Butler Yeats*, *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt*, J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, William Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun*, the Duke of Windsor's *A King's Story*, Arthur Mizener's *The Far Side of Paradise*, Nicholas Monsarrat's *The Cruel Sea*, *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, *The American Oxford Atlas*, James B. Conant's *Science and Common Sense*, Carson McCullers' *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, and *The Forrestal Diaries*.

These were some of the books that showed what was right with the year. It was—and, as we shall see, it still is—quite a year.

Winston Churchill's new book, *Closing the Book* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6), the fifth in his epic chronicle of Armageddon Part II, plunges us into controversy and gives splen-

dor to history. The theme of the volume, which runs like a planetary fox hunt from the spring of 1943 to the spring of 1944, is the isolation of Nazi Germany, ready for the kill.

In this volume you hear, for the first time, an undertone of plaintive fury beneath the rising thunder of victory. The Allies are winning everywhere, in the Pacific (continuity supplied by Samuel Eliot Morison), in the Battle of the Atlantic (with Mr. Churchill as Triton), in Sicily, in Italy (tougher going there). But in the councils of the Allies (Quebec, Washington, Moscow, Cairo, Tehran) the imperial voice of Britain is not growing any stronger, in spite of all that Mr. Churchill can, in spite of all he will, do. For this is a story of tremendous battles in the field—and also around the green baize tables. The balances are changing, all over the earth. An awesome sight.

Struggle for the World

THE struggle for power it dramatizes is a struggle for the world of the future as well as the present and its clinging past. It runs through all the arguments over what to do about Poland, about Germany, about Japan; about the Mediterranean, and the naming of one date and several commanders for the invasion of Normandy. Anyone who thinks the Soviet characteristic of grabbing appeared late in its table manners will be enlightened here.

Mr. Churchill, as usual, has time for everything. When, as Mark Clark wryly said in

A Christmas Check List of Good Books

**Samuel
Shellabarger**

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Marquand**

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USA**

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THE MARK OF GOOD
BOOKS SINCE 1837



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BOSTON

At the Prime Minister "had back in the Mediterranean picture as a sort of super commander in chief," masterminding luckless Anzio, he read Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*. Or, rather, since he was at this pregnant moment on the broad of my back amid the ruins of ancient Carthage," with pneumonia, his daughter, Sarah, read Miss Austen aloud. He endorsed the most perfectly written novel in the language: "What calm lives they had, those people! No worries about the French Revolution, or the crashing struggle of the Napoleonic Wars. Only manners controlling natural passion so far as they could, together with cultured explanations of any mischances."

His Majesty's First Minister

ZIPPED back into his siren-suit in London, he fired memos, cables, letters, minutes, right and left, raising a welt here, a blister there. "Why must you write intensive?" he asked the Director of Military Intelligence. "'Intense' is the right word. You should read Fowler's *Modern English Usage* on the use of the two words." He wanted the Foreign Secretary to advance the legation status of Cuba to ambassadorial rank, praising "this rich, large, beautiful island, the home of the cigar." He won the retroactive gratitude of Americans stationed in London by asking why British landlords soaked them brutally with high rents. He told General Ismay that "the difference between a Chief of Staff and a Commander in Chief in the field is more apparent than real. Both are

It took some amusingly avuncular letters from the King to keep him off a Royal Navy ship on D-Day. As for the chairborne officers swarmed in Algiers, he thought it might be a good idea to form a Sacred Legion of ... Let them set an example to the troops in making some particularly desperate attack."

... all that was going on, everywhere. ... in *Hitler's Interpreter* (Macmillan, \$4). Dr. Paul Schmidt, who spent a year in Germany translating the Fuehrer's shouts and rambles, says that one of the most revealing meetings he ever saw was between Hitler's foreign minister and the Nazis, or Mussolini. But Mr. Churchill ... that, too. The Badoglio people ... everywhere with their recent ... anyone else, for that matter. ... Mr.

Churchill's larger plans for the Mediterranean, which he liked to refer to as the Third Front.

Mobilizing America

ON ALL fronts, at all times, our Allies were always apt to be calling for more and more and more production from America's home front. That, truly, was the free world's last frontier. Eliot Janeway's graphic and hard-hitting survey of America's economic mobilization in World War II, *The Struggle for Survival* (Yale), shows under what astoundingly untr tranquil conditions we filled the staggering orders for global war. This book is one of the latest in the Chronicles of America series (invigorated by Allan Nevins as general editor and ringmaster), which now includes such volumes as *The Era of Franklin D. Roosevelt* by Denis W. Brogan, *From Versailles to the New Deal* by Harold U. Faulkner, *The New Deal and World Affairs* and *The United States in a Chaotic World*, both by the indomitable Mr. Nevins, and a sketchy but useful narrative of battles and leaders, *War for the World*, by Fletcher Pratt.

Although these volumes have different prices, depending on the binding and general *décor*, apparently—\$5 for the bookstore edition, \$6 for the standard subscription edition, \$2.50 for the textbook edition—unlike theater seats, they all give you precisely the same view of the stage.

The plays themselves, however, are not at all alike. Not even when they present the same historical characters. In fact, it's sometimes a thought difficult to recognize the same figure, the same problem, from chronicle to chronicle as each bard sings his tune. Thus, at one moment, in one book, Eliot Janeway, who likes paradoxes so well, if unwisely, that he sometimes sounds slightly like an economic Chesterton with a slipping clutch, will tell us that "Roosevelt's normal way of organizing a Department was to split it right down the middle." And at another moment, in another book, Denis Brogan, who often sounds like a gifted Fulbright Scholar on reverse lend-lease, tells us that "even the Administrative simplifications of the overlapping New Deal agencies that had been loudly called for had been mainly completed by 1941." Or do you suppose they really mean the same thing? If so, it's a new example of the incalculable power of fission.

America's Leading Critics

discuss "a very great event in publishing history."

ALLAN NEVINS in the N. Y. Times "These large volumes, which surely rank among the handsomest ever published in America, have a quality all their own . . . they hew out a new line, showing what a wealth of pictorial sources we have for the illumination of our American past, and how effectively they may be deployed by a man equally expert in art and in letters."

ORVILLE PRESCOTT in the N. Y. Times "Life in America undoubtedly will make the most handsome new publication now burgeoning on bookshop counters . . . Social history at its most sumptuous and most attractive best."

BERNARD DeVOTO in the N. Y. Herald Tribune "An unbelievably successful attempt to increase understanding of our past by employing the resources of graphic visualization. It is a tremendous feat both of historical creation and of printing . . . It is history — historical exposition, interpretation, and comment — which uses pictures to extend and enhance historical realization . . . For anyone, novice or adept, reading this book will be a continuous revelation, as it will also be an exhilaration and a delight."

LEWIS GANNETT in the N. Y. Herald Tribune "This, I think, is America as perhaps no single book has ever been America before. The heart of it is the 1,200 often amazing pictures, selected by Marshall Davidson of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The pictures, wherever possible, are contemporary; the text — a quarter million words of it — quotes from contemporary sources, and it is integrated with the pictures. The whole is inspired with an idea: the miracle of America, of its constant change, of its evolution in democracy . . . Life in America, in sum, is a magnificent book."

LOUIS BROMFIELD "This set is certainly one of the most handsome books ever published and the material is up to the quality of the presentation. It seems to me a very great event in publishing history."

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250,000 words
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and the year. Give the people light, the man said, and they will find the way. You take Senator Robert A. Taft's *Policy for Americans* (Doubleday, \$2), and read it in the week you read Richard H. Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The General and the President* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.75), a probing study of MacArthur, Truman, and the future of American foreign policy, and you will see more mission, more fireworks. "The conclusions of Senator Taft, the ablest and most logical of the isolationist Senators," Rovere and Schlesinger say, "provided a measure of the chaos into which isolationism had fallen as a philosophy." But Taft, nailing one more challenge on Truman's crowded door, sounding as if he had overheard the none too soft impeachment, and, not a bit confused, comes right back with: "Entirely apart from any immediate threat of military aggression against the United States, I have always favored an international organization to promote the peace of the world and therefore of the United States." Let him who is without bromides cast the first cliché about paying your money and making your choice.

Holiday Philosopher

IRWIN EDMAN'S *Under Whatever Sky* (Viking, \$3) is a brisk book of exploration, a safari through the labyrinthine ways of modern man. These cheerful essays, first published in the *American Scholar*, touch lightly on all things—beginning, inevitably, with the familiar essay saying that the familiar essay is due for the oxygen tent any minute now. They are all forays against provincialism, proving that no matter where we live, under whatever sky, we are all apt to have the same sort of parochial tricks of entertainment, boredom, or delight, the same fears and frets and frets. The publisher suggests, seem to

your soul, to lift up your heart, to civilize your manners, to relax your tensions, to ennoble your character, to force people to love you, to persuade you to love them." All these yearnings, incidentally, are examined in novels.

Where will it all end? Well, in more novels, I hope, that will add to the mountains energetically surveyed in *The Modern Novel in America 1900-1950* (Regnery, \$3), by Frederick J. Hoffman. For I believe that the novel reflects the state of the world in all its reason and unreason more faithfully than any other form of writing. As Mr. Hoffman takes you on his lecture tours through the works of Mr. James and Mrs. Wharton, Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser, Miss Cather and Miss Glasgow, Lewis, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Wolfe, Faulkner, and all their followers, you are aware again that they have had a fair share in painting the world's portrait of America.

O'Hara's People

ONCE it was true to say that John O'Hara's work began at the precise point where the strong influences of Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway met. That idea has no particular significance any more. For Mr. O'Hara writes now in a completely American grain of his own, about a Dutch-streaked Pennsylvania countryside that he knows and uses as remorselessly as Faulkner knows and uses Yoknapatawpha County, and, I should say, loves as well. Of course he may drop it tomorrow, and return to New York 21, N. Y. But his new novel, *The Farmers Hotel* (Random House, \$2), a short and brilliantly executed parable, shows that he is once again deep in the land of *Appointment in Samara* and *The Doctor's Son* and *A Rage to Live*. Once more the Brooks' Suit Gang and the Blue Jeans Set meet in fatal confrontations. During a few dramatic hours at a snowbound country inn they clash (while the clowns in his universal hotel tumble) openly or subtly in what seems to me to be O'Hara's most deeply thought out book. What is new here is that both sides have learned something about noblesse oblige, and that there are

now many more sides to O'Hara's characters.

His faultlessly synchronized Pickwick Sisters are a long way from the theatrical landscapes searchingly documented in *Show Biz: From Vaude to Video* (Holt, \$5), by Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr., but they would be able to find a place in this hospitable and rambunctious chronicle of American entertainment. Mr. Laurie wears the service bars of a thousand shows, and Mr. Green is the editor of *Variety*, which is written in an idiom ("Sticks Nix Hick Pix") as strict and austere as that of the New Criticism ("velleity gives ambivalence to the autochthonous dichotomy of Kafka's formulations").

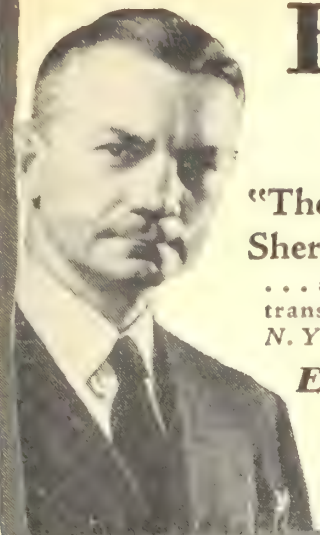
No Moaning at the Bar

SPEAKING of formulations, the other evening I dusted and uncapped a vintage bottle of Coca Cola, decanted it carefully into snifter glass, and picked up *The Hour* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00) by the Chevalier Bernard DeVoto. Or, as the cover of the bound galleys happily said, Bernard *DeVeto*, since he imperially vetoes practically every drink known to man and beast except very sound old whiskeys and very cold young dry martinis. As readers of these pages know, he has done more than any other liberator to reclaim gin from the bad name Hogarth gave it, and he doesn't want it to start mixing with raffish ingredients, much less raffish people, again. But *The Hour* does require some sort of conviviality, and in another excellent new book by a member of the club, Russell Lynes' *Guests, or How to Survive Hospitality* (Harper, \$1.50), we are told that "the cocktail party, as good a symbol of the informality of modern entertaining as any, is, in a sense, a display of social irresponsibility." (*A Voice from the Easy Chair*: "Who in hell wants to be socially responsible during The Hour?") Not Mr. Lynes. He's deputized T. S. Eliot to look after that while he observes snobs and other weak-ended pests.

The Specter of the Ross

THE social responsibility of the *New Yorker* is touched upon heavily by Dale Kramer, the biographer of Heywood Broun, in *Ross*

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HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco
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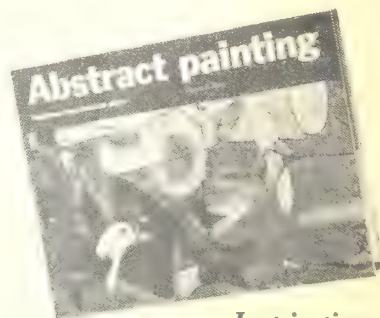
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*JOHN BETJEMAN,
London Daily Telegraph



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HIS EXPLORATION OF THE MIND OF MAN

by Gregory Zilboorg

John Dewey:

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DEMOCRATIC LIFE

by Jerome Nathanson

and *The New Yorker* (Doubleday, \$3.50), a work of admirably dogged research that sounds as if it had been written long after the magazine had accompanied *Flair* into the shades.

The idea that Harold Ross, the editor, a sort of mastiff peering out of a haystack, is not as suave a boulevardier as the parishioners might expect for their money is developed at length, as it has been, of course, in so many prefaces to so many collections of material that originally appeared in the *New Yorker*. Incidentally, I notice that the latest and biggest of these, *The New Yorker Twenty-fifth Anniversary Album, 1925-1950* (Harper, \$5), has no such elaborate preface: only a modest foreword saying that the drawings were taken from more than twenty thousand (that's 20,000) published so far in the *New Yorker* and that they're arranged tidily in five sections: the Late Twenties, the Early Thirties, the Late Thirties, the Early Forties, the Late Forties. All the pictures speak for themselves, as eloquently as they did when the first two people appeared on the first desert island cartoon, and the first fellow in jail said something to the other fellow in jail.

Of Man and Art

THE most beautiful, the most magnificent picture book of the year—I'm measuring my words—is *Life's Picture History of Western Man* (Simon & Schuster, \$10) an album of those *Life* articles on the Middle Ages, Renaissance Man, the Glory of Venice, Eighteenth-Century England, and so on, with the superb reproductions of great paintings in color that naturally look better than ever on better paper. At a time when *Western Man* is being told all sorts of rude home truths about himself, it is probably just as well for him to reflect that he is also a member, in pretty fair standing, of the polyglot race that produced the works of art and splendor and devotion in this book.

Western man in America is by no means alone. With him, Justice William O. Douglas suggests in a warm-hearted and hard-hitting Book-of-the-Month Club choice, *Strange Lands and Friendly People* (Harper, \$4), stand millions in Eastern coun-

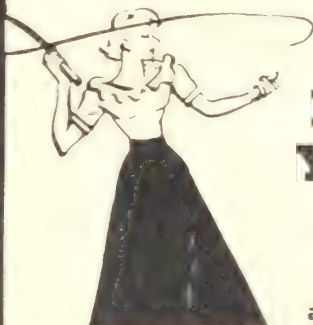
Lippincott Books for Christmas Giving

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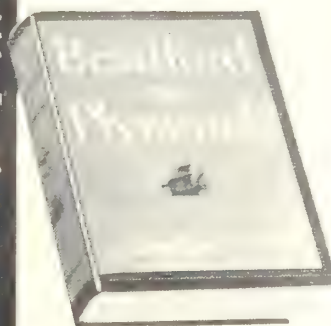
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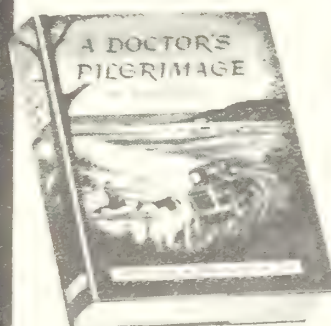
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tries that had great art before Western Man came out of the murk of the Dark Ages: with him stand the people Winston Churchill, let us never forget, rallied in a very dark hour in a very recent past.

THE CHILD'S WORLD

Magic Then and Now,

by Elizabeth Enright

THE lights along the Hudson winked like candles: the stars winked in the windy sky. Beyond our kitchen window to the south, the Claremont Inn sparkled as merrily as a palace on the night of the Prince's ball. Now and then I glanced at it as I listened. Frances Moynihan, our cook, was reading me a story.

"When they got near, they saw that the little house was made of bread and it was roofed with cake: the windows were transparent sugar."

Frances stopped to catch up on her breathing. Never having had much schooling, reading was a fearful toil for her. She read doggedly on one uninflected line, the words all sounding about the same size and weight, with never a breath between them till the end of the sentence. None of that mattered to me. The dragons and princesses emerged unimpaired in my imagination: the witches and ogres were sufficient to disturb my sleep.

In these pauses there were other sounds beside her heavy breathing. The alarm clock had a strong loud tick, the ropes of the dumb waiter switched and slapped within their deep enclosure, like Rapunzel's braids against the tower wall.

I sat perched on the kitchen step-ladder, for Frances had no lap. She was a square elderly woman with short thighs and a large abdomen, no lap. Sometimes on a crowded bus she had had to hold me, and it was an uneasy experience: a constant vigilant effort not to slip.

The laboring voice went on and paused, went on and paused. Went

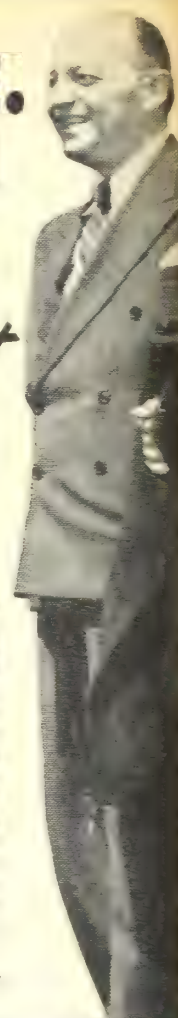
Gretel gave a push which sent

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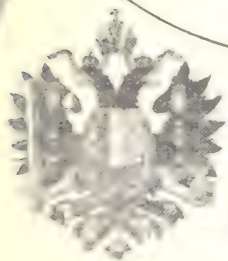
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the wicked witch right in, and then she banged the oven door and bolted it. The witch howled horribly but Gretel ran away and left her to perish in misery."

As Frances read I watched her face, not knowing that I saw it, yet now, half a lifetime later, I see it photographically clear: tallow-colored, dewlapped, with eyes as black and active as two crickets. It was a face in which impatience and good nature warred together, above all it was a matter-of-fact, practical face. I wonder if she even heard the words she read.

"The Father had not had a single happy day since he had deserted his children in the wood, and in the meantime his wife was dead. So all their troubles came to an end and they lived happily together ever afterward. . . .

"All right. Go on with you now. Get on to bed."

Automatically I begged for one more story, a hollow ritual; I never got another and so went off to sleep accompanied by the cozy parable I had just enjoyed, one of many in which rewards were always given to the good—jewels, suitable marriages, halves of kingdoms—and the evil were punished in straightforward ways: pushed into ovens, ground to powder between millstones, made to dance in red-hot shoes at weddings.

I OFTEN think of that rich bedtime fare when I am reading to my youngest son. Opening whatever book he chooses, I find myself declaring something like this: "Jimmy had a red express wagon. His little sister Janie had one, too."

Most of the stories start like that, and almost all hew carefully to sunny reassuring fact. It is never said that the principal characters lived happily ever after, nothing so rash is claimed. It is enough that in the end Buddy's Mommy hugs him when he comes home from school, that Billy's Mommy puts a Band-aid on his wound; that Pammy's Daddy takes her to the zoo. Now and then these sensible sagas are varied with sensible fantasies about semi-human tractors or tugboats, each with a cute, cute name, and there are dozens about semi-human animals, usually rabbits, also having cute

names and always wearing clothes.

From the latter it is often a relief to turn to the archetype of all clothed rabbits: the first and only genuine Peter Rabbit, the happy creation of a minor genius named Beatrix Potter, who told his story nearly fifty years ago. He was, though greedy, disobedient, and too curious, a rabbit of integrity: a fictional character who rang true throughout, and was never dull or cute. It is not his fault, nor that of his creator, that with his advent there was unloosed upon the earth a pest of Peter Rabbits. His very name was seized without scruple by many other authors and applied to other and inferior rabbits. A few authors, making a feint at originality, thought of names such as Billy or Bobby or Buster Bunny. All the creatures wore coats and trousers and ranged in character from the saccharine to the sadistic; from the lisping unworldly cottontail to the wham-powie-socko rabbit of the comics, who is out for the quick leaf of cabbage. Who on earth could have guessed, for instance, that among the original Peter's hundreds of literary descendants there would be such a one as that caustic, disenchanted dead-end-kid, Bugs Bunny!

Peter Rabbit was not the only product of Beatrix Potter's talent; there was a hedgehog laundress, a chick who was emotionally a goose, a squirrel who told too many riddles for his own good, and a number of mice, among them Mrs. Tittlemouse, a respectable housewife who worried terribly about disorder, and who would certainly have fainted dead away at the sight of her remote relatives, Mickey and Minnie, jitter-bugging on a lighted screen as big as a barn door.

Despite their curious descendants and imposters the Potter animals live as soundly as they did when Frances Moynihan first read of them to me. (No doubt they added healthy variety to my diet of fabulous perils and granted wishes.) I loved them all, as my children did after me, and as their children in turn will do. I'm sure, for these books, with a few other classics, stand solid as little rocks amid the erratically changing currents of literature for the very young.

But what has happened to the

fairy tales? I am not concerned here with the comics, they are a mushroom growth, but with the original, long-lived fairy tales that have been handed down for generations. We do not often read or tell them now. Psychologists insist that it was time these stories fell from favor: that they were too frightening and stimulating for the child, and surely they are right in thinking that.

But I believe there is another reason. I believe that we no longer care for fairy tales because too many of them have come true, and as everybody knows, once magic is persuaded from its legend into life it brings danger with it. Converted to reality it is a two-edged blade. Who should know that better than the people of this century?

It is true that now the palace lights up at a touch, that music and visions come in boxes, that we can leave the earth at will, and talk across the oceans without shouting.

But think of the dragons; they are thick as fleas. They clatter over the farmlands, howl through the tunnels, billow in the streets, growl in the sky. They stalk across battlefields blowing fire, and the Firebird and the Phoenix rise up screaming, jet-propelled.

Think of the ogres; the ogres we have feared and suffered in our lifetime, and have slain only to find, as in the stories, that where one ogre falls another springs up.

Think of the oven where once the wicked witch was put to pay for all her sins, but in our century these iron doors have closed upon the innocent. It cannot be true! But it is true. So is the genie now appearing in the cloud of smoke; a cloud as high as the sky and shaped like an umbrella to shadow half the world. From within its parting plumes his face looks down on us, still enigmatic. We do not know whether we have released a slave or a destroyer; but already we know that he is mightier than we are.

All these products of magic, from the wonderbox of visions to the gaol that housed the genie, had to be imagined before they could be invented, and before they could be imagined as objects they had to be imagined as symbols. So it was that the tale-tellers in the nurseries were prophets making fearful prophecies:

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making them in tranquil voices to drowsy listeners, as the rocking chair creaked back and forth, and the last of the fire snapped faintly.

That was in another day, when the earth seemed firmer underfoot, and magic safely unattainable. Ours is a different world and we walk gingerly, we tiptoe lightly on its burning crust and whisper not of dragons.

"Listen," we say at bedtime, and open the book to read, "Jimmy had a red express wagon. His little sister Janie had one, too."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Tracy's Tiger, by William Saroyan. This is one of those high, wide, and handsome little stories that one feels either means something very profound or else means nothing at all, but whichever it is, gives great pleasure in the reading. "Thomas Tracy had a tiger," it begins, and the next thing you know, he only *calls* it a tiger when really it's a black panther. Nobody else could see his tiger and all went quietly and well until Tracy met a girl who had a tiger too, and still another (or was it another?) tiger escaped from the city zoo. In the meantime Tracy and the girl had a falling out and eventually were both, under very different circumstances, committed to Bellevue for a spell. "Everyone at Bellevue," says the doctor, "is somebody who lost love somewhere along the line." As for Tracy at Bellevue: "He found the people there quite mad. He also found that each of them had a tiger; a very troubled one, a very angry one, a most deeply wounded one, a tiger deprived of humor and love, of freedom and fun, imagination and hope." When you see how the little fable ends you can try to figure out the symbolism for yourself. And you'll enjoy it. Doubleday, \$2.50

Out From Eden, by Victoria Lincoln. Those *Harper's* readers who remember "The Snowfield" in the October issue will have a speaking acquaintance with nearly all the characters in this book though the boy, Todd, who was the chief character in our story,

is only one of the four members of the astonishing Davenport family. Steve Davenport, the father, is a painter; his wife is a wonderful Junoesque woman, quite uneducated, with whom he fell in love when she was first his model. She has gone on modeling for his now fairly well known pictures, and when his work demands it drops off her clothes while working around the house as simply and unconsciously as other people breathe. This child-of-nature existence, genius and beauty going their own untrameled ways, is something the neighbors don't always understand and the final discipline that it imposes on the son and daughter of the household is the conflict of the book. It is satisfying to read a novel in which there is no trace of bitterness, which is readable and moving, though it seems to lack the raffish humor of *February Hill* or the power of *Celia Amberley*. Rinehart, \$3

NON-FICTION

A Voyage to Windward, The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, by J. C. Furnas.

This biography is a dedicated piece of work, loving, careful, absolutely thorough. Mr. Furnas made not only a scholarly but a geographic pilgrimage in pursuit of every pertinent fact, every emotional climate in the life of his subject. He visited during the course of this 30,000-mile journey every place in which Stevenson ever lived except Davos and the Marquesas, read thousands of words in letters and documents unavailable before, and sifted his facts and findings for fifteen years. It is not surprising that here and there the labor shows through; but a little sound of machinery can easily be forgiven in a book which reveals so much so truly of the man whose affections, quarrels, and family relationships have been, for lack of proper evidence or interpretation, so often misread or misrepresented. From sickly boyhood through temperamental youth to the mature man in control of himself, of illness (he died not of tuberculosis but of cerebral hemorrhage), and of his art, Robert Louis Stevenson grows in these pages, a large, lovable, and credible figure. And the personali-

ies around him are no less vivid; his mother and father, Mrs. Sitwell, his American wife, Fanny, Henley, and the others of his literary circle emerge in vivid and precise perspective. A big and important work, generously handled. Sloane, \$5

The Art of Being a Woman, by Amabel Williams-Ellis.

As one who tends to be allergic to any book dealing with women's problems as separate from human problems my comments on this book should be suspect. Mrs. Williams-Ellis raises all the proper questions. "Should a Woman Be Human?" is, for instance, her first chapter. "It Can't Be Done!" answers her second. "Are Women Inferior?" is a third chapter-heading under the general section, "What Is Expected of Women." Under another section-head, "Personal Problems," the author, a psychiatrist, gives a gallery of portraits of women, sorting them into various types according to the problems they have faced and solved. She gives a "Conversation with a Psychiatrist"; she goes carefully into the problem of whether a woman should have a career. There is a chapter, "What is the Use of the Arts?" (Why is this a woman's problem, I keep asking.) Her final sentence gives me pause, too: "The Art of Being a Woman is to remember that, in order to give life, we must take care to be alive ourselves." Male press please copy. But Mrs. Williams-Ellis is a wise and often humorous psychiatrist (woman!) and the questions she raises are always in need of the kinds of answering she can give. Longman's, \$3

Time to Remember, by Lloyd C. Douglas.

When Mr. Douglas finished *The Big Fisherman*, the last of those many novels of which *The Magnificent Obsession* and *The Robe* are only two, he announced that he would never write another. He was seventy-one, ill, and tired. But when he stopped writing he only became more so. His doctor actually ordered him to resume his writing. Someone suggested a book of recollections. "My life lacks drama," was his answer, "I was never in battle, never in jail. I was never a crusader, never headed a movement, and was equally un-

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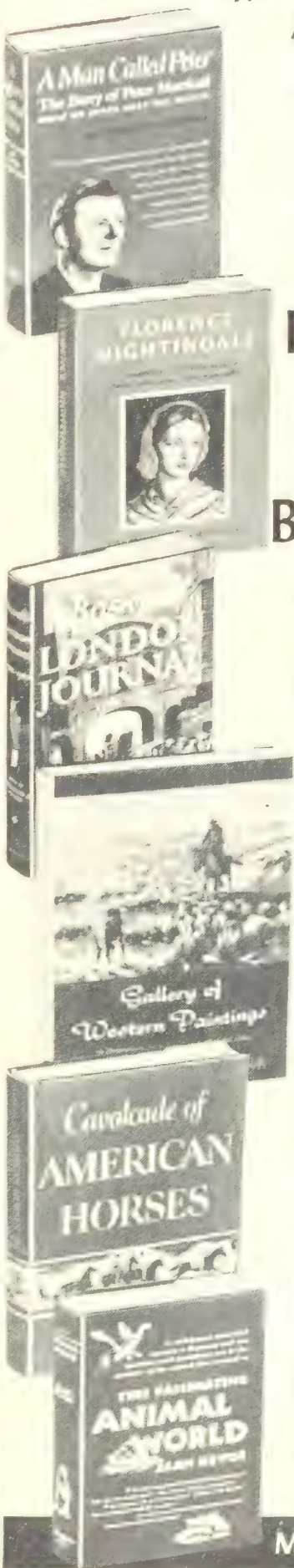
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

skillful at swinging a gavel or a golf club. I was not an athlete nor much of a scholar. I never sought a public office and nobody ever suggested that I should." But he started on what he intended to be two volumes—the first to cover his childhood as a rural schoolmaster's and minister's son, through college; the second to be memories of his life as a minister and novelist. He finished the first, but died in February 1951 before the second was begun. What he left, however, is the story of an American family and boyhood in the latter half of the last century, not unusual in its outlines but distinctive and even spicy in the sharpness of its flavor. Admirers of Mr. Douglas should be grateful to his doctor. Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75

Special Note to Our Readers

Besides Victoria Lincoln's book, Richard Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s, Russell Lynes's, and Bernard De Voto's, noted above, several books have been published this fall which include material recently published in the magazine. "Night Riders of Northville," a story by Hortense Calisher in our September issue, appears in her collected stories, *In the Absence of Angels* (Little, Brown, \$3). In *The Best Humor Annual*, a large and hilarious volume (Holt, \$3.50) which should do much to enliven any Christmas list, the editors, Louis Untermeyer and Ralph E. Shikes, have included "Hardy Centennials" by Philip Hamburger, from our centennial issue, Peter de Vries' poem, "Sacred and Profane Love, Or, There's Nothing New Under the Moon Either," several excerpts from Giovanni Guareschi's *The Little World of Don Camillo* which first appeared in *Harper's*, and a splendid fifteen-page spread of Russell Lynes's "The New Snobbism," just as it first appeared in the magazine. "Mr. Truman's Politburo" by John Fischer in the June issue appears as a chapter in his book, *Master Plan U. S. A.* (Harper, \$3); and those who enjoyed Charles P. Everitt's "I Remember the Jackpots" in our October issue will find more of the adventures of that lovable bibliophile and collector in his posthumous *The Adventures of a Treasure Hunter* (Little, Brown, \$3.75).

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